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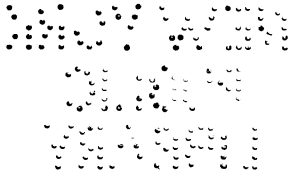

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WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.*

THIS distinguished philanthropist, who so laboured for the happiness of mankind as to entitle his name to the reverence of every member of the human family, was born at Hull, upon the feast of St. Bartholomew, August 24, A.D. 1759, and was the only son of Robert Wilberforce and his wife Elizabeth; his ancestors had long been settled in the county of York, and he was for many years successfully engaged in the Baltic trade.

Of the early years of William Wilberforce little is recorded. His frame from infancy was feeble, his stature small, his eyes weak,—a failing which, with many rich mental endowments, he inherited from his mother. But with these bodily infirmities were united a vigorous mind, and a temper eminently affectionate. At seven years old, he was sent to the grammar-school of Hull; and even then his elocution was so remarkable that he was often set upon a table to read aloud as an example to the other boys. The death of his father in 1768 transferred him to the care of his uncle, William Wilberforce; and after a week's residence at Nottingham, he was sent to live with him at Wimbledon, and in St. James's Place. He remained two years at school, under Mr. Chalmers, a Scotchman; spending his holidays at his uncle's house, with occasional visits to Nottingham and Hull. He is described at this time as "a fine sharp lad," whose activity and spirit made up in boyish sports for some deficiency of strength. One incident of these years deserves special notice, from its assisting, as he thought, to form what was undoubtedly a striking feature in his later character. He received from the late John Thornton, the brother of his aunt, with whom he was travelling, a present much exceeding the usual amount of a boy's possessions, intended to enforce the precept with which it was accompanied, that some should be given to the poor.

When he quitted Hull, his religious principles were unformed; and it was in his uncle's house that they assumed their tone from his aunt, who was a great admirer of Whitfield's preaching, and kept up a friendly connexion with the early methodists: a rare and pleasing indication of piety is also recorded to have marked his twelfth year. This change in his character occasioned great alarm at Hull; his mother repaired to London, and he returned with her to Yorkshire, quitting his uncle's family with deep regret. In after life, however, he considered his mother's taking him from his uncle when about twelve or thirteen, and then completely a methodist, as probably the means of his being connected with political men, and becoming useful in life: had he staid with his uncle, he should have become a bigoted, despised methodist.

On the return of young Wilberforce to his mother's house, it became the object of his friends, by the seductions of gaiety and self-indulgence, to charm away that serious spirit which had taken possession of his youthful bosom. The habits of society in Hull assisted their design: it was then as gay a place as could be found out of London; and although the theatre, balls, great suppers, and card parties were, at first, distressing to Wilberforce, he by degrees acquired a relish for them, and became as thoughtless as the rest: he was everywhere invited and caressed, and his voice and love of music made him still more acceptable. He was placed, soon after his return to Hull, at the endowed grammar-school of Pocklington, where he led almost a life of idleness and pleasure. Yet he excelled all the other boys in his compositions, and went up to the University a

* The prefixed Portrait, together with the substance of the following Memoir, have been derived from *The Life of William Wilberforce*. By his sons, Robert Wilberforce, M.A., Vicar of East Farleigh; and Samuel Wilberforce, M.A., Rector of Brighstone. 5 vols., 1839. In the many bright examples of Christian excellence with which our literature happily abounds, we scarcely know a more attractive as well as instructive record of human character than is to be found in the work to which we have much pleasure in thus acknowledging our obligations.

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very fair scholar. He is likewise related to have evinced his abomination of the slave-trade when he was not more than fourteen years of age.

He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, Oct. 1776, at the age of seventeen years; and becoming master of a handsome fortune left by his grandfather and uncle, he was at once exposed to new temptations. On the first night of his arrival, he was introduced to a licentious set of hard drinkers, whom, however, he shook off after the first year. For the last two years he spent at Cambridge, he was the centre of a higher circle. "There was no one," says the Rev. T. Gisborne, "at all like him for powers of entertainment. Always fond of repartee and discussion, he seemed entirely free from conceit and vanity." He was truly hospitable: "there was always a great Yorkshire pie in his rooms, and all were welcome to partake of it. My rooms and his," says Mr. Gisborne, "were back to back, and often when I was raking out my fire at ten o'clock, I heard his melodious voice calling aloud to me to come and sit with him before I went to bed. It was a dangerous thing to do, for his amusing conversation was sure to keep me up so late that I was behind-hand the next morning." Wilberforce was a good classic, and acquitted himself well in the college examinations; but mathematics he almost entirely neglected. Whilst some of his companions were reading hard and attending lectures, card-parties and idle amusements consumed his hours. With all his gaieties, he was not, however, profligate, or what the world calls licentious, and certainly "better than young men in general;" but he neglected opportunities of moral and intellectual profit: he strove in after years to supply these omissions; but, to the end of his life, he deplored a certain want of mental regularity which he traced to this neglect of early discipline. "That there was even at this time of thoughtlessness a hidden vein of deeper feeling was shewn by his refusing, when unexpectedly required, to declare his assent to the articles of the church, though the refusal cost him for a time the convenience of an academical decree. Further inquiry removed his hesitation, but he would not, at mature age, when his education was completed, declare his concurrence in religious dogmas which he had not examined."

Before he quitted college, Mr. Wilberforce had resolved to enter upon public life. He, therefore, declined business, and in expectation of a speedy dissolution, he commenced a canvass for the representation of his native town in parliament. After a successful canvass on the spot, he repaired to London, where about 300 Hull freemen resided in the vicinity of the Thames; these he entertained at suppers in the public-houses of Wapping, and by his addresses to them, first gained confidence in public speaking. During this year, he lodged in the Adelphi, and constantly frequented the gallery of the House of Commons, where he became intimate with Mr. Pitt, whom he had slightly known at Cambridge. In the summer, he returned to Hull; but his election prospects were almost blighted by the day being fixed before the expiration of his nonage. The session, however, survived his birthday; when the townsmen were regaled with an ox roasted whole in one of his fields. The election opportunely followed, and he numbered singly as many votes as his two opponents had received together; though his return cost him between £8000 and £9000. His great success coloured his entry into public life; and upon his return to London, he was at once elected a member of all the leading clubs, and immersed in politics and fashion: Fox, Sheridan, and Fitzpatrick, frequented these clubs, and the members chatted, played at cards, or gambled, as they pleased. But Mr. Wilberforce's usual resort was Goosetree's, in Pall Mall, where his friendship with Pitt increased: here he once lost £100 at the Faro table, and on another night kept the bank, by which he won £600; but this weaned him from play. About this time, he was one of those who met to spend an evening in memory of Shakspeare, at the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

In spite of his life of gaiety, Mr. Wilberforce attended closely to the House of Commons. From the first he was an independent man: he had entered parliament as the opponent of the war with America, and of Lord North's administration; yet to this ministry he gave his first vote. His first speech was on May 17, 1781, when he attacked the laws of revenue as oppressive and unjust. In the next session, he was more active, and first became acquainted with Fox:

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he also received so many civilities from Lord Rockingham, that it was expected he would be raised to the peerage, and he even received various applications for the supply of his robes. He was now united in the closest intimacy with Pitt, who frequently took up his residence with him. This was the most critical period of Wilberforce's course: his ready wit, his conversation sparkling with polished raillery and courteous repartee, his kindly and generous feelings, all secured him that hazardous applause with which society rewards its ornaments and victims. Nor must be forgotten his rare accomplishment of singing, which more than once delighted the Prince of Wales, at the luxurious soirées of Devonshire House. He was also an admirable mimic, and until reclaimed by the kind severity of old Lord Camden, would often set the table in a roar by his perfect imitation of Lord North. He, however, escaped the severer temptations of ambition, and was one of the only two members out of 40 of the "Independent" members of the House of Commons that were not raised to the peerage: he was, indeed, a vehement opponent of the scandalous Coalition Ministry. At the close of this session, he joined Mr. Pitt and Mr. Eliot in a tour on the Continent; and returned to London in November.

In the spring of 1784, Mr. Wilberforce headed the great meeting at York against the Coalition: on the dissolution of Parliament, he was re-elected for Hull, but subsequently took his seat for Yorkshire, as "the man of the middle classes, opposed alike to party influence and democratic licence, and demanding the Abolition of the Slave Trade." In the autumn, he visited Nice, with his family and Isaac Milner, and returned to support Parliamentary Reform early in 1785: he then revisited Nice, where his religious discussions with Milner caused him to return to England "another man in his inner being." He now commenced a private journal, with the view of making himself "humble and watchful;" the entries in which shew him to be an improved man, sincerely delighting in Scriptural reading and prayer. He records that Pitt tried to reason him out of his convictions, but soon found himself unable to combat their correctness, if Christianity be true. Mr. Wilberforce now began constant family prayer, opened to his friends the change which had passed upon him, wrote to and called upon the Rev. John Newton, studied the Scriptures daily, and took lodgings in the Adelphi, to be near pastoral instructions; at the same time withdrawing his name from the clubs. Early in 1786, he visited the pious Unwins, at Stock, and returned an altered man to his parliamentary duties. In 1787, he obtained a Royal Proclamation against vice and immorality, and established the Society for the Reformation of Manners. He then set about his great work, the Abolition of the Slave Trade: this Pitt recommended him to undertake, as a subject suited to his character and talents; and he resolved to bring it before parliament. In the spring of this year, he was introduced to Mr. Clarkson; and in the summer, he allied himself with the committee of twelve, headed by Granville Sharpe, to procure the Abolition of Slavery.

In 1788, Mr. Wilberforce gave notice in parliament on the Abolition: this illness compelled him to postpone till the following year, when, on May 12, he brought the question before the House, as Burke said, "in a manner the most masterly, impressive, and eloquent," for which "the House, the nation, and Europe, were under great and serious obligations to the hon. gentleman. The principles," he said, "were so well laid down, and supported with so much force and order, that it equalled anything he had heard in modern times, and was not, perhaps, to be surpassed in the remains of Grecian eloquence." Nor were Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox less loud in their eulogies; and Bishop Porteus referred to the speech, (of more than three hours' duration,) as one of the ablest and most eloquent that was ever heard. In the autumn of this year, Mr. Wilberforce visited Mrs. Hannah More, and assisted that excellent woman in the establishment of her schools at Cheddar.

In 1790, Mr. Wilberforce resumed his great design: once a week, "the Slave Committee" dined with him; and on January 27, he obtained, after much opposition, a parliamentary special committee for examining witnesses, which now became his daily work; and with the help of the late William Smith, he conducted personally all the examinations. At the general election in this year, he

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was again returned for Yorkshire. He now appears to have given the whole of his time to investigating the Slave Trade, and in composing his work upon Practical Christianity. In 1791, he again moved the Abolition Question; when, it being lost by 88 to 163 votes, Mr. Clarkson and Dr. Dickson were dispatched through the country, to circulate the evidence, debate, &c., and awaken the people to the importance of the subject. He entered upon the year 1792, with resolutions of greater watchfulness than in the previous year: he says, "I will watch and pray, or God may punish my carelessness by suffering me to fall a prey to sin. Christ says, through his apostle, 'Be not conformed to this world.' Do thou teach me, Lord, the true limits of conformity. . . I humbly resolve to press forward, and apply diligently to the throne of grace, that Christ may be made to me wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." To such a pitch was the zeal of the Abolitionists at this time raised, that many abstained from using West Indian produce until the measure should be carried, an extreme resolve which Mr. Wilberforce did not sanction. In April 2nd, his motion in parliament was again put by, though strenuously supported by Fox and Pitt; but a motion for gradual Abolition was carried by 238 to 85, which Mr. Wilberforce acknowledges to have turned out better than he expected; and at length, a bill fixing the period of the Abolition for January 1, 1795, passed the Commons, but was postponed in the Lords to the ensuing session. The violence of his opponents now became alarming: among them was a West Indian captain, who first challenged Mr. Wilberforce for alleged misrepresentation, and then lay wait for him. Yet he closed the year high in public estimation, rich in private friends, and his spirit strengthening into tranquil vigour, as religion took a firmer hold upon his character.

In 1792, he exerted himself in and out of parliament to prevent war, and to counteract French revolutionary principles; but the ensuing war led to his first great difference with Pitt. Abolition now became unpopular, and the motion was lost in the Commons. Nothing daunted, early in 1793, Wilberforce again moved its consideration, and it was again lost; but he carried a bill for limiting the Slave importations into our own colonies. He next proposed a plan of national religious instruction for India; and appears to have been busy upon his work on Practical Christianity. In 1794, he supported a bill in parliament for the Better Observance of Sunday; and carried his Foreign Slave Trade Bill through the Commons. In 1795, he opposed the Address on the King's Speech; and by this advocacy of peace, he lost temporarily the friendship of Pitt, and his general popularity, and was even cut by the king at the next levee. His Abolition motion was next rejected by an increased majority; Pitt did not desert the cause on account of his recent political difference with Mr. Wilberforce; but their intercourse was renewed. He next moved for Peace, and this displeased his constituents; but shortly after Pitt professed to agree with him upon peace, addressed a letter to him signed, "Yours sincerely and affectionately."

In 1796, Mr. Wilberforce carried his Abolition Bill for 1795, but lost his Slave Carrying Bill. In the spring he was seriously ill, but recovered in time to secure his re-election; and in his retirement he projected a Missionary Institution, and a General Convention for Abolition. In 1797, he completed and published his work, *Practical Christianity*, which his publisher Mr. Cadell, thought, with the author's name, might sell to the extent of five hundred copies; but, within a few days it was out of print, and within half a-year, five editions (7,500 copies) were called for. This year, he again lost his Abolition motion; and set about the formation of the Church Missionary Society. On May 30, he was married to Barbara Ann, eldest daughter of Isaac Spooner, Esq., of Elmdon Hall, county of Warwick; and his first visit with his bride was to Mrs. Hannah More. In his retrospect, he records:—"An eventful year with me—my book—my marriage—health restored in sickness. How ungrateful have I been, and how often tempting God to withdraw from me! But his mercy endureth for ever; and the vilest, prostrating himself before him with penitence and faith in the blood of Jesus, may obtain remission of his sins, and the spirit of renewing grace. This is my hope—here I rest my foot."

In 1798, Mr. Wilberforce's first act in aid of Abolition was, by the zealous aid

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of Mr. Stephen, and a timely remonstrance to Mr. Pitt, to get rescinded an order in council favouring Slavery in our newly acquired West Indian settlements. Meanwhile, he laboured hard to promote the better observance of the Sabbath; one great object being to stop the Sunday entertainments of the Speaker of the House of Commons; but this was defeated. The Abolition Question was again lost, though for the first time openly supported by the eloquence of Mr. Canning. This year Mr. Wilberforce proposed the commencement of the *Christian Observer*, the first number of which did not, however, appear till January 1801; several of its early articles are from his pen. His charities at this time were very numerous; the incomplete record of the year thus accounts for more than £2000. In 1799, the Abolition Bill was again lost; and while supporting the Slave Trade Limitation Bill, he was taken seriously ill, and compelled to leave the house. He next aided a measure for suppressing Sunday newspapers, and defended its enactments from the gibes of Mr. Sheridan; but it was thrown out.

In 1800, Mr. Wilberforce approved of the rejection of Bonaparte's offer to treat for peace; and this being a year of scarcity, his attempts to remedy the distress of the lower classes were unwearied. The year 1801 opened dark and threatening: "what tempests," says his Journal, "rage around, and how are we urged to seek for that peaceful haven, which alone can insure real security and happiness!" This year his charities, "much increased by the distress of the times," amounted to £3,173. In politics, he supported Addington's ministry, which gained ground by the popularity of the Peace. In 1802, the Abolition cause had better hopes from the New Ministry, though not until Addington had been urged by Pitt and Wilberforce; but the latter gave up the usual motion for this year: he obtained for Dr. Carmichael Smyth's discovery of fumigation a national reward of £5000. Parliament was then dissolved: at the next election Mr. Wilberforce was chosen, for the fourth time, member for Yorkshire, and he attracted much attention in opening the first debate of the new parliament: Hannah More mentions his "famous speech on foreign policy," which made her regret having "cut off the expense of a London paper." In 1803 Mr. Wilberforce humanely interested himself for one Finley, in Newgate, under sentence of death for forgery, and he was the means of his conversion to the ways of God. Illness and the renewed war prevented his bringing on the Abolition question this session: he proposed the Volunteer System, and subscribed £500 towards the expenses. This year he co-operated with others, in framing the Bible Society, the catholic aspect of which delighted his large and liberal mind. In the autumn, he narrowly escaped falling into the Avon river, by a chair breaking with him whilst seated reading on the bank.

In 1804, the second reading of the Abolition Bill was carried in the Commons by 102 to 44, and in a few days it passed the Committee; but in the Lords it was adjourned to the following session. In the summer, we find him "scribbling" for *the Christian Observer*, and *the Edinburgh Review*, and corresponding with Mr. Brougham, who had humanely so shaped his course in a continental tour as to benefit the great question of Abolition. The 1st of January, 1805 ,found Mr. Wilberforce too busy to write much, "yet desiring to record the goodness of the Lord; His great forbearance and long suffering; His kindness during the last year in preserving us and our dear children, &c: But I must stop and go to prayer." The Abolition Bill was this year lost; he spoke with great effect in the debate on Lord Melville, and was in the majority against Fox's motion on Catholic Emancipation. On receiving the news of Nelson's victory and death, this year, Mr. Wilberforce was "so overcome that he could not go on reading for tears." At the time of Pitt's death, January 22, 1806, Mr. Wilberforce was endeavouring to raise a subscription to pay the minister's debts; and at his funeral, he was one of those who bore the banner which preceded the coffin: in his Journal he notes, "what thoughts occurred to me when I saw the coffin letting down, and just before me! I thought of our appearance before God in heaven. May the impression be durable." Mr. Wilberforce was at the general election this year returned a fifth time for Yorkshire, without a contest; and his popularity there was very great.

In 1807, Mr. Wilberforce published his memorable *Letter to the Freeholders of*

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Yorkshire on the Slave Trade; and in the same year, he carried his Abolition Bill through both houses of parliament: congratulations now poured in upon him, and he, in his own Journal wrote, "Oh, what thanks do I owe the Giver of all good, for bringing me in his gracious providence to this great cause, which, at length, after almost nineteen years' labour, is successful!" A change of ministry and dissolution of parliament followed, and Mr. Wilberforce was returned for Yorkshire, for the sixth time, at the head of the poll, the sum of £64,455 being subscribed in little more than a week, towards his expenses; the joint expenses of his two opponents were £200,000. In 1808, he supported Catholic Emancipation, and was very active in the Smithfield-Market Committee: he was often kept throughout the week at his lodgings in Westminster, though he had a cheerful house at Kensington Gore. Here he began the day by communing with God and himself, and then joining his assembled household in prayer—a service which he conducted himself, and with peculiar interest. In entering upon his house at Kensington, he was almost uneasy about its handsomeness, lest he should spend too much money upon it, so as to curtail his charities. In 1809, we can only mention his attendance at the anniversary of the Bible Society, which he describes as a grand and pleasing spectacle—"five or six hundred people of all sects and parties, with one heart, and face, and tongue."

Mr. Wilberforce's activity in parliament now precludes our detailing the several measures proposed by him. In 1810, we find him still labouring for the Abolitionists: at this time, he passed the summer in retirement in the south of England with his children, to live among whom was his great delight. He invariably passed Sunday with them; when, in returning with him from the House of God, they would repeat to him in the carriage, hymns or verses, or passages, from his favourite Cowper. On other days, he carried them out with him on little excursions, and joined often in their amusements. He carefully observed his children's characters; and for two of his sons, when at school, he drew up certain directions for "Brotherly Love and Conduct."

The parliamentary session of 1811, with its multifarious bustle, pressed so heavily upon Mr. Wilberforce, as to lead him to think of retiring from the representation of Yorkshire; but his friends persuaded him to remain. Foremost among his useful efforts and benevolent designs this year were African matters, and North-American Indians; especially the improvement of the condition of Negroes. His attention was, early in 1812, occupied with the Slave Registry Bill, (that essential safeguard of the Abolition Bill,) in co-operation with Stephen, Romilly, and Brougham. Religious societies, most of which he had seen arise around him since his entrance into public life, now occupied much of his attention. In his Diary, May 11, is a record of the assassination of Mr. Perceval; William Smith, who was close to the minister when he dropped, thought it was Wilberforce till he looked in his face. Mr. W. visited "the poor wretch Bellingham in prison—a striking face; at times, he shed tears, or had shed them; but strikingly composed and mild, though haggard." This year, Mr. Wilberforce retired from Yorkshire, and was returned for Bramber. In 1813, he supported Catholic Emancipation, and the Missionary Cause in the East Indies: for the latter there were a greater number of petitions than were ever known; these "carried the question instrumentally, the good providence of God really." In 1815, he proposed a Convention for Abolition, and had a gratifying interview with the Emperor Alexander on the subject: he next carried an Address to the Prince Regent on the Slave Trade, backed by more than eight hundred petitions, with near a million of signatures.* The Duke of Wellington was now a warm supporter of the Abolitionists.

In 1815, Mr. Wilberforce added Hayti† to his correspondence with "the four

* Bonaparte had abolished the Slave Trade in the French dominions; but the first act of the restored King of France was "the restoration of a trade in slavery and blood."—*Mr. Wilberforce's Speech*. Better things were expected from Louis XVIII., especially as the Abolitionists had presented to him Mr. Wilberforce's work upon the Slave Trade, and Mr. Stephen's most impressive letter; and the king had promised to make himself master of the subject.

† A letter to Mr. Wilberforce, from a Haytian correspondent, of eighty-five ounces, was charged £37 10*s*., which Mr. Hatchard prudently "refused;" but the Post-Office handsomely let him off for a pepper-corn of 7*s*., which he gladly paid.

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quarters of the globe," on the Slave Trade. In parliament, he supported the Corn Law Bill, and thus endangered his house from the rioters. Of the Battle of Waterloo he received very early intelligence from Blucher's aid-de-camp, who "was charged to acquaint Mr. Wilberforce with all that had passed." In the autumn, he visited Brighton, and was invited to the Pavilion by the Prince Regent, who reminded him of his singing at the Duchess of Devonshire's ball in 1782, of the particular song, and of their then first knowing each other: he dined with the prince—"quite the English gentleman at the head of his own table." This year Mr. Wilberforce lost three dear friends—Henry Thornton, John Bowdler, and Mrs. H. Thornton; from the death-bed of the latter he went, and made a most impressive speech to the Brighton Bible Society. In 1816, he was much occupied with an Appeal to the Abolitionists. In 1817, he was friendly to Reform, as the best panacea for the seditious times; but he could not support it in parliament from indisposition, which also prevented his meeting the Queen at Gloucester House; which illness made alarming inroads on his weak constitution. On his next parliamentary attendance, he strongly opposed the Lottery Question. The year 1818 was an important era in the West India struggle, in which the proven extent of crime and cruelty, shewed there to be no cure for the evils of the system, short of its entire subversion. The word *Emancipation* now first occurs amongst Wilberforce's secret counsels: i. e., not depriving the owners of West Indian properties of their present right to the labour of their slaves, but only granting to the slave his civil rights. He was now engaged on the Education Committee, "by Brougham's desire," and in the National Society; in the latter, he complains of being falsely "suspected of loose attachment to the Church," because he "did not hate the Dissenters." He passed the autumn at the Lakes, where he was much gratified with the attentions of his friends Southey and Wordsworth, and the congenial sublimity of the scenery.

In 1819, Mr. Wilberforce renewed his Slave Trade exertions, he also supported the Quakers' Petition on the severity of the Penal Code, and Sir James Mackintosh on Capital Punishments; and closed his labours of the session by an Address to the Regent on the Slave Trade. He opposed Mr. Owen, of Lanark, on account of his substituting knowledge for religion; and in his Correspondence, he stigmatizes newspapers as "among the greatest, if not the greatest, evils of the country." His conduct in the affair of Queen Caroline, in 1820, was that of conciliation: he it was who moved an adjournment in parliament, to give time for a private settlement; during the interval, he sent his son with an earnest letter to the king, entreating him to restore the queen's name to the Liturgy; and he subsequently addressed two letters, and presented an Address from the Commons, entreating the queen to give up the point: the failure of this attempt drew upon him much abuse; but he had been misled by the pledge of the queen's chief law-adviser, that her Majesty would accede to the Address. He considers Cobbett's letter to him on the subject as "very clever, but very mischievous, and full of falsehoods;" and after lamenting the evil of the inquiry, adds: "We marry our kings and queens contrary to the laws of God and of nature, and from this source proceed the evils which I am now anxious to avoid. I am strongly impressed with a feeling for the queen's situation in early life, and in what I lately proposed, her advantage was especially intended." (*Speech, &c.*) In the following year, he supported the motion for restoring the queen's name to the Liturgy, and attempted an adjustment of the question. He next supported Catholic Emancipation, in his speech cleverly remarking, that we had "delivered the Roman Catholics from prison," but "insisted on their wearing the gaol-dress." In 1822, he finished his Abolition Letter to the Emperor Alexander; and on the same topic addressed a Letter, drawn up by Canning, to the Pope. In 1823, he published his celebrated Abolition Manifesto; and from increasing infirmities, gave up the Emancipation motion to Mr. Buxton: yet, at home, he was active as usual, and even his breakfast-table was sometimes crowded by a consultation on the Slave cause. In 1824, his health greatly declined: he next supported a motion respecting Missionary Smith, at Demarara; and on June 11, 1824, he made his last speech in parliament, on presenting a protest against the Government Abolition plan, concluding with these prophetic words: "*Liberavi animam meam.* May it please

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God to disappoint my expectations, and to render the result more favourable than I anticipate." Ten days later he spoke at a meeting held in honour of James Watt; in a day or two he was again taken ill, and retired for the rest of the year.

In 1825, Mr. Wilberforce, warned by repeated illness, resolved to retire from parliament; upon hearing which, Southey well observed: "I will not say that I am sorry for it, because I hope you have retired in time, and will therefore live the longer, as well as more for yourself; but that House will not look upon your like again." To two of his sons, who had requested him to send them his last frank, Wilberforce wrote on the day of his retirement. He now withdrew from London altogether, first to Uxbridge, and then to Highwood Hill, "just beyond the disk of the metropolis." In 1826, he appears to have been again engaged on West India inquiries. The chief feature of 1827, was a progress which he made, after an interval of almost 28 years, through his native county, to revisit the scenes of his childhood and early youth; whence, after paying 36 visits, he returned to Highwood. In 1828, he prepared to erect a chapel on Highwood Hill, which was three miles distant from church: this chapel was commenced, though at Mill Hill, in 1829, but, owing to opposition which we have not room to explain, the building and consecration were delayed until a few days after the death of Mr. Wilberforce, when it was named "St. Paul's," and opened for worship.

Although retired from public life, and greatly reduced in health, Mr. Wilberforce, in various ways, continued to favour the great principles of the Abolitionists; and on May 15, 1830, with a weakened voice and enfeebled frame, he took the chair at a great meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, at Freemasons' Hall, when all the old friends of the cause gathered round him; this being the last time he took any public part in London for this cause. "The fruit of this effort was reaped in the elections which succeeded, when Yorkshire, which had ever led the way in the great cause, chose four representatives pledged to Emancipation, and amongst them Henry Brougham—though unconnected with the county—because he was its advocate." "The election," Mr. Wilberforce heard from him, "turned very much upon Slavery; your name was in every mouth, and your health the most enthusiastically received."

In 1831, Mr. Wilberforce relinquished his house at Highwood, and from heavy losses, was compelled greatly to diminish his establishment; he now proposed to divide the year between the houses of his second and third sons; that of the latter being in the Isle of Wight, and of the former in the neighbourhood of Maidstone.* Here, to the great joy of those he visited, his remaining years were spent; though "personal reasons forbid the veil being lifted from his life as heretofore." He still paid a few visits to old friends, and one of these carrying him to Battersea Rise in the autumn of 1832, whilst there, Mr. Richmond took his admirable whole-length portrait of him. He remained vigorous on the Slave Trade, and upon April 12, 1833, he even proposed at a meeting in the town of Maidstone, a petition against Slavery, to which he affixed his signature. His judgment and voice were also clear on the principle of Compensation for a change in the West Indian system; and he hailed with joy the grant of 20 millions. To the very end, this his earliest object roused him into animation: when it was casually mentioned at dinner, that "at this moment, probably, the debate on Slavery is just commencing," he sprung up from his chair, and with his clear voice startled his surrounding friends by suddenly exclaiming, in a most striking manner, "Hear, hear, hear."

* East Farleigh, to the vicarage of which place Lord Chancellor Brougham had just presented the Rev. Robert Wilberforce, one of the authors of *the Life* named at the third page of this Memoir. The circumstance is thus gratefully recorded by Mr. Wilberforce in a letter, dated April, 1832, p. 330. "You will join me I am sure," he tells more than one amongst his friends, "in being thankful as well as rejoiced in my being able to inform you that Lord Brougham has given to my second son, (or rather I may say to me,) quite spontaneously and very handsomely, the living of East Farleigh. The parsonage is very little above a mile distant from Barham Court, and there must be many pleasant circumstances in being so near the residence, library, park, &c., of an old friend, of such dimensions. This event comes in such a way as strongly to confirm the persuasion that it is an indication of the favour of God; and I cannot but recognise a providential hand in Lord Brougham's being prompted to make the appointment just when we were in want of such a settlement and residence; though Lord Brougham knew nothing of the matter, and was quite unconsciously the instrument of granting us our wish."

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"And now the time was come, when his dust was to return to the earth, and his spirit to God who gave it." On April 20, he left East Farleigh; and after a short visit to the Isle of Wight, on May 17, arrived at Bath, to the waters of which place he, in great measure, owed the prolongation of his life till his 74th year. But here his strength visibly declined; and all his thoughts and conversation began to savour of the better world to which he was drawing near. On July 6, he was taken ill, suddenly, while sitting at dinner: he partially recovered, and after he had spent two months at Bath, on July 17, left for London, and on the 19th, arrived in Cadogan Place, Sloane Street. The Bill for the Abolition of Slavery was read for the second time in the House of Commons on the night of Friday the 26th, and the last public information that he received was, that his country was willing to redeem itself from the national disgrace at any sacrifice. "Thank God," said he, "that I should live to witness a day in which England is willing to give 20 millions sterling for the Abolition of Slavery." During an interval on Sunday evening, "I am in a very distressed state," he said, alluding apparently to his bodily condition. "Yes," it was answered, "but you have your feet on the Rock." "I do not venture," he replied, "to speak so positively; but I hope I have." After this expression of his humble trust, with but one groan he entered into that world where pain and doubt are for ever at an end. He died at three o'clock in the morning of Monday, July 29th, aged 73 years and 11 months. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, on Saturday, August 5, the procession being joined by the leading members of the two Houses of Parliament. "Public business was suspended; the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord Chancellor, one Prince of the Blood, with others of the highest rank, took their places as pall-bearers beside the bier. It was followed by his sons, his relations, and immediate friends. The Prebendary then in residence, one of his few surviving college friends, met it at the Minster Gate with the church's funeral office; and whilst the vaulted roof gave back the anthem, his body was laid in the north transept, close to the tombs of Pitt, Fox, and Canning."

A subscription was immediately opened among Mr. Wilberforce's friends in London; and his statue has been placed in Westminster Abbey. At York, a county asylum for the blind has been founded in honour of him; while his townsmen of Hull have raised a column to his memory. Great part of our coloured population in the West Indies went into mourning at the news of his death; and the same honour was paid him by this class of persons at New York; where also an eulogium was pronounced upon him by a person publicly selected for the task.

To sum up the characteristics of this excellent man would be an agreeable task for the editor of this brief sketch, had he not found it already most ably executed in *the Life*. Thus, of Mr. Wilberforce's powers of speaking, so lately as the year 1825:—

"His place as a mere orator was still amongst the very first. When he spoke indeed on the common subjects of political dispute, the effects of age were in a degree visible; but to the very last, when he lighted on a thoroughly congenial subject, he broke out into those strains which made Sir Samuel Romilly esteem him 'the most efficient speaker in the House of Commons,' and which had long before led Pitt himself to say repeatedly, 'Of all the men I ever knew, Wilberforce has the greatest natural eloquence.'* Mr. Morritt seems to have formed a very accurate conception both of his ordinary powers of speaking and of that measure of decay which they at last exhibited.

"Wilberforce held a high and conspicuous place in oratory, even at a time when English eloquence rivalled whatever we read of in Athens or in Rome. His voice itself was beautiful; deep, clear, articulate, and flexible. I think his greatest premeditated efforts were made for the abolition of the trade in Slaves, and in supporting some of the measures brought forward by Pitt for the more effectual suppression of revolutionary machinations; but he often rose unprepared in mixed debate, on the impulse of the moment, and seldom sat down without having struck into that higher tone of general reasoning and vivid illustration, which left on his hearers the impression of

* Communicated by Lord Harrowby.

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power beyond what the occasion had called forth. . . . . I always felt, and have often heard it remarked by others, that in all his speeches, long or short, there was generally at least from five to ten minutes of brilliance, which even the best orator in the House might have envied."

Of the causes of his cheerfulness, it is remarked:—

"The sketch of this vigorous and cheerful mind would be exceedingly imperfect if no hint were given of the hidden springs by which its freshness was maintained. A merely cheerful age is a melancholy sight to thoughtful men. 'It quite lowers my spirits,' was his own declaration at the conclusion of a visit,* 'to see people past seventy so little apparently estranging themselves from worldly objects; it is most painful to me not to be able to converse with them on religion.' His own cheerfulness rested on a surer basis. He was often thoughtfully retracing all 'the way which the Lord by his God had led him.' 'How striking is the change of fifty years—then Samuel Smith and I travelled as bachelors, and now he has a house full of descendants; and I also have five children and a grandchild living, besides a daughter and sweet little grandson gone, I humbly trust, to a better world. Praise the Lord, O my soul. My dear, and I trust imparadised, child's birth-day.'†

"This same tone of thought may be traced in his letters to those with whom he was most intimate. 'It is one of my frequent subjects of gratitude and praise, though not as frequently as it ought to be, that in the kind providence of God I was born an Englishman. Go through the whole earth, and enumerate every part of it, and you will find nothing like our own country. An Englishman too in this period of our country's existence, and in the middle station of life, &c. &c. &c. We do not, I am sure *I* do not, live sufficiently under the constant influence of this spirit of thankfulness; and I believe there is not any one, who has at all observed the dealings of Providence in his own instance with anything like a due measure of attention, who will not have seen many, many particulars in which he has been deeply indebted to the preventing or directing grace of God."

Lastly, of the spring of his happiness, the reverend biographers observe:—

"It is impossible to conclude this history without observing the striking testimony which it bears to that inspired dictate—'Godliness has the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come.' If ever any man drew a prosperous lot in this life, he did so who has been here described. Yet his Christian faith was from first to last his talisman of happiness. Without it the buoyancy of his youthful spirits led to a frivolous waste of life, not more culpable than unsatisfying. With it came lofty conceptions,—an energy which triumphed over sickness and languor, the coldness of friends and the violence of enemies,—a calmness not to be provoked,—a perseverance which repulse could not baffle. To these virtues was owing the happiness of his active days. Through the power of the same sustaining principle, his affection towards his fellow creatures was not dulled by the intercourse of life, nor his sweetness of temper impaired by the irritability of age. A firm trust in God, an undeviating submission to His will, an overflowing thankfulness,—these maintained in him to the last that cheerfulness which this world could neither give nor take away. They poured even upon his earthly pilgrimage the anticipated radiance of that brighter region, to which he has now doubtless been admitted. For 'THE PATH OF THE JUST IS LIKE THE SHINING LIGHT, WHICH SHINETH MORE AND MORE UNTO THE PERFECT DAY.'"

* Letter to the Rev. R. I. Wilberforce. † Diary, July 29, 1829, at Wood Hall.

*** The attractive interest of the annexed *précis* of the Life of MR. WILBERFORCE has induced the editor to extend it to the two pages usually occupied by a "Preface;" in the absence of which, the reader is referred to the "Address" at page 128, in explanation of the change in the property and editorship of the present work. I. T.

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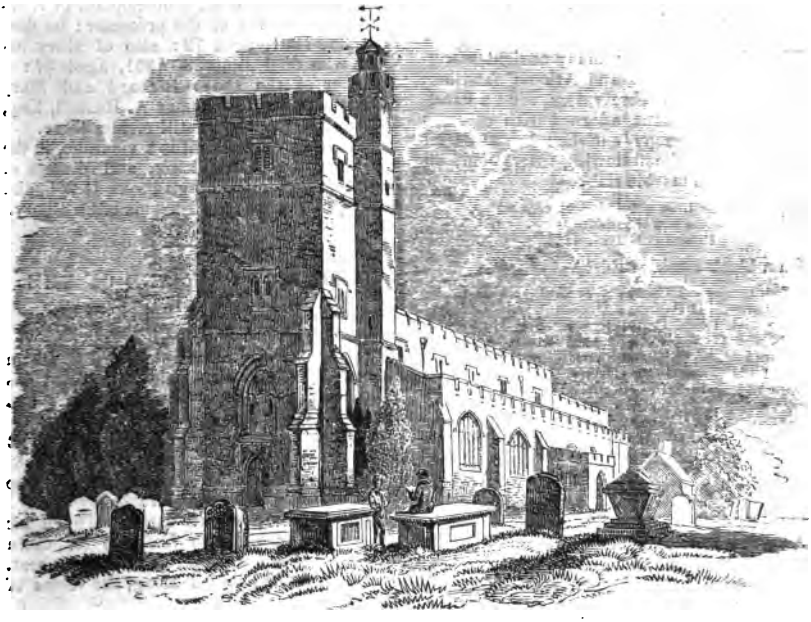
The Mirror

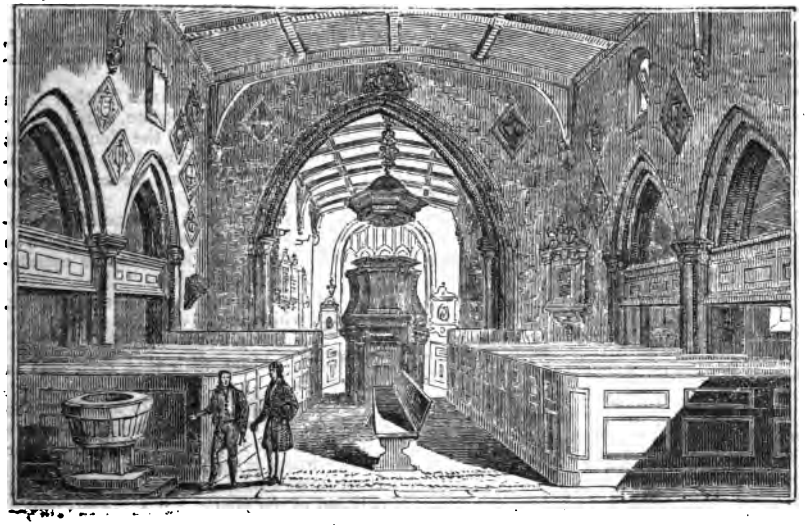
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1041.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1841. [Price 2d.



Exterior of Cheshunt Church, Herts.



Interior of Cheshunt Church.

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CHESHUNT CHURCH, HERTS.

This church, dedicated to St. Mary, is a spacious edifice—of three aisles and chancel embattled; with a handsome lofty tower, containing a peal of six bells, the most ancient of which bears the following inscription:—

"Daniel Reddington, Philip Shetleton, Anthony Tarry, Churchwardens, 1629.
James Bartlet made mee."

The church contains many ancient monuments of the Dacre's and Atkyns' families; the most worthy of observation, are—a handsome table monument, adorned with columns supporting a canopy enriched by armorial bearings; with the following inscription, on the edge of the marble slab:—

"Dormio nunc liber qui vixi in carcere carnis,
Carnis libertas non nisi morte venit.
Robertus Dacres. 1543."

On a black marble tablet—

"This tombe was, in the year 1543, erected to the memory of Robert Dacres, of Cheshunt, in this county, Esquire and Privy Councillor to King Henry the Eighth, and for his wife Elizabeth, whose bodyes lye both here interred; and since hath beene the Buryinge Place of his Sonne George Dacres, Esqr., whoe dyed 1580, and his wyfe Elizabeth; as also of Sir Thomas Dacres, sonne of the said George, who dyed 1615; and of Katherine his wyfe, by whom he had onely one daughter; and of Dorothy his second wyfe, who bare him thirteene children, whose sonne and heire Sir Thomas Dacres, Knt., nowe living, at his chardge, this year 1641, repayred this monument, intendinge it in due tyme a resting place for himselfe and his lady Martha, and their posterity."

Another monument, to the memory of Martha Doddridge, wife of John Doddridge, of Branbridge, in the county of Devon, Esq., youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Dacres, of Hertford, Knt., and who died in 1655, has the following quotations:—

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."—*Prov.* xxx. 29.

"This is the pillar of Rachell's grave unto this day."—*Gen.* xxxv. 19, 20.

The nave and side aisles contain many monumental inscriptions; and, at the west end, under the gallery on the north side, is a full-length statue, in marble, of Daniel Dodson, who died, Anno MDCCXLI.

On the north wall of the chancel is a marble tablet belonging to the Dewhurst family, one of whom, Robert Dewhurst, of Cheshunt Nunnery, in conjunction with his sister, founded the free school in 1640: he died 1645.—(Vide *Mirror*, No. 1035, p. 353.)

Among the many benefactors to the poor, inscribed on the galleries, is the following:—"King James the First *gave** to the poor of Cheshunt for ever, *in lieu* of land taken from Cheshunt Common to enlarge Theobald's Park, 500*l.*; part of which was laid out in building alms-houses on Turner's Hill, for ten poor aged widows; and the residue purchased a farm at Nazing, Essex, for the use of said poor for ever; then let for 15*l.* 10*s.*, but now for 25*l.*

The ancient font in the church stands near the tower in the north aisle; it is of a rude octagon form, having several supporters.

Among the many tombs and inscriptions in the *church-yard*, is one to the memory of Oliver Cromwell, Esq., a descendant of Richard Cromwell, son of the protector: he died May 30, 1821, aged 79: also of Mary his wife, who died June 28, 1831, aged 87: a daughter of the above Richard and Mary Cromwell married Thomas A. Russell, Esq., of Cheshunt Park, who still resides there.

The living of Cheshunt is a vicarage, in the archdeaconry of Middlesex, and diocese of London, rated in the king's books at 26*l.*, and in the patronage of the Marquis of Salisbury.

* With greater propriety, we think, "*exchanged*." "Solomon, the son of David," was not pre-eminent for his liberality.

CHATHAM'S COMMAND OF THE HOUSE.

[*From the Quarterly Review.*]

On one occasion, for example, Lord Chatham rose and walked out of the House, at his usual slow pace, immediately after he had finished his speech.

A silence ensued, till the door opened to let him into the lobby.

A Member then started up, saying, "I rise to reply to the Right Honourable Member."

Lord Chatham turned back and fixed his eye on the orator, who instantly sat down dumb; then his Lordship returned to his seat, repeating, as he hobbled along, the verses of Virgil:—

"At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnoniæque phalanges,
Ut vidêre virum fulgentîque arma per umbras,
Ingenti trepidare metu: pars vertere terga,
Ceu quondam petiêre rates; pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.

Then, placing himself in his seat, he exclaimed, "Now let me hear what the Honourable Member has to say to me."

When the late Mr. Charles Butler, from whom we borrow this anecdote, asked his informant, an eye-witness, if the House did not laugh at the ridiculous figure of the poor Member; he replied, "*No, sir; we were all too awed to laugh.*"

Another extraordinary instance of his command of the House is, the manner in which he fixed indelibly on Mr. Grenville the appellation of "the Gentle Shepherd."

At the time in question, a song of Dr. Howard's, which began with the words,

"Gentle Shepherd, tell me where,"

each stanza ending with that line, was in every mouth.

In the course of the debate Mr. Grenville exclaimed, "Where is our money?—where are our means? I say again, Where are our means?—where is our money?"

He then sat down, and Lord Chatham paced slowly out of the House, humming the line,—

"Gentle Shepherd tell me where."

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SONG OF THE SEASONS.

[*For the Mirror*]

Round the magic circle still,
The seasons aye their way fulfil:
Budding Spring, and glowing Summer,
Pallid Autumn,—and unto her
Add a staid and sober dame,
Winter,—with her cheering flame.

First, sweet Spring her way began,
When the vernal breezes fan
Budding trees, and bursting flowers,
Spreading o'er the leafless bowers,
From her lap the snow-drop fell,
Dropping down a milky bell.—
And the yellow aconite
Peers again upon the sight.
Crocus and gay daffodil,
Each their destiny fulfil,
While the silvery clouds are spreading,
And their cheering influence shedding,
Listen—listen!—soft and low,
In some covert hiding now,
Cuckoo notes of April tell,
Where the hawthorn blossoms swell,
Fervid grows the noontide ray,
Dove-ey'd Spring has fled away!

Then comes "refulgent Summer," round her brow
A wreath, where roses and gay tulips glow
Her golden tresses in the balmy air,
Shine in the beams that her fair presence share;
And she is beckoning to the welcome shade,
Where the soft moss has a green carpet made.
The scent of new-mown hay is on the gale,
Low hums the bee over the sultry vale;—
But swiftly glides the reign of Summer by,
And pallid Autumn shows her presence nigh.

Come, gifted season, with thy bounteous store
Of yellow sheaves, spreading the landscape o'er,
And laden boughs in tangled orchards seen,
Round cottage roofs, with creeping ivy green;
The partridge "bursts away on whirring wing,"
As thou thy withered leaves art scattering,
And misty grows the darkening morn and eve,
As pensive Autumn takes her lingering leave.

Who follows next with stealthy pace,
In frost and storm comes Winter round,
When glittering frosts the morning grace,
And social groups the hearth surround;
And closer draws the circle near,
While blazing faggots lend their cheer.

Shut out the dull ill-favoured day,
Defy the rain, the storm, and snow,
Old Winter's eve may be as gay
As Summer, with her leafy bough,
While sparkling wit, and soft affection's beam,
Shines from each eye in dark December's gleam.

Each has her charm—Spring's robe of green,
And laughing Summer's gorgeous light,
And Autumn's beauty all serene,—
And Winter with her tapers bright.

Eternal Mover of the spheres,
Each varied season tells of Thee,
And thro' the ever circling years,
Proclaims Thy power and Majesty!
Give us thro' all Thy love to feel,
And grateful hearts, before Thy throne to kneel!

Kirton-Lindsey. ANNE R—.*

BABYLON.

[*For the Mirror.*]

Thou glory of a thousand kings,
Proud daughter of the East!
That dwellest as on sea-birds wings,
Upon Euphrates' breast;

As lofty was thy pride of old,
So deep shall be thy doom:
Thy wealth is fled, thy days are told,
Awake! thine end is come!

A sound of war is in the lands!
A sword is on thy host!
Thy princes and their mighty bands—
The Lord shall mock their boast!
His Hand shall rein the rushing steed,
And quell the rage of war,
Shall stay the flying lance's speed,
And burn the whirling car.

Set ye the standard in the lands;
The Lord of Hosts hath said,
Bid trumpets rouse the distant bands
Of Persia and the Mede;
The bucklers bring, make bright the dart,
I lead thee forth to war,
To burst the gates of brass apart
And break the iron bar!

The spoiler's hand is come upon
Thy valiant men of might,
Their lion hearts, proud Babylon,
Have failed thee in the fight,
Thy cities are all desolate,
Thy lofty gates shall fall,
The hand that wrought Gomorrah's fate
Shall crush thy mighty wall.

The shepherd shall not fold his flocks
Upon the desert plain,
But lurking in thy cavern'd rocks
The forest beast shall reign.
Fair Babylon, Lost Babylon!
Sit in the dust and mourn,
Hurled headlong from thy lofty throne—
Forgotten and forlorn!

E. M.

* A volume of this lady's poetry, entitled, "The Nun, and other poems," is preparing for the press, and will be published by subscription.

SONNET AT THE EXPIRY OF 1840.

BY JAMES WYLSON.

[*For the Mirror.*]

Farewell, Old Year!—relinquished with regret;
E'en though with pains and penalties so fraught,—
E'en though with thee some glorious lights have set,
And in thy page some bitter truths are taught.

Full merrily peals out the parting knell,
To mask from memory thy jars and joys;
And, more unseemly still, each flatt'ring bell
Haileth the new with loud applausive voice.

Ah! when I backward scan the chain of years,
That but identify my *youth* and *now*;
Short, and more short, each later link appears,
Since Time first lined his furrows on my brow:
Come then—a shorter still, perchance my last!
But bring thou more of wisdom than the past.

CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH.

The following character of the French is given them by a man of genius, who loved them, and whose memory they have highly honoured; it is by Rousseau:—

"Ils ont en effet le sentiment qu'ils vous témoignent, mais ce sentiment s'en va comme il est venu.—En vous parlant ils sont plein de vous, ne vous voient-ils plus, ils vous oublient. Rien n'est permanent dans leur cœur: tout est chez eux l'œuvre du moment."

"They are really the very sentiment they avow, but this sentiment passes as it comes. When they address you, they are full of you; let them see you no more, and they forget you. Nothing is permanent in their bosoms; every thing with them is the work of a moment."

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ON THE PRETERNATURAL BEINGS OF SHAKSPEARE.*

"Mrs. Montagu, in her chapter on the Preternatural Beings of Shakspeare, has honourably distinguished and defended the supreme power which he possessed over the fairy-land; and the present Bishop of Worcester, in his letters on chivalry and romance, has not been less anxious in adorning the poet's memory, by treating in a very delightful manner *on the cast of Shakspeare's magic*—or, on his predilection for the popular tales of elves and fairies, and other enchantments of the *gothic* kind (in preference to pagan divinities); the allusion to which is so grateful to the charmed spirit.

"I will extract a few passages from Mrs. Montagu's Essay; who has testified to the excellence of our poet on the subject of preternatural beings.

"'When the Pagan temples ceased to be revered, and the Parnassian mount existed no longer, it would have been difficult for the poet of later times to have preserved the divinity of his Muse inviolate, if the western world, too, had not had its sacred fables. While there is any national superstition which credulity has consecrated, any hallowed tradition long revered by vulgar faith; to that sanctuary, that asylum, may the poet resort. Let him tread the holy ground with reverence; respect the established doctrine; exactly observe the accustomed rites, and the attributes of the object of veneration; then shall he not vainly invoke an inexorable or absent deity. Ghosts, fairies, goblins, elves, were as propitious, were as assistant to Shakspeare, and gave as much of the sublime, and of the marvellous, to his fictions, as nymphs, satyrs, fauns, and even the triple Geryon, to the works of ancient bards. Our poet never carries his preternatural beings beyond the limits of the popular tradition. It is true, that he boldly exerts his poetic genius and fascinating powers in that magic circle, in which none durst walk but he; but, as judicious as bold, he contains himself within it. He calls up all the stately phantoms in the regions of superstition, which our faith will receive with reverence. He throws into their manner and language a mysterious solemnity, favourable to superstition in general, with something highly characteristic of each particular being which he exhibits. His witches, his ghosts, and his fairies, seem 'spirits of health or goblins damn'd;' and bring with them airs from Heaven, or blasts from Hell. His ghosts are sullen, melancholy, and terrible. Every sentence, uttered by the witches, is a prophecy, or a charm; their manners are malignant, their phrases ambiguous, their promises delusive. The witches' cauldron is a horrid collection of what is most horrid in their supposed incantations. Ariel is a spirit, mild, gentle and sweet, possessed of supernatural powers, but subject to the command of a great magician.'

"After the consecrated groves were cut down, and the temples demolished, the tales that sprung from thence were still preserved with religious reverence in the minds of the people.

"The poet found himself happily situated amidst enchantments, ghosts, goblins; every element supposed the residence of a kind of deity; the genius of the mountain, the spirit of the floods, the oak endued with sacred prophecy, made men walk abroad with a fearful apprehension,

> Of powers unseen, and mightier far than they.

On the mountains, and in the woods, stalked the angry spectre; and in the gayest and most pleasing scenes, even within the cheerful haunts of men, amongst villages and farms,

> Tripp'd the light fairies and the dapper elves.

The reader will easily perceive what resources remained for the poet in this visionary land of ideal forms. The general scenery of nature, considered as inanimate, only adorns the descriptive part of poetry; but being, according to the Celtic traditions, animated by a kind of Intelligences, the bard could better make use of them for his moral purposes. That awe of the immediate presence of the deity, which, among the rest of the vulgar, is confined to temples and altars, was here diffused over every object. They passed trembling through the woods, and over the mountain, and by the lakes, inhabited by these invisible powers; such apprehensions must, indeed,

> Deepen the murmur of the falling floods,
> And shed a browner horror on the woods;

—give fearful accents to every whisper of the animate or inanimate creation, and arm every shadow with terrors."

* From Mr. Felton's "Imperfect Hints towards a new Edition of Shakspeare." 4to. 1784-7; a most delightful work, now excessively scarce.

A FAIR COMPLIMENT.

Francis de Harley, Archbishop of Paris, under Louis XIV., was remarkably handsome, and affable in his manner.

When he was appointed to his diocese, with several duchesses who waited upon him in a body to congratulate him, was the Duchess of Mecklenburgh, who addressed him in the following words:—

"Though the weakest, we are the most zealous portion of your flock."

The Archbishop answered, "I regard you as the fairest portion of it."

The Duchess de Bouillon, who understood Latin, and was well read in Virgil, then repeated this line from that poet:—

> Formosa pecoris custos formosior ipse.
> Fair is the Flock, the Keeper fairer still.

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A NIGHT IN WARDEN-LE-DALE.

O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition lowly laid!—*Scott.*

"DEAR me!" said Fanny Keymer, shuddering, as she closed the book over which she had been intently poring, "what an imagination the author had! One would think he had supped every night on raw pork, like Fuseli when he painted the nightmare, or, at least, had swallowed opium to quicken his fancy."

Her uncle smiled, and, quietly taking a pinch of snuff, leant back musingly in his great leather chair, and looking from one niece to the other with the air of a man who was engaged in solving some weighty problem, he nodded gravely.

"You are thoughtful, my good uncle," said Maria, stirring the fire into a bright blaze, "shall we read, to beguile the evening, or do you wish for music?"

"No," said the old gentleman: "I was comparing Fanny's remark just now, with my own experience; and reflecting, that without the assistance of raw pork or opium, an adventure of my own on one occasion wore an aspect nearly as appalling as the invention of an imaginative writer could suggest."

"Oh, tell us, dear uncle!—*do* tell us," said the nieces, in a breath, "and let it be what will make us tremble as we creep to bed, and look over our shoulders at every step."

Mr. Keymer smiled; "I will give you the 'plain unvarnished tale.' Its effects upon yourselves depend on circumstances.—

"When I was a young man, and that is now somewhere about eight and thirty years ago, I set off from my father's house of business in the city, upon what was not inappropriately considered a romantic expedition—namely, a pedestrian tour through some of the midland counties of England. I was young, ardent, enthusiastic, and eke adventurous; and the charms of exploring, noting, and sketching the poetic and pictorial scenery of a little-frequented district, sufficed to counterbalance every risk, and lighten every toil. Therefore, quitting the beaten track, which I conceived already trodden by every bagman and tourist, I struck off through lonely lanes and bridle paths, known only to the peasant, and equipped with a moderate sized knapsack, which was capacious enough to hold a day's provisions and a drinking-cup, which I filled at the mountain-burn, a pair of hob-nailed shoes, and a strong oak cudgel, I trudged merrily along.

"It was the close of an intensely sultry day, about the middle of September, and the sun was near his setting. I had rambled on for many hours without seeing a human being,—and though little mindful of the consequences, as at the worst, I could but rest under the canopy of heaven, with my knapsack for a pillow, I was too well convinced that I had completely lost my way. I was footsore and weary, and I looked round in vain for the welcome prospect of a bed and board at a cottage, or a farm-house, the hospitalities of which I had good cause gratefully to appreciate. It was, indeed, the Ultima Thule of all that love the likeness of civilization—like the seaman, I should have hailed the sight of a gibbet with something like satisfaction if it assured me that this lonely track had been traversed by my fellow men. The air was oppressively hot, and a range of dark portentous-looking clouds on the verge of the craggy hills which surrounded the valley on all sides and were clothed here and there with tangled coppice, warned me of the expediency of pressing onwards. The wind, which had till now been wanting, rose suddenly and whirled the few early autumnal leaves into circling eddies with a mournful rustle, and then as suddenly died inaudibly away, leaving a silence that might almost be felt. The very birds had withdrawn prematurely to their roost, and I felt that I was indeed alone.

"At length, to my inexpressible relief, I discerned in the hollow of the valley a building through the trees, and I pressed forwards with all the energy of which my exhausted frame was capable. But I had little cause for satisfaction as I drew near it—for it was but a ruined chapel! However, such as it was, I might at least abide the coming storm, and cower beneath the walls, if they denied me further refuge. The burial-ground, in the centre of which it stood, was overhung by old gnarled oaks and elms—and a tall gaunt fir-tree here and there stretched its bare spectral-looking arms above its neighbours as if in defiance of the storm. A dark funereal yew stood in sombre grandeur at the eastern end of the building, and beneath it lay a low black marble tomb, mildewed and stained by its poisonous droppings. A few old iron railings still remained, but were so corroded by time that the very wind, as it swept by them, caused them to clank and rattle in their tenons. I observed that they were of wrought iron, and were twined at intervals with an heraldic knot, and surmounted by fleur-de-lis. Old sunk broken head-stones, whose inscriptions had been long illegible, rose here and there from the rank green beds of docks and nettles which had struggled through the tall white-bleached grass which formed a ghastly contrast.

"The chapel itself was in harmony with the external scene of desolation—the walls were time-worn, decayed, and mossy—the ivy had twined luxuriantly round the mullions of the windows, and the roof had fallen in, in massy fragments. The porch had sunk from the united effects of time and damp, and the dial-plate above it was cracked through and through, and the very gnomon had fallen down among the rubbish. The heavy iron-studded door was ajar—I pushed it open, and entered the chapel. The pavement was sunk

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irregular, and moss-grown; and at every step I trod under foot some memorial of the dead. Broad stone steps, decayed and broken, led up to the high altar, which was flanked on either side by the remains of tombs, on which lay sculptured effigies which I surveyed with interest. That on the north side had been a warrior, and had died in the Holy Land, as was denoted by the distinctive emblems—but he had fallen upon the vanquished side. His vizor was raised, his hands were clasped upon his breast, his sword was in its scabbard, and his feet were resting upon a *dead* lion. His surcoat was wanting, and he was in the strong chain armour of the early chivalry. The whole was sadly mutilated, and it was with difficulty that I deciphered upon the labelled moulding of the freize:—Þraye foure þe sowle of Syrre Hugo de Fontibus : Þe ȝeedde ℔ :ℭℭℭ ᵛ :xxᵗᵗ:

"Upon the southern tomb lay the recumbent figure of a lady—broken, ghastly, and hideous; while the inscription told me only that "þe Ladye Geraldine" was there interred. Proud shields and gorgeous blazonry had once been theirs—now all was faded, wan, and unsightly. Among the fragments of rich stained glass which lingered in the ruined windows, I traced the heraldic knot and fleur-de-lis;—and from the frequent repetition of these badges on the many monumental slabs that lay along the pavement of the chapel, I was led to infer that it was the burial-place of what had been a family of high degree. A mouldering hatchment still clinging to its rusty cranks within the portion of an old but richly-carved and gilded screen, that had once parted the chancel from a southern chantry, told me by its sad emphatic marshalling, that 'the last of the family' had been long since laid beside his kindred in that lonely spot. I paced thoughtfully to and fro; —before, around, beneath, on every side, lay stretched the titled and the proud—the 'Fontibus,' the 'Fontane,' the 'Fountayne,' and the more recent 'Fountain,' with its modern orthography, all alike were there! The appearance of one broad slab, however, attracted my attention, from the probability of its having been but recently disturbed; and as I marked the freshly-scattered mould around its edges, and noticed the elevation of the ponderous stone which had not as yet settled down to the level of its fellows, I could not but speculate upon the name, the age, the sex, of the latest tenant in this region of mortality —this temple of the dead! My imagination once roused, was busy; and I soon peopled the deserted aisles with knight and page, and 'ladye faire,' following the phantasmal pageant to the altar and the tomb, until reminded by the storm, which burst anon in awful grandeur, that I must seek a better shelter than that afforded by the almost roofless nave. The belfry appeared to me in far better preservation, and I thankfully availed myself of it; and, despite the accumulated horrors of my situation, and my comfortless and forlorn condition, I seated myself on a broken tressel, and at last fell fast asleep!

"How long I had slumbered I know not, but I started suddenly from my uneasy rest on perceiving, upon half opening my eyes, a gleam of light in the body of the church. I rubbed my eyes mechanically, convinced I was still dreaming; but the light was there; and bewildered and uncertain how to act, I quietly raised myself enough to look through a loop-hole in the form of a quartrefoil, which was pierced in the belfry wall, and which had, probably, in days of old, permitted the sacristan and his assistants to join the adoration of the elements at the elevation of the Host, without quitting their peculiar duties in the belfry."

ROUGE CROIX.

(To be continued.)

THE PROPYLON OF EDFON.

LATE in the evening the Propylon of Edfou appeared in sight. We determined to go on shore and visit it by moonlight; so at eleven we landed, started off for the temple, its immense demi-pyramids standing as a landmark. Passing through the village, where all was wrapt in the silence of sleep, we reached the low door, which gave access to the interior of the Propylon. We lighted our candles and ascended the stairway, which, connecting chamber with chamber, conducts to the extreme top.

Here we lighted our pipes, and sat to enjoy the scene; and what may be compared with such a scene! It was midnight; the moon was at her full, casting a flood of refulgent light over the extensive landscape, stretching from the near Lybian to the distant Arabian chain, intersected by the slow-moving and irregular Nile. There was fascination in the spectacle.

After remaining an hour or two and admiring the immensity of the blocks upon the very summits, more than one hundred feet from the soil, we descended and explored the interior of both portions of this edifice.

Over the granite portal which connects them are blocks that form the architrave, measuring thirty feet in length by six in width. Why may not the numerous and beautiful chambers of these interiors have been the habitations of the priests? or, to what purpose were they applied? They are of various dimensions; some extremely spacious, others quite narrow.

On the exterior of the Propylon are sculptured divinities of colossal proportions, being thirty feet in height. They all hold, in their right hands, rings, to which crosses are joined, the latter having the form of a T.

It is rather singular that, in the mythology of the ancient Egyptians, the cross is supposed to have been the emblem of future life.

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SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

His Mind superior to Party.

Men have done Sir James Mackintosh more justice than they ordinarily render to their brethren; for he is thought of, almost on all hands, not as a dreamer of dreams, a wanderer through a limbo of vanity, but as rich in all recorded knowledge, and an honest and eloquent teacher. This fame has been obtained, not by the size of his writings, but the loftiness of the ground on which they are placed, that pure and philosophical elevation from which even the smallest object will project its shadow over an empire:* and, though vigour and perseverance are necessary to attain that height, how much larger does it make the circle of vision, than when, standing among the paths of common men, our eyes are strained by gazing into the distance. It is not merely by the talent displayed in his works, brilliant and powerful as it is, nor by the quantity of his information, however various and profound, that he has obtained his present celebrity; but, in a great degree, by the tone of dignity and candour, which was so conspicuous a characteristic of his mind. He had less of the spirit of party than almost any *partisan* we remember.

Formation of his Opinions.

His greatest talent was in the power of acquiring knowledge from the thoughts of others. Of the politicians of his day, if not of all then living Englishmen, he was incomparably the most learned. His acquaintance with the history of the human mind, both in the study of its own laws, and in action, is greater than than that of any other contemporary writer of his time, and his intimacy with the revolutions and progress of modern Europe, both in politics and literature, was, indeed, perfectly marvellous. He is also the more to be trusted in his writings on these points, because he never was exclusively wedded to any peculiar system, or even science. Many of the chroniclers of particular tracts in the wide empire of knowledge, seem to consider that their own department is the only important one, or even that their own view of it is incalculably and beyond dispute the most deserving of attention; their works thus resemble some oriental maps, in which the Indian Ocean is a creek of the Persian Gulf; and Europe, Asia, and Africa, are paltry appendages to Arabia. Sir James Mackintosh is, in a great degree, free from this error. He knows whatever has been produced in other men by the strong and restless workings of the principles of their nature. But he seems himself to have felt but little of such prompting. The original sincerity and goodness of his mind, display themselves unconsciously in much of his writing; but they do not appear to have given him that earnest impulsion, which would have made him an apostle of truth and a reformer of mankind. He is in all things a follower of some previously recognised opinions; because he has neither the boldness which would carry him beyond the limits consecrated by habit, nor the feeling of a moral want unsatisfied, which would have urged him thus to take a wider range.

* If we remember right, it is said, that, from one of the Swiss mountains, the traveller may see his own shadow thrown at sunrise to a distance of many leagues.

Grotesqueness of his Views resultant from the above Cause.

But having an acute intellectual vision, and a wish to arrive at conviction, he has chosen the best of what was before him *within* the region of precedent and authority. He has plucked the fairest produce of the domain of our ancestors from the trees that they planted, and which had been cultivated till then in their accustomed methods. But he has not leaped the boundaries, and gone forth to search for nobler plants and richer fruits, nor has he dared to touch even the tree of knowledge which flourishes within the garden. He has looked for truth among the speculations of a thousand minds, and he has found but little in its outward forms. He has abstracted something here, and added something there; he has classed opinions and brought them into comparison, and picked out this from one, and joined on that to another; now wavered to the right, now faltered to the left; and scarce rejecting or believing anything strongly, has become learned with unprofitable learning, and filled his mind with elaborate and costly furniture, which chokes up its passages and darkens its windows. He has slain a hundred systems, and united their lifeless limbs into a single figure But the vital spirit is not his to give. It is not the living hand of Plato or Bacon which points out to him the sanctuary; but the monuments and dead statues of philosophers that block up the entrance to the Temple Wisdom. His mind is made up of the shreds and parings of other thinkers. The body of his philosophic garment is half taken from the gown of Locke, and half from the cassock of Butler; the sleeves are torn from the robe of Leibnitz, and the cape is of the ermine of Shaftesbury; and wearing the cowl of Aquinas, and shod in the sandals of Aristotle, he comes out before the world with the trumpet of Cicero at his lips, the club of Hobbes in one hand, and the mace of Bacon in the other.

Ardour of Feeling necessary to an Author.

Having thus formed his opinions from books, without having nourished any predominant feeling or belief in his own mind,—his creed is far too much a matter of subtleties and nicely-balanced system. It is all arranged, and polished, and prepared against objection, and carefully compacted together like a delicate Mosaic; but it is not a portion of the living substance of his mind. It is easy to perceive, to learn, to talk about, a principle, and the man of the highest talent will do this best. But to know it, it must be felt. And

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here the man of talent is often at fault; while some one without instruction, or even intellectual power, may not only apprehend the truth, as if by intuition rather than by thought, but embrace and cherish it in his inmost heart, and make it the spring of his whole being. Sir James Mackintosh has, unfortunately, buried the seeds of this kind of wisdom under heaps of learned research and difficult casuistry. He has given no way to the free expansion of his nature, nor rendered himself up to be the minister and organ of good: which will needs speak boldly, wherever there are lips willing to interpret it. This, perhaps, is not seen clearly by the world. But the want is felt; and the most disciplined metaphysician, be the strength and width of his comprehension what it may, will inevitably find, that men can reap no comfort nor hope in doubts and speculations, however ingenious, or however brilliant, unless they hear a diviner power breathing in the voices of their teachers. The understanding can speak only to the understanding. The memory can enrich only the memory. But there is that within us, of which both understanding and memory are instruments; and he who addresses it can alone be certain that his words will thrill through all the borders of the world, and utter consolation to all his kind.

His "Vindiciæ Gallicæ."

Sir James Mackintosh seems to have spent much of his time in storing up information for the "moth and rust to corrupt." He had none of that eager earnestness of mind, which would have made him impatient of seeing the great and mingling currents of human life flow past him, without himself plunging into the stream. His "Vindiciæ Gallicæ" is indeed a talented book; there is in it a completeness and vigour of reasoning, and a fulness and almost eloquence of style, which justly brought on him distinction. But there is, perhaps, in that very nearness to excellence, an evidence that there could be no closer approach. A child of three feet high, and of the exact proportions of a man, is a miracle in boyhood; but he will never grow, and the man will be a dwarf. The mind, exhibited in the work in question, is not in the immaturity of greatness, but second-rate power in its highest development. There are in it none of the eager rushings to a truth, which is yet beyond our reach,—none of those unsuccessful graspings at wide principles and abortive exertions to make manifest those ideas, of which, as yet, we only feel the first stirrings,—none of those defeated attempts, the best warrant of future success, which we find in the earlier works of master intellects.

Sir James Mackintosh seems to us, in short, to have been distinguished chiefly by readiness in accumulating the thoughts of others, by subtlety in discerning differences, and by the greatest power of expression which can exist without anything of poetic imagination.

GREAT SPIRITS SUPERIOR TO TROUBLE.

Handel did not begin the career, by which he is chiefly remembered, till he had reached the mature age of forty-eight—till after he had, for many years, been exposed to the "pitiless pelting storm" of cabal and vicissitude, raging behind the curtain of a theatre, enough, one would think, to harass all the poetry and composure of spirit out of one even of robuster nerve than was he.

So, too, Milton, who, it might be supposed, could hardly have been fit for much "altar-service" after a middle age of Domestic troubles and strivings in the thorny lists of controversy, never girt himself so gloriously with his "singing robes," as when the season of youth and impulse was long past, and he was left old, and blind, and afflicted.

The genius that is early exhausted by use, or fretted out in the struggle with life, thereby proves itself to be fantastic and evanescent—of the second order; whereas, it is a test of such nobler spirits as are to live for ever in their works, that every passing year and additional care only adds to their wisdom, and calmness, and patience; and thus qualifies them to work out, worthily and dispassionately, those lofty ideas, which have replaced the more fitful and glowing fancies of their earlier days.

THE WANDERING JEW.

It is singular that, of all the numerous writers that have undertaken the history of the Wandering Jew, or Undying One, each has adopted a tone of exaggerated seriousness. The idea of eternally remaining on earth, and witnessing the disappearance of successive generations, may be a painful one, and the subject of such a miracle might, perhaps, be a miserable person. The condition would, nevertheless, have its charms; and we are surprised that no writer has ever contemplated the advantages of the position. Exemption from all fear of death might lead to great deeds, if it were not counteracted by a want of sympathy, which an undying one would feel with frailer beings; it would certainly lead to great enjoyments, and an immortal person would be endowed with a gift that would place all the world at his feet.

If he were inclined, for instance, to cheat, he might break all the annuity shops; and, being by birth a Jew, it is natural to suppose he would take in a great many with his *post obit* bonds. Such a man might never fear punishment by hanging; and, consequently, might execute any deed he pleased, and instead of being executed himself, he would become the universal executor.

The usefulness of such a person would be extraordinary. He would be a sort of messenger to posterity—we might say, "Sir, I will thank you to inform the thirty-first century, that a great man of my name lived in this."

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THE KING OF THULE.

[A Correspondent, under the signature of *Faust*, sends us an original Ballad by Goethe, "Der Konig in Thule," accompanied by his own translation:—]

Der König in Thule.

Es war ein König in Thule,
Gar treu bis an das Grab,
Dem sterbend seine Buhle
Einen goldenen Becher gab.

Es ging ihm nichts darüber,
Er leert ihn jeden Schmaus;
Die Augen gingen ihm über,
So oft er trank daraus.

Und als er kam zu sterben,
Zählt' er seine Städt' im Reich,
Gönnt' Alles seinen Erben,
Den Becher nicht zugleich.

Er saß beim Königsmahle,
Die Ritter um ihn her,
Auf hohem Väter-Saale,
Dort auf dem Schloß am Meer.

Dort stand der alte Zecher,
Trank letzte Lebensgluth,
Und warf den heiligen Becher
Hinunter in die Fluth.

Er sah ihn stürzen, trinken
Und sinken tief in's Meer,
Die Augen thäten ihm sinken,
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr.

THE KING OF THULE.

There was a King of Thule
True to the very grave,
To whom his dying mistress
A golden goblet gave.

Nothing loved he better!
Each feast he drain'd it out;
His eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Whene'er he drank thereout.

His estates he counted o'er,
And when his end drew near,
Gave them all unto his Heir;—
Not so the goblet dear.

At the royal feast he sat,
His knights around him all,
In yon sea-girted castle,—
His high ancestral Hall.

There the Royal Toper stood,
There swallow'd life's last glow,—
Then threw the precious goblet
Down the gulfy flood below.

He saw it headlong fall—
Saw it in the deep sea sink;
Then softly closed his eyes,
Never more red wine to drink.

THE FOUR COCHIN-CHINESE, AT PARIS.

SAILING from China, Captain Pougallet, commander of the French ship *Alexandria*, has brought with him on board, four Cochin-China men, who come to offer to the French government, the expression of the sympathies of their nation, and to visit their dock-yards and arsenals.

It was on his return from the Druidic grotto of Gaverni, that the people, hearing of his arrival, wished to satisfy their curiosity in seeing the *Alexandria* and her passengers. Pleased with the captain, the people of the place presented him with four Cochin-Chinese. One of them speaks English fluently, and it was in this language, and between the smoking of cigars and champagne, that the conversation was established.

Two of these Cochin-Chinese, one aged forty, and the other forty-five, are mandarins. The two others, aged only twenty, and twenty-two, belong to distinguished families of Cochin-China. They are very remarkable for the brilliancy of their glance, their bronzed complexion, and their oily skin. Their hair is trimmed like the generality of Chinese, with a long tail proceeding from the middle of the head. Their moustaches descend very low, and they blacken their teeth with essence of citron. They wear on their heads a black cap; their robe of blue silk flows down to the ground, on which are embroidered figures of birds. This blue robe is the distinctive sign of mandarins of the second class. The first class wear green; the king alone has the right of wearing yellow. That of the people is generally black or brown.

On arriving at Paris, they took up their residence at the Hotel des Princes. One of them, Ouyan-Touau, is a mandarin of the first class. They dine at the table d'hote of the hotel, and help themselves without much difficulty, with a knife and fork. Their admiration was sensibly exalted at the funeral ceremonies of the Emperor Napoleon.—*Courrier de l'Europe.*

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FABLES FROM LESSING.

THE WARLIKE WOLF.—"My father, of glorious memory," said a young wolf to a fox," was a true hero! His name was feared everywhere. He destroyed more than two hundred enemies, and sent their souls to Orcus; no wonder, then, that he was finally overthrown!"—"That is the way they talk in funeral orations," replied the fox; "but a matter-of-fact historian would add, that the two hundred enemies destroyed were sheep and asses, and the one that overthrew him, was the very first bull he ventured to attack."

THE HIND AND THE FOX.—The hind said to the fox—"Alas for us, weak, helpless beasts; the lion has made a league with the wolf!"—"With the wolf? that is no such terrible matter," was the reply. "One roars and the other howls, so we will generally have warning in time. But let us hope the strong lion will never unite with the cunning weasel. When they are together it is all over with us!"

THE FOX AND THE TIGER.—"I really envy thee thy swiftness and strength," said the fox to the tiger. "Is there nothing else about me that you desire?" asked the latter. "Why no—nothing that I know of."—"Would not you like my gay skin? It is as parti-coloured as thy mind, and the outside would then be in keeping with the inside."—"That is the very reason," said the fox, "why I don't want it.—I must seem not to be what I am. Would the gods would change my hair into feathers!"

THE BOY AND THE SERPENT.—A boy was playing with a tame snake. "I would not be so familiar with you, if you had not had your fangs taken out," said the boy. "You snakes are the wickedest, and most ungrateful of all creatures. I read once how a poor countryman picked up one of your race, which he found half frozen under a hedge, and put it in his bosom; and how, as soon as it got warm, it bit its benefactor, and the poor man died."—"I am astonished to hear you say so," rejoined the serpent; "how partial and prejudiced your author must be! Our writers tell the story very differently. That benevolent man supposed the snake was really frozen to death, and, as it was one of the parti-coloured kind, he put it in his breast, to take off its gay skin when he got home. Was that right?"—"Oh, be still!" cried the boy; "the ungrateful never want excuses."—"True, my son," remarked his father; but whenever you hear of any extraordinary want of gratitude, look well at the facts. True benefactors were never repaid with unthankfulness."

THE BRAZEN STATUE.—A brazen statue, the work of a famous sculptor, was melted by a great fire, so that nothing but a heap of metal was left. Another artist took this mass, and made from it a new statue, of the same subject, but far superior to the first in beauty. Envy saw it, and gnashed her teeth, but soon found some consolation. "The fellow could never have done anything half so good, if he had not had the old materials to work upon."

THE OX AND THE STAG.—A heavy ox and a fleet stag were once grazing in the same meadow. The ox said, "Friend stag, if the lion should attack us let us join our forces, and we can easily beat him off."—"Excuse me," answered the stag, "that might answer your purpose, but why should I try to fight against a lion, when I am sure that I can conquer him by running?"

THE DYING WOLF.—The wolf lay at his last gasp, and cast back his glances to his past life. "I am a sinner, it is true," he said, "but I hope not one of the worst ones. I have done a great deal of mischief, but I trust some good too. Once I remember very well a bleating lamb, that had strayed from the flock, came so near me that I might easily have seized it, but I did not harm it. About the same time, too, I bore the taunts and revilings of a sheep with the most Christian equanimity, though there were no dogs near to protect it."—"Yes, I can bear witness to all that," remarked the fox, who was attending him. "I recollect all the circumstances: it happened just at the time that you broke both your fore-legs, when the crane helped you out of the marsh you lay buried in."

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE PEACOCK.—A nightingale, of a sociable turn, sought in vain for a friend among all the singing birds. Perhaps I shall find one elsewhere, thought she, and fluttered down to pay a visit to the peacock. "Beautiful bird, I cannot but admire thee!"—"And I always admired thee, sweet songster!"—"Let us be friends, then," said the nightingale; "for you court the eye and I the ear." Pope and Kneller were better friends than Pope and Addison.

THE BULL AND THE CALF.—A strong bull shattered the door-post of his stable with his horns. "Look there, herdsman," cried a calf, "*I* never did such mischief."—"I only wish you could," was the answer. The language of the calf is that of our petty philosophers. "That wretched Bayle," they say, "how much mischief he has done with his doubts!" Happy it would be if other writers had the tithe of his power!

HERCULES.—When Hercules was received into heaven, he paid his greetings to Juno, before any other of the deities. All were astonished, and asked him, "Why dost thou pay such distinction to thine enemy?"—"Because it was persecution that gave me an opportunity to do the great actions by which I earned my place in heaven."

THE LAMB'S PROTECTORS.—A shaggy wolf-dog was set to watch a lamb. Another dog, also near a wolf in shape and colour, saw him, and fell upon him at once. "Wolf, wolf, what are you doing with this lamb?" cried he. "Wolf yourself: be off, or you'll find out to your sorrow," was the answer. The one tried to carry off the lamb, the other to keep it by force, and between the two it was torn to pieces.

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Public Journals.

Quarterly Review. No. CXXXIII.

[BEFORE the world was three hundred and eighty years so old as now, Juliana Berners was prioress of Sopewell. Often as the gold of the summer-morn broke, and illumed the streams in the vicinage of the priory, Juliana, with her bevy of saintly maids, might have been seen disporting for fish on the river-marge—elegant forms in mantles of blue satinity, and hair with snow-white plumes. And such was their success in the diversion, that, before the "shivering lustres" of Vesper were extinct, their creels were often full of sweet river-food for their prandial repast.

Pious Juliana also loved angling the more, because it the more made her love her Maker; the beauty of his divine works sank like music into her soul, and while her hands angled, her soul, by meditation, was evangelized and improved.]

DAME JULIANA BERNERS, THE LADY-ANGLER.

Tradition gives the following origin to the nunnery of Sopewell, which was under the rule—we are sure it was gentle—of the sporting prioress, and which was situated at a small distance to the south-west of St. Albans. Two women, whose names have been long forgotten, came to Egwood, and there, by the river-side, they put together a rude kind of hermitage. In this humble abode, formed of branches of trees, and covered with bark and leaves, they dwelt, until the fame of their abstinent, chaste, charitable, and religious lives reached the ears of Jeffery, the sixteenth Abbot of St. Albans. Touched with their self-denial, their piety, and their active virtues, the good abbot, about the year 1140, built a cell for them, causing them to be clothed like nuns, and to live according to Benedictine rule. Nor did he stop here, for he granted them lands and rents. To be sure he did not pay any very great compliment to the "uneasy virtue" of the inmates of this cell; for, on the ground of preserving their fame from the attacks of scandal, he ordered that they should be always locked up in their house, and that their number should not exceed thirteen, "all select virgins." He also gave them permission to bury there; but only for themselves, not for strangers, his liberality not going the length of a grant, which would probably enrich their shrine at the expense of his own. The number of the saintly sisters had dwindled to nine at the dissolution, and the yearly value of the house was then estimated by Dugdale at 40*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.*; though Speed makes it 68*l.* 8*s.*

Dame Juliana (a sister, it is supposed, of Richard Lord Berners of Essex) appears to have become prioress about 1460, and the first edition (folio) of her book, commonly known as the *Boke of St. Albans*, printed at that place in 1486—(with Caxton's letter probably)—contained the treatises on hawking, hunting, and coat-armour. The republication, in 1496, including, in addition, the treatise on fishing, was printed by Wynken de Worde at Westminster.

Dainty amusement, indeed, was angling, for the prioress and her bevy of "maids of heaven." From this noble and learned lady's book—from her pious original—occasional leaves, with small variations, are to be seen in almost every book of angling from Barker and Walton downwards. Her style may be judged of by the following passages, in the first of which she thus improves the occasion:—

Ye shall not use this forsayd crafty dysporte for to covetyseness, to the entent to take and sparynge of your money onely; but principally for your solace, and to cause the helthe of your body, and specyally of your soule; for whanne ye purpose to goo on your dysporte in fyssshynge, ye wyll not desyre gretly many persones whyche myghte lette you of your game. And thenne ye may serve God devowtly, in saying affectuously your custumable prayer, and, thus doynge, ye shall eschewe and voyde many vices.

But we cannot speak very highly of this holy dame's taste in culinary affairs; *she* was evidently no *cordon bleu*. She appears to have thought highly of the worst fish for the table, in our opinion, extant.

The barbyll is a swete fysshe; but it is a queasy meete, and a perylous for mannys body. For, comynly, he gyveth an introduxion to the febris; and yf he be eaten rawe—(hear it not Comus!)—he maye be cause of mannys dethe, whyche hath oft be seen.

That raw barbel *ought* to cause the death of any civilized, unfeathered, two-legged animal, all cooks will allow; that such an event should have been frequent can only be accounted for by that delightful state of unsophisticated nature which prevailed in the fifteenth century. What would the Hon. Robert Boyle, who speaks with abhorrence of eating raw oysters, have said to this? Certainly he who swallowed the first oyster *was* a bold man; but he was well rewarded for his bravery in discussing the sapid mollusk not only unwashed and undressed, but also unshaven.

For some time Dame Juliana's book seems to have been all-sufficient for our ancestors; nor does there appear to have been any publication of note till 1651, when "The Art of Angling, wherein are discovered many rare secrets, written by Thomas Barker, an ancient practitioner in the said art," made its appearance in the shop of Oliver Fletcher, "near the Seven Stars, at the west end of St. Paul's." Odd as its contents were, it was, nevertheless, a most instructive book.

Barker was, moreover, a cook of no mean quality;—*e. g.*

"I have been admitted into the most ambassadors' kitchen's that have come into England this forty years, and do wait on them still at the lord protector's charge, and I am paid duly for it: *sometimes I see slovenly scullions abuse good fish most grossly.*" The variety of his receipts and the lyrical *in medias res* style in which he often commences them, as if he were actually in the kitchen, is amusing:—"We must have a trout pie hot,

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and another cold." "There is one good trout of a good length, eighteen or twenty inches, we will have *that* roasted," &c., &c. His directions for boiling and calvoring trout contain the whole secret of the art of boiling fish. Having directed the operator to make the "liquor boyle with a fierce fire made of wood," he finishes by saying, "first put in one trout; let him blow up the fire till the water boyle, then put in another; so do untill all are in and boyled." Sir Humphrey Davy got some credit for his directions *in re* Salmon. "Carry him to the pot, and before you put in a slice, let the water and salt boil furiously, and give time to recover its heat before you throw in another; and so proceed with the whole fish." *Pereant qui*, &c.

The halo thrown over the *Contemplative Man's Recreation* by Walton, and the good men whom he enumerated as brothers of the angle, invested the art with new interest. It is sufficient to name Walton. Who does not know his charming pastoral by heart!

After Walton, treatises soon began to multiply; among the most mentionable are Venables, John Williamson, Brooks, Bowlker, Best, and Kirby, in the last century; and, in this, Taylor, Captain Williamson, Salter, Carroll, Bambridge's *Fly-fisher's Guide*, Davy's delightful *Salmonia*, and Stoddart.

Want of space prevents us to go farther—not even to dwell on the charms of small trout fried with crisped parsley, so delicately as not to soil the white damask on which they are presented. But here is an *envoy* from Dame Juliana:—

The angler atte the leest hath his holsom walke, and mery at his ease, a swete air of the swete savoure of the meede floures, that makyth him hungry; he hereth the melodyous armony of fowles, wyth their brodes; whyche me seemeth better thanne all the noyse of houndys, the blastes of hornys, and the scrye of foulis, that hunters, fawkeners, and foulers can make. And if the angler take fysshe, surely thenne is noo man merier than he is in his spyryte.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE. NO. CXXXIII.
January, 1841.

["THE Stars of Pall Mall," here continued, are both planetary and cometary; that is to say, some abiding in a fixed sphere, pass through life with a steady light; the others move many times in eccentric orbits, being odd and vagabund in their way. Gilray, Gay, and Kneller muster under the last.

But most suavidly—yea, sweetliest of all—Star of love, beauty, and devotion—glitters NELL GWYNNE in these Fraserian chapters; her impudent sweet face seems to smile on us from the page, and her hilarious little laugh to trill out in every letter. "Clothed in scarlet and other delights," the court of the second Charles had, indeed, a galaxy of beauties, but *Rosa-mundi*, you know, is not always *Rosa-munda*.

Some of these "Stars" must now be reflected in our glass:—]

PORTRAITS OF KING CHARLES II.

Charles the Second, and his royal brother, the Duke of York, though the sons of the most *personable* king and queen in Europe, were neither of them likened to Paris or Adonis, being, what they knew and candidly admitted, hard-favoured men.

Charles, who, in his merry mood, used to "take personal liberties" with himself, frequently observed, "I know not which I favour most, my grandfather or grandmother; neither of whom, God knows, were reputed beauties!"

When Riley took the likeness of the king, which was done for one of the city companies, as a whole-length portrait in royal robes, his majesty, in respect for the painter, who, it seems, had requested that it might not be viewed until completed, restrained his curiosity until he obtained the painter's consent to look at it, he demanded of the painter whether he himself considered he had obtained a faithful likeness, and being answered, "Yes, your majesty, very like indeed!" "Humph," ejaculated the sovereign, and, viewing himself in the painter's glass, he cried, "odds fish! then I must be a very ugly fellow."

He once said to Captain Crofts, a very handsome young man, "If I were as good looking a fellow as you, Crofts, I should be somewhat 'better-treated' in my amours."

There are several portraits of this good-humoured king in the palaces, taken whilst he was a boy; one of which was reckoned, according to the tradition of the old court, to be extremely like. On glancing his eye upon this picture suddenly one day, he stopped, and, looking upon it for some time with particular attention, he observed, "For certain I was a sad, cadaverous-looking urchin, and that is the fact."

That said to be the most like, and certainly the best-looking physiognomy, is introduced on the *plafond*, painted by Signor Verrio, being a portrait of his majesty, by the more skilful hand of Kneller.

This painter had the felicity to enjoy a large share of the esteem of his sovereign, who frequently sat to him for his portrait, and at his own house, then situate in Covent Garden;* an honour which the painter duly appreciated, for his majesty was never known to enter the studio of any other artist.

Though familiarly known to succeeding ages as the "merry monarch," King Charles was yet subject to severe fits of melancholy, particularly after experiencing some new insult from Castlemaine. In such doleful cases, he would drive off to Kneller's, and remain quietly closeted with him for two or three hours, until the original dry humour, *bonhommie*, and his rich vein of naïveté, operated upon him (to use his own phrase), as was wont the harp of David upon Saul, and expelled the evil spirit from his royal bosom.

* Kneller subsequently removed to Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

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THE ROOKERY—ERASMUS—THE ALCHEMISTS.

On the site of old Carlton-house, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, stood a large, Gothic building, one story high, and above, a row of dormer windows; this place was called the ROOKERY, and belonged to the monks of Westminster monastery.

It was subsequently used as an inn. Within the remains of this ancient place resided Erasmus, by favour of Henry VIII., and at the recommendation of his queen Anne Bullen, who, it appears, had a great respect for that celebrated scholar, and visited him there. Hans Holbein, the king's limner, painted Erasmus for this queen.

Physiognomists observe in the visage of Erasmus the strongest indications of good sense, wit, and benignity. Henry VIII., at one time, held him in high esteem.

The rare talents of Erasmus burst forth "when learning was emerging out of barbarism." He was one of the first to attack superstitions which he had not the courage to relinquish. His cupboard, to the honour of the age, was entirely filled with plate presented to him in homage of his talent, some of which was given by the king himself, and some by his unfortunate queen. He frequently visited the palace at St. James's, in company with his friend and patron, Sir Thomas More.

The cupboard of plate, however, excited the suspicion of some and the envy of others, for, although presented to him as offerings to his great merit and private worth, it was alleged against him that they were proofs of his devotion to the good things of this world, and served to supply the independent spirit of Luther with abundant subject for invective.

The mild Erasmus has said, "We must carry ourselves according to the times, and hang the cloak according to the wind;" sentiments, however meant, not likely to square with the straightforward temper of the great apostle of Protestantism.

In the reign of Henry VIII., the Rookery made one of a group of small monkish buildings, at the east end of Pall Mall, which were swept away with the besom of the Reformation; and there is a tradition that, at its demolition, in a corner of an inner apartment, the remains of a smithy were found, and the timber roof was thickly incrusted with bituminous smoke. This smithy, or forge, as was then supposed, had been erected in the reign of Henry VI., by his royal order; for this prince was so reduced by his extravagance, that he attempted to recruit his empty coffers by alchemy. "The record of this singular proposition," says Andrews, "contains the most solemn and serious asseverations of the feasibility and virtue of the philosopher's stone—encouraging the search after it, and dispensing with all statutes and other prohibitions to the contrary.'

This record was very probably communicated (says an ingenious antiquary) by the great Selden to his beloved friend Ben Jonson, when he was writing his comedy of the *Alchemist*.

After this patent was made public, many visionary speculators so confidently promised to answer the weak king's expectations, that the next year he published another patent, wherein he assures his subjects that the happy hour was drawing nigh, and, by means of THE STONE, which he should be master of anon, he would liquidate all the debts of the nation, in real gold and silver. The persons nominated for this wondrous operation, were:—Thomas Hervey, of Austinfriars; Robert Glasley, a preaching friar; William Atclyffe, the queen's physician; Henry Sharpe, Master of the Lawrence Pontigny College, in London; John Fyld, fishmonger; John Yonghe, grocer; Robert Gaylon, grocer; John Sturgeon and John Lambert, mercers of London.

ORIGIN OF THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

At Schomberg-house was first concocted the dramatic scheme of the Beggar's Opera. It was originally proposed to Swift to be named the *Newgate Opera*, as the first thought of writing such a gross and immoral drama originated with him.

Swift, also, who was an ardent admirer of the poetic talents of Gay, delighted to quote his Devonshire pastorals, they being very characteristic of low rustic life, and congenial to his taste, for the pen of the dean revelled in vulgarity.

Under the influence of such notions, he proposed to Gay to bestow his thoughts upon the subject, which he felt assured would turn to good account, namely, that of writing a work to be entitled, *A Newgate Pastoral*; adding, "and I will, *sub rosâ*, afford you my best assistance." This scheme was talked over at Queensbury-house, and Gay commenced it, but it was soon dropped with something of disgust. It was ultimately determined that he should commence upon the *Beggar's Opera*.

This scheme was approved, and written forthwith, under the auspices of the duchess, and performed at the theatre at Lincoln's Inn Fields, under the immediate influence of her grace; who, to induce the manager, Rich, to bring it upon his stage, agreed to indemnify him all the expenses he might incur, provided that the *daring* speculation should fail.

The offer had first been proposed to Fleetwood and his partners, at Drury Lane Theatre; but it was at once rejected by them, as a piece that would not be tolerated by a public audience; indeed, they stoutly refused it a rehearsal.

The success of the *Beggar's Opera* mainly depended upon two points—the hatred of one party against the Italian Opera, and the hatred of another party against the court. The ridicule of sing-song, united with operatical acting, was complete, and the satire levelled in the original against the king, the queen,

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and the court, by Gay, who was a disappointed courtier, was too bitter, too witty, not to be felt; it was received with applause.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY. NO. XLIX.
January, 1841.

[BENTLEY'S may be fairly termed the Cervantes of the month. Constantly setting out with famous portions of chivalric adventure, it thus adopts the custom of the Mambrino-helmeted Quixote himself; while, in the rear of the mighty Don, the remanent portion of the number follows like fat happy Sancho, plethoric with heartiness, jocularity, and laughter.

'My Grand Tour' is a whimsical paper. Mr. Twig, an English grocer, resolves on seeing Paris, and these his preliminaries:—]

Procuration of Mr. Twig's Passport.

A passport I must have; and, as it did not suit my views to pay for a passport at the Foreign Office, I went off to the office of the French Embassy in Poland-street, indicated by a little shabby house, with a little shabby green door, and a little shabby brass plate, as the establishment where letters of introduction to the Gallic territories might be had for the asking. I entered my name, age, profession, destination, with several other little particulars, in a book kept for the purpose, and was desired to call again at the same hour on the following day.

Purchase of a Guide-book.

On my way to my lodgings, I scrutinised carefully the bookstalls, and, as good luck would have it, was enabled to provide myself, for four-and-sixpence, with a "Guide to Paris" of the year of the battle of Waterloo, and a "Trésor d'Ecolier Français," which struck me as quite a literary curiosity. The phrases most essential to the ordinary travellers, were there to be found, intended to initiate the neophyte into the mysteries of the true Parisian pronunciation! The curious reader will form a better idea of the arrangement of this work from the few specimens subjoined:—

Comment se porte votre mère?	Commong sea port vote mare?	How's your mother?
Quel chapeau épouvantable!	Kel chapo poof on tabbell!	What!a shocking bad hat;
C'est très bien, Monsieur Ferguson; mais c'est ne pas possible que vous pouvies reater ici!	Se tray byeang, Moshoeu Fargoosong; may say nay paw possee bell kay voo poovey restey see!	It's all very well, Mr. Ferguson; but you don't lodge here!
Vous voilà sans un œil!	Voo zvolla sans oon ale!	There you go with your eye out!
Sacre bleu!	Sakker blue!	Flare up!
Qui l'a volé l'âne?	Kee la voley l'ann?	Who stole the donkey?

The "Guide," although rather out of date, I thought would do very well for me. How admirably well Paris looks upon paper! No wonder the Mugginses are in raptures! Bless us! the Louvre—very fine; the Pantheon, not *quite* St. Paul's; Notre Dame, very fine too, but not *exactly* Westminster Abbey; the Tuileries—queer sloping roofs—rum concern, certainly; and the Triumphal Arch—all very high, and mighty, and great, to be seen for the small charge, as the puppet-showman says, of twenty-one shillings sterling.

Then the cafés, and the restaurateurs, and bills of fare—such a bill of fare! Why, 'tis a dinner to look upon! *Dîner à la carte;* or, if you don't like that, soup, fish, *quatre plats à choix;* dessert, a pint of wine, and bread *à discrétion.* Think of that, ye poor wretches, who put up with the ghost of a penny roll!—think of bread *à discrétion!*

Mr. Twig's passportary Importance.

On the morrow I repaired, as directed, to Poland-street, and in the order of our names, as inserted in the book of yesterday, we were accommodated with passports. My turn soon came; and not without awe did I find myself ushered into the presence of Monsieur Auguste de Bacomt, *Chargé des Affaires* to the embassy. My name, age, residence, profession, destination, and so forth, were answered as soon as asked, Monsieur Auguste de Bacomt regarding me during the progress of the examination with fixed attention, after which the attendant secretary handed me a slip of semi-transparent paper, and with much *politesse* bowed me out of the apartment.

Emerging into Oxford-street, I set about translating my passport; and, having sufficiently admired the royal arms of France, wherewith it was surmounted, with the help of a pocket-dictionary, I made out the subject matter as follows:—

"IN THE NAME OF THE KING.

"These are to will and command all mayors, prefects, commandants of garrisons, and others in authority, to receive and protect Erasmus Twig, of the firm of Twig and Figg, wholesale grocer and foreign fruit dealer, of Rosemary-lane, Minories, now proceeding singly to Paris, *viâ* Calais or Boulogne, and to give him every aid and assistance in their power, in case of necessity.

(Signed) "A. DE BACOMT,
Chargé des Affaires."

"Very polite, upon my word! 'In the name of the king!'—that is something. And then to be received and protected by all prefects, mayors, commandants of garrisons!"

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Portraiture of Mr. Twig.

Flattered to find myself a person of such vast importance in the eyes of all prefects, mayors, and commandants of garrisons, and considering what Philadelphia Muggins would think, and how the other Mugginses would stare when they heard of it, I drew myself up to my full height opposite the shop of a carver and gilder, where was exhibited close to the door, a mirror of one plate of glass, six feet square, or thereabouts, ticketed at the moderate figure of three hundred guineas, in whose bright reflection I sported *my* figure, very much to my own satisfaction.

The fact is, thought I, Monsieur Auguste de Bacomt, Chargé des Affaires, was struck with my appearance when he gave me so flattering a letter to the Gallic functionaries. And faith, now that I look at myself in that three-hundred-guinea glass, I think myself not quite the ugliest fellow on the shady side of Rosemary-lane. Ah! Philadelphia Muggins, Philadelphia Muggins; the time *may* come when —But what the devil's this? Here's something I didn't see before, as the exciseman said when he found the contraband tobacco. Something like an order for groceries in the margin of my passport, headed "DESCRIPTION."

No mortal ever yet beheld a veritable, *bonâ fide*, genuine ghost with more unmitigated horror, than I, unhappy Twig that I am! beheld my own portrait in pen and ink on the margin of my too flattering, as I fondly thought it, letter of introduction to the mayors, prefects, and commandants of garrisons.

Such a description! That I should live to describe it! Thus it was, however, between you and me and the post; but for gracious' sake, humane reader, never let it be known in Camomile-street. Thus it was:—

"DESCRIPTION.

Hair, - -	Red, wiry.
Forehead, -	Low, transversely wrinkled.
Eyes, - -	Swivelly, greyish green.
	(P. S. This is an abominable falsehood.)
Nose, - -	Pug (*petit nez retroussé*).
Shoulders, -	Fiddle pattern.
Legs, - -	Bandy.
	(Another thumper.)
Height, -	Five feet nothing.
Complexion,	Tallowy.
Physiognomy,	Suspicious.
Age, - -	Wrong side of thirty."

(N. B. The last three items false.)

"Powers of distortion!" I involuntarily exclaimed, "am I then so ugly as all this! What! am I to carry this offensive record of my own deformity to all prefects, mayors, and commandants of garrisons;—to present it at the gates of fortified towns to sniggling soldiers of the line, and sneering subalterns? Impudence! Confound that sneering Chargé des Affaires; I though he was laughing at me all the time. Low scrub! I'll not carry my own caricature about with me. Why should I spend British gold among a parcel of foreigneering chaps? All slaves, every man jack of them, frog eaters, fellows that wear wooden shoes!"

French Cookery.

"But the variety of French dishes is extraordinary. I happened to fall in with a Parisian bill of fare—"

"I beg pardon for interrupting you," observed Tom, "but that variety of which you speak is produced curiously enough. I happened to take up my quarters once upon a time at the Café de l'Orangerie, and I know the trick. There the bill of fare exhibits a catalogue of three hundred dishes; but, in truth, there are never more in the house than three. For instance, there appear on the '*carte*' a hundred different *entrées* of veal, another hundred of beef, and a third hundred of mutton. A piece of each of these meats is kept simmering in a stew-pan, and a copper of universal gravy with a few handfuls of sliced vegetables, are always at hand. You order, for example, '*gigot mouton avec sauce piquante*,'—that sounds well, and probably you may think it will eat as well as it sounds; a scrap of meat is immediately cut from the shapeless junk in the stew-pan, is then well-slopped with universal gravy, and a dash of the vinegar-cruet supplies the '*sauce piquante*.' If, haply, you prefer '*bœuf à la sauce Tomate*,' or '*à la Jardinière*,' it is all the same: a little red-lead or brick-dust colours the universal gravy for the former, and a pinch of dried sage gives a refreshing verdure to the latter. Veal is treated in a manner precisely similar: whether you order '*veau à l'oseille*,' or any of the other ninety-nine variations that are played upon the subject in the stew-pan, it is all the same,—the sorrel, spinach—anything green will do—is plastered over the bit of meat, and served up to order. 'Tis the universal gravy that does it."

A COFFEE-HOUSE DINNER.

Oh, what a sum of suffering is represented in the term! Who has forgotten the slice of watery cod, apparently boiled in the weeds which serve for garniture; with a large boat of bookbinder's paste, in which crude oysters were stuck? For condiment, soy with flies in it, or anchovy, which will not pour; and cayenne, whose heat has paled, while the grains have consolidated. Two or three long kidney potatoes *à l'eau*, and thoroughly saturated with the simple element in which they were boiled. To follow, according to custom, the slice of a cow's hide, by courtesy styled a steak, tough and black, but set off with lumps of yellow fat, the sight whereof would distress an Esquimaux. Add to this a substance resembling mixed lamp-black and grease for gravy. After the struggle with the steak, if the guest had a tooth left in his head, he,

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perhaps, was mad enough to order a tart; which was composed of the third of an apple cut into slices, keeping shape perfectly, and defying the operation of baking, by a vigourous constitutional crudity—covered with a pale dry crust, ready to part from the dish at the slightest instance, as weary of the stale connexion. Next, a cheese, more biting than bitten, which had felt warmth, and whose oozings were beautifully glazed, and delicately powdered with dust. To these delicacies, add the menstruum of a pint of a hot and distasteful compound, drunk only because it was put in a decanter and to be paid for; and, lastly, that enormity of enormities, THE BILL:—

Cod and oyster sauce	3	6
Rump-steak and ditto	3	6
Potatoes	1	0
Bread and beer	1	0
Tart	1	6
Pint of Old Port	3	6
	14	0
To which, if the party thought the avoidance of insult worth sixpence, was to be added, Waiter	1	6

And such is a Coffee-house Dinner!

The Gatherer.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, NEAR THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

On Monday last, the 4th inst., the remains of the above memorable church were sold by auction, preparatory to its being taken down. Little more than the bare walls was left for the auctioneer (Mr. Toplis) to dispose of—the pews, the flooring, and the organ, having been previously removed: the vestry-room, part of the old church, is to remain, and to form part of the intended Sun Fire-office. The building was visited by vast numbers of people on the day of sale.

Without frost and snow, that form the ice of the great holy-day cake, Christmas festivities would be incomplete.

Curran and the Sunbeam.—In one of Curran's most celebrated speeches, he was struggling for an illustration of his client's innocence. "It was clear as—as—(at this moment the sun shone into the court) clear as yonder sunbeam that now bursts upon us with its splendid coruscations."

Gothic Architecture.—The periods of the different modifications of this style of building may be thus settled and exemplified—*Absolute* Gothic, unmixed with the Saxon manner, about 1396, see Winchester Cathedral. *Ornamental* Gothic, 1441, see King's Col. Cambridge. *Florid* Gothic, 1480, see St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and Henry VIIth's, Westminster-abbey.

Sir Philip B. Vere Broke, the hero of *The Shannon*, died on the 3d inst., at Brokehall, Suffolk.

Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper."—The extreme simpleness of the scene is in singular unison with the primitive, yet august, nature of the subject. A table, thinly spread out, where the guests are as few and economically arranged as the viands, bespeak the humbleness and solemn quiet, and all-observed order of the banquet, till disturbed by the terrible announcement.

Mendelssohn's Paul.—Simplicity is the pervading feature of this oratorio; it is the pure musical Doric, with never the intrusion of a Corinthian ornament.

Roman Remains.—The work going on in front of the church of St. Thomas, at Strasburg, has brought to light the remains of extensive Roman constructions. At Dijon, an amphora has been dug up, containing the bones of sheep, and thirty Roman medals, of (among others) Claudius, Nero, Domitian, Trajan, and Maximin.

Lines written on the fly leaf of an early edition of Waller's poems:—

A slice of pudding once, a man divine
('Twas of pure love) sent to his *valentine*:
But madam flouted, and despised the priest,
Returned the pudding—and the following jest.
"Tak bakk the puiden thou aspairin vikkar,
If *Nan* lofe puiden, tise ware plums aer thiccar."
Her reverend sire thus dictated the thought;
And thus the nymph in her belle-spelling wrote.
The tale saith on—that, having sucked her thumbs,
Some years—and lost her teeth and taste for plums,
The lass less coy, as well as nice was grown,
Plain pudding's welcome, and at last goes down.

Chusan.—The Chinese island, Chusan, which has been lately seized by the British troops, is the most northern station in which tea is made. The whole island is said to abound with tea-trees, even to the tops of the mountains; and it may become important, not merely as a military position, but as an additional means of rendering this country independent of the caprice of the Celestial Empire for supplies of tea.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

Fates of Authors.—Only think of Johnson and Savage rambling about the streets of London at midnight, without a place to sleep in; Cowley mad, and howling like a dog, through the aisles of Chichester Cathedral, at the sound of church music! and Goldsmith, strutting up Fleet-street in his peach-blossom coat, to knock a bookseller over the pate with one of his own volumes; and then, in his poverty, about to marry his landlady in Green Arbour-court.

COMPLETION OF VOL. XXXVI.

A SUPPLEMENT

is published this day, containing

A LIFE AND MEMOIR

of the intrepid

Commodore Napier, K. C. B.,

with Title, Index, &c. to the Thirty-sixth Volume.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1040.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1841. [Price 2*d*.

A CHINESE REVIEW AND ENCAMPMENT.

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A CHINESE REVIEW AND ENCAMPMENT.

Our engraving presents a view of a Chinese encampment, circularly shaped, with the tent of the generalissimo of the army in the centre, before whom the troops pass in review, at their respective military exercises and games. Some appear as gymnasts wrestling, others shooting with the bow into broad targets, others performing equestrian feats erect on horseback, or while riding at their swiftest, Parthian-like, discharging their arrows. Homagers are seen bending before the centre pavilion, which is flanked by two other oblong tents, wherein are seated, cross-legged, the commandant mandarins. Great tents with circular domes, as also innumerable pyramidal ones, cover the spaces of the enclosure; while the whole is surrounded by a fence or rampart formed of matting and bamboos, and surmounted by vari-coloured flags. The openings to the encampment are skirted by files of arms, spears, cross-bows, &c., with their respective guards. Picket-tents skirt the bases of the mountains, while the cattle and horses of the troops run loose in the background. The above view was taken by the very learned missionary, S. Johannes Damascenus, just before the Chinese Expedition of Little Bucharia, at the close of the campaign of 1758, and the general here represented as reviewing the troops was Tchao-Hoei.

We shall now enter more fully into the army statistics, which the engraving at every point suggests:—

TENTS.

The tents of the Chinese army are either made of coarse linen, and fixed on a wooden frame, fourteen feet long, and five and a half high, or they are round and covered with grey felts. The latter are peculiar to the Tartars. Five soldiers occupy each tent, together with two camp-followers, whose duty it is to pitch and dismantle it.

BANNERS.

Each company consists of twenty-five men, and has its own standard, which is triangular and about six feet high; hence the Chinese army is estimated by the number of banners; but in the Tartar army each company has one hundred men.* The colours of these banners vary in the Tartar regiments, being either red, yellow, or blue, with or without borders; among the Chinese, they are usually green.

DRESS OF THE SOLDIERY.

The military dress varies in almost every province. Sometimes they wear blue jackets, edged with red, or brown with yellow; some wear long pantaloons; some breeches, with stockings of cotton cloth; others petticoats and boots. The bowmen† wear long loose gowns of blue cotton, stuffed with a kind of felt or wadding, studded all over with brass knobs, and bound round the middle with a girdle, from which the sabre is appended behind, and on the right side, not the left. On the head they wear a helmet of leather, or gilt pasteboard, which flaps on each side, covering the cheeks and falling upon the shoulders. The upper part is exactly like an inverted funnel, with a long pipe terminating in a kind of spear, on which is bound a tuft of long hair, dyed of a scarlet colour.

MILITARY STATISTICS.

For the internal and external protection of the empire, there is always kept an immense standing army. The estimates vary, the infantry fluctuating between 800,000 and 1,000,000; the cavalry, 500,000 and 800,000. The expenses of this body are thus drawn up by Lord Macartney from the information of Van-ta-gin:—

	Oz.
1,000,000 infantry, at two ounces of silver each per month, provisions included	24 000,000
800,000 cavalry, at four ounces each, provisions and forage included	38,400,000
800,000 horses, cost at twenty ounces each, 16 000,000 oz. the annual wear and tear at 10 per cent	1,600,000
Uniforms for 1,800,000 men, once a-year, at four ounces	7,200,000
Yearly wear and tear of arms, accoutrements and contingencies, at one ounce per man	1,800,000
	73,000,000
Add to this, the salaries of the Commanders, Commissioners, &c.	1,974,450
Total ounces	74,974,450

And as no allowance is made in the above estimate for the expense of artillery, tents, war equipage, nor for the building and keeping in repair the military posts, the flags, ceremonial dresses, waggons, musical bands, all of which are included in the extraordinaries of the army, these may probably be equal to the ordinaries; thus, the whole military establishment would require the sum of 149,948,900 ounces, or 49,982,933*l.* sterling.*

If this be admitted as accurate, and there is no reason for supposing the contrary, the revenue will be found amply sufficient to meet the expences of so apparently enormous an establishment. For, if the King of Prussia, the monarch of a small indistinguishable speck on the globe, when put in comparison with the empire of China, can keep up an army of 180,000 or 200,000 men, there appears nothing either extravagant or extraordinary in supposing that a sovereign whose dominions are eight times the extent of those of France, should have ten times as great a force as the King of Prussia.†

* Huttmann. Annals of Oriental Literature, p. 153

† The Chinese soldiers all give a preference to the clumsy matchlocks over the firelocks now in use among European troops, for it was by them, according to Van-ta-gin, that, after a severe engagement in Thibet, the matchlocks had done much more execution than the firelocks.

* Barrow's Travels in China, p. 406.

† Ibid. p. 407.

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MILITARY RANKS AND TITLES.

The ranks and titles of the officers in the Chinese army are these:—

Tartars.

1. The *Tsyang-Kyun*, or General commanding 3000 men.
2. *Tú-tong*, or Lieutenant general, 1000.
3. *Ku-shan*, or Colonel.
4. *Tso-ling*, or Lieutenant-colonel of Cavalry.
5. *Fang-yu*, or Captain.
6. *Hyao-Ki-Kyun*, or Lieutenant.

2. Chinese.

1. *Ti-tu*, or Commander of the Troops in a province, 4000.
2. *Chong-Kyun*, or Commander of the *Tsyang-Kyun's* Centre, 3000
3. *Tsong-ping*, or General, 3000.
4. *Fu-tsyang*, or Adjutant-general.
5. *Tsang-tsyang* or Brigade-Major.
6. *Yeu-Ki*, or Colonel.
7. *Sheu-pei*, or Lieutenant-colonel.
8. *Tsyen-tsung*, or Captain.
9. *Pa-tsong*, or Lieutenant.
10. *Wai-wei*, or Serjeant.

The whole number of military mandarins may be estimated at 20,000. The present dynasty has been extremely solicitous to maintain an efficient standing army; and established, some short time since, public examinations for the military, with a regular gradation of honorary titles, similar to those conferred on the best proficients in literature.*

MILITARY REWARDS AND HONOURS.

In war-time, the soldier receives, besides his customary pay, six months in advance, and the government gives his family part of his pay for their subsistence. The pay of a foot-soldier is about 18*s.* 4*d.* per month, and that of the cavalry 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Military rewards in China are very great, especially those bestowed on officers who have fallen in defence of their country. Either their whole armour, their ashes, their bones, or their entire bodies, are conveyed to their relations. The body of an officer, or the hair of a common soldier, is thus often transported, to the distance of a thousand or fifteen hundred leagues. On these occasions, government bestows lavishly the highest rewards.

VOCATIONS OF THE CHINESE SOLDIERY.

The reigning dynasty have kept up the Chinese army to the full amount of its vast complement; but, at the same time, they maintain it on a footing which, though not unacceptable to the troops, effectually precludes their attaining any high military character. Many of them perform duty as guards along canals, rivers, and the gates of cities; some whose chief occupation is to pay honour to distinguished strangers—to put on the satin boots and quilted petticoats of great men. Others are employed in the towns as police-officers, where the little resistance they encounter cannot enure them to any exercise of prowess. But the greater number are located on little pieces of ground, from the produce of which, in addition to a small pay, they draw their subsistence. These men must be always more farmers than soldiers.

The force stationed near the capital, along the frontier, and in the conquered countries, is probably of a different and more martial description. It consists chiefly of Tartars, — a people of warlike habits, and whom the present government seeks, of course, to render as effective as possible. Every individual of this nation is, at his birth, enrolled as a soldier. He receives high pay and occasional donations, and follows, it is probable, no other profession than that of arms. The whole of the Tartars,* therefore, with the limited number of natives joined to them, may be considered as the standing army. They have, indeed, only partially adopted the improved arms and discipline which have given such a superiority to European troops. Their artillery is scanty, and in bad condition, the bow and the sabre, as in the days of Zinghis, being still the favourite weapon. The science of war must be in a very low state, if, as Mr. Ellis observes, bodily strength and courage be still accounted the chief requisites in a commander. The troops are generally said to be divided into five classes; viz. Tartar cavalry armed with the sabre; Tartar infantry armed with the bow; Chinese infantry armed with bows; the same infantry armed with matchlocks; lastly, tigers of war, who bear before them shields painted with strange and grotesque figures, with the view of terrifying the enemy! It is much to be suspected that these last gentlemen, with their formidable gorgon-shields, if they at all frighten the British soldier, it will be into hysterics—of laughter.

The Chinese have a very low reputation as soldiers, and it has been confidently asserted, that they are naturally poltroons. Such a conclusion, however, may have been formed on very hasty grounds. The impression that China is wholly inefficient as a military power, appears to have been too hastily admitted by travellers passing through the interior, who saw only the unwarlike detachments stationed on the public roads and canals. The present state and recent history of the empire seem to warrant a different conclusion. It has subdued, and still holds in subjection, the warlike tribes of Mongolia and Bucharia, from whom have sprung the most celebrated of the Asiatic conquerors. Her forces in the Thibet war vanquished the Nepaulese, generally considered the bravest nation in Hindostan. There seems little doubt, therefore, that the empire contains troops of a more formidable character than those which, on occasions of ceremony, appear on parade in the presence of the foreign embassies

* Encyc. Metropol. p. 562, sub articulo China

* It was the striking contrast between the supineness and inactivity of a Chinese Emperor, compared with the high spirit and intrepidity of the invader of his country, which begat the proverb, that "he had caught a Tartar."

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ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE ROBIN.

(For the Mirror.)

SWEET minstrel of the garden-bower,
The tell-tale of the coming Spring,
Ere buttercup, or daisy flower,
Their first-born vernal offerings bring.

No longer can'st thou charm my ear
At eve, or "purple-vested morn,"
With notes that I have loved to hear,
So softly on the breezes borne.

Hushed is that liquid, airy voice,
That plaintive song, those "wood-notes wild,"
Which oft have made my heart rejoice,
And winter's cheerless gloom beguiled.

And as thy music-notes no more,
Shall with their pensive warblings rise,
E'en so the bard—his fond lay o'er,
Unnoticed—or unpitied—dies!

J. F.

YELLOW HAIR.

THE women of old time most loved yellow hair, and it is found that they introduced this colour by saffron, and by long sitting daily in the sun; others, instead of saffron, sometimes used medicated sulphur.*

This art of changing their hair with saffron was called *Crocuphantea*. Tertullian, observing this artifice, tells them that they are ashamed of their country, and would be Gaulish or Germanic women, so much did they disguise themselves; whereby is known how much red hair was esteemed in the old time.

St. Cyprian and St. Jerome with Tertullian pronounced, that the seeking by art to procure red-tinted hair, presaged to the person who sought it, the fire and red flames of hell.

Galen affirms† that in his time, numbers of women died with the head-ache; neither could there be any remedy applied to this evil, because they stood a long time bare-headed in the sun, to render their hair yellow; and he reports, that for the same cause, some of them lost their hair, and became bald, and were reduced to Ovid's remedy for that defect, either to borrow other women's hair, or to ransack the graves of the dead for a dishonest supply.

Tertullian, speaking hereupon, says,‡ that women were punished for this, their lasciviousness, for that by reason of their daily long abode in the sun, their heads were often most grievously hurt with the head-ache, and it seems when this folly was grown habitual to them, it degenerated into dotage; for Lucian§ very satirically derides an old woman, who, notwithstanding she was seventy years of age, yet would she have her hair of a yellow tincture, and exhorts the old mother to desist from her folly; for though she could colour her silver hairs, yet she could not recal her youth.

The Venetian women, even at this day, and the Paduan, and those of Verona and other parts of Italy, practise the same vanity, and receive the same recompense for their affectation, there being in all these cities, open and manifest examples, of those who have undergone a kind of martyrdom to render their hair yellow.

Schenckius relates the history of a certain noble gentlewoman,* about sixteen or seventeen years of age, who would expose her bare head to the fervent heat of the sun daily for some hours, that she might obtain long and yellow hair, by anointing it with a certain unguent; and although she obtained the effect of her desires, yet therewith she procured to herself a violent head-ache, and bled almost every day abundantly through the nose; and, on a time, being desirous to stop the blood by the pressing of her nostrils, not far from her right eye towards her temple, through a pore, as it were by a hole made with a needle's point, the blood burst out abundantly, and taking away her fingers, again caused it to run through her nose, with other evil causes, which laid her dangerously ill.

Another maiden, also, by using this same art, became almost blind with sore eyes.†

Painting the hair blue or red has been anciently noted by many poets, who took occasion to describe it, as may be seen in Pliny and Ovid.

Had these women known the secrets of the cosmetic art invented to this effect, especially the harmless and unknown rarity of Lusitanus,‡ they might have gone a better way to work; or had they known the tincture which the Egyptian women used to colour their hands and feet into a golden hue,§ they would then have had nothing which they might more securely use to gild their hair, neither would they have needed to have burned themselves in the sunbeams, and divers ways offend their heads; and Johannes Franciscus the physician, observing the exemplary punishments which some of these ladies brought upon themselves by an ambition at having yellow hair, says:—"So they who are studious to augment their beauty, oftentimes deform themselves."

This yellow hair was esteemed so great a rarity, that oftentimes also the natural crop was shaven off, and a yellow periwig clapped on instead; this Martial happily ridicules:—

The golden hair that Galla wears,
Is hers—who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers—and true she swears,
For I—know where she bought it.

This, indeed, is carried to a great extent in the Low Countries, where the Jewish women, who are all black-haired by nature, wear great yellow periwigs instead:—Golden-haired Venuses of the Pays Bas!

* Dr. John Bulwer's Artificial Changeling.
† Galen. lib. i., de vestimentis localibus, cap. 19.
‡ Tertullian. lib. de ornatu fœminarum.
§ Lucian in Epigram.

* Schenckius Observat. Lib.
† Johannes Franciscus, med. Camicensis.
‡ Lusitanus cent. 3 curat. 59.
§ Prosper. Alpinus. lib. de plantis. Egypt. cap. 13.

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GEMS FROM PHILOSOPHERS AND DIVINES.

No. I.

"If these little sparks of holy fire which I have heaped together, do not give life to your prepared and already enkindled spirit, yet they will sometimes help to entertain a thought, to actuate a passion, to employ and hallow a fancy."—*Bishop Taylor.*

Comely Virtue.

VIRTUE is like a rich stone, best plain set. Cleanliness and the civil beauty of the body was ever esteemed to proceed from a modesty of behaviour. We read of Jezebel, that she painted her face; but there is no such report of Esther or Judith.—*Lord Bacon.*

Ambition and Cæsar.

St. Austin, with his mother, Monica, was led one day, by a Roman Prætor, to see the tomb of Cæsar. Himself thus describes the corpse, "It looked of a blue mould, the bone of the nose laid bare, the flesh of the nether lip quite fallen off, his mouth full of worms, and, in his eye-pit, a hungry toad feasting upon the remanent portion of flesh and moisture;" and so *he* dwelt in his house of darkness.—*Bishop Taylor.*

Dress: a moral for Christmas.

I warrant you, there was many a jolly damsel at that time (the Nativity) in Bethlehem, yet amongst them all, there was not one found that would humble herself so much as once to go see poor Mary in the stable, and to comfort her. No, no; they were too fine to take so much pains. I warrant you, they had their bracelets, and fardingals, and were trimmed with all manner of fine and costly raiment, like as there be many now-a-days amongst us, which study nothing else but how they may devise fine raiment; and, in the mean season, they suffer poor Mary to lie in the stable; that is to say, the poor people of GOD they suffer to perish for lack of necessaries. But what was her swaddling clothes wherein she laid the king of heaven and earth? No doubt it was poor gear, peradventure it was her handkerchief which she took from her head.—*Bishop Latimer.*

Learning.

Know, next religion, there is nothing accomplisheth a man more than learning. Learning in a lord, is as a diamond in gold. *Dr. Fuller.*

Early Death typified by a Rose.

So have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and, at first, it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell, &c.—*Bishop Taylor.*

Ignorance and Intelligence.

Tell a plain countryman, that the sun, or some higher or lesser star is much bigger than his cart-wheel; or, at least, so many scores bigger than the whole earth; he laughs thee to scorn, as affecting admiration with a learned untruth; yet the scholar, by the eye of reason, doth as plainly see and acknowledge this truth, as that his hand is bigger than his pen.—*Bishop Hall.*

The Skeleton.

A naked cage of bone,
From whence the winged soul long since is flown.
Dr. Fuller.

Pleasures of Understanding.

It is not the eye that sees the beauties of the heaven, nor the ear that hears the sweetness of music, or the glad tidings of a prosperous accident, but the soul that perceives all the relishes of sensual and intellectual perfections; and the more noble and excellent the soul is, the greater and more savoury are its perceptions. And if a child beholds the rich ermine, or the diamonds of a starry night, or the order of the world, or hears the discourses of an Apostle, he makes no reflex act upon himself.—*Bishop Taylor.*

Dangerous Examination of Latimer.

At last, I was brought forth to be examined, in a chamber hanged with arras, where I was wont to be examined, but now, at this time, the chamber was somewhat altered. For whereas, before there was wont ever to be a fire in the chimney, now the fire was taken away, and an arras hanging hanged over the chimney. There was among these bishops that examined me, one with whom I had been very familiar, and took him for my great friend, an aged man. Then, among all other questions, he put forth one, a very subtle and crafty one, and such a one, indeed, as I could not think so great danger in. And when I should make answer, "I pray you, Master Latimer," saith he, "speak out; I am very thick of hearing, and here be many that sit far off." I marvelled at this, that I was bidden to speak out, and began to misdeem, and gave an ear to the chimney. And, sir, there I heard a pen walking in the chimney, behind the cloth. They had appointed one to write all my answers, for they made sure work of me. But God gave me answer, I never else could have escaped it.—*Bishop Latimer.*

Compassion to others.

If a man be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shews that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm.—*Lord Bacon.*

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Human Resolutions.

I have seen a fair structure begun with art and care, and raised to half its stature, and then it stood still by the misfortune or negligence of the owner; and the rain descended and dwelt in its joints, and supplanted the contexture of its pillars, and having stood awhile, like the antiquated temple of a deceased oracle, it fell into a hasty age, and sunk upon its own knees, and so descended into ruin; so is the imperfect, unfinished spirit of man; it lays the foundation of a holy resolution, and strengthens it with vows and arts of prosecution; it raises up the walls, sacraments, and prayers, reading, and holy ordinances; and holy actions begin with a slow motion, and the building stays, and the spirit is weary, and the soul is naked and exposed to temptation, and in the days of storm, takes in everything that can do it mischief; and is faint and sick, listless and tired, and it stands till its own weight wearies the foundation, and then declines to death and sad disorders. *Bishop Taylor.*

Every one in his Humour.

One asked a barber, who never before had been at the court, what he saw there? "Oh," said he, "the king was excellently well trimmed!"—*Dr. Fuller.*

Prayer of a discomposed Mind.

Prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness. He who prays with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like to him that retires into a battle to meditate. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of its wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned musick and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man, &c.—*Bishop Taylor.*

ORIGINAL OF PARSON ADAMS.

It is stated by one of Fielding's early biographers, that the Rev. Mr. Young, a learned and much esteemed friend of the author, was the original of the excellent and amusing parson.

It is added, that the likeness was very remarkable; Mr. Young had as close an intimacy with the Greek authors, and as passionate a veneration for Æschylus, as Adams himself; the overflowings of his benevolence were as strong—his fits of reverie were as frequent, and occurred, too, upon the most interesting occasions.

When he was chaplain, for instance, in a regiment serving in Flanders, he thought proper, one fine summer's evening, to indulge himself in a walk, during which, struck with the charms of the landscape, and perhaps, with some appropriate passage in his beloved Æschylus, he extended his studies till he arrived very quickly within the enemy's lines, and was only brought to a stand by the repeated challenge of "Qui va la?"

The officer in command, on hearing the merits of the case, and finding the unpremeditated nature of the visit, with the unaffected simplicity of his prisoner, gave him leave to pursue his classical researches in a walk home again.

THE HUMAN FACE,

AS COMPARED WITH OTHER MAMMALIA.

The two organs which occupy most of the face, are those of smelling and tasting, (including those of mastication, &c.) In proportion as these parts are more developed, the size of the face, compared to that of the cranium, is augmented. On the contrary, when the brain is large, the volume of the cranium is increased in proportion to that of the face. A large cranium and small face indicate, therefore, a large brain, with considerable organs of smelling, tasting, masticating, &c.; while a small cranium, with a large face, shew that these proportions are reversed.

The nature and character of each animal must depend considerably on the relative energy of its different functions. The brain is the common centre of the nervous system. All our perceptions are conveyed to this part, as a *sensorium commune*; and this is the organ by which the mind combines and compares these perceptions, and draws inferences from them; by which, in short, it reflects and thinks. We shall find that animals partake in a greater degree of this latter faculty, in proportion as the mass of medullary substance, forming their brain, exceeds that which constitutes the rest of the nervous system; or, in other words, in proportion as the organ of the mind exceeds those of the senses. Since then, the relative proportions of the cranium and face indicate also those of the brain, and the two principal external organs, we shall not be surprised to find that they point out to us, in great measure, the general character of animals, the degree of instinct and docility which they possess.

Man combines by far the largest cranium with the smallest face; and animals deviate from these relations in proportion as they increase in stupidity and ferocity.

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One of the most simple methods (though sometimes, indeed, insufficient,) of expressing the relative proportions of these parts, is by means of the facial line.* This angle is most open, or approaches most nearly to a right angle in the human subject; it becomes constantly more acute, as we descend in the scale, from man; and in several birds, reptiles, and fishes, it is lost altogether, as the cranium and face are completely on a level. The idea of stupidity is associated, even by the vulgar, with the elongation of the snout; hence the stupidity of the *crane* and *snipe* has become proverbial. On the contrary, when the facial line is elevated by any cause which does not increase the capacity of the cranium, as in the *elephant* and *owl*, by the cells which separate the two tables, the animal acquires a particular air of intelligence, and gains the credit of qualities, which he does not, in reality, possess. Hence, the latter animal, has been selected as the emblem of the goddess of wisdom. The invaluable remains of Grecian art shew that the ancients were well acquainted with these circumstances —they were aware that an elevated facial line formed one of the grand characters of beauty, and indicated a noble and generous nature. Hence, they have extended the facial angle to 90° in the representation of men, on whom they wished to bestow an august character; and in the representation of their gods and heroes, they have even carried it beyond a right angle, and made it 100°.

It must, however, be allowed, that the facial angle is of chief importance in its application to the cranium of the human subject, and of the *quadrumana;* as various circumstances affect the conclusions which would result from employing it in other classes of mammalia. Thus, in the *carnivorous*, and some of the *ruminating* animals, in the *pig*, and particularly in the *elephant*, the great size of the frontal sinuses produces an undue elevation of the facial line. In many of the *rodentia*, as the *hare*, &c., the nose occupies so large a space, that the cranium is thrown quite back, and presents no point on a front view, from which this line can be drawn.

The following are the angles formed by drawing a line along the floor of the nostrils, and intersecting it by another, which touches the anterior margin of the upper alveoli, and the convexity of the cranium (whether the latter point be concealed by the face or not.)

European infant	90°
adult	85
Adult negro	70
Ourang-outang	67
Long-tailed monkeys	65
Baboons	40 to 30
Polecat	31
Pug-dog	35
Mastiff; the line passing along the outer surface of the skull	41
Ditto, inner ditto	30
Leopard; inner surface	28
Hare	30
Ram	30
Horse	23
Porpoise	25

In the 3d and 4th tables of Cuvier's *Tableau Elémentaire de l'Histoire Naturelle*, the crania of several mammalia are represented in profile; so as to afford a sufficient general notion of the varieties in the facial angle. A similar comparative view, in one plate, is given by White, in his account of the *Regular Gradation*, &c., from the work of Camper.

The mode of comparison instituted by Cuvier, shews the relative proportions of the cranium and face, much more satisfactorily than that of Camper. This learned naturalist, makes a vertical section of the skulls of different races of men, and the various classes of animals, and then compares the relative proportion of the cavity of the cranium to that of the section of the face. In the European, the area of the section of the cranium is four times as large as that of the face; the lower jaw not being included. The proportion of the face is somewhat larger in the *negro;* and it increases again in the *ourang-outang*. The area of the cranium is about double that of the face in the *monkies*; in the *baboons*, and in most of the *carnivorous mammalia*, the two parts are nearly equal. The face exceeds the cranium in most of the other classes. Among the *rodentia*, the *hare* and *marmot* have it one third larger; in the *porcupine*, and the *ruminantia*, the area of the face is about double that of the cranium; nearly triple in the *hippopotamus*, and almost four times as large in the *horse*. In reptiles and fishes, the cranium forms a very inconsiderable portion of the section of the head, although it is considerably larger than the brain which it contains.

The outline of the face, when viewed in such a section as just described, forms, in the human subject, a triangle, the longest side of which, is the line of junction between the cranium and face. This extends, obliquely, backwards and downwards, from the root of the nose towards the foramen occipitale. The front of the face, or the anterior line of the triangle, is the shortest of the three. The face is so much elongated, even in the *simiæ*, that the line of junction of the cranium and face, is the shortest side of the triangle; and the anterior one the longest. These propor-

* The application of the *facial line*, instituted by Camper, is most minutely explained in his posthumous work "On the Natural Differences of the Features," &c. Like Daubenton, he draws on the profile of the cranium two straight lines, which intersect each other; but in different directions from those of the French anatomist. A horizontal line passes through the external auditory passage, and the bottom of the cavity of the nose; this is intersected by a more *perpendicular* one, proceeding from the convexity of the forehead, to the most prominent point of the upper jaw, or of the intermaxillary bone. The latter is the proper *facial* line; and the angle which it forms with the horizontal line, determines, according to Camper, the differences of the crania of animals, as well as the national physiognomy of the various races of mankind.

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tions become still more considerable in other mammalia.

Among the composite features of the face, the want of the os intermaxillare* has been regarded as a chief characteristic of the human subject—as one of the leading circumstances which distinguish man from other mammalia. That this bone is really wanting in man, must be allowed, notwithstanding the doubts of Vicq d'Azyr. The well-known transverse slit,† behind the alveoli of the incisors in the human fœtus, would form a very slight and remote analogy between the human structure, and that of animals; and when we consider, that the superior or facial surface of the maxillary bones, so far from being marked by any suture, does not even bear a slit like that of the inferior part, it must be put entirely out of the question.

That all other mammalia possess this bone, is not quite so clear as that it is wanting in man. In addition to those stated, it may be observed, that the head of an *ourang-outang*, in the Hunterian Museum, which possesses all the other sutures, wants those which separate the intermaxillary bone. Tyson did not find this bone in his specimen of the animal, which was very young, (see his *Anatomy of the Pigmy*) and it did not exist in a cranium which was delineated by Daubenton. Lawrence says, that he has also seen the crania of other monkies in which the sutures were all perfect and distinct, although this bone was wanting.

TOMBS OF MAILED KNIGHTS.

THERE are few things more imposing than the stiff and prostrate effigies on the tombs of men, who, in their time, have been so restless and so daring; the pious attitude in which these antique monuments are usually sculptured, contrast sadly with the mockery of mail and shield, and knightly sword. While all above is stone—all below is dust. But there is one peculiar expression which the rude statuaries of those old times never fail to give, or, at least, the stone to take—and that is a kind of stern serenity, which seems to smile in conscious pride, of former deeds of high renown:—

> "Haughty their stillness looks, and high,
> Like a sleep whose dreams are of victory."

* The upper jaw-bones of other mammalia do not, as in man, touch each other under the nose, and contain all the upper teeth; but they are separated by a peculiar single or double *intermaxillary bone*, which is, in a manner, locked between the former, and holds the incisor teeth of such animals as are provided with these teeth.

† How far the alveolar portion of the superior maxillary bones marked by the fissure between them may be regarded as a rudiment of an intermaxillary bone, has been ably shown by Göthe, in the first vol. of his *Morphologie*.

Public Journals.

QUARTERLY REVIEW. NO. CXXXIII.

[IN this, the hundred and thirty-third number of the Quarterly, are some good judgments on the "Orators of America."

The batch may be divided into the cultivated, and their opposites. The uncultivated Orators of Congress, are bold, nervous, and original, but like the "swelling gourd" that "crept forth" in earth's most ancient garden, they are vastly big and tamid, while their arguments ramify into side-shoots and tendrils innumerable. They are, to use another figure, wielders of an oratorical *baton*, which, instead of being ornate and shorn of its protuberant wood-knots, resembles that manufactured for the "king of men, Achilles," which, according to Dan Homer, was roughened by the absurd artificer with knobs of bulby gold.

The cultivated minds are of course superior—Webster is fine, Everett noble—but yet place either laterally by Burke or Chatham, and where is majesty, where is strength!—]

PATRICK HENRY.

Henry's information was very limited, and he was much disinclined to study. "Take my word for it," was his remark to a friend in advanced life, "we are too old to read books: read men—they are the only volumes we can read to advantage. What he did read was always ready for use. Mr. Lee (the Cicero of the Virginian Assembly) was descanting tediously till a late hour, on the beauties of Don Quixote. Henry assented, but added, "you have overlooked in your eulogy one of the finest things in the book—the divine exclamation of Sancho—"Blessings on the man who first invented sleep, it covers one all over, like a cloak." Henry's maiden speech is thus well described:—

> And now came the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clerky were observed to exchange sly looks at each other; and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed, for the first time, developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the *exuviæ* of the clown seem to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude, by degrees became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features * * * * They say that the people, whose countenance had fallen as he arose, had heard but a very few sentences, before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charms of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes, they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stepping forward from their stands, in death-like silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening

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and riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant.

Henry's reputation was now established; after this, however, instead of refining his manner or improving his dress, he took a delight in their plainness, and would often come into court attired in a coarse hunting jacket, greasy leather breeches, and with a pair of saddle-bags under his arm. He had also contracted, or affected, the vulgar style of pronunciation, as:—"*Naiteral* parts *is* better than all the *larning* upon *yearth*"—though his friends deny the *is*.

JOHN ADAMS.

Prior to his appearance in Congress, Adams had obtained great celebrity at the bar. He defended Captain Preston, prosecuted for firing on the people in 1770. Indeed, the ablest advocate on the floor was John Adams, "who poured forth his passionate appeals in language, which moved his hearers from their seats." He was, as Jefferson called him, "The Colossus of the Congress," and his speech in support of the Declaration is above all praise. This is the way he would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness:

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence; but there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. Independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the Declaration? For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed Commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him! The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? . . . . .

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die! die colonists! die slaves! die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold! Be it so—be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country should require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country. . . .

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before heaven, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of heaven, it shall be my dying sentiment, independence *now*—and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER!

Two other famous speakers of the ante-revolutionary period, were John Rutledge and James Otis. The latter argued the great question of writs of assistance (a sort of general warrant) in 1761; and his speech is thus described in one of John Adams's letters:—"Otis was a flame of fire! With a promptitude of classical allusion, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eye into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. American independence was then and there born. Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance."

Fisher Ames has also celebrated his name by many fine speeches. Mr. Ames, in one, reminds his countrymen that, "Though America is rising with a giant's strength, its bones are yet but cartilages." Burke, in his speech on American affairs, delivered in 1772, calls the Americans "a nation in the gristle;" and Talleyrand, on his return from the United States, described them as "un geant sans os ni nerfs."

MR. JUSTICE STORY.

Mr. Justice Story has established an enduring reputation amongst the lawyers of all countries, by his Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws. In his miscellaneous writings, his best discourses are collected,—and lasting monuments they form to his taste, knowledge, truth of feeling, and grasp of thought. Our classical readers will readily give us credit for the justice of this commendation, when they read the defence of their favourite studies, of which this passage forms part:—

There is not a single nation, from the south to the south of Europe, from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy, whose literature is not embodied in the very elements of classical learning. The literature of England is, in an emphatic sense, the production of her scholars; of men who have cultivated letters in her universities, and colleges, and grammar-schools; of men who thought any life too short, chiefly because it left some relic of antiquity unmastered, and any other fame humble because it fasted in the presence of Roman and Grecian genius. He who studies English literature without the lights of classical learning, loses half the charms of its sentiments and style, of its force and feelings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful allusions, of its illustrative associations. Who that reads the poetry of Gray, does not feel that it is the refinement of classical taste which gives such inexpressible vividness and transparency to his diction? Who that reads the concentrated sense and melodious versification of Dryden and Pope, does not perceive in them the disciples of the old school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? Who that meditates over the strains of Milton, does not feel that he drank deep at

"Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God."

that the fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars?

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EDWARD EVERETT.

Edward Everett is one of the most remarkable men living. He is a native of Massachussets, and was born about 1796. At nineteen he had already acquired the reputation of an accomplished scholar, and was drawing large audiences as an Unitarian preacher. At twenty-one he was appointed Professor of Greek in Harvard University. M. Cousin, who was with him in Germany, informed a friend of ours that he was one of the best Grecians he ever knew, and the translator of Plato must have known a good many of the best.

In the United States, the clerical (so called) profession is taken up or thrown off almost at pleasure. Mr. Everett got so sick of it during his early trials, that he retains a marked aversion to the pulpit, and generally insists upon a stage or rostrum when he has to deliver an anniversary discourse. He was eight years a member for Congress, but failing to get re-elected in 1839, he has since lived in comparative retirement.

Mr. Everett's chief qualifications as an orator are a clear sweet voice, and a prodigious memory; his addresses are graceful, polished, high-toned and flowing, with a kind of Ciceronian richness and redundancy. Mr. Macaulay has produced many a gorgeous piece of historical painting, but he has produced nothing more impressive than Mr. Everett's description of the landing of the first settlers :—

I see them escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from their voyage,—poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter, —without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventurers, of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labour and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster was born in 1782, the son of a New Hampshire farmer. He was called to the bar in 1805; became a member of Congress in 1812. After 1816, he gave up all his time to his profession. Many of his law-arguments are excellent, witness his speech on the prosecution of Knapp, tried for murder :—

The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the grey locks of his aged temples, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook or corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendour of noon—such secrets of guilt are never safe, &c., &c.

The late Rowland Hill understood human nature well. His Chapel having been infested with pickpockets, he took occasion, in like manner, to remind the congregation that there was an all-seeing Providence, to whom all hearts are open, and from no secrets are hid; "but lest," he added, "there may be any present who are insensible to such reflections, I beg leave to state that there are also two Bow-street officers on the look out."

In compliance with the suggestion of David Hume,—who says that criticism is nearly useless, unless the critic quotes innumerable examples,—we have given specimens enough to enable our readers to form an opinion for themselves regarding the degree of excellence attained by the public speakers of the United States; but we have been naturally more anxious to illustrate their merits than their demerits, and must be pardoned, therefore, for briefly noticing their two prominent defects. These are their lengthiness, and their magniloquence. Few American orators appear to have the slightest notion that too many words or topics may be employed, or that an effect may be produced by simplicity. Reversing the method of Demosthenes—who, according to Lord Brougham, never came back upon the same ground, and always ended quietly,—they never know when they have said enough, and generally conclude, like a melodrame, with a blaze.

The constant straining after effect is another of their obvious failings; they have no notion of repose or simplicity; they never stand at ease; they live, and move, and have their being upon stilts. *Action, action, action*, says the Greek: *metaphor, metaphor, metaphor*, cries the American. "Get money," says the old-world adage, "honestly if you

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can—at all events get money."—*quocunque modo rem.* "Be eloquent," says the American, "naturally if you can—at all events be eloquent." The German professor (we suspect, Dr. Von Raumer) was found jumping over the chairs and tables to make himself lively, and the Transatlantic orator may be seen slapping his forehead, beating his breast, puffing, blowing, and perspiring, to make himself sublime. There cannot be a stronger proof of their weakness in this particular, than the fact of the Irish looking tame, chaste, and abstemious, alongside of them. It will readily be admitted that the natives of the Green Isle are fond of flowers, and not over nice in their selection, but they do not insist upon passing off faded or artificial ones as fresh bouquets of their own gathering. They invoke the genius of their country too often, and lay too many chaplets on her shrine, but they are not eternally dancing around her, like the Philanthropists in the Anti-jacobin, with sun-flowers and holly-hocks in their hands.

New Books.

The Connexion of Wales with the early Science of England. By J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F. R. S.; &c. [Rodd.]

THE above interesting pamphlet is a contribution on the part of its talented editor, to effect an union between the historical researches of England and Wales—"a consummation devoutly to be wished,"—and we are assured the furtherance of such a task could not, possibly, have fallen into better hands than those of Mr. Halliwell, who has here presented us with many new and highly interesting biographical and literary memoirs of that eminent Welshman, *Robert Recorde*,* an illustrious author, whose memory has never enjoyed its fair meed of fame, who was "the first original writer on arithmetic in English; the first on geometry; the first who introduced the knowledge of algebra into England; the first writer on astronomy in English; the first in this country who adopted the Copernican system; the inventor of the present method of extracting the square-root; the inventor of the sign of equality; the inventor of the method of extracting the square-root of multinomial algebraic quantities." For a list of the titles of his various works, and of his pitiable death, we must refer the reader to the *brochure* itself, where mention is also made of that celebrated tract, entitled *Speculum Christiani*, which has been proved to belong to one *John Morys*, a Welshman, who must have flourished in the first half of the fifteenth century.

If other thirsters and searchers after real knowledge like Mr. Halliwell, would but "put their shoulders to the wheel," what a host of, at present, unknown treasures could be worked out of the mine of Welsh literature. But, as "the ice is now broken," we feel assured the known love and exalted pride the ancient Britons have always shown for the land of their birth, will cause its nobles and worthies to search their records, and throw open to the intellectual world, all the treasures which they doubtlessly contain.

We most heartily conjure our readers to revel in a perusal of Mr. Halliwell's pamphlet.

* For some interesting *notitiæ* of this gifted scholar, vide *Mirror*, vol. xxxiv. p. 44.

Fables and Proverbs for Children. [Joseph Thomas.]

THE mode of conveying instruction to children by fable has, from the earliest period, been considered the most ready and the most pleasing—inculcating, in such fascinating and familiar language, precepts of virtue to be imitated, or of vice to be shunned. Impressed with this belief, we hail with pleasure the above collection, so congenial as a fire-side companion and Mentor, to amuse the fancy, improve the mind, and enliven the merry hearts of our little ones. To add to its worth, each fable is accompanied by appropriate proverbs and pictorial illustrations.

Speech delivered at a Meeting for the Establishment of a Club for the Middle Classes. By Thomas Campbell, Esq. [F. Schoberl.]

IT is deliciously refreshing in these days to revel on any production emanating from the gifted author of the undying "Pleasures of Hope;" whose speech on the formation of the Alpha Club forms the subject matter of the above pamphlet, in which the peculiar vigour of thought, knowledge of society, and invaluable advice of the orator, is pre-eminent throughout. In this effusion, Mr. Campbell portrays the great advantages likely to arise, from the creation of the above and similar clubs, to the Middle classes. "You call yourselves," says he, "the Alpha Club. I hail that letter as a goodly omen—I trust I shall live to see a whole alphabet of such clubs, from alpha even unto omega, established; and if my humble efforts can be of the slightest use to you, such as they are, and humble as they are, they shall be at your service. Your project is not new to my mind. It has long been a subject of my thoughts. In looking round the club-houses of London, I have a thousand times said to myself, 'How is this! All the rich men of this mighty metropolis, all those who are ambitious to be thought rich, and who frequent wealthy company, all these have their club-houses—the titled men, the political men, the university men, the naval and military men, have built themselves palaces of social resort—nay, the very dustmen have had their gin-palaces erected for them. But the vast and valuable class—the middle class, who can neither afford the palace club-house of lord-

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lings, nor condescend to the gin-palace of the dustman; this middle class, who constitute the very thews and sinews and moral strength of society, men who are too respectable to make the public house their daily haunt, and yet have a natural yearning for society, for conversation, and for the sight of such a variety of books and newspapers as may give them, so to speak, a coloured map of public events, and of contemporary opinions—how is it that the aforesaid men, as if they were destitute of gregarious instinct, have built for themselves no houses for the purpose of social and sober resort?"

In conclusion, we impress on the friends of the Alpha Club the judicious advice given by Mr. Campbell, at the termination of his speech, as to the government of their new Society.

Topography.

ST. PETER'S CHAPEL, QUEEN SQUARE, WESTMINSTER.

THE above place of worship, which lately received considerable damage by the fire originating in Mr. Hoare's mansion, is, perhaps, the most antique specimen of our primitive sanctuaries. It was originally a royal gift for the special use of the Judges of Westminster, and which members of the royal households used to frequent. The style of parts of the internal workmanship is indeed worthy of the highest rank. The altar-piece, which has been almost quite destroyed, has been pronounced by competent judges to be one of the finest and most curious specimens of ancient carving in oak to be seen in England. The cost of the restoration of this alone is ascertained to be near 500*l*. I may also add that this chapel has long been the field of pastoral labour of some of the most valued clergy of the metropolis; amongst others, of the venerable Romaine, Gunn, Basil Wood, Wilcox, and of the late Mr. Shepherd, who, for fifty years, held it with the lectureship of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. A most curious fact is also worth noticing, namely, that St. Peter's was, about 125 years ago, the Spanish Ambassador's chapel. In the year 1715, Dr. Robinson, then Bishop of London, issued his episcopal license for the performance, in the said chapel, of divine worship in the Spanish language, by a celebrated Spaniard, named Antonio Gavin, who was converted from popery to our church. This fact is detailed at some length in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of February, 1827, where the copy of the license, &c. is given. The license runs thus:—"Whereas the Rev. Mr. Antonio Gavin was recommended to me by the Right Hon. Lord Stanhope, and by the same and other English gentlemen I was certified that the said Rev. Mr. Gavin was a secular priest, and Master of Arts in the university of the city of Zaragoza, in the kingdom of Arragon, in Spain; this is to certify that the said Rev. Mr. Gavin, after having publicly and solemnly abjured the errors of the Romish religion, and being thereupon reconciled to the Church of England on the 3d of January, 1715, he had then my leave to officiate in the Spanish language, in the chapel of Queen's-square, Westminster," &c.

"Given under my hand, in London, the 13th of July, 1720.

"JOHN LONDON."

The above Spaniard published, amongst other works, Sermons in the Spanish language, preached in this chapel.—*Times Journal.*

Arts and Sciences.

THE CHRONOMETER OF "THE BOUNTY."

THIS chronometer, marked "Sarcum Kendal, London, A. D. 1771," fell into the hands of the captain of an American, who touched at Pitcairn's Island, shortly after the mutineers had settled themselves there. It was stolen from the American captain on the ship's passage from Juan Fernandez to Valparaiso, and next made its appearance at Conception, where it was purchased for three doubloons by an old Spaniard of the name of Castillo, who kept it in his possession till his death, which happened lately at Santiago, when his family sent it to Captain Herbert, to be conveyed to the British Museum. It appears, on being taken to be repaired by Mr. Mouat, of Valparaiso, that it was in a complete state of preservation, without the least mark of wear in any part of it. The escapement palates are rubies fixed to the verge of the balance by screw collets. Mr. Mouat speaks in high terms of the beauty of the workmanship. The chronometer is five inches in diameter, with three dials on its face, one for hours, one for minutes, and one for seconds; with an outer silver case, made as the outer cases of pocket watches were sixty or seventy years ago, so that its appearance is that of a gigantic watch. In winding it up, it was usual to pass the left arm through the opening for the face in the upper valve of the outer case, in the manner of placing the outer case of a pocket watch, on the left thumb when winding. A Chilian gentleman coming in one day, and seeing the case thus suspended, exclaimed "*Que cosa para freer huevos.*" It is now on board the Calliope, Capt. Herbert, and will, in all probability, return to the place of its construction after an absence of so many years, and that, too, without having circumnavigated the earth beyond the very small quantity of longitude between the meridian reached by the Bounty in endeavouring to double Cape Horn, and that of Santiago, the most eastern meridian the chronometer reached in Chili.—*Devonport Telegraph.*

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Manners and Customs.

MARRIAGES AMONG THE NEILGHERRY PEOPLE.

The manner of the marriage of the higher classes of Rajahs is this:—The first night of the marriage the Rajah leaves the honour of his spouse to the Brahman, to purify her for her past iniquities, in the private department of the Rajahs of this country. Even after the death of Rajahs, all except Brahmans are prohibited to demand marriage with the widows of deceased Rajahs. The names of the savage tribes amongst whom this barbarism prevails are these—Tir, Nar, Maker, Wargar. These people never marry separate wives. For instance, there are six heathens, and they want to marry. They will go and look out for a girl, and marry her all at once, on this condition, that one should provide her with rice, the other with ghee, and the third oil for her head, and the fourth clothes. From this shared and common wife, who is the root of evil generally, very often sedition is fomented, and blood shed; yet they never abandon this brutality. The mode of one of the savage tribe's marriage is somewhat different from that which I have already described. The maids and bachelors who want to be married put up a small cottage with a good thick fence, so that the maids within the enclosure cannot perceive the men who stand out of it. All the maids go into the hut, and the bachelors come with long sticks in their hands, which they all at once poke into the fence in such a manner, that all the sticks may pierce the fence. Then the maids all at once catch hold of a stick. After that, the owner of the stick will be the spouse of the girl who holds his stick unseen.

GRINLIN GIBBONS.

The finest and most elaborate specimens of this fine carver's art, are to be found at Chatsworth and Petworth; Houghton and Burghley also, and Hampton Court, can boast of his works. The ornamental parts of the choir of St. Paul's are his workmanship and design.

The peculiar characteristics of Gibbon's chisel are lightness, freedom, and elegance, in the flow of his line; brilliancy, depth, and facility, in his execution.

In shells and shell-fish, such as lobsters and crabs, he particularly excelled, and apparently delighted; for they are constantly introduced in his works.

A most beautiful specimen of his skill in marine productions, is to be seen at the New River House in Spafields.

His birds, feathers, and flowers, especially delicately-leaved and drooping plants, are singularly airy and real.

Walpole relates, that he carved a vase of flowers so daintily, that their leaves trembled in the wind.

AHOLIBAMAH.

FROM THE PAGE OF BYRON.

As an image of feminine softness and beauty, purely begotten by the mind of Byron, none stands before us among the many creations of his fancy, that assumes a more sweet and imposing attitude, than the character of his antediluvian Adah. A composite of all Christian graces, her character appears most lovely in our eyes, flaming with fervent love, exalted faith, and the exquisite graces of unfeigned humility. Amid the violence and corruption of the age in which she is placed, her fair virtues appear like a lily in the depth of Tartarus; and we please ourselves by the supposition that had she been prevailed upon by Japhet, to have entered the ark, and so surviving, have become a mother after the Deluge, her children would have inherited all her gracious perfections, and shone aloft as a pattern among the posterities of men.

But those acquainted with the constitution of Byron's mind—knowing that scorn, daringness, and the "cleaving curse" of infidelity, sat as so many "dark viziers" in the close conclaves of his heart—acknowledge not without pain, that this being of supreme purity and excellence, was but a secondary creation in his own esteem, created for the subservient purpose of bringing out, in forcible contrast, the character of his favourite Aholibamah. Arising out of the dark and mystic cauldron of his fancy, this was the Titanic and majestical figure, which, with all the powers of his wizardry, he toiled to summon into shape and being. As in the Endor-cave, the Gods that rose out of the earth, were "infernal," so were those starting out of Byron's mind; and even the loveliest of the lot—the Witch of the Hartz, glorious with her "hair of light," and "eyes of immortality"—she, be it remembered, was a spirit evoked from the hells of Ahrimanes, and, however, to the kindred and demon-sold spirit of Manfred, she appeared lustrous as an "angel of light," yet to the eyes "too pure to behold iniquity," no other than hideously must have shone her meretricious loveliness.

Aholibamah was, to the poet, as a golden vessel, into whom all the bright but baleful wine of his gloomy genius could be poured in large measure. In the dreams of his pillow, at night—in his hours of waking, and going to rest, his imagination, from the moment that the embryo entered its matrix, hastened towards the vasty origination of this character, till, at length, his brain shook with parturitive throes, and the magnificent form, armed at all points with his favourite infidelities, fiery prides, and exterminating scorns, sprang "terribly beautiful," like a wonder, into the world.

Among the three things that come under the reprehension of St. John, and whose influence appears to have been coexistent with humanity itself, is the "pride of life." This

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was the chief ingredient in the serpent's temptation, who, failing to win Eve, by "the lust of the eye"—the specious beauty of the ruddy gold apple,—tuned for her ear, that most dulcet phrase, promissory of all aggrandizement of being, or "pride of life"—"*Ye shall be as Gods.*"

Chief characteristic this, of Aholibamah the Cainite; and not only chief, but all-absorbing. If a heart ever throbbed with imperious feeling—if heart ever rolled out its fierce torrents of blood, when proud thoughts were swelling the brow, and straining the temples—that heart was Aholibamah's. Had it been rightly directed, how effective an engine of good might it have been among the perverse generations of the day. How—had it moved with crowned ideas of virtue—might it, combined with the powers of herself as woman, have gained over the disobedient by her prowess, and quelled, without effort, the timid into awe; and thereby, have ultimately become a mighty regenerator of the race among which she so superiorly walked.

But the forest-branch, from its first curvature, only strengthens in crookedness; and pride becomes more stubborn, as it grows ancienter in years. Ancestral blood pours down undeviatingly in its course all original taints along with itself, and Aholibamah, the descendant of Cain, undiminishedly burned with all virulent Cainite passions.

Aholibamah's genealogy from Cain, is, with her, the proudest badge in her escocheon. Who taunts her with her descent from Cain? Is she not proud to be a daughter of the Slayer? Glories she not in her brethren and her fathers—strong Cain, who was begotten in Paradise—eldest born of men, bravest, and most enduring? Should she blush for him, from whom she had her being? If ever scorn curled a lip to curses—if ever eye shot fury, till its flashes scourged the vaunter like brands of living fire—it was the eye and the lip of Aholibamah, at the ignoble worm who whispered but the slander.

And why should she not be proud of her magnificent lineage? Who, among the children on Seth's side, teemed with such majesty of form and feature, as the strong and glorious Cainites? "Look upon our race!" exclaims she who was their superbest representative—"behold their stature, and their beauty; their courage, strength, and length of days!" while her own person was the most powerful enforcer of her own words. "Behold their stature and their beauty!"—and as she spake, there she stood in her gloriousness and charms, amid the light of meridian day; the sun-blaze seeming to glow with denser glory round her form, and her features subliming into lines past earthliness. Then, in the defying attitude of her answer, with insupportable lustres flamed her clear, full eye. Irradiating the air, aloft shone her gorgeous rounded arm, cinctured with diamonds; and her gemmed tresses, curling in vigorous locks on her neck, like jewelled serpents round an ivory column—caused her to seem absolutely divinified.

It would, by consequence, be naturally expected, that one who possessed so inordinate a share of beauty, and whose pride yielded to none create, should despise her race that tabernacled in clay, and should naturally desire for the heavens to be opened, that upon the great angels alone, who at this period were still visitors upon earth, she might fasten the high feelings of her heart. Creatures of clay, or formed of "red earth" were the butt of her scorn, and grovellers for her use; *her* spirit soared "ad astra," and only to spirit would be allied.

It forms a curious parallel to observe the tones employed by the two sisters, in their incantatory address for drawing down the respective angels of whom they are enamoured. Anah, whose soul, like a spice-lamp of the temple, burned with all purity, and the soft calm light of tenderness—calls upon her angel by the most endearing epithets—"Seraph dear"—"My seraph"—and "My Azaziel;" but Aholibamah, with no tender adjectival or pronominal affix, calls on her lord, plainly, boldly, and glowingly, by the single name of "Samiasa!"

Great, however, as is the angel whom she has chosen for her love—whose employments were of a superior nature—and who only sometimes deigned to partake the hymn of the inferior cherubim—she openly tells him, that "if the skies contain more joys than he can give and take," forthwith to remain in his heaven, and not to trouble himself about her.

Aholibamah is one of the nearest representatives of those whose ambitious natures lead them to be promulgators of sectarian or schismatic principles. Her intolerable pride was the moving cause that led the community to be split into divisions, so that the stronger should rule the weak. She was one of those who wished that the world were large enough, that the Nimrods of her race might drive all the inhabitants into one immeasurable park, and then rule them as they chose. This appears from the remark of Japhet, who, commending Anah for her purity and goodness, observes, that he thought Abel had in her left a daughter of his pure and pious race. Aholibamah instantly and impetuously interrupts him—

"And would'st thou have her like our father's foe
In mind and soul? If I partook thy thoughts
And dreamed that aught of Abel was in *her*—

She leaves her threat unfinished, but we may guess what objurgation would have closed it. The same fiery and turbulent spirit of hatred as characteristic of a "house divided against itself," manifests itself more conspicuously in the subsequent passage:—

Ahol. And dost thou think that we,
With Cain's, the eldest-born of Adam's blood
Warm in our veins—strong Cain! who was begotten
In Paradise—would mingle with Seth's children?
Seth, the last offspring of old Adam's dotage?

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No, not to save all earth, were earth in peril.
Our race hath always dwelt apart from thine,
From the beginning, and shall do so ever.

It would be well if these moral enormities were the only pestilent produce of Aholibamah's insatiable pride; but the most offensive portion is yet undisclosed. As yet her refractory sentiments had only been, in their action and effects, of injury to man—but from this point, she proceeds to forgetfulness or, rather, denial of her Creator's power. The following sentiment, if it went no further, were indeed sublime, as she addresses Samiasa—

Ahol. Thou art immortal—so am I, I feel—
I feel my immortality o'ersweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth—" thou liv'st for ever!"

Had the poet ended here, well had it been, and august the termination; but this is only made by Aholibamah the basis whereon she rests an impious and atheistical assertion, namely, that being thus essentially immortal, not even her own Creator could extinguish that immortality; with other turpitudes of speech, more flagrant and reprehensible still. Here begins the blackness of the infamy. Infidelity, with an unmasked front, shows its abhorred features. Shuddering at the thought, we pursue the character no further, but, like the Grecian painter, drag a veil over the picture, which it were utter abomination to describe. W. ARCHER.

GREECE.

GREECE is ground where every fountain has been celebrated, every stream sacred, and where every broken column, or half-buried cornice, is eloquent of other times. To turn up a brick in Greece, is a different thing from turning up a brick elsewhere. It is true that in Rome, some of Cæsar's dust may be forming a part of the bung, which secludes from the air, the barrelled wine of an effeminate cardinal; but in Greece, every grain of rubbish must have entered into the composition of a hero. Unrivalled country! What other confined and rocky spot of the earth's surface ever made such a turmoil as it has done in human affairs? What restless spirits did it give rise to? How they sung, and fought, ran, wrestled, danced, and wrote? Up to this very moment, the inhabitants of northern and distant regions, deem it of the first necessity, that their youth should learn its tongue —that they should read its authors, examine their customs, and dwell upon their sayings. The ruins of the buildings of ancient Greece are obvious enough; for the Greeks were a people to whom the elegant arts were among the arts of life; pillar, and freize, and metope, seem to have been as great necessities to them, as port-wine and bullocks to us. Creatures of taste! whatever they touched sprung into beauty; and every door-way, or window-frame, that they have left, and we can find, is a monument to their genius, in marble, which makes the fortune of a museum lucky enough to possess it. A fragment is a treasure. Babelon leaves bricks—a Grecian town is to be traced by its fallen columns, its broken statues, its votive armour, which we instal in niches, as objects of study and admiration.

ARABIANS IN PRAYER.

I HAVE seldom felt, during the divine service in our own churches, the power of holiness and religion, in all its beautiful freshness and simple purity, so forcibly, as when, suddenly, in the boundless desert; they, " whose hands are against every man's," prostrate themselves before the great Spirit that made all, and there, in the vast plain, that aptly typifies his majesty and omnipresence, offer up their simple homage. What temple so sublime? what creed, in outward show, so primitively pure? Nay, the poetry, if not the holiness, of such a scene, appears to me, aided by the reflection, that the hands, now stretched imploringly on high, have, perhaps, in fulfilment of the dire curse upon their race, been a few hours previously busied with deeds of violence or blood. Yet, may not some compunctious feeling of remorse, at such an hour, visit the breast of the wandering robber, and quell his fiery nature, even as, at times, a refreshing cloud will steal across and quell the scorching rays of his own desert sun, that lights up that vast cathedral, whose limits are space, and whose walls are not " built with hands," nor " hewn of stone!"—*Fraser's Magazine*, No. CXXXII.

FLOODS AND FIRE.

THERE is no destroyer so rapid and so resistless as floods of water. The ravages of fire are in comparison slow and even harmless. The mountain torrent is an enemy which no rampart can withstand. It beats down the weak and undermines the strong. Other assailants attack the surface only. The conflagration, which crumbles the superstructure, spares the foundation—while it destroys the erection, it touches not the site; but the rain-swollen river, in its unappeased rage, not content with levelling the works of art, directs its vengeance equally against the works of nature. In the lapse of time and in the progress of improvement, the place that once knew its lord may know his face no more; but in the instantaneous changes consequent upon the sapping and storming of an overwhelming flood, the failure of recognition is often mutual. The face of the landscape is altered as it were, in the twinkling of an eye; vallies are filled up, hills subside, long-remembered channels are dried up, plains are furrowed with unwonted courses, fertile fields are changed into lakes, lakes are converted into fields; all that was permanent passes away, all that was constant suffers mutation.

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The Gatherer.

If's.—A Sicilian physician, who commented upon Galen, affirms that man might be made immortal: and adds, that he would undertake to breed infants up to be so, *qui ad hoc idonei essent, if* they were fit for the purpose. "If the sky would fall, what larks we should catch!" There is great virtue in little "*if*."

The Temple Church, (now undergoing a judicious and munificent repair) is one of the four *round churches* now only left in England; the others are at Cambridge, Northampton, and Mapleston, in Essex.

Relics.—Are you curious in relics, come to the church of All Saints, and there you find a fragment of Noah's Ark—soot from the furnace of the Three Children—the bread of St. Joseph, that Nicodemus preserved in his glove, &c., &c.—*Myconius writing to Luther.*

The Largest Malachite Vase in the world *in one piece*, is in Demidoff's house, 105, Rue St. Dominic, in Paris. For malachite to be extremely valuable, it must be in one piece, as the stone chips off like slate in the working, and these small chips are usually veneered on wooden frames.

Brazil.—In that region, nature seems to dispense her gifts most prodigally, and man may there be said to be a solitary wanderer in a wilderness of sweets.

A hundred Years and a Day.—There lately died in the department between Chalus and St. Yrieix, a centenarian, who presented this peculiarity, that he was born Nov. 25, 1740, and died Nov. 26, 1840, so that he just lived a century and a day.—*Courrier de l'Europe.*

Monte Rosa.—This is 6,500 feet above the sea; and is clad with beautifully pure snow from the summit down to the elevated plateau from which it rises.

On the Parisian Farce.

France wondrous love her heroes gives,
Happen what may 'tis still the same;
Alive, to *flesh* she fondly cleaves—
When *dead*, the *Bony*-part she'll claim.
B. C.

Love after Death.—Why should we believe that the dead are unconscious or heedless of the regard of the living—that they no longer contemplate the memory or behold the effects of their worldly career! Why should it be so! Are the affairs of this life too insignificant for their regard! Are they too humble for the attention of God! Is our affection disregarded by him! Why, then, should they be indifferent to it! Is there an angel in heaven who feels no delight when he learns that another creature loves him! If there be, it is time he were cast thence!

The Princess Borghese, some years since, sat to Canova for the form of his Venus Victrix.

True Economy is the child of wisdom, and the mother of independence.—*Campbell.*

New Comet.—The French papers seize with avidity the appearance of a new comet, as one of the remarkable series of prodigies by which the year 1840 is to be made famous to all future time. Nothing but this, they aver, was wanting to make it commemorable. The new comet is certainly not fictitious. Dr. Bremiker, of Berlin, has just discovered one, which was remarked also at the observatory of Vienna, on the 18th of November, and which was also observed by an astronomer at Modena on the 1st of December. This comet is not visible except with the assistance of a telescope. At this moment it is to be seen in the constellation Andromeda.

A Man of 100l. a Year.—According to classical lingo, he may be termed a "centurion of sovereigns."—*Campbell.*

A *Spirited* Reply.—"Doctor," said a hard-looking brandy-faced customer yesterday to a physician—"Doctor, I'm troubled with an oppression, an uneasiness about the breast. What do you suppose the matter is!" "All very easily accounted for," said the physician, "you have water on the chest." "Water! Come, that'll do well enough for a joke, but how could I get water on my chest, when I havn't touched a drop in fifteen years! If you had said brandy, you might have hit it."—*New York paper.*

Do you remember how the first lord in waiting served the great Mogul! Intending to catch the fly which had lighted on the imperial pate, he struck wide of the insect, and floored the emperor.

Language.—Of modern languages, the German is the organ, French the fife, and English either a trumpet or boatswain's whistle.

Amber is but a piece of mere earth, and the stone of Bologna but the fragment of a ring; yet the first has the perfume of the rose, and the second reflects the sun.

Re-enter Graves for his Hat.—"And I left my hat behind me! just like my luck!—If I had been bred a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads."

Mr. Frantz, the Tailor, speaking.—"De tailor, de schneider, make de gentleman! It is Mr. Frantz, of St. James's who take his measure and his cloth, and who make de fine handsome noblemen and gentry, whose de faders and de mutters make only de ugly little naked boys!"—"*Money*" *by Bulwer.*

The sailor only knows how pleasant it is to be at sea with a wholesale breeze, with [illegible] sails under a laughing sun, and having [illegible] sticks almost blown out of them by a [illegible] breeze.

London is fed by means of a system of canals and roads, such as never before existed on the surface of the earth.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1042.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1841. [Price 2*d*.

INTERIOR OF

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

OXFORD STREET.

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INTERIOR OF

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

OXFORD-STREET.

THE above place of amusement is erected on the site formerly occupied by the Queen's Bazaar, and which was destroyed by fire [May 28, 1829,] commencing in the Diorama Picture Gallery, then containing, with many other paintings, that of "The Destruction of York Minster, by Fire." Shortly after this calamity, Mr. Hamlet, the goldsmith, rebuilt the Bazaar, which not answering the expectancies of the proprietor, was offered for sale by Messrs. Foster and Son, on the 14th of March, 1836 : at length, the spirited owner, resolved to erect on its site one of the most beautiful theatres in the metropolis ; towards the accomplishment of which he spared no expense ; many annoying difficulties met him at the outset; but, by dint of great perseverance and unwearying application, they were surmounted.

Mr. Hamlet, after having obtained a license for these premises, declined opening any part of them, on account of the alterations and contemplated improvements not being completed. Having applied at the Middlesex Sessions [October 1837], for a renewal of the license,—the theatre being previously let to Mr. Warde,—it was refused ; but on the next application, the license was granted. It remained, however, unemployed as a place of entertainment, until the autumn of last year, when it was opened, for the first time, on Wednesday, the 30th of September, under the title of "THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE," with promenade concerts, on an extensive and magnificent scale.

The theatre was completed from the designs of T. M. Nelson, Esq., the architect, and the decorations principally in the Louis Quatorze style—than which, for richness and boldness of relief, none is better adapted for the embellishment of theatres—were executed by Messrs. Crace and Sons, and the joint labours of these justly-admired artists have produced a most splendid theatre. There are four tiers of boxes, the first and third private, the second and fourth public. The decorations of all the tiers are different. The front of the first is adorned with a rich gold moulding, crimson points hanging with tassels from the top of the boxes. The second tier is painted with Arabesque ornaments, a series of nymphs terminating in those vegetative implications which are common to this style, while a gilt Cupid in relief, parts every two boxes. The fronts of the third and fourth rows are painted with different scrolls, and the tops of these boxes are beautifully ornamented with golden points. The lining of the boxes is crimson and fancy chintz. The chandelier is superb ; a circle of children playing musical instruments is placed one over each lamp. A profusion of gold adorns the proscenium ; rendering the *tout ensemble* the most brilliant scene imaginable.

The size of the theatre is somewhere between the English Opera House and the Haymarket ; and the accommodations and facilities are as ample as can be required. The pit forms an extensive saloon for promenades ; and the new and splendid orchestra was erected expressly for these performances. The leader of the band, which consists of upwards of sixty first-rate instrumentalists, is the eminent Mr. Willy, whose solos on the violin are too well known and appreciated, to be here commented on. The second leaders, are Messrs. Dando and J. Bannister. With such pre-eminent talent, it is impossible but what the Princess's Theatre must always be a place of the greatest attraction, and command the patronage of the public.

MARTIN KOTZEL.

IN 1477, the famous patrician, Martin Kotzel, undertook a pilgrimage to Palestine, for the express purpose of counting the number of footsteps between the house of Pontius Pilate and Mount Golgotha. The idea was singular, no doubt, but turned to the advantage of the arts.

It was Kotzel's intention, on his return, to measure an equal distance from his own house to the cemetery of St. John; then, on the road so measured out, to erect seven statues by the celebrated Adam Kraft, and at the extremity a Calvary, crowned with three statues, of Christ and his two executioners.

But when he got back to Nuremberg, he found he had forgot the number of paces.

Another man would have given way to despair ; but Martin Kotzel, without hesitation, resumed his staff and recommenced his journey to the Holy Land.

On his next return, his memory had retained the number ; and he immediately set about the execution of his brilliant project, which still exists, and, with the exception of one or two statues requiring a few repairs, the whole is perfect as on leaving the sculptor's hand.

ORIENTAL PLEASURE.

THE grey dawn of the morning had just streaked the eastern horizon, and was rapidly deepening into the crimson glories of day, as we stood with folded arms by the bank of the Euphrates, and listened to the heavy rush of its waters. We sat down and began to smoke a pipe by the bank of the river; and, ere long, enveloped in the light-blue clouds that rose in graceful wreaths from the silver edges of our pipes, we surrendered ourselves to that negation of thought or care which creates a *dolce far niente* paradise for the mind, in whose dreamy realm all, save existence itself, becomes a burden.—*Scenes in the Desert.*

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CHRISTMAS.

[*For the Mirror.*]

Old Christmas is coming with mantle of snow,
His hoary head wreathed with the grey mistletoe,
And that mystical shrub with red berries and bright,
Which old legends declare sprung the first Christmas night.

The blast is his trumpet, the whirlwind his steed,
And as he rides onward with fearfullest speed,
He flings o'er the landscape a heavy white shroud,
And stills the bright water that mirrors the cloud.

Encumbered with hoar-frost each herb and each flower,
That yet lingered awhile beyond their brief hour,
Recline their fair heads, all their loveliness fled,
Like the leaves on their stem they lie withered and dead.

But blest be this season, however so drear,
To the stedfast in faith it will ever be dear,
There's a sun from within that will hallow the scene,
And tinge the grey forest with bright evergreen.

Then bring forth the yule log, and pile high the board,
To welcome old Christmas, our annual lord,
If our home were a palace, with banner unfurled,
Our heralds we'd send to invite all the world.

GREECE.

[*For the Mirror.*]

Fled art thou—like a dream!
Flinging a beauteous gleam
Over the front of Time,
Making a glorious and immortal theme
That fills the bounds of Earth without decline.

Mute is thy voice—thy lyre!
Melting the heart from ire
To saddest tears,
That thou, the beautiful, the bright,
Shouldst moulder from these lower scenes of light—

But what an urn is thine!
Pouring what scents divine
Upon the inmost soul,
That even from thy manes do arise
A fragrance as of love that never dies,
And thoughts that spurn the limits of Earth's goal.

Past art thou, yet sublime
Arisest thou upon the brow of Time,
God of its waves!
That though new ages roll on in fresh might,
Yet to the nations still thou shinest mighty light!

F.

LITERARY LABOURS OF THE FRENCH NOBILITY.

It is really surprising how many of the most distinguished French authors have been of noble descent, completely refuting the general idea, that talent is usually of humble parentage.

If we go back to the age of the troubadours, we shall find that all the most celebrated votaries of the "gay science" were of knightly blood; and so was every one of the old historians, the Sire de Joinville, Geoffrey de Villehardouin, Philippe de Commines, and de Boucicault,

Among the Huguenot leaders, we find the lords of Montluc and Lanoue distinguished in arts as well as in arms.

Of poets, Ronsard was a chevalier, and Du Bartas a baron.

If we come down to the most brilliant period of French literature, there is scarcely a single "man of the people" to be found. Malherbe, Balzac, de Scudéry, were all of gentle blood.

Then we have the Marchioness de Sévigné and the Countess de Lafayette, the Marquis of Dangeau, the Duke de St. Simon, the *Seigneur* de Fenelon, the Viscount de Parny, the Marquis de Condorcet, the Count de Buffon, the Count de Segur, and Viscount Chateaubriand.

A goodly catalogue, and showing that, in France, at least, the noblesse have been wanting neither in talent nor learning.

A NIGHT IN WARDEN-LE-DALE.

(*Concluded from page 22.*)

Oh! listen, listen, to the toll of yonder deep-toned bell,
Strangely it comes upon the blast across the forest dell,
Long years have passed since last that sound was heard o'er hill and dale,
The peasant starts from his lowly bed, his cheek is wan and pale.—*Old Ballad.*

"To my extreme astonishment, nay, I may as well say, awe, I perceived, on looking through the orifice, towards the main body of the chapel, the figure of an aged man, in a recumbent posture upon the altar steps, and leaning, wrapt in meditation, upon his right arm. He was habited in a long grey gown, confined by a broad girdle at his waist; and a crosier-headed staff lay across his chest. An iron cresset, which contained the light, was set beside him. The night-wind sighed drearily through the ruins, the flame wavered in the socket, the old man's hair was stirred upon his temples, and the glittering rain-drops from the broken chancel roof fell tinkling downwards on the floor. I was breathless with surprise. The old man rose, he stood erect, he looked thoughtfully out upon the night and the murky sky, he cast a long and searching glance into the very depths of darkness down the aisles, and he then paced to and fro with a slow, solemn tread, and I heard the sharp clink of metal as he struck his long, iron-shod staff upon the pavement. Lost in bewildering conjecture, I shook myself, I even bit my finger, I closed my eyes, and then re-opened them, to be satisfied it was all a dream—but no, it was no illusion, there was the tall, gaunt stranger in his long grey robe, and I heard even more distinctly than before, the regular 'chink, chink,' upon the floor.

"My breath grew thick with awe, my brain reeled dizzily, my heart had almost ceased its throb, for but a moment more, and I beheld from the deep gloom of the chantry, two dark, half naked ruffian figures with their right arms dyed red with gore, draw near the altar with slow and laboured steps, and I then heard the fall of some ponderous burden on the pavement. The tall pillars of the nave intervened, and I could not discern its form, but I saw by the shadow which it cast in the lamp-light, that it was about the bulk and length of a

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human figure, and it lay where it had been thrown, a lifeless, inanimate mass, and my blood curdled in my ice-cold veins, as the old man bent over it, and said, '*still warm.*'

"'Aye,' said one of the bloody ruffians hastily, 'we've done the job, and a pretty rough night we've had.'

"'Humph!' said the hoary monster, and he laughed with hideous exultation, 'and now we'll make all sure, for dead men tell no tales.'

"Then moving to the stone which I had previously remarked as having been recently disturbed, the old wretch stooped down, and, aided by his companions, raised up the ponderous slab, and disclosed a yawning grave, into which, all crowding eagerly together, they cast some object, of which I saw enough to satisfy me that it was white and bloody, and, appalled by such a scene, at such an hour, in such a place, I leant for support against the mildewed wall.

"At that instant, a toll, deep, solemn, sudden, sounded from the turret overhead—the light vanished in an instant, the stone fell back into its place with a dull grating harshness, the door screamed hideously upon its hinges, and then all was lone, dark, silent as before. My teeth were fast set in horror, my hair seemed literally to bristle upon my head, I dared scarcely to draw my breath, and, not thinking it safe to stir from my position, I resolved to abide there the dawn of day.

"Judge of my dismay, and, I will confess, superstitious horror, when I distinctly heard a sigh and a stifled sob! and the next moment a quick, soft, unshod footstep passed swiftly by, and was lost along the aisles, from which arose a low, deep, melancholy wailing, like the lament of a disembodied spirit, and then all died away into a stillness that might almost be felt. The wind rose tempestuously, the low mutter of distant thunder was audible, and I heard the broad plash of rain-drops on the pavement of the chancel, and, as if to complete the subversion of my appalled and shattered senses, I distinguished an articulate sound, faint, drear, and hollow, amid the moanings of the blast, and which reiteratedly said, 'SEARCH!'

"Confused, appalled, and trembling, I sunk fainting on the tressel.

"When I came to myself, the first dun light of morning was breaking through the chancel, and its grey wan tint invested every object with a dreary shadowiness of outline that rendered it every way more ghastly. I cast a hurried glance around my spectral lodging. An ancient bier, worm eaten, mouldering and all dropping to decay, was rested in the corner facing me, and its gaunt bare ribs, and long outstretched arms, starting from the funeral drapery of the mildewed pall, which hung piecemeal, moth-fretted and festering with the livid moss and lichens, which were slowly creeping over it, looked like a hideous fleshless skeleton. A pile of rusty tools flung there by the sexton's rude hand, when his last office was completed, possibly, long years before, lay beside the bier, and rotten cords, and ropes all gnawed by rats, and falling into dust, completed the ghastly array.

"Heartsick and tottering with terror and watching, I staggered from the belfry, and drew near the chancel, but I started back on perceiving a lurcher dog stretched out upon the stone, where the blood-stained pavement, and the tramp of feet, and the fresh scattered mould, and, yet more, a tangled lock dyed crimson and matted to the floor with congealed blood, bore awful testimony to the scene that night had witnessed. The dog looked wistfully upon me, and fawning, crouched at my feet. 'Poor wretch,' thought I, 'thou, thou alone of all the victim's friends or followers, continuest faithful to the end. Hadst thou but speech, how dread might be thy disclosures of this night's infernal deeds.' The dog, as if divining my thoughts, moaned piteously, and laid him down as before, and I rushed from the dreary spot, and hurried through the burial ground, where the dead white grass was bent and reddened with a crimson stain.

"What should I do? should I, a toil-worn, wan, and lonely stranger, depose before a magistrate as to all I had unwittingly beheld within the chapel? who would credit my assertion that *I* had not participated in the guilt of blood?—who would be convinced that *I* was not a conscience-stricken accomplice of that inhuman gang?"

Mr. Keymer paused, and covered his face with his hands, while his frame shook convulsively.

"Oh! uncle," exclaimed Fanny in an agony of suspense, "what *did* you do in such an awful dilemma?"

"Why," continued the old gentleman, "I did the best I could. I hastened from the spot, made the best of my way by daylight to the nearest town, and got upon the first coach for London to consult my friends. After some consideration, I determined, without compromising myself, to relieve my mind of the weight which this awful secret imposed upon it, and yet to put matters in such a train as should lead to the discovery of the murder, and the condign punishment of the offenders.

"I therefore wrote anonymously to a magistrate of the county, and without entering into any particulars, conjured him to institute a rigid search through the ruins of the chapel in Warden-le-dale, indicating the particular stone to be examined, and adding that if necessary for the furtherance of justice, the writer was prepared to substantiate his information before a court of law."

"Well, uncle! and what then?" said his nieces eagerly.

The old man smiled—"Do you really wish, my dears, to have the *denouement* of the tragedy, or would you rather dream of it to-night in all its pristine horrors?"

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"The sequel, by all means," said Fanny, answering for both.

"Then unlock my escritoire, and in the left-hand pigeon-hole you will find an old newspaper—there love, read that paragraph, for my eyes are dim," and Fanny read aloud:—

"In consequence of some private communication recently received, Mr. ——, justice of the peace for —— was induced to issue orders for a judicial examination of the burial ground and vaults within the ruined chapel of Warden-le-dale, which, in ancient times, was the proud cemetery and place of worship to a family long since extinct, and which has now fallen into disuse and decay, and has become the resort of desperate and abandoned characters. The result of the investigation was the discovery of a systematic plan of sheep stealing, which had been securely carried on under favor of the night, and of the unfrequented spot, and which, if we may judge by the number of skins found under a monumental stone, had been of considerable extent. We regret to add that the villains have hitherto defied detection."

"Well," said Fanny, laying down the paper, "I am extremely disappointed; but though all the murderous part of your night's adventures is fairly explained away, how do you account for the sudden tolling of the bell, the sigh and footsteps, the dismal wailing, and the command to 'search!'"

Mr. Keymer laughed. "The sudden toll, I have no doubt, was occasioned by the fall of a large fragment of plaster or mason-work, loosened by the heavy rain, and which had struck in the very nick of time upon the bell. For the ghostly accompaniments which succeeded, I was indebted to the fellows' dog, which thus innocently increased my terror by his ineffectual search after his masters, and which, losing the scent in the stronger odour of the fresh-spilled blood, had expressed his disappointment in the way which I described; and as to the sepulchral whisper in the belfry, I can easily, in cool blood, and with all my senses about me, perfectly comprehend, that the accidental grating of a branch of yew or fir-tree against the turret wall, was dignified, by my disturbed imagination, with a degree of importance and of articulateness which I can well afford to laugh at now, though I do assure you that for many months after the sudden termination of my pedestrian tour, I used often to start up in terror from my sleep, under the impression that I was again keeping my nocturnal vigil in the spectral chapel of Warden-le-dale."

ROUGE CROIX.

Burke's Melodramatic Hit.—Burke's was a complete failure, where he flung the dagger on the floor of the house, and produced nothing but a smothered laugh, and a joke from Sheridan:—"The gentleman has brought us the knife—but where is the fork?"

GILLRAY, THE CARICATURIST.

(*From Fraser's Magazine*, No. cxxxiii.)

ABOUT sixty years ago, at the corner of St. Alban's Street, Pall Mall, resided a printseller of the name of Holland. In the service of this Holland lived a most extraordinary genius, designated the Prince of Caricatura, James Gillray, who made drawings of a very disreputable class of design whilst a youth, and drew the naked figure with singular character and spirit.

At length unsettled, he was apprenticed to a writing engraver, and acquired the use of the graving-tool under the celebrated Ashby, who then resided at the bottom of Holborn Hill. Many a choice specimen of penmanship was copied by young Gillray, in sweeping flourishes on the copper, from the incomparable pen of Thomas Tomkins, of Sermon Lane. Whilst occupied in this drudgery, the incipient original designer was discoverable in certain humorous scraps which he sketched on the copper borders, of the examples of round hand and text.

He next entered the studio of the celebrated Bartolozzi, and here he occasionally struck out the rudiments of that daring species of dramatic design, that extraordinary graphic hyperbole, which almost met, in its highest flights, the outposts of the creations of Michael Angelo. His etching of the personification of Milton's "Sin," was a wonderfully wicked work of art, and exhibited at the same time the genius and depravity of the young artist.

It was not likely that such an original would be content to sit, year after year, over a sheet of copper, perpetuating the renown of others, whilst possessed of a restless and ardent mind, intent on exploring unknown regions of taste, he could open a way through the intricacies of art, and by a short but eccentric cut, reach the Temple of Fame. He set to work, and succeeded, to the astonishment of the goddess, who, one day, beheld this new votary unceremoniously resting upon the steps of her altar.

Gillray was one of those unaffected wights, who accomplished what he undertook without scientific parade, and even without the appearance of rule or preconcerted plan. His best designs were off-hand compositions; and although he knew that these effusions of his graphic skill were superior to those of his compeers, he was so little wrapped in his own conceit, that he supposed another might do as well as himself, *if he tried*.

The early political caricatures of his prolific hand were generally directed against the government party. These he was hired to sketch, and usually at a small price, according to the will of his employers. He used to smoke his pipe with his early employers, and exert his faculties more to win a bowl of punch than to gain ten pounds. For years he occasionally smoked his pipe at the Bell, the

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Coal Hole, or the Coach and Horses; and although the *convives* whom he met at such dingy rendezvous knew that he was Gillray who fabricated those comical cuts, yet he never sought to act the coxcomb, or become king of the company. In truth, with his neighbouring shopkeepers and master-manufacturers, he passed for no greater wit than his associates. Rowlandson, his ingenious compeer, another able caricaturist, and he, sometimes met. They would, perhaps, exchange half-a-dozen questions and answers upon the affairs of etching, copper, and nitric acid, swear that the world was one *vast masquerade*, and then enter into the common chat of the room, light their cigars, drink their punch; and sometimes early, sometimes late, shake hands at the door, look up at the stars, say "it's a fair, or foul night," and depart, one for the Adelphi, the other to St. James' Street, each to his bachelor's bed.

The facility with which he composed his subjects, and the rapidity with which he etched them, astonished those who were eye-witnesses of his powers. This faculty was early developed; he seemed to perform all his graphic operations without an effort. Many years ago he had an apartment in a court in Holborn. A commercial agent for a print-seller had received a commission to get a satirical design etched by Gillray, but he had repeatedly called in his absence. He lived at the west end of the metropolis, and on his way to the city waited on him again, when he happened to be at home.

"You have lost a good job and an useful patron, Gillray," said he; "but you are always out."

"How?—What—what is your object?" said the artist.

"I want this subject drawn and etched," said the agent; "but now it is too late."

"When is it wanted?"

"Why, to-morrow."

"It shall be done."

"Impossible, Gillray!"

"Where are you going?"

"Onward to the Bank."

"When do you return?"

"At four o'clock." It was now eleven.

"I'll bet you a bowl of punch it shall be completed, etched, and bitten in, and a proof before that time."

"Done!"

The plate was finished; it contained many figures; the parties were mutually delighted; and the affair ended with a tipsy bout at the Gray's Inn Tavern, at the employer's expense.

Gillray was a surprising man. It was scarcely to be credited that one of his slouching gait and careless habits, was gifted with such a capacity for creation and power of execution, with such apparent energy of thought, and deep reading in the living book of human action.

HINDOO MYTHOLOGY.

THE FIRST AVATAR.*

At the close of the last calpa, there was a general destruction, occasioned by the sleep of Brahma; his creatures, of different worlds, being drowned in a vast ocean. The strong demon, Hayagriva, came near him, and stole the Vedas, which had flowed from his lips. When Vishnu, the preserver of the universe discovered this deed, he took the shape of minute fish, called Sap'hari. At this period, there reigned a holy king, named Satyavrata, who, as he was one day making a libation in the river Critamala, was addressed by the little fish, which said to him, "How canst thou leave me in this river water, when I am too weak to resist the monsters of the stream, which fill me with dread?" Satyavrata took it under his protection, and placed it in a small vase full of water; but, in a single night, its bulk was so increased, that it could not be contained in the jar, and thus again addressed the prince; "I am not pleased with living in this little vase; make me a large mansion, where I may dwell in comfort." The king successively placed it in a cistern, in a pool, and in a lake, for each of which, it speedily grew too large, and supplicated for a more spacious place of abode. The king, after this, having thrown it into the sea, the fish again addressing him, said, "Here the horned sharks, and other monsters of great strength, will devour me; thou shouldst not, O valiant man, leave me in this ocean." Thus having been repeatedly deluded by the fish, which had addressed him with gentle words, the king exclaimed, "Who art thou that beguilest me in that assumed shape? Never before have I seen or heard of so prodigious an inhabitant of the waters, who, like thee, has filled up, in a single day, a lake a hundred leagues in circumference. Surely thou art the great God whose dwelling was on the waves. Salutation and praise to thee, O first male, the lord of creation, of preservation, of destruction! Thou art the highest object, O supreme ruler, of us, thy adorers, who piously seek thee. All thy delusive descents in this world, give existence to various beings; yet, I am anxious to know for what cause that shape has been assumed by thee." The lord of the universe, loving the pious man, and intending to preserve him from the sea of destruction, caused by the depravity of the age, informed him how he was to act. "In seven days from the present time," said Vishnu, "the three worlds will be plunged in an ocean of death; but in the midst of the destroying waves, a large vessel, sent by me for thy use, shall stand before thee. Then shalt thou take all medicinal herbs, all the variety of seeds, and, accompanied by seven saints, encircled by pairs of all brute animals, thou shalt enter the spacious ark, and continue in it secure

* An Avatar is the visible appearance or incarnation of Vishnu.

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from the flood on one immense ocean, without light, except the radiance of thy companions. When the ship shall be agitated by an impetuous wind, thou shalt fasten it with a large sea-serpent on my horn; for I will be near thee, drawing the vessel with thee and thy attendants. The pious king, being thus instructed, waited humbly for the appointed time; when the sea overwhelmed its shores, and being, at the same time, augmented by showers from immense clouds, deluged the whole earth. He having, according to the divine command, entered the ship, the god appeared again distinctly on the vast ocean in the form of a fish, blazing like gold, extending a million of leagues, with one stupendous horn; on which the king, as he had before been commanded, tied the ship with a cable made of a vast serpent. When the deluge was abated, Vishnu slew the demon Hayagriva.

W. G. C.

MRS. DUGALD STEWART.

Mrs. Stewart, equal to her husband in intellect, was his superior in blood. She was the sister of the Countess Purgstall and of Lord Corehouse, the friend of Walter Scott, who has embalmed the name of *Cranstoun* in his immortal "Lay." Though the least beautiful of a family in which beauty is hereditary, she had the best essence of beauty, expression, a bright eye beaming with intelligence, a manner the most distinguished, yet soft, feminine, and singularly winning. On her ill-favoured professor she doted with a love-match devotion;* to his studies and midnight lucubrations she sacrificed her health and rest; she was his amanuensis and corrector. But she was free from the slightest tinge of pedantry; the world, for anything she displayed, knew nothing of her deep acquisitions, so gracefully did her long-draped robes conceal even the suspicion that aught lurked beneath of azure hue.

No one felt this more than the late Lord Dudley, who never forgot the instruction and society which he enjoyed under the roof of Dugald Stewart. During this time, he was singularly fortunate in his co-pupils, all distinguished men of their high order—Lords Lansdowne, Palmerston, Kinnaird, and the late Lord Ashburton. He maintained a good fellowship with them all in after life, while, with the two former, it was his lot to sit at the same council-board, as minister of state. But neither to Professor Stewart, nor to the younger associates of his own sex, did he owe the chief pleasures or the chief advantages of his residence in the North; it was to Mrs. Stewart, and he thus expresses himself in one of his letters:—"She has as much knowledge, understanding, and wit, as would set up three foreign ladies as first-rate talkers, in their respective drawing-rooms, but she is almost as desirous to conceal as they are to display their talents." No wonder, therefore, that her saloons were the resort of all that was the best of Edinburgh, the house to which strangers most eagerly sought introduction. In her, Lord Dudley found indeed a friend. She was to him in the place of a mother. His respect for her was unbounded, and continued to the close; often have we seen him, when she was stricken in years, seated near her for whole evenings, clasping her hand in both of his. Into her faithful ear, he poured his hopes and fears, and unbosomed his inner soul; with her he maintained a constant correspondence to the last.

This series of letters to Mrs. Dugald Stewart, we feel must have been the most superior of his correspondence, but they are said to be no more. She burnt the whole, we are told, when dying herself. She would not trust the holocaust to accident, neither would she deprive herself of a sad pleasure in reading over the expressions of a whole existence devoted to her, until she felt distinctly that the last days of her own drew near.

In the rest of his letters, it is impossible not to see that the writer was mistrustful of himself. Nervously sensitive in writing to others, he trembled often at their high educational position, critical acuteness, and logical perception. He felt that he was writing to his literary superiors, the very eminence of whom weighed down the pupil—*artes infra se positas*—he was never quite at his ease. This is not the case in his letters, such as remain, to Mrs. Stewart. The false pride which conceals weaknesses is disarmed by the certainty of a woman's sympathy. The instinctive dread of incurring the ridicule of affectation or sentimentality often drives men into contrary extremes, and hides, under the garb of rudeness, irony, or persiflage, those gentler emotions, that real earnestness, that seriousness which are unbosomed to a woman, who hails, with approving smiles, their existence and expression. Again, a woman's love for detail, her patience in listening, encourages the fullest unburdening of the pent-up soul. She is rivetted with breathless curiosity in the exposure of the secret springs, the, to her, mysterious processes, by which the stronger sex is influenced. All these exhibitions are anticipated and discounted by men ere detailed, and, if continued, are listened to with coldness and *ennui*. But women submit readily to be bored by clever men, and, since the days of Omphale, are well pleased to see the lords of the creation prostrate or spinning (even *long yarns*) at their feet; and men fly, in moments of sorrow, to their soothing ministry; they rely on the tenderness of touch, the delicacy with which the balm will be poured into the festering

* Her marriage was after this wise. When Miss Cranstoun, she had written a poem, which was accidentally shown by her cousin, Lord Lothian to Mr. Stewart, then his private tutor, and unknown to fame. The philosopher was so enraptured with the perusal, and so warm in his commendations, that authoress and critic fell in love by Scotch second sight, before their first, and in due time were made one.

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wound. They trust to woman's tact, to her felicity in saying the little word at the right time. The man is off his guard, and betrays the secret of his strength or weakness; no glance of the eye, no curl of the lip, no remark shot unawares from the secret quiver of his heart, escapes a woman, which, in the generalizing, careless commerce of man with man, would be overlooked; hence, we suspect, the superior insight into character which such a woman as Mrs. Dugald Stewart must necessarily have obtained—and hence the secret of her paramount influence over those who approached her, and particularly over a man constituted as was her young friend.—*Quarterly Review*, No. CXXXIII.

THE FRANCISCAN FRIARS, ROME.

During my sojourn in Rome, my time was pretty equally divided among the beautiful churches of the modern city, and the crumbling remains of ancient grandeur.

One morning, taking my usual stroll, I entered the church attached to the convent of the Franciscan Friars. I always felt a penchant for this establishment, which arose, doubtless, from seeing its gates surrounded by crowds of half-famished poor, who flocked thither to receive the accustomed hospitality of the benevolent monks,—for it is the usage of the Franciscan Friars in Rome, to distribute soup daily at noon to all who go to demand it; and it is a pleasing sight to behold the hundreds of poor creatures who receive their daily meal, perhaps, in many cases forming their whole support, at the low-arched gateway of the monastery.

I had frequently attended the morning service in the Franciscan church; there was something peculiarly attractive to me in the low chanting of the Friars, and it was a beautiful sight to see the brethren in their brown frocks, and with sandalled feet, winding along the majestic aisles of their venerable church. I liked the Franciscan fathers, their manner was so meek and unassuming, and yet so kind and courteous, that I could not but admire their order and all that concerned them.

On the morning in question I entered the church, as I had done many times before; but I had never witnessed the heart-touching ceremony which was performed that day.

I perceived, as soon as I had passed the beautiful porch, that something was enacting there different from the usual service, and on entering the church, I saw one of the monks laid as if in sleep upon a sort of couch in the centre of the aisle. He wore the same garb as the rest of the brethren; but his hands were crossed upon his breast, and in his right he held a crucifix. Flowers were strewed over him, and his countenance was expressive of the sweetest repose. Was he then sleeping there? yes, for the friar's penitential life had ended, and the ashy whiteness of that mild face, declared the father slept to wake no more! The surviving brethren were standing around the bier, and chanting the litanies of the dead in low wailing tones of simple but touching sweetness. And from many an aged eye I saw the tear of sorrow fall.

The departed monk was evidently mourned,—indeed, it was impossible for a stranger to look on that still, placid countenance unmoved,—a sweet smile played around those lips which were now for ever closed; and a more beautiful corpse could not be seen than that of the humble friar on his lowly bier;—no gaudy trappings were there, no sable plumes were there displayed, a few sweet flowers alone formed the Franciscan's pall. I lingered long by the still side of death. I awaited the end of the requiem, and after the monks had all returned to the interior of their monastery, I still remained alone with the departed, and left him at last with but lingering steps. A more placid or sweeter sight dwells not in my remembrance.

Laura C. R—s.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

[*From the Charivari, as given in The Times.*]

It is the nature of man to be doing; whatever may be his age and his position, he must have an occupation of some sort, whether physical or intellectual; I do not believe in the possibility of absolute idleness, not even in the dependents on the charity of the *liste-civile*.

I have not chosen this theme in order to discuss it at length: heaven preserve me from it, and you also, reader! That which you may have mistaken for the grave introduction to a learned dissertation, was nothing more than a reflection into which I was led while contemplating from my window an excellent and worthy neighbour of mine, M. Fromageot.

This respectable *pater familias*, of whom I will not say that age had whitened his venerable locks, seeing that for the last ten years his head had cast off that ornament as a superfluity which hairdressers and bear's grease had rendered too expensive, not long since exercised the profession of haberdasher, in the Rue St. Denis, the favoured quarter of this useful class. His ledgers were well filled, and kept with scrupulous exactitude; but he had a clerk to whom these delicate functions were exclusively consigned. From morn to dewy eve his shop was crowded with purchasers; but here, again, he kept apprentices, whose duty it was to unfold, exhibit, and refold his wares. M. Fromageot had reserved for himself no special task but that, as he expressed himself, of keeping an eye on every thing, meaning that he spent the whole day in circulating, with his hands in his breeches-pockets, from the shop to the counter, from the counter to the shop, stimulating with a word or a look the activity of his men, who, notwithstanding, performed their duties nei-

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ther better nor worse. Nevertheless, Madame Fromageot, a lady who, from time to time, does me the honour to exchange remarks on the state of the temperature, or the demand for night-caps, does not remember a single instance, during the last twenty years, of her husband going to bed without exclaiming, "What a weary life! When shall I be able to retire from business and repose myself!" But this is the accustomed exclamation of all who labour to gain a living or save a competency; and I have further observed, that the moment this retirement has arrived, they all look on the repose so long the object of their wishes in about the same light as M. Fromageot.

Would you know how my neighbour enjoys his repose now that he is shut up in a charming little country-house, where all the comforts of existence are to be found? This is what I have witnessed from the first day of the year to the last.

At four in the morning in summer, at seven in winter, M. Fromageot throws himself from a bed of thrice-driven down; he puts on a blouse, steps into an enormous pair of *sabots*, defends his head with a nightcap striped blue and white, heaps upon his shoulder a spade, a pickaxe, a rake, a pitchfork, and a dibber, takes up a large basket, wherein are methodically arranged his cabbage, salad, and strawberry plants, and away he trudges to his garden. There he sticks for twelve or fifteen hours, his spine continually bent, making holes in the ground, tracing furrows, planting endive and lettuce, weeding beans, digging potatoes, with all the ardour of the most inveterate market-gardener. Think not that he allows himself the least cessation to his labours. Yesterday he was picking caterpillars from his plum-trees; to-day he is renewing a border of thyme, which is not more than 600 feet in length; to-morrow he will have to drive 2,000 nails to trail his vines and peach-trees. Though the wind blow with all its fury, though the rain pour down in torrents, though the sun dart his vertical rays on him, though the hairs of his beard stiffen with the sleet of January, he is stanch to his post, stanch as a brave soldier on the field of glory; a visit from his dearest friend could not induce him to forego one stroke of his spade; and if, peradventure, the temptation of satisfying his vanity should lead him for a few moments from his work, in order to display with pride his gigantic pumpkin to an admiring amateur, or to recount the history of some marvellous graft, he would take care, on going to bed, to advance his alarum one hour, that he might, as he would say, recover lost time. He often forgets his breakfast hour, and the same thing would happen with his dinner, were it not that his wife, after having in vain called him two or three times, tears him almost by force from his well-beloved plantations.

When a violent storm, or a hard frost, renders all gardening operations impracticable, and condemns M. Fromageot to keep within doors, the poor man really looks like a perturbed spirit; he wanders fretfully from one room to another, descends into the cellar, goes up into the garret, quarrels with his wife, scolds his servant, until he is struck, as with lightning, with the brilliant idea of splitting wood, or making a new railing for his rabbit-hutch.

For such repose has M. Fromageot amassed franc on franc for the last twenty years, until he has realized a capital of 200,000f., and he reckons on enjoying this sweet repose for the next thirty years, unless it procure him some inflammation of the chest to carry him off prematurely.

Thus M. Fromageot, after reposing all the while he fancied he was working, works all the while he fancies he is reposing. It is the history of many of his fellow-men.

THE LOVE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

A BALLAD, FOUNDED ON FACTS.

[*For the Mirror.*]

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.

To the land of his sires, our sea-girt isle,
The young East Indian came,
And friends and kin with welcome smile,
Proclaim'd how prized his name!
All throng'd around to greet and aid,
Each wish to realize,
Whilst at his call, a menial maid
Waited, with downcast eyes!

From scene to scene they hurried him,
To join in pleasure's crowd,
Till his limbs grew weak, his eyes wax'd dim,
And in sickness sad he bow'd!
They anxious call'd the Leech's aid,
But night and day there watch'd,
Around his couch that menial maid,
With constancy unmatch'd!

Restor'd to health, time, circling by,
The hour of parting brought,—
Friends bade farewell, kin breath'd a sigh,
That humble girl said nought,
He press'd her hand, he touch'd her cheek,
She gaz'd, as if unmov'd—
He went—she gave one piercing shriek,
And MADNESS told she *loved*!

The circumstances of this Ballad are, alas! no fiction. About the year 1780, a young East Indian, whose name was Dupree, sought his "Father-Land" to visit a distant relation, a merchant then residing on Fish Street Hill. During the young man's stay, he was waited on by the servant of the House, a country girl, Rebecca Griffiths, chiefly remarkable for the plainness of her person, and the quiet meekness of her manners. The circuit of pleasure run, and yawning again for home, the visitor, at length, prepared for his departure: the chaise came to the door, and shaking of hands, with tenderer salutations, adieus, and farewells, followed in the usual abundance. Rebecca, in whom an extraordinary depression had, for some days previously been perceived, was in attendance,

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to help to pack the luggage. The leave-taking of friends and relations at length completed, with a guinea squeezed into his humble attendant's hand, and a brief "God bless you, Rebecca!" the young man sprung into the chaise, the driver smacked his whip, and the vehicle was rolling rapidly out of sight, when a piercing shriek from Rebecca, who had stood to all appearance vacantly gazing on what had passed, alarmed the family, then retiring into the house. They hastily turned round: to their infinite surprise Rebecca was seen wildly following the chaise. She was rushing with the velocity of lightning along the middle of the road, her hair streaming in the wind, and her whole appearance that of a desperate maniac! Proper persons were immediately dispatched after her, but she was not secured till she had gained the Borough; when she was taken up in a state of incurable madness. The mother of the author of this Ballad went to see her in Bedlam, a short time before she died there. The guinea *he* had given her—her richest treasure—her only wealth—she never suffered, in her remainder life, to quit her hand: she grasped it still more firmly in her dying moments, and, at her request, in the last gleam of returning reason—the lightning before death—it was buried with her. There was a tradition in Bedlam that, through the heartless cupidity of her keeper, it was sacrilegiously wrenched from her, and that her ghost might be seen, every night, gliding through the dreary cells of that melancholy building, in search of her lover's gift, and mournfully asking the glaring maniacs for her lost guinea.

It was Mr. Dupree's only consolation, after her death, that the excessive homeliness of her person, and her retiring air and manners, had never even suffered him to indulge in the most trifling freedom with her. She had loved hopelessly and in secret, and paid its forfeiture with sense and life.

LOVE'S VAGARIES.

A CERTAIN young lady formed an attachment with a young man, who was passionately fond of her. Marriage was secretly agreed upon between the loving pair. But their intercourse was soon discovered by the lady's father, who, greatly incensed, locked the fair offender in her own chamber, with the view of cutting off all communication between her and the amorous youth. The poor girl became distracted, while her lover was in despair. But who can turn aside the course of true affection? The imprisoned maiden found means to have a small slip of paper conveyed to her adorer; upon it was written the single word "Stripes." The gentleman was at first greatly bewildered. In a literal sense, the hideous monosyllable led him to imagine that his beloved mistress was suffering torture from the hands of her tyrannical parent. He felt desperate—yet he considered the word over and over again. He divided it into single letters, and disposed them in various ways. At length, to his great joy, he succeeded in forming with the seven letters the word *persist*. He was no longer in despair; he persisted in his suit, all difficulties were finally overcome, and he was happily married to the object of his love. G. W. N.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THIS most extraordinary man deserves a Life to be writ of him in letters of burning gold. Leonardo's mind was, perhaps, one of the divinest that universal intelligence ever detached from itself. Vastitude and variety were its characteristics. Michael Angelo was a spirit also of lofty and comprehensive views. His mind could embrace not only the three practical arts in their perfection, but the contemplative one, poetry. His mind was possessed of that mental supremacy which had to descend from "the upper region," to the line of its particular pursuit. Angelo's mind was above his works in all four; his genius evidently descended to the dome of St. Peter's, the monument of Julius, to the Sistine, and to his sonnets; its proper sphere was the Dantean, from which only the reverential rage for art at his epoch drew him down. Comparing Leonardo with this antagonist and contemporary, we might say that Buonarotti soared to greater altitudes, while Leonardo took more spacious wing. Michael was an eagle, perpetually hovering over his own solitudes, however near he approached the sun; Leonardo might be likened to that fabulous bird, whose restless eyrie is the whole circumambient sky.

But confining ourselves here to his professional merits, this great artist may be called the foundation and fountain-head of all excellence in modern painting—the Cimabue of its perfection. With him originated the new Florentine school of design, whence all power in the art spread through Italy; Michael Angelo himself was Leonardo's creature. Nor did the substance of the former's inward man exist in that of the latter, merely as the statue in the stone, but obtained its life, and moving principle, and energic faculties there, as the son from the loins of the parent. It was well-known that Michael's chief strength lay in design; this was the very pith of his executive power; and this it was that enabled his two-handed chisel to scalp out such prodigies in marble, his gigantic pencil to paint, like an ecliptic shadow, such dark and portentous phenomena on the Sistine walls. Certainly, from his old schoolmaster Ghirlandajo, he derived those severe rudiments of drawing, which are yet a lesson (if it could be learned) in the mighty portraitures of the choir at St. Maria Novella; but still his wrestle with art was a labour of the Hercules in swaddles. From Leonardo, his tacit instructor, he acqui-

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red those new secrets, which were the seed of his ultimate strength, the main-spring of his future mightiness. Nature gave him his "terrible hand," but Leonardo taught him to use it.

There are some, however, who do not relish the style of either master—panado-fed people, who should never go to a gallery without fans and fainting-salts. Some of these have eyes so childish as always to fear a painted dagger; some delicate creatures, who, as if they had been reared in a muff, like lapdogs, turn tail at the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, as they would at the real one: and make a pusillanimous *bow-wow* at the Medusa, as if it were a Golgotha fresh turned up. Why yes! we have heard the prophets and sibyls called "horrid," by those with whom the *sine quâ non* of a first-rate painter is, that he should have no bone in his mind, or that, at least, it should be marrowless. The sublime, to please them, must have a certain Carlo-dolcezza about it—blood must be painted *couleur de rose*, anguish in locks dishevelled by the hair-dresser, and death itself only given a pathetic mother-of-pearl ghastliness. This cowardice of taste this effeminacy—is too distinctive of our nation in the fine arts.

Da Vinci as an artist is supreme. Many of his brethren equal or exceed him in pathos, or some one line of expression, but none in painting the soul upon the face under its various modifications. We do not recollect the portrait of Raffaelle's which exhibits such a play of life and thought and mind upon the features, as that of Monna Lisa. We look in vain through the whole Vatican for such an assemblage of heads as those of the Cena, all so pregnant with character, all diversified with individuality, yet eleven of them animated with the same sentiment. Raffaelle's older heads cannot compare with these in point of mental development, so deep, true, varied, and refined; in his younger, we have the still-recurring amiable smile, the sweet open brow, grace, grace, grace everlasting; but in none so much of the mind's construction displayed, as in the "bel sorriso" of Da Vinci. Sameness may, perhaps, be predicated of both, but Raffaelle's is the sameness of outward beauty, Leonardo's of inward. This delineation of mental portraits is what may be called the metaphysic of painting, and Leonardo derived it from his profound knowledge of the human heart. Solemn dunces have denounced his love of caricature as derogatory to genius; wherefore? Because they could not see that sketches of this kind were, with him, stereotypes of transient feelings, caught at the moment, to preserve them for use, and caught in their most exaggerated forms from the most *bizarre* countenances, which acted as magnifiers of expression. Those are the dunces that would call Nature herself a low-lived jade, because she finds the elements of her noblest creation in the dust.

In the royal collection at Florence, hangs, among some hundred faces graduating through the various steps of gentility, one portrait, not only at the summit of both other artists, but with an air, so far above all around it, as to seem degraded even by sovereignty over a tribe of painter visages. It might be that of a prince, a high-priest, and a prophet. The noble beauty of its contours, the commanding stillness of its mien, its silver-flowing beard, and the far-sightedness of its eye, bespeak one by his mind at least made royal, the philosophic seer, the poet, the lustre of that world where he shone among thousand other lights. It is the portrait of Leonardo da Vinci, and painted by himself, the finest portrait and portraiture there.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

[SIBYL leaves still fly about the world, which have been inscribed by magic fingers with wild and melodious old truths. Towards the decipherment of them, however, no black-vestured pundit is needed, but an ignorant Zinghana or gypsey, will read them you as she runs. Up and down Berkshire of late wandered one of these sun-browned damsels, and, while standing, like a picture of an Ethiopic summer-girl among the cold snows, chanted the following rude and imperfect, but, nevertheless, curious recitative:—]

(*From the Literary Gazette.*)

TUNE.—"*My Peggy is a Wee Thing.*"

Oh! Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
And he married Mary
From the land of Galilee.
Oft after he married her,
How warm he were abroad,
Then Mary and Joseph
Walk'd down to the garden school,
Then Mary spied a cherry,
As red as any blood,—
Brother Joseph, pluck the cherry,
For I am with child,
Let him pluck the cherry, Mary,
As is father to the child.
Then our blessed Saviour spoke,
From his mother's womb,—
Mary shall have cherries,
And Joseph shall have none.
From the high bough, the cherry tree
Bow'd down to Mary's knee,—
Then, Mary pluck't the cherry,
By one, two, and three.
They went a little further,
And heard a great din,
God bless our sweet Saviour,
Our heaven's love in.
Our Saviour was not rocked
In silver or in gold,
But in a wooden cradle,
Like other babes all.
Our Saviour was not christened
In white wine or in red,
But in some spring water,
Like other babes all.

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The Public Journals.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW: June—Sept. 1840.

[FAR-OFF shores are sure to show purple, and distance lends loveliness to the aridest shore. Yet do not emigration-fields always prove Hesperian; and many who have quested after them as golden-fruited gardens, whose aureate apples were to be had for the bare plucking, have been sorely discomposed at last—for they forgot the dragon.

But, understanding their fable-book better, practical and unimaginative people, looking for no ready-created phantasm, went to work upon the hard and intractable soils encountered (which were, in truth, the actual dragon), and by dint of sweat and labour, made *themselves* creators thereout of the 'golden tree'—themselves Hesperides to sing around it.

'Emigration,' in the Westminster Review, supplies the consecutive extracts:—]

Present State of the better Classes.

Whilst the labouring class of the present day in England are perpetually subject to "insufficient wages, and excessive toil," the middle class—that is, all between those who, having nothing but their hands, work for hire, and those whom wealth removes from the necessity of exerting either bodily or mental—are carrying on a perpetual struggle to maintain their position in society. These have been aptly called by a recent writer "the uneasy class." Take the professional, agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial classes, it will be found that all but a wealthy few are engaged in a perpetual struggle to maintain themselves in the position of society to which they belong, but from which numbers are continually thrust by the superior energies of their fellows. That there is not room for all is obvious to all, and this necessarily induces a struggle of painful intensity.

"The difficulty of providing for a family" is a form of complaint, in which the uneasiness of even the more fortunate and wealthy portion of the class is frequently made manifest. A difficulty which even brings the aristocracy within the uneasy class.

"What," says the author of "England and America," "What are the sons to do when grown up, if grown up? The army?—pay for a commission, and then, unless you belong to the spending class, look upon promotion as hopeless. In the navy, candidates for promotion are quite as redundant as in the army. The church?—buy a living, or else your son must struggle, and may struggle in vain too, with a host of needy competitors for miserable curacies. The law, medicine, trade?—all full—overflowing; while the last, whether agricultural, manufacturing, or commercial, requires a large capital, or it will bring uneasiness, perhaps bankruptcy. A place under government?—yes, perhaps, if you are the parasite of a great man, &c. But, if a man of fixed income, his income being small or moderate, be troubled to provide for his sons, how to provide for his daughters is a more perplexing question. The first, no, the second point is to get married; the first point is to prevent them from marrying into a lower, which commonly means into a poorer rank than that in which they were born. The first point is generally effected during childhood, when every day and almost every hour of the day something happens to impress them with a fear of such degradation as attaches to imprudent marriages. The second purpose being subject to the first, becomes extremely difficult. If the girl have a fortune, she would belong to Captain Hall's spending class; we suppose her to have no fortune, except beauty, tenderness, modesty, and good sense. Who will take her as a wife, that she will take as a husband? She may by chance, or rather, her mother may by dint of great toil and management, catch one of the spending class; but this would be an exception to the general rule. The general rule with the daughters of men of small incomes, whether fixed or not, is a choice between celibacy and marriage with one of the uneasy class. Now a great proportion of young men of the uneasy class dread marriage, unless there be fortune in the case, as the surest means of increasing their embarrassment. This is one of the most important features in the social state of England. There is not in the world a more deplorable sight than a fine brood of English girls turning into old maids one after the other; first reaching the bloom of beauty, full of health, spirits, and tenderness; next striving anxiously, aided by their mother, to become honourable and happy wives; then fretting, growing thin, pale, listless, and cross; at last, if they do not go mad or die of consumption, seeking consolation in the belief of an approaching millennium, or in the single pursuit of that happiness in another world, which this world has denied to them.

Evil of great Land-grants.

The first grant of the colony established at the Swan River, in 1829, consisted of 500,000 acres to an individual, Mr. Peel. That grant was marked out upon the map in England; 500,000 acres were taken round about the port or landing-place. It was quite impossible for Mr. Peel to cultivate 500,000 acres, or a hundredth part of the grant; but others were of course necessitated to go beyond this grant, in order to take their land. So that the first operation in that colony was to create a great desert, to mark out a large tract of land, and to say, "This is a desert,—no man shall come here; no man shall cultivate this land." So far dispersion was produced, because upon the terms Mr. Peel obtained his land, land was given to the others. The governor took another 100,000 acres, another person took 30,000 acres, and the dispersion was so great, that, at last, the settlers did not know where they were; that is, each settler knew that he was where he was, but he could not tell where any one else was; and, there-

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fore he did not know his own position. This was why some people died of hunger; for, though there was an ample supply of food at the governor's house, the settlers did not know where the governor was, and the governor did not know where the settlers were. Then, besides the evils resulting from dispersion, there occurred almost a greater one, the separation of the people, and the want of combinable labour. The labourers, on finding out that land could be obtained with the greatest facility, the labourers taken out under contracts, under engagements which assured them of very high wages, if they would labour during a certain time for wages, immediately laughed at their masters. Mr. Peel carried altogether about three hundred persons, men, women, and children. Of those three hundred persons, about sixty were able labouring men. In six months after his arrival, he had nobody even to make his bed for him, or to fetch his water from the river. He was obliged to make his own bed, and to fetch water for himself, and to light his own fire. All the labourers had left him. The capital, therefore, which he took out, viz., implements of husbandry, seeds and stock, immediately perished; without shepherds to take care of the sheep, the sheep wandered and were lost; eaten by the native dogs; killed by the natives, and some of the other colonists, very likely by his own workmen, but they were destroyed. His seeds perished on the beach; his houses were of no use; his wooden houses were there in frame, in pieces, but could not be put together, and were therefore quite useless, and rotted on the beach. Falling themselves into the greatest distress, the workmen at last returned to their master; but then Mr. Peel said, "All my capital is gone, you have ruined me by deserting me, and you now insist on my observing my engagements, when you yourselves have deprived me of the means of doing so." They wanted to hang him, and he ran away to a distance, where he secreted himself for a time, till they were carried off to Van Dieman's land.

Topographical Gleanings.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CHURCHES AT DUNDEE.

At five o'clock on the morning of January 3d last, the inhabitants of Dundee witnessed the entire destruction of three of their churches. The fire originated from a stove in a passage between the steeple and South Churches; the fire ran with the speed of lightning along the galleries of the church, and the pulpit, made a mass of fire, communicated with the back part of the church, which was soon overwhelmed by flame. At the same moment the venerable Cathedral caught. Next the Cross Church, forming a limb of the cross in which the churches are built, became one volume of fire. About half-past six, the three churches, from the base to the pinnacle, were wrapped in flames. Very narrowly, the Steeple Church escaped, and the peal of the alarm bells from its interior, added to the grandeur of the spectacle. The three churches are almost entirely ruined. The East Church, or Cathedral, is a complete wreck; the fine gothic arches, with their supports, are destroyed, and the only articles rescued were the silver communion service, and the records of the Presbytery of Dundee; a valuable library, composed of many works of the fathers of the church in Greek and Latin, is wholly lost. The damage done to the churches is estimated at between 30,000*l.* and 40,000*l.*

It would almost appear as if severe visitations were alighting on our churches. During the violent storm on the same day as the above calamity happened, the steeple of Streatham Church was nearly destroyed; as also that of Spitalfield's Church, Middlesex.

MATHEWS, A SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

(*From Bentley's Miscellany, January*, 1841.)

Mathews once acted as a Spanish ambassador; a frolic which was enacted by him at an inn at Dartford. The account was written by the late Mr. Hill, who took part in the freak, acting as Mathews' interpreter. He called it his "Recollections of his Excellency the Spanish ambassador's visit to Captain Selby, on board the Prince Regent, one of his Majesty's frigates stationed at the Nore, by the Interpreter."

The party hired a private coach, of large capacity, and extremely showy, to convey them to Gravesend as the *suite* of Mathews, who personated an ambassador from Madrid to the English government, and four smart lads, who were entrusted with the secret by the payment of a liberal fee. The drivers proved faithful to their promise. When they arrived at the posting-house at Dartford, one of the drivers dismounted, and communicated to the innkeeper the character of the nobleman (Mathews) inside the coach, and that his mission to London had been attended with the happiest result. The report spread through Dartford like wildfire, and in about ten minutes the carriage (having by previous arrangement been detained) was surrounded by at least two hundred people, all with cheers and gratulations anxious to gain a view of the important personage, who, decked out with nearly twenty different stage-jewels, representing sham orders, bowed with obsequious dignity to the assembled multitude. It was settled that the party should dine and sleep at the Falcon tavern, Gravesend, where a sumptuous dinner was provided for his Excellency and *suite*. Previously, however, to dinner-time, and to heighten the joke, they promenaded the town and its environs, followed by a large congregation of men, women, and children at a respectful distance, all of

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whom preserved the greatest decorum. The interpreter (Mr. Hill) *seemed* to communicate and explain to the ambassador whatever was of interest in their perambulation. On their return to the inn the crowd gradually dispersed. The dinner was served in a sumptuous style, and two or three additional waiters, dressed in their holiday clothes, were hired for the occasion.

The ambassador, by medium of his interpreter, asked for two soups, and a portion of four different dishes of fish, with oil, vinegar, mustard, pepper, salt, and sugar, in the same plate, which *apparently* to the eyes of the waiters, and their utter astonishment and surprise, he eagerly devoured. The waiters had been cautioned by one of the *suite* not to notice the manner in which his excellency ate his dinner, lest it should offend him, and their occasional absence from the room gave Mathews or his companion an opportunity of depositing the incongruous medley in the ashes under the grate—a large fire having been provided. The ambassador continued to mingle the remaining viands, during dinner, in a similar heterogeneous way. The chamber in which his excellency slept was brilliantly illuminated with wax-candles, and in one corner of the room a table was fitted up, under the direction of one of the party, to represent an oratory, with such appropriate apparatus as could best be procured. A private sailing-barge was moored at the stairs by the fountain early the next morning, to convey the ambassador and his attendants to the prince regent at the Nore. The people again assembled in vast multitudes to witness the embarkation. Carpets were placed on the stairs at the water's edge, for the state and comfort of his excellency; who, the instant he entered the barge, turned round, and bade a grateful farewell to the multitude, at the same time placing his hand upon his bosom, and taking off his huge cooked hat. The captain of the barge, a supremely illiterate, good-humoured cockney, was introduced most ceremoniously to the ambassador, and purposely placed on his right hand. It is impossible to describe the variety of absurd and extravagant stratagems practised on the credulity of the captain by Mathews, and with consummate success, until the barge arrived in sight of the king's frigate, which by a previous understanding recognised the ambassador by signals. The officers were all dressed in full uniform, and prepared to receive him. When on board, the whole party threw off their disguises, and were entertained by Captain Selby with a splendid dinner, to which the lieutenants of the ship were invited. After the banquet, Mathews, in his own character, kept the company in a high state of merriment by his incomparable mimic powers for more than ten hours, incorporating with admirable effect the entire narrative of the journey to Gravesend, and his "acts and deeds" at the Falcon. Towards the close of the feast, and about half an hour before the party took their departure, in order to give the commander and his officers a "touch of his quality," Mathews assumed his ambassadorial attire, and the captain of the barge, still in ignorance of the joke, was introduced into the cabin, between whom and his excellency an indescribable scene of rich burlesque was enacted. The party left the ship for Gravesend at four o'clock in the morning. Mathews, in his "habit as he lived," with the addition of a pair of spectacles, which he had a peculiar way of wearing to conceal his identity, even from the most acute observer. Mathews again resumed his station by the side of the captain, as a person who had left the frigate for a temporary purpose. The simple captain recounted to Mathews all that the Spanish ambassador had enacted, both in his transit from Gravesend to the Nore, and whilst he (the captain) was permitted to join the festive board in the cabin, related with singular fidelity, and to the great amusement of the original party, who, during the whole of this ambassadorial excursion, never lost their gravity, except when they were left to themselves. They landed at Gravesend, and from thence departed to London, luxuriating upon the hoax until they reached home, and for many a year after.

A YELLOW COAT.

[*From Captain Marryatt's "Poor Jack."*]

[The smart old Gascon wit, which once amused so much, appears to be now *passé*, but the cerule-coated Greenwichers have adopted the vein. The Trident on the seas is a sternlooking object, but in the court-yards of Greenwich, it is tossed about in sport.]

DICK HARNESS AND THE YELLOW COAT.

"Among my father's associates there was a man of about forty years of age,—Dick Harness by name. He had received a wound in the hip, from a grape shot; and his leg having in consequence contracted, it occasioned him to limp very much; but he was as strong and hearty in all other respects as a man could be. He was a very merry fellow, full of jokes; and if any one told a story, which was at all verging on the marvellous, he was sure to tell another which would be still more incredible. He played the fiddle, and sang to his own accompaniments, which were very droll, as he extracted very strange noises from his instrument; sometimes his bow would be on the wrong side of the bridge, sometimes down at the keys; besides which he produced sounds by thumping the fiddle as well as by touching its strings, as a guitar; indeed, he could imitate, in a certain way, almost every instrument, and most of the noises made by animals. He had one fault, for which he used to be occasionally punished; which was, he was too fond of the bottle; but he was a great favourite, and therefore screened by the men,

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and as much as possible overlooked by the officers. The punishment for a pensioner getting drunk, was at that time being made to wear a yellow instead of a blue coat, which made a man look very conspicuous. I recollect one day he had the yellow coat on, when a party of ladies and gentlemen came to see the Hospital. Perceiving that he was drest so differently from the other pensioners, one of the ladies' curiosity was excited; and at last she called him to her and said:—

"Pray, my good man, why do you wear a yellow coat, when the other pensioners have blue ones?"

"Bless your handsome face, ma'am!" replied Dick, "don't you really kuow?"

"No, indeed!" replied she.

"Well then, ma'am, perhaps you may have heard of the glorious battle of the Nile, in which Nelson gave the French such a drubbing?"

"O, yes!" cried all the ladies and gentlemen, who had now crowded about him.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, I had the good fortune to be in that great victory; and all we *Nilers*, as we are called, are permitted to wear a yellow coat as a mark of distinction, while the common pensioners wear nothing but blue."

"Dear me!" said the lady, "and do I really speak to one of those brave fellows who fought at the battle of the Nile?" and she put her hand into her pocket, and pulled out five shillings.

"There," said she, "I hope you'll not be affronted, but accept this from me."

"Not at all, ma'am," replied Dick, pocketing the money.

Then the whole party made a subscription for him, and Dick went off with a handful of silver.

JOHNSON.

JOHNSON'S reputation arose from two sources; one of which, *genius*, may be called legitimate, the other, *character*, must be held factitious. By "character" we mean that marked individualism, or emphasis of disposition, which distinguishes some men more or less from all the rest, and among themselves. Mere temperament would have made Johnson a country notable had he been a brainless squire, or fat-witted yeoman. His surliness and rugged bigotry of resolution, in rectitude as well as in error—the determination to overwhelm and swamp with the torrent of all his powers whatever opposed him—his morbid melancholy, scornful and cynic humour, his pride of heart, and indifference to common forms—those very defects upon which, as harsh hinges, his own character turned, made him remarkable from the first, and impressed every one about him with awe, if not admiration. Many other things, as well as character, contributed to break him a way into notice; his enormity of person had its influence; his ponderous and impending look, while he swung to and fro in meditation; or the heavy slouch of his gait while he bore right on like a man-of-war reeling deeply under the pressure of the gale; who could behold that massive front, and purblind fixedness of gaze, without feeling his attention rivetted?

We are convinced that character and personal demeanour have much to do in making literary reputation. Alone, indeed, character effects nought of this kind; but joined with a little talent, it wins more fame—intellectual fame—than a great deal of talent without it. And this conjunction it is, of much character and some talent, that forms the passing idols of the literary world; a succession of which it must have to keep its frankincense from going out, and its voice for *Te Deum* in tune.

As a moralist and domestic philosopher, he is, even when most earnest, far behind Bacon in depth, no less than loftiness of thought, for the latter seems often to reach his lights from heaven. But Johnson had the greatest fault a moralist can be charged with; he was not always in earnest, he often trifled with the sacred cause of verity to gain a poor triumph, or eke out a sonorous period. Bacon felt himself too much in the presence of Divine illumination not to be ever serious and sincere. The grand distinction between these two philosophers is, that Bacon uttered his maxims for the simple love of truth, Johnson for the glory of the saying. We cannot admit it a defence, that Boswell and others came to Bolt-court for drachms and pennyweights of opinion as clowns to a village apothecary for panaceas at sight; he would not have been thus consulted. or driven to the hollow solemnities of speech, but that his vanity prompted him to set up as an infallible doctor.

His influence on our language was beneficial, though not precisely as he supposed and many still think. That exotic and sesquipedalian style must be pronounced a monstrous metamorphosis of English speech; but, however Babylonish it might have made our written dialect, it gave strikingness to what had long been trivial, force to what had lost all *verve* and virility. Oftentimes, however, by way of giving it dignity, he bolstered it up with swollen terms, and endeavoured to make it musical by a rumbling magnificence of diction.

Johnsonian phraseology, however, has this to render it precious, that it was in character with the man, if not with his mother-tongue. He shone, too, as an argumentator, and those ponderous words suited his mouth as huge bomb-shells do that of a mortar. They were crushing and confounding. But with him began and ended the propriety of his style, only not risible when he used it, because in the hands of a bear the ragged staff is fearful as well as burlesque—it became preposterous when taken up by apes, who, attempting to

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mimic his flourishes. broke their own heads with so cumbersome a weapon.

He will be ever dear to the English nation, because such a type of itself. With the exception of wit, for which, as a people, we are not famous, his was the English character in large—its weaknesses and powers, blemishes and beauties, swelled out to colossal dimensions. No country, save England, could have produced a Johnson, a Hogarth, or a Cobbett.

"I AM HERE, MOTHER!"

A CHINESE INCIDENT.

OUANG-OUEI-YUEN, having lost his mother, who was all that was dear to him, passed the three years of mourning in a hut, and employed himself in his retirement, in composing verses in honour of his mother, which are quoted as models of sentiment and tenderness.

The three years of his mourning having elapsed, he returned to his former residence, but did not therefore forget his filial affection.

His mother had ever expressed great apprehension of thunder, and, when it thundered, always requested her son not to leave her.

Therefore, as soon as he heard a storm coming on, he hastened to his mother's grave, saying softly to her, as though she could hear—*"I am here, mother!"*

The Gatherer.

Lord Chatham, in his last days, so governed the House by his consummate acting, that he folded his flannels round him like a toga, and awed his adversaries into silence by a sweep of his crutch.

Old lines on London:—

Gold and silver is the sheen
Of London town; no moulde is seen.

Ugly Faces.—Wilkes was so abominably ugly, that he said it always took him half-an-hour to talk away his face; and Mirabeau, speaking of his own countenance, said, "Fancy a tiger marked with the small-pox."

Mortality from Small-pox.—From July 1837 to Dec. 1839, Mr Farr has shown that the deaths from small-pox in the metropolis (*Lancet*, Nov. 1840,) amounted to 5186; the quarterly deaths rose from 257 to 1145; the increase was 445 per cent, or more than fourfold. The epidemic is now on the increase; 35, 54, 60, 58 have latterly died weekly. This is melancholy when we reflect that the disease might be arrested in *one week* by vaccination. *Five children*, at the very least are *destroyed daily* by small-pox in London.

Promenade Concerts.—Their popularity in England is a strong indication of the "fall and decline" of the drama.

A sentence by Massinger:—

"O my mistress, quench not
The holy fire within you, though temptation
Shower down upon you! clasp thine armour on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see after these wars,
Thy head wear sunbeams, and your feet touch stars."

Earthquake at Mount Ararat.—Such has been the abrupt shock experienced by some of the Armenian villages, that as yet, the inhabitants can only communicate with each other by means of ropes.—*St. Petersburgh Official Report.*

Nero's Portrait.—Nero had a canvas strained for a colossal portrait of himself, a hundred and twenty feet high, to overlook the city from the gardens of Marius; but the portrait was blasted by lightning before it was finished.

Hotel des Invalides.—The number of persons who visited the tomb of Napoleon at this place is thus estimated:—1st day, December 16,90,000;—2d day, 85,000;—3d day, 100,000;—4th day, 70,000;—5th day, 80,000;—6th day, 100,000;—7th day, 115,000;—8th day, 110,000;—9th day, December 23, 120,000.—Total 870,000 persons.

Highland Mary's Bible.—Mr. Weir, who was the temporary custodian of the bible of "Burns' sweetheart," recently presented this precious relic to Provost Limond, in presence of the magistrates and council at Ayr.—*Glasgow Courier.*

Asleep and Awake.—The time that men pass in sleep is various; General Elliott waked twenty hours, and slept four; De Moivre waked four and slept twenty.

The Chinese Aristocracy.—Beings formed of "the porcelain clay of the earth."

Ancient Trees of the Spanish Chesnut.—In Betchworth-park, near Dorking, there are some Spanish chesnut trees of extraordinary size and great age. No certain record exists of their age, but they are probably coeval with the first Betchworth castle, founded in 1377, when "John Fitzalan, second son to Richard, Earl of Arundel, had licence to embattle his manor-house here."—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

Lord Erskine's Points.—A gentleman, who has examined several of Erskine's briefs, informs us, that the notes and interlineations were few, but that particular parts were doubled down, and dashed with peculiar emphasis—his plan being to throw all his strength upon the grand features of the case, instead of frittering it away upon details.—*Quarterly Review*, No. CXXXIII.

Quackery.—It may be foolish to be rubbed with St. John Long's balsam, or to trust to the prayers of Prince Hohenlohe, but mankind do many things more foolish than these, and nothing can prevent them.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1043.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1841. [Price 2d

Frontage of the White Horse Inn, Chelsea.

Rearward of the above Premises.

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THE WHITE HORSE INN,

CHURCH-STREET, CHELSEA.

We present our readers with views of one of those interesting ancient hostelries (now of such rare occurrence in the immediate environs of London) it being too redolent of remembrances of days long since fled, not to be worthy of especial notice. Here did many a joyous thoughtless wight in "Bess's golden days" puff his pipe, and carol away the real and imaginary ills of life—here, "many's the time and oft," were the principal events, from the Spanish Armada to the Battle of Waterloo, *learnedly* argued by the village politicians—here, in by-gone times, did some of the brightest stars of English gentry refresh themselves, whilst vegetating in the once-favoured village of Chelsea—and here, too, did many a veteran from the neighbouring college, recount the dangers he had seen, and, "shouldering his crutch, shewed how fields were won."

How can we, then, but deplore the destruction of such-like vestiges, so pregnant with pleasing yet painful recollections!

The old White Horse stood on the west side of Church-lane, Chelsea, nearly opposite the church; and was composed of timber-work and plaster, with a heavy tiled roof. On the front extended three long windows, divided into many lights by transoms and mullions, and glazed in quarries. Its entrance was embellished with two grotesque brackets, formed of figures representing satyrs wearing turbands; and here, for many a live-long day,

> "They kept their impious turbands on, without
> Good-morrow to the sun."

The rearward of the premises was embellished with two large carved figures, particularly curious; one representing a female satyr with a bag-pipe; the other being a grotesque figure with wings.

The rooms on the ground-floor retained nothing of their former splendour, but in the apartments above were the old paneling, and carved chimney-pieces.

A gateway led into a court-yard, which had at one time buildings connected with the inn, extending round it.

A sign of a white horse, in an ornamented carved frame, hung over the front entrance, bearing the date of 1509; but we safely date the erection at about 1560.

The following is Mr. Faulkner's description of the above interesting building, in his valuable "History of Chelsea," vol. ii., p. 167:—

"*White Horse Inn.* This ancient house is built in the style which prevailed during the reigns of Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth; and is, perhaps, the only specimen of that period now remaining in this parish; the disposition of doors; the ancient paneling, and the various grotesque ornaments and carvings, especially of human figures, serving as brackets, are worthy of inspection, and present a striking contrast with the arrangements and fittings up of modern buildings. Before the reign of James I., the dwellings of common people were generally built of wood, rough cast, the timbers being of large dimensions, and sometimes in the better sort, much ornamented, the ceilings and outsides being decorated with figures, flowers, and other embellishments, in bas-relief. This is called "the old English style," and is, indeed, particularly picturesque. The high-pointed gable, the mullioned window, and wreathed chimney, harmonize most agreeably. Many buildings in the country still exist, curiously illustrative of the times in which they were erected: for even in these humble dwellings, distinct periods of art may be traced by the discerning antiquary, and elegant specimens discovered worthy of being rescued from the rude hands of some ignorant destroyer; but such was not the fate of the old White Horse Inn—a more ruthless innovator than man caused its demolition; for, on Monday morning, December 14, 1840, a fire broke out on the premises, which, in a short period, reduced this time-hallowed inn to a heap of ruins—a brother of the landlord unfortunately perishing in the flames; but fortunately Mr. Bale, the landlord, escaped. Mrs. Winter, the late possessor of these premises, followed Mr. Bale's example, and escaped, but with severe injuries: a female, also, residing in the upper part of the house, appeared with her three children at a window; she was encouraged by the crowd below to drop her three children into the street, which she did, following them without injury. The engines having promptly got into operation, and being judiciously placed, a powerful stream of water was poured upon the raging element, which soon subdued all fears of it extending farther. The old sign was burnt, but one of the carved figures has been preserved.

THE HARP OF THE MINSTREL.

The Poetry and Music by W. Hardy, Jun.

(*For the Mirror.*)

The harp of the minstrel lay silent awhile,
His soul was absorb'd in dark visions of woe!—
Though bitter his anguish and pensive his smile,
Once more do rich notes in full harmony flow.
Yet mournful the measure, and plaintive the air,
While the brow of the bard is o'ershadow'd with care!

A halo of glory around him now gleams,
The fire of his heart flashes forth from his eye;
His breast glows with rapture, for by those bright beams,
He knows that the angel of mercy is nigh.
The heart-thrilling cadence swells high on the air,—
His lov'd harp tells of triumph o'er grief and despair!

For while the deep shadows of death o'er him roll,
Yet rays from the fountain of love light his breast;
Bright seraphim whisper sweet peace to his soul,
And music immortal now hallows his rest!—
Hark! hark! their loud anthems of praise fill the air,
As the harp and the minstrel to heaven they bear!

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CHRISTMAS.

(*From Daniel's "Merrie England."*)

O WHY was England "merrie" call'd, I pray you tell me why?—
Because Old England merry was in merry times gone by!
She knew no dearth of honest mirth to cheer both son and sire,
But kept it up o'er wassail cup around the Christmas fire.

When fields were dight with blossoms white and leaves of lively green,
The May-pole rear'd its flow'ry head, and dancing round were seen
A youthful band, join'd hand in hand, with shoon and kirtle trim,
And softly rose the melody of Flora's morning hymn.

Her garlands, too, of varied hue the merry milkmaid wove,
And Jack the piper capricled within his dancing grove:
Will, Friar Tuck, and Little John, with Robin Hood their King,
Bold foresters! blythe choristers! made vale and mountain ring.

On every spray blooms lovely May, and balmy zephyrs breathe—
Ethereal splendour all above! and beauty all beneath!
The cuckoo's song the woods among sounds sweetly as of old;
As bright and warm the sunbeams shine,—and why should hearts grow cold?

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE COUNTRY.

1840.

(*For the Mirror.*)

THE rising sun his glittering radiance throws
On a bright surface of unsullied snows,
Where sparkling icicle, rimed twig and pane,
Catch the first ray and flash it back again.
The redbreast humbly seeks his morning dole
From those who, rough in speech, are kind in soul,
And love to see the gentle stranger come
To tap the sill, and peck the scattered crumb,
While cottage children stint their scanty food
In memory of the Children in the Wood,
When pitying Robins watch'd their lonely end,
And Robins thence shall never want a friend.

Blue smoke ascends from many a winter's hearth,
Dark forms are tracking many a winding path,
The matron, mother, and the blushing bride,
And the lone mourner pacing side by side,
With aged dame in hood and mantle red,
With tottering frame, bent back and palsied head;
Who sidelong looks with nod and hearty cheer,
And eyes the youngsters with a merry leer,
Who laughing, slip, and plunge, and wildering glide
Where hob-nailed shoes have worn the tempting slide.
In trooping ranks the Christmas askers call
At farm, and homestead, Parsonage, and Hall,
Where kindly greeting, sir, or madam stands,
Dispensing bounty with unsparing hands,
And smiles a welcome at the aspen door,
Nor light esteems the blessing of the poor.

The white-haired sexton now is bending seen
Beneath a high-piled load of evergreen,
To deck the ancient church in order due,
With coral-headed holly, box, and yew—
While the old man's uncertain footstep falls
In startling echoes on the silent walls.
The wintry sunbeam scarcely struggles there
Through shields heraldic and through legends rare,
Where uncouth labels tell of martyr'd saint,
And deep-dyed glass reveals devices quaint;
Gold, purple, azure, crimson, tinctured rich,
Resplendent stream on stall and fretted niche,
On gilded sconces, and on tarnish'd fringe,
And faded velvet with a kindred tinge,
On sacristy and choir, and roof embossed,
Till in some darkling nook the ray is lost.

The wood-cart rumbles down the rut-worn lane,
With tingling hand the horseman drops the rein,
While smooth-shod hackneys warily are led
O'er hardened snows that crunch beneath their tread,
And frost-bit travellers blow their finger-ends,
While merry faces watch for coming friends.
The cows are ruminating by the rack
With dropping ears, shut eyes, and roughen'd back;
The poultry scratch their meal from stable straw,
Whose genial warmth has spread a partial thaw.
In the low barn the thresher drops his flail,
And sharp his gun re-echoes up the vale,
When crimson life-drops dye the thick-laid grain,
Where simple sparrows seek the treacherous grain.
The farmer's lads lounge out to shoot or play,
And murder'd blackbirds rue the holiday.
The boys are grinning round the pollard pond,
The pedagogue forgets his birchen wand,
Shoves back his hat and wig, and makes believe
To skait with youngsters on the Christmas eve.

Soon as the landscape fades in dusky haze,
What ruddy lights from countless windows blaze,
What eager groups crowd round the Christmas fire,
Soon as the evening rays in night expire!
In cot and farm where mugs of pewter shine,
And halls where crystal holds the ruby wine,
The kindling faggot bursts the twisted bands,
And lurid flash the spluttering ashen brands.—
Some list the song, or legendary tale,
That daunts the bold, and turns the timid pale,
While shuddering hearers o'er their shoulders look,
And vow without a breath the casement shook!—
Some thread the dance, and raise the boisterous din,
Some ope the door to let the mummers in.
The young are revelling in their Christmas cheer,
The old are musing on the closing year,
The thoughtless laugh to chase away dull care,
The pious only breathe a lowly prayer.

From the old church half-lit by lantern dim,
With ancient carol, and with rustic hymn,
The village choir commence their custom'd round,
And tread with heavy feet the frosty ground,—
By many a home to sing their Christmas lays,
While soften'd hearts responsive join in praise,—
To quaff brown ale foam'd high from tall stone-jugs,
And pledge deep healths in oft-replenished mugs,—
While sleepers start to list their parting cheer,
"A merry Christmas and a blithe New Year."

The midnight stars are shining on the earth,
As erst they shone upon Messiah's birth,
The houseless wanderer marks their pure pale beam
In the dark mirror of the ice-fringed stream,
And wistful gazes from its pebbly brim
On happy homes that are no home for him—
His limbs are stiffening in the bitter bleak,
His tears are frozen on his hollow cheek,
The rime is gathering on his thin grey hair,
He sighs for rest, but faintly murmurs "Where?"
His aged arms are folded on his breast,
To his chill'd heart his tatter'd rags are prest,—
He kneels to pray within the ruin'd shed
That angel guards may watch his senseless head,
And his wrapt spirit leaves its frozen clay,
Long ere the bells ring out for Christmas Day.

REINELM.

"REND BACK THY COURSE."

One who loved, in view of the sea, which had very recently overwhelmed her lover.

REND back thy course, thou rolling WAVE,
And take this tear with thee;
Convey it to *his* surf-lashed grave,
Who lives no more for me.

Rend back thy course, thou BLAST so dread,
And take this sigh with thee:
Waft it around *his* shroudless head,
Who lives no more for me.

BLACKET.

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WOMAN, AND HER SOCIAL POSITION.

[*From the current Number of the Westminster Review.*]

INTELLECTUAL education is at length discovered to be no hindrance to the peculiar duties of women, but, on the contrary, to be absolutely necessary for the right performance of them. It is now argued for on the very plea it was formerly refused; viz., to make good wives and mothers: and, for this purpose, it is the fashion with almost all writers on the subject, to exalt and magnify the nature and extent of female influence. This is a considerable step gained, and one of which the good effects are already so apparent as to furnish a complete answer to all who might fancy, because no female Bacons, Shakspeares, or Newtons, have appeared, that the advantages to society from female improvement are less material than those communicated by the superiority of distinguished men. But why, we would ask, must the right of half the human race to have their reason cultivated, be still made to rest on the benefits thereby accruing to the other half. This notion of a bargain is humiliating to both parties. It cannot satisfy refined or liberal-minded men, any more than it can be agreeable to women of intelligence and spirit.

"Let us not confine ourselves," said the most amiable of French philosophers, "merely to the advantages society might derive from the education of women; let us go farther, and have the justice and humanity not to deny them what may sweeten life for themselves, as well as for us. How often have we experienced a power in mental culture and the exercise of our talents to withdraw us from our calamities, and to console us in our sorrows; why, then, refuse to the more amiable half of the species destined to share with us the ills of existence, the solace best fitted to enable them to be endured?"* The melancholy tenderness of these expressions belonged to the writers' peculiar character, but the generous sentiment they contain is worthy to be laid to all hearts.

The prejudices of sex have a tendency to make women be regarded oftener in the dependent and subordinate position in which they appear in relation to man, than as possessing, in common with him, a moral, rational, responsible, and therefore, independent existence of their own. To make only a passing allusion to the unfortunate circumstances which may produce "an utter disdain for the character of women, a brutal indifference to their misery, which is the worst fault, as it is the surest punishment of the finished libertine," and to notice only commoner and less painful results of a limited experience—woman, in the eyes of enamoured youth, is as a

> "Phantom of delight——
> A lovely apparition, sent
> To be a moment's ornament."

We may be excused for borrowing a poetical, and yet faithful description:—The happy husband, who

> "Sees her in a nearer view,
> A spirit, yet a woman too—
> A creature not too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food,"

may think of her merely as a part of himself, the complement, as it were, of his own existence. Perhaps it is only the disinterested affection of a father that will always sufficiently recognize in her (to use the words of the same beautiful poet)—

> "The being breathing thoughtful breath,
> The traveller betwixt life and death."

Yet it is in this high light that woman claims, not as a boon, but as a right, to be first addressed by education,—that education which has for its object the virtue and happiness of each individual submitted to it; for these, as we learn from reason and religion, are in every human being of equal importance. We do not mean to say that, in the actual intercourse of life, the moral independence of women is not felt and acknowledged, as it is in the study of the philanthropist; but we do assert, that it is often overlooked, and that it has not yet taken its proper place as a principle in almost any system of female education which has fallen under our notice.

MIMI LEPREUX, THE FRENCH PICKPOCKET.

[*From "Memoirs of M. Gisquet, formerly Prefect of Police."*]

MIMI LEPREUX is the most adroit pickpocket in Paris, and one who has always escaped from the accusations brought against him. Many of the police-agents know him well, and are incessantly watching him; and yet they have never been able to establish legally a single one of the numerous robberies of which he is guilty.

I remember a report made to me, in which so many curious things were said of this man, that I was led to question an officer familiar with the doings of Mimi Lepreux. The officer informed me that this robber had at least 15,000 francs a year, payable out of property purchased with the produce of his larcenies; that he was very liberal to the poor, and still more so to the petty thieves who served him: that he had always a dozen of these, on great occasions, employed to keep a look-out for him—to penetrate into the crowd—to ascertain how such or such a person placed his purse, his gold snuff-box, his pocket-book, &c.: that these auxiliaries execute nothing themselves, confining themselves to acquainting Mimi with what they observed, who takes upon himself to turn their discoveries to profit.

For example:—One of these robber-practices will come to Mimi, and whisper in his

* Œuvres Philosophiques, &c., de D'Alembert, tome v. p. 352.

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ear, in slang phrase. "That old gentleman fifteen paces to the right, with white hair and a cane in his hand, has put a heavy purse in his left breeches'-pocket."

"Very well," replies Mimi, "there's ten sous for you. Cut!"

A quarter of an hour afterwards, the purse is in Mimi's possession—but not to remain there two seconds. There are always accomplices near, ready to receive the stolen article, which passes from hand to hand, and disappears in a twinkling.

If, therefore, the almost imperceptible movement of the thief should happen to be remarked at the instant of the robbery, and even if the party robbed should seize the culprit's arm, there is no means of establishing the crime. In such case, Mimi, with perfect calmness and self-possession expresses his surprise that any one should dare to suppose him capable of such conduct. He appeals to the common sense of the bystanders, shows his purse well filled with gold pieces, and his pocket-book stuffed with bank-notes—which contains, by chance, too, the receipts for his last taxes—and asks if the father of a family, in affluent circumstances, like his, may not despise an accusation of the sort? "I am willing to suppose," he says, "that the gentleman may have spoken without thought, and bear him no grudge for a mistake which, happily, can do no harm to *me*." It is not an uncommon thing to see the victim stammer out apologies to the robber, and depart through a crowd of persons murmuring their indignation against him.

On the day in which M. Rodde presented himself on the Place de la Bourse, to exercise the profession of public crier, Mimi Lepreux was met by the peace-officer, in the midst of an extraordinary concourse of republicans and curious spectators.

"What are you doing here?" said the agent of authority, in a severe tone.

"I am doing like the others,—looking on, and walking about."

"You are well aware that I know you; you are here with the purpose of doing some mischief."

"As I tell you, I am doing nothing at all; why do you bother me? Is not the pavement free for everybody?"

"Don't stand arguing there; move on, or I will have you taken up. You are here for the purpose of robbing. We have plague enough on our hands, without your coming hither, with your band, to pilfer.

"Bah!" said Mimi Lepreux, impatiently, and losing his temper; "leave me alone! Your republicans are nothing better than canaille! I have picked more than five hundred of their pockets, and never found a sou in any of them."

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE old chapel of the English Presbyterians at Newington-green, has recently been repaired and renovated; and as Mrs. Barbauld's husband, the Rev. M. Barbauld, officiated for many years there, and as Mrs. Barbauld's mortal remains were buried in that parish, it was proposed to raise a tablet in such chapel to the memory of that gifted lady. It has been raised by her nephew, Mr. C. R. Aikin, Surgeon. Mrs. Barbauld was the sister of the celebrated Dr. Aikin.

The following is the inscription on the mural tablet:—

"In memory of
ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD,
Daughter of John Aikin, D.D.,
And wife of the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld,
Formerly the respected Minister of this Congregation.
She was born at Kibworth, in Leicestershire,
June 20, 1743,
And died at Stoke Newington,
March 9, 1825.
Endowed by the Giver of all Good, with wit, genius, poetic talent, and a vigorous understanding,
She employed those high gifts
In promoting the cause of Humanity,
Peace and Justice,
Of civil and religious Liberty,
Of pure, ardent, and affectionate Devotion.
Let the young, nurtured by her writings,
in the pure spirit
of Christian morality;—
let those of maturer years, capable of appreciating
the acuteness, the brilliant fancy,
and sound reasoning,
of her literary compositions;—
let the surviving few who shared
her delightful and instructive conversation,—
Bear witness that this monument records
no exaggerated praise."

A MUSSULMAN'S WIVES IN HINDOOSTAN.

THE women never leave their homes, except on visits of form. They dwell round a court-yard; and never take off their day-dress to sleep in, but wheel their silver-legged bedstead where they please, and repose as our ladies do on sofas. This is, certainly, not according to a citizen's notion of comfort; nor squares it with the sacred notions of the nuptial couch, common among the mass of the people in England: but it does very well for the climate. The ladies do not even know how or where the fruit grows they are so fond of at breakfast; but what of that? They eat it in peace. Though their information is limited, they are quick and clever, and nothing which falls from the lips of husband or father is ever forgotten.

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REMINISCENCES OF STERNE.

The finest portrait of Mr. Sterne, is that by his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, engraved by Fisher. The attitude and whole is masterly: it must have been sketched *con amore*. His countenance exhibits what Sir W. Scott so well describes: "His features had also a shrewd, humourous, and sarcastic character, proper to the wit, and the satirist, and not unlike that which predominates in the portraits of Voltaire." A well-engraved copy, by Ravenet, of this expressive portrait, is prefixed to the first volume of his Sermons, published by Dodsley. It is also inimitably engraved by Audinet, in Harrison's *first* edition of his Biographical Magazine. There is a most excellent copy of this portrait, engraved by Wainwright, where the eyes are finely caught. One cannot help applying to this portrait, what Shakspeare says of his Biron:

> *His eye* begot occasion for his wit,
> For every object that the one did catch,
> The other turn'd to a mirth-moving jest.

Mr. Hickson's Catalogue of the Sporting Pictures of Colonel Thornton, in June, 1819, has "No. 30, two portraits, in crayons, of Sterne and Maria, by Russell, said to be the most correct likenesses that were taken." In Sterne's letter to Mr. Garrick, dated Paris, March 1762, he says:—"I shandy it away fifty times more than I was ever wont, talk more nonsense than ever you heard me talk in your days—and to all sorts of people. '*Qui le diable est cet homme là*' . . . . . said Choiseul, t'other day. You'll think me as vain as a devil, was I to tell you the rest of the dialogue . . . . . The Duke of Orleans has suffered my portrait to be added to the number of some odd men in his collection; and a gentleman who lives with him has taken it *most expressively*, at full length. I purpose to obtain an etching of it, and to send it to you."

In a letter from him to Mr. Foley, dated Montpellier, October 5, 1763:—"I shall beg leave to get a copy of *my own picture* from your's, when I come *in propriâ personâ*."—He again says to the same gentleman, in his letter, dated York, November 11, 1764:—"Is it possible for you to get me over a copy of *my picture*, any how? If so, I would write to Mad^me^ N——, to make as good a copy from it as she possibly could." In a letter of his, to W. C., Esq., without date, given in the European Magazine, he says:—"I know full well, that all sprained as your ancle may be, it will be wholly impossible for you to pass through York, without popping your head into its cathedral, and indulging your mind with a few of those reflections which such a building is calculated to inspire. Now, when you are there, tell a verger to conduct you to the tomb of Archbishop Sterne. He is the same whose picture you saw at Cambridge, and which you were pleased to say, *bore so strong a resemblance to me*. In the marble whole-length figure which dignifies the monument, you will find the likeness still stronger: and if I drop in this corner of the world, I should like to be deposited in that corner of the church, and sleep out my last sleep beside my pious ancestor. He was an excellent prelate, and an honest man: I have not half his virtues, if report speaks true of us both, which, for his sake, I hope it does—and, for my own, I hope it does not. Though, to use an expression which dropped from the lips and at the table of a brother *Arch*-prelate of his, and one of his ancestors—'My ideas are sometimes rather too *disorderly* for a man *in orders*.' In his Grace's *Concio ad Clerum*, I do not find myself a very principal figure—but in his private hours, he is always most cordial to me. The day after to-morrow, I shall hope to embrace you at my gate; till then, my dear friend, may God bless you—and always, your's, most affectionately,

"L. STERNE."

In Mr. Christie's Catalogue of the Sculptures of the late Mr. Nollekins, sold in July, 1823, is "No. 22, original bust of Sterne, in *terra cotta*, by Nollekins, done at Rome. This bust first brought Mr. Nollekins into repute as a sculptor." It sold for 44 guineas: a capital bust it is. Mr. West has given a print of his bust, in his portrait of Lydia Sterne de Medalle, prefixed to the first volume of her Letters. At the end of the first volume of these Letters, it mentions Mr. T. Becket as the publisher of Mr. Sterne's works, and of whom may be had, "a bust of Mr. Sterne, an exceeding good likeness, price 1*l.* 7*s.* bronzed." N.B. It would be unjust to the memory of Mr. Becket, not to say, that throughout the whole of Mr. Sterne's correspondence, unlimited confidence was placed in him, and that through him, chiefly, were remittances sent to Mr., Mrs., and Miss Sterne, when resident in France; and his probity is spoken of by Mr. Sterne in many letters. I believe he died at Chelsea a few years ago, at an advanced age.

Many artists have sketched from the genius of Sterne. The most fortunate, have been Hogarth and Leslie. Trim's reading the sermon, by Hogarth, is a felicitous display of his own genius, in so finely catching the spirit of this scene. Its extreme beauty can only be seen in the engraving by Ravenet. That in Cooke's edition, miserably spoils the countenances both of Mr. Shandy, and that of Uncle Toby. Hogarth has been equally successful in his other print. When Mr. Shandy inquiringly says: "She has not forgot the name!" who but Hogarth could so well have drawn Yorick's Curate! With what respect and attachment must Sterne have viewed Hogarth, on the appearance of these two prints. They were both frequently seen together in the orchestra at Drury Lane, watching the performance of Mr. Garrick. Had Hogarth never produced any one thing than this first print, his name would long have been remembered.

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Mr. Bunbury drew his happily-conceived sketch of La Fleur's departure from the *auberge* at Montreuil.

Mr. Dod gave by no means an unskilful design of "The Husband," *when he takes off his hat*, and which Mr. Wenman prefixed to his edition of the Journey, engraved by Walker.

Mr. Stothard drew Sterne in his interview with Maria, and also when he was listening to the starling. They are both pleasing prints.

Mr. Leslie's powerful genius has given us Don Quixote, Catherine and Petruchio, and, above all, the imaginary dinner at Ford's; these have, with many others, stamped an imperishable lustre on his name. From Sterne, we have his Uncle Toby looking in the eye of the widow Wadman, with her pretty look of "assumed innocence." It is, indeed, "a real gem of art," as the spirited and masterly review of Mr. Leslie's genius, in Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts, for April, 1834, so justly terms it. He has given us another real gem of art, in his print of "The Lost Found," engraved by Rogers, being Sterne eagerly unfolding the scraps of the lost MS. in the seventh volume of Tristram, which the chaise-vampire's wife was untwisting from her hair. Perhaps no other artist *could* have given us so felicitously the figure of Mr. Sterne, as it is so happily given in this last print. He catches the glee of Sterne's elastic spirit. One regrets that other scenes from Sterne have not engaged his vivid pencil. Some one justly observes, that no one surpasses Mr. Leslie in the rare art of inspiring what he paints with sentiment and life, and that he has tenderness and pathos altogether his own. One peruses with high pleasure this conclusion of the above admirable review of Mr. Leslie's talents:—"We sincerely trust, no exhibition of the Royal Academy will pass without being graced with one at least of his works; he is still young, and in the full vigour of his intellectual powers, so that we may look forward yet, for a succession of masterly productions from his hand."

In Mr. Christie's Catalogue of Drawings, collected by Mr. Rembault, and sold in December, 1837, appear no less than 143 by Rowlandson. Among them is "No. 176. My Uncle Toby, &c." This is the exact entry. If ever the deep pathos of Sterne was finely caught, it was in this drawing, where my Uncle leads Le Fevre's son from his dead father's bed.

A portrait of Mrs. Draper appears in Mr. Stanley's Catalogue of Mr. Cosway's drawings, in May, 1822—No. 69, portrait of Mrs. Draper, Sterne's Eliza." The Abbe Raynal, in the second volume of his History of the two Indies, has an apostrophe to her memory. It breathes the most affecting tenderness, as well as of his attachment to Mr. Sterne. It is, indeed, worthy of his feeling and elevated mind:—"In every thing that Eliza did, an irresistible charm was diffused around her. I search for Eliza everywhere; I discern some of her features, some of her charms, scattered among those women whose figure is most interesting. But what is become of her who united them all? Nature, who hast exhausted thy gifts to form an Eliza, didst thou create her only for one moment? All who have seen Eliza regret her. As for myself, my tears will never cease to flow for her all the time I have to live. Those who have known *her tenderness for me*, the confidence she had bestowed upon me, will they not say to me—She is no more, and yet thou livest. And thou, *original writer*, her admirer and her friend, it was Eliza who inspired *thy works*, and dictated to thee the most affecting pages of them. *Fortunate Sterne, thou art no more*, and I am left behind. I wept *over thee with Eliza;* thou wouldst weep over her with me: and had it been the will of Heaven that you had both survived me, your tears would have fallen together upon my grave."

This animated, powerful, and honest writer, this good man, who once possessed a fine fortune, and survived Mr. Sterne twenty-six years, died at the age of 84, in extreme poverty, in a garret at Passy, in 1796, having very narrowly escaped the guillotine; the only property he left was an assignat of 50 livres, worth then not three halfpence in ready money. His reputation was such when in England, that the Speaker of the House of Commons observing *him* among the spectators, suspended the business of the house, till he had seen the eloquent historian placed in a more commodious seat. His character was unblemished. He was esteemed and courted by all the great men. A translation of his "Apostrophe" is in the *Mirror* of April 23, 1831.

On the death of Mrs. Draper, many elegiac stanzas came out, from which I select the following:—

"But mute is that tongue, which oft dwelt on thy praise,
Extinct is the fire of that mind,
Which, warm as bright Phœbus' meridian rays,
Enliven'd the heart of mankind!

The Monk, too, shall hail thy blest shade to the skies,
For long has his spirit been there:
Where Sterne often views him with rapturous eyes,
While bliss unremitting they share."

Not far from the monuments in Bristol Cathedral, of the Rev. Mr. Love, the author of the universally-admired lines on the redbreast who for many years regularly perched on the great organ, during the time of divine service, accompanying the solemnity with its harmonious strains, and near those to the memory of Mrs. Mason, and to the esteemed tragedian Powell, both noted for the feeling lines on their tombs, is the monument of Eliza, highly finished by the eminent Bacon, which, to use the words of Mr. Dallaway, (an acknowledged judge of sculpture,) is "exquisitely simple." Two beautiful figures, in white marble, stand on each side of an urn,

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with a wreath of flowers hanging carelessly down—one represents *Genius*, her left hand on her breast, and her right holding the trumpet of *Fame*—the other, *Benevolence*, pointing to this inscription:

Sacred to the Memory
of
MRS. ELIZA DRAPER,
in whom
Genius and Benevolence
were united.
She died August 3d, 1778,
Aged 38.

Mrs. Draper died at Bombay. In the Exhibition of 1828, is "No. 323, View of Bombay, with the house of Sterne's Eliza, from a sketch in the possession of Sir Charles Forbes." The *Mirror* of July 9, 1831, gives a view of this residence.

In the *Mirror* of 17th last October, is a view of Coxwould, the "favourite retreat" of Sterne. Another aspect, or view of it, admirably engraved, is in Coles's "Scarborough Collector," of 1728. In the second volume of Pick-nick, are two letters from Sterne, one in 1764, giving an interesting description of his thatched cottage there, wherein he mentions Lord Shelburne having paid him a visit, and with him, admired the ancient architecture of its church. Many letters from Mr. Sterne are in the European Magazines. The executors of the late Rev. Daniel Williams, who lived at Bath, and is buried in its cathedral, had many of Sterne's letters to him. In one of Mr. Thorp's curious and very interesting Catalogues of Autographs, is "No. 1010, Sterne's (Laurence) Original Autograph MS., 23 pages 8vo., entitled, 'The Fragment,' complete, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* An interesting and extremely scarce autograph. It contains some cancelled passages not printed at all."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Public Journals.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE. NO. CXXXIII.
January, 1841.

[NERO was guilty of arson in a grand shape, for he set great Rome a-blaze; but the magnitude of his mischief saved him from being hung on the crucifix of his day. Our 'Incendiary,' however, with aspirations that way quite as vasty as King Nero's, was only prevented from acting with equal efficiency by having his powers limited and hand straitened. Only have granted his genius regal license, and England's palaces would have flamed like the funeral-pile of Sardanapalus, or London's walls, as '*flammantia mœnia*,' have smoked to heaven for the savage's rapture.]

THE INCENDIARY.

The sullen and reserved conduct of W. S., charged with the crime of arson, previously to his trial, induced the ordinary to make it his especial business to watch strictly his conduct at the bar. This, in fact, was usually his practice upon all occasions where a capital conviction was expected. The moment after trial is frequently found to be the best time to elicit a confession. The prisoners, having exerted all their fortitude and energy to brave the charge, and assume the appearance of innocence, suddenly relax, and sink into depression and despair, when a verdict of guilty is returned. In the present case, the prisoner, as we have said, while awaiting his trial, was morose, and declined advice or assistance, replying to all who addressed him, "They can't convict me." But even this was said in a manner that seemed to imply his guilt. When the verdict went against him, he was delivered over to the cell-keeper, whose business it was immediately to make the strictest search of his person and clothes, to see that no instrument of self-destruction was concealed,—a ceremony that effectually admonishes the condemned that it is the intention of the law not to be cheated, and that the executioner only must terminate their existence. The examination of the person in this case had just been performed as the ordinary arrived from the court, when he found the convict muttering to himself, as he thought, some words of dissatisfaction. The minister addressed him, saying, "You have deceived yourself, it seems; but you have nothing to complain of,—for I never heard a clearer case made out."

"Sir, I don't deny it," replied the malefactor, stamping his foot violently on the floor; "I only want to know what business I had in the world to burn houses!"

"Houses!" said the ordinary,—"What! have you been guilty of this crime more than once?"

"I have," answered the culprit, "and I couldn't help it; were I at liberty this moment, I should do the same again; I can't resist it. Were this prison built of inflammable materials, and had I a light, I should set fire to it, even with the certain knowledge of my own destruction in the conflagration."

"You are a fatalist, then," said the minister, "and probably have persuaded yourself that you are not responsible for your own acts. If this be so, the sooner you are made sensible of your error, the better it will be for you."

"I have never, sir, thought about fatalism," replied the unhappy man, "I only know that I have never enjoyed anything in this life equal to a good blazing fire, and never failed going to see one in or near London. Look here, sir," he continued, showing his breast, "here are scars got when I was a child with fire. I have had several narrow escapes from being burnt, and now more's the pity I did escape. I was, however, saved by a watchful mother, as it seems, for a worse fate. Why don't they burn people, instead of hanging them? I would rather be burnt than hung,

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sir; I would, indeed. Well, well! it must be, and I couldn't help it.

"Don't talk in that manner, man!" replied the minister. "Couldn't help it, indeed! You know that you set fire to the house, to revenge yourself on whom you supposed your enemy, and I see no circumstance of palliation in your case.—"

"Ah, sir! you don't know my history; but my mother could tell you all about it"—iterated the prisoner, as he paced to and fro in evident agony of mind. "Unfortunate son, unhappy mother! Over and over again saved from fire, to see him hanged!—cruel, cruel business for her!" He then suddenly stood still, and exclaimed. "But it is not my fault, sir; it is not, indeed! I couldn't help it; I had no object but to make a good blaze, in which I always delighted, and feel even now that I should enjoy the thing again! The shavings and straw laid so very temptingly near to the timber, that I couldn't resist the opportunity; I thought of nothing at the time, but seeing a good fire—a good roaring fire;" rubbing his hands, as if in delight at the thoughts of it.

In the course of the day his mother, who was a very respectable person in the middle walks of life, made application to see him, and from her the following particulars of his *penchant* for fires were obtained:—

"The Almighty," she said, "gentlemen, has been pleased to afflict me by making me the mother of one of the most extraordinary sons that perhaps ever lived. If he had been an idiot, or insane, I could have borne it; but, on the contrary, I think him rather sensible. He is reasonable, I may say, on all subjects but one, and that one has caused me a life of misery. I have been obliged to be always at his side, or he would be at the fire, like a moth at the lighted candle, and every moment of his existence has been one of danger from fire. When an infant in arms, he was an exception to the rule, that 'a burnt child dreads the fire;' for again and again he made attempts to snatch at the flame of a candle, and no sooner was he on his feet, than he began to thrust everything he could move, into the grate. During his infancy his clothes have several times been on fire, as numerous scars on his body and limbs will prove when he was able, if not watched with the most persevering vigilance, he was sure to make bonfires in the back-yard, of any combustible materials he could collect. As he grew older, he took to running after the fire-engines, in which pursuit I lost all control over him. I have often blamed myself for locking him up to prevent his going after them, thinking, perhaps it made him hanker after the fires the more; but I cannot say, there was no knowing what to do with him.

"Up to the day of his apprehension, he was in the habit of rising in the middle of the night to go after the engines, if he heard them pass in the street; or if he saw a light in the atmosphere, nothing could restrain him from leaving home to discover where the fire was, that he might enjoy the spectacle. Latterly, if possible, his desire for these sights increased, as he often complained bitterly of the unfrequency of their occurrence. He has at home a collection of prints and pictures, representing the conflagrations that have happened in this country, from the great fire of London, down to the present time. It is an extraordinary taste. Beyond that, he has a kind heart, and is a good son, and it is my conviction that he did not plan or contemplate the firing of the premises for which he is condemned."

There was nothing otherwise peculiar in this malefactor's character or conduct beyond that of his having cherished or indulged his propensity for witnessing fires, till his mind became morbidly affected on the subject. It appears also, to have been his belief that he was irresponsible—as he said, predestined to make fires. The state of his mind, however, will be better explained by the following remarks on himself, which he placed in the hands of a person as he left the cells for the last time.

(A Copy.)

"It will be soon all over with me as regards this life; and, as I believe I shall have a free pardon from my Maker, I now care little about one from the king.

"The place I would choose for my last earthly bed is St. Sepulchre's churchyard, in sight of the gallows, because it is the nearest spot to that where my soul will be separated from my body. I should, if it were possible, like to be buried in an asbestos shroud, as I am told that it is fireproof. Respecting my life, nobody has any business with that now; yet, as the world is curious in these matters, I will endeavour to gratify it. Know, then, first, that I loved a good fire from my birth. When old enough, I ran after the first house on fire I heard of, and never afterwards could banish it out of my remembrance. I thought it a most magnificent sight, far more glorious than anything I could have pictured to my imagination. I then regarded it as if the world itself were on fire, and all the people in it were about to be burnt. Yet I did not sorrow for it, but rather wished it might be so. After a time I was apprenticed, but I then thought more of fires than of my business. When I read of the burning of Moscow, I remember I turned very sulky from mortification and vexation that I was not there, and even refused work for some time.

"Just before my articles expired, I quarrelled with my master, and twice attempted to set his house on fire; but I was detected in the act and the fire prevented. These are the only fires I ever attempted from malice; though I must admit, that when I saw large, fine houses, which people lived in, I envied them, and thought what nice fires they would make.

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"As I consider myself now under confession, I acknowledge that, in a very short time, I set fire to two houses; first one in which I had lodgings, and another where I was in the habit of going to see an acquaintance.

"The chaplain has inquired of me, 'Whether I was not restrained by the apprehension of infamy, or the dread of punishment, when I premeditated the enjoyment of a conflagration?' I unequivocally answer, 'No!' I never inquired whether it would offend the Deity, or injure my fellow men, for, when the opportunity offered, I was solely intent on the means before me of committing my offence; my ingenuity was tasked more to effect the firing of the building, so as to avoid failure, rather than providing against detection, and it is a matter of surprise how I continued to escape so long.

"In my eargerness to pursue my course, I had no pity in my eye. I cherished no feelings of love for any one—no sense of justice. To all the proprieties, so much talked of by men, I was insensible and imperturbable. I sought the darkness of the night to carry out my purposes; and when the morning sun shewed me the small extent of my mischief, I always felt disappointment, and brooded over new plans to pursue the same work of destruction.

"Sometimes I fancied myself designed to improve London by burning down unhealthy districts, and thereby finding work for the poorer labouring classes. In my imagination I traced all the improvements of the metropolis by fires from the time of William I., when London was burnt down from Aldgate to the Fleet river, including the Palatine tower, the stones of which were used for the building of St. Paul's Church.

"What, too, would the other towns of England be, I said to myself, had it not been for fires? The reign of Henry I. was the time for this glorious work. London was again burnt down; likewise Worcester, Rochester, Chichester, Winchester, Bath, Gloucester, Lincoln, and Peterborough. This was no partiality on the part of the fire-king. Still his reign has been principally confined to the great city of London: for we find that, in the reign of Stephen, he again burnt London; so that, within fifty years, this town was, for the most part of it, three times destroyed by fire. Then again, in 1485, and 1639, there were great fires; and, lastly, the greatest of all happened in 1666. He, however, prior to this, had laid his hands on St. Paul's spire, which he burnt, and, also, on York Minster; but he did his work better than Martin, who was a decided bungler.

"As the work of destruction of material forms must go on, in every department of the world, I conclude by saying that I think fire is the clearest mode of effecting all the changes in nature; and now that I think it, instead of being buried, I should prefer that my body be burnt, and the ashes therefrom submitted to the winds."

ROBBERS ABROAD.

[*From Captain Basil Hall's "Patchwork"*]

[Some travellers have their hands on their sword-hilts the whole of their journey, and bare the blade at the veriest shadow, dreading it may be a Carbonaro or assassin. The following opinions, however, of a brave officer, upon unnecessary demonstrations of courage, where the end does not justify the means, may, by their quiet reason, correct these extravaganzas:—]

"I never allowed a sword or pistol," says the gallant captain, "or any other kind of weapon, to be carried in my carriage. Even when I was not commander-in-chief of the party, on my first visit to Italy, I had influence enough to persuade my companions that it was by far the wisest plan to travel totally unarmed. In the first place, if a gentleman have arms in his hands, he feels called upon to use them if attacked, and, whatever be the odds against him, he must fight it out as he best can. In war, the stake of honour is such a high one, that life or limb must count for nothing in the game. But in pleasure-travelling, when the only consideration is that of a watch, or of a few ducats, it does seem immeasurable folly to incur, not merely the risk, but almost the certainty of being wounded, if not killed, as poor Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were at Pæstum, for making fight rather than give up their purses.

The brigands of Spain, Italy, and other countries in which such lawless deeds are made a matter of business, can always ascertain, beforehand, at the inns where the travellers stop, what are the numbers and force of the party, and what the description of their weapons. With such exact information, they would be greater fools than we know them to be, if they failed to take local advantage of the strangers, and to attack them at such times and in such manner as to ensure them the victory. At best, what are we to gain in such a struggle? It is, certainly, very disagreeable to be robbed; but would it be a pleasant item in our diary to record that we had shot a Calabrian peasant? or even that we had wounded half-a-dozen of them in the scuffle? On the other hand, even if we escaped the terrible fate of the travellers above alluded to, the fact of our having beaten off the robbers, and saved our ten or twenty scudi, and an old turnip of a watch, would scarcely make up for a shot through the arm, or, mayhap, through our nose, to say nothing of the arms and noses of the ladies of our party.

St. Athanasius.—So preciously did Abbas Cosmas esteem the writings of Athanasius, that he says, (apud Johannem Moschum, l. x. c. 40.) "If you find a piece of the works of St. Athanasius, copy it on your garments, if you have no paper to write upon."

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A LOVE-SONG FROM ÆSCHYLUS.

[*From the Prom. Vinct. of Æschylus, verses 912—942.*]

[MANY of our readers will involuntarily smile at the idea of Æschylus'—solemn and imperturbable Æschylus—temporizing in a love-song; and wonder where, in his *Opera quæ extant omnia*, exists so tender and dulcet a thing. But to annihilate doubt, his own verses—choice as Haynes Bayley's canzonets, and charming as any marriage-hymn of Catullus—are below placed parallelly with our own.

Miss Io, the maiden alluded to, was the daughter of King Inachus, who having aspired to the embraces of Jove, was in revenge transformed by Juno into a horned cow, such as the Brahmins at this day adore, and driven, in punishment of her ambition, by torments over the world, pursued by the hundred-eyed herdsman—Argus.

Assuredly wise was he who sung—
And poured this truth from his honey-fed tongue
How—having well considered this—
That happier far a Marriage is
When equals along with their equals wed—
His proverb he straight in this distich said—
"'Tis best when thou wilt married be,
To wed with one of a like degree."

Η σοφός, ἦ σοφός, ἦν ὃς
πρῶτος ἐν γνά-
μᾳ τόδ' ἐβόησεν, καὶ γλώσ-
σᾳ διεμυθολόγησεν,
ὡς τὸ κηδεῦ-
σαι καθ' ἑαυτὸν ἀριστέυ-
ει μακρῷ—

It is an impotent thing and a vain
For a maiden who doth by her handicraft gain,
Her daily pie, and a livelihood small,
To pine for the lord of a golden hall,
To sigh for rubies to spangle her head,
Or yearn for the down of a swan-soft bed.
"'Tis best when thou wilt married be,
To wed with one of a like degree."

——καὶ μήτε τῶν πλού-
τῳ διαβεβηκότων,
μήτε τῶν γέν-
νᾳ μεγαλυνομένων
ὄντα χερνήτων ἐρασθεῖσαι.

Never, ye Fates, be it yours to behold
Me clasped by a god in voluptuous fold!
Never, ye Fates, may the lot be mine,
Though the grace be great, and the pleasure divine,
To ungirdle my zone, or surrender my love
To the famousest God of the Gods above!
"'Tis best when thou wilt married be,
To wed with one of a like degree."

Μήποτε, μήποτέ μ', ὦ μοῦ-
ραι * * *
* λεχέων Διὸς εὐνά-
τεραν ἴδοσθε πέλουσαν
μηδὲ πλαθεί-
ην γαμέτᾳ τινὶ τῶν ἐξ
οὐρανοῦ·

For I shudder with fear, and faint with affright,
At the vision of Io's deplorable plight;
Distracted Virgin! who, not content
With mortal love for a mortal meant,
Now flies before Juno's implacable ire,
Punctured and punish'd, through water and fire.
"'Tis best when thou wilt married be,
To wed with one of a like degree."

——ταρβῶ γὰρ ἀστερ-
γάνορα παρθενίαν
εἰσορῶσ' Ἰ-
οῦς μέγα δαπτομένων
δυσπλάνοις Ἥρας ἀλατείαις.

But Marriage, when 'tis in the same degree,
And like mates like, gives no terror to me;
O never may unto my bosom-heart glide,
God-glance that by mortal may not be denied,
God-glance—whose supremacy, beauty, and splendour,
Melts a human maid's soul into instant surrender.
"'Tis best when thou wilt married be,
To wed with one of a like degree."

Ἐμοὶ δ' ὅτι μὲν ὁμιλὸς ὁ γάμος
ἄφυβος, οὐ
δέδια· μηδὲ κρεισσό-
νων θεῶν ἔρως
ἄφυκτον ὄμμα προσδράκοι με.

God-glances avoid!—they engender a fight
That's not fit to be fought.—Irresistible might
Must surely be Conqueror! In such a case
The god would undoubtedly carry the chase!
By no measures or stratagems can I foresee
How a God I could ever escape from or flee.
"'Tis best when thou wilt married be,
To wed with one of a like degree."

Ἀπόλεμος δδε γ' ὁ πόλεμος, ἄπορα
πόριμος. οὐδ' ἔχω τίς ἂν γενοίμαν·
τὰν Διὸς γὰρ οὐχ ὁρῶ
μῆτιν ὅπα φύγοιμ' ἄν.

W. ARCHER.

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SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

[Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, in his account of the recent interment of Napoleon,* draws the following graphic picture of the ceremony:—]

"Imprimis came men with lighted staves, and set fire to, at least, ten thousand of wax candles, that were hanging in brilliant chandeliers, in various parts of the chapel. Curtains were dropped over the upper windows as these illuminations were effected, and the church was left only to the funereal light of the spermaceti. To the right was the dome, round the cavity of which, sparkling lamps were set, that designed the shape of it brilliantly against the darkness. In the midst, and where the altar used to stand, rose the catafalque. And why not? Who is god here but Napoleon? and in him the sceptics have already ceased to believe, but the people does still somewhat. He and Louis XIV., divide the worship of the place between them. As for the catafalque, the best that I can say for it is, that it is really a noble and imposing-looking edifice, with tall pillars supporting a grand dome, with innumerable escutcheons, standards, and allusions, military and funereal; a great eagle, of course, tops the whole; tripods, burning spirits of wine, stand round this kind of dead-man's throne; and, as we saw it (by peering over the heads of our neighbours in the front rank), it looked, in the midst of the black concave, and under the effect of half-a-thousand flashing cross-lights, properly grand and tall. The effect of the whole chapel, however (to speak the jargon of the painting-room), was spoiled by being cut up—there were too many objects for the eye to rest upon. The ten thousand wax candles, for instance, in their numberless twinkling chandeliers, the raw *tranchant* colours of the new banners, wreaths, bees, N's, and other emblems, dotting the place all over, and incessantly puzzling, or rather bothering, the beholder. High over head, in a sort of mist, with the glare of their original colours worn down by dust and time, hung long rows of dim, ghostly-looking standards, captured, in old days, from the enemy. They were, I thought, the best and most solemn part of the show. To suppose that the people were bound to be solemn during this ceremony, is to exact from them something quite needless and unnatural. The very fact of a squeeze dissipates all solemnity. One great crowd is always, as I imagine, pretty much like another: in the course of the last few years, I have seen three: that attending the coronation of our present sovereign, that which went to see Courvoisier hanged, and this which witnessed the Napoleon ceremony. The people so assembled, for hours together, are jocular rather than solemn, seeking to pass away the weary time, with the best amusements that will offer. There was, to be sure, in all the scenes above alluded to, just one moment—one particular moment—when the universal people feels a shock, and is for that second serious. But except for that second of time, I declare I saw no seriousness beyond that of ennui. The church began to fill with personages of all ranks and conditions. First, opposite our seats, came a company of fat grenadiers of the National Guard, who presently, at the word of command, put their muskets down against benches and wainscoats, until the arrival of the procession. For seven hours, these men formed the object of the most anxious solicitude to all the ladies and gentlemen seated on our benches. They began to stamp their feet, for the cold was atrocious, and we were frozen where we sat. Some of them fell to blowing their fingers, one executed a kind of dance, such as one sees often here in cold weather: the individual jumps repeatedly on one leg, and kicks out the other violently, meanwhile his hands are flapping across his chest. Some fellows opened their cartouche-boxes, and took from them eatables of various kinds. You can't think how curious we were to know the qualities of the same. '*Tiens, ce gros qui mange une cuisse de volaille!*'—'*Il a du jambon, celui là.*' 'I should like some too,' growls an Englishman, 'for I hadn't a morsel of breakfast,' and so on. This is the way, my dear, that we see Napoleon buried. * * *

"At last, the real procession came. Then the drums began to beat as formerly, the Nationals, to get under arms, the clergymen were sent for, and went, and presently—yes, there was a tall cross-bearer at the head of the procession, and they came back! They chanted something in a weak, snuffling, lugubrious manner, to the melancholy bray of a serpent. Crash! however, Mr. Habeneck and the fiddlers in the organ-loft pealed out a wild shrill march, which stopped the reverend gentlemen; and, in the midst of this music, and of a great trampling of feet and clattering, and of a great crowd of generals and officers in fine clothes, with the Prince de Joinville marching quickly at the head of the procession, and while every body's heart was thumping as hard as possible, Napoleon's coffin passed. It was done in an instant. A box, covered with a great red cross, a dingy-looking crown lying on the top of it, seamen on one side, and Invalids on the other; they had passed in an instant, and were up the aisle. A faint, snuffling sound as before, was heard from the officiating priests, but we knew of nothing more. It is said that old Louis Philippe was standing at the catafalque, whither the Prince de Joinville advanced, and said, 'Sire, I bring you the body of the Emperor Napoleon.' Louis Philippe answered, 'I receive it in the name of France.' Bertrand put on the body, the most glorious, victorious sword, that ever has been forged since the apt descendants of the first murderer learned how to hammer steel, and the coffin was placed in the temple prepared for it.

* Second Funeral of Napoleon: in Three Letters to Miss Smith. [Cunningham.]

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The six hundred singers and fiddlers now commenced playing and singing of a piece of music; and a part of the crew of the Belle Poule skipped into the places that had been kept for them under us, and listened to the music, chewing tobacco. While the actors and fiddlers were going on, most of the spirits-of-wine lamps, or altars, went out. When we arrived in the open air, we passed through the court of the Invalides, where thousands of people had been assembled, but where the benches were now quite bare. Then we came on to the terrace before the Place: the old soldiers were firing off the great guns, which made a dreadful stunning noise, and frightened some of us, who did not care to pass before the cannon and be knocked down, even by the wadding. The guns were fired in honour of the king, who was going home by a back door. All the forty thousand people who covered the great stands before the hotel, had gone away too. The imperial barge had been dragged up the river, and was lying lonely along the quay, examined by some few shivering people on the shore. It was five o'clock when we reached home: the stars were shining keenly out of the frosty sky, and Françoise told me that dinner was just ready. In this manner, my dear Miss Smith, the great Napoleon was buried. Farewell."

New Books.

Tippoo Sultaun.—A Tale of the Mysore War. By Capt. Meadows Taylor. [Bentley]: 1841.

[PERVERSION of historic truth, however brilliantly it may be managed, is actually nothing more than moral perjury; and the romancist, whenever guilty of the distortion, ought to be subjected to magistratual correction. White as is the garment of Truth, it is shameful to see the tawdry spangles and "false deceits" that are daily stuck upon her virgin robe;—paste gew-gaws, which in unpractised eyes are undistinguishable from the pure water-diamonds. This cries aloud for the interference of the press—history should no longer be "a lying prophet"—"hewing asunder" must make Dagon fall, for the sake of our sons and children. "Tippoo Sultaun" is finely writ, but—guilty of that which cancels every other merit—comes before the public farced full of garbled truth.]

TIPPOO SULTAUN'S BULL AND BRAHMIN HUNT.

As we rode onwards through the bazar of the outer town, we saw at the end of the street a cavalcade approach, evidently that of a person of rank. A number of spearmen preceded it, running very fastly, and shouting the titles of a person who was advancing at a canter, followed by a brilliant group, clad in gorgeous apparel, cloth-of-gold, and the finest muslins, and many in chain-armour, which glittered brightly in the sun. Ere Kasim could ask who it was, the cortège was near the head of his corps, which drew off to one side to allow it to pass.

As the company advanced, the Khan dashed his heels into the flanks of his charger, and flew to meet it; Kasim saw him halt suddenly, and present the hilt of his sword to one who, from his appearance, and the humility of the Khan's attitude, he felt assured could be no other than the Sultaun.

Just then, one of those bulls which the belief of the Hindoos teaches them are incarnations of divinity, and which roam at large in every bazar, happened to cross the road lazily before the royal party. The attendant spearman strove to drive it on; but, not accustomed to being interfered with so rudely, it resisted their shouts and blows with the butt-end of their spears, and menaced them with its horns.

There ensued some little noise; and Kasim, who was watching the Sultaun, saw him observe it. "A spear, a spear!" he heard him cry; and, as one of the attendants handed him one, he exclaimed to his suite—

"Now, friends, for a hunt! Yonder fellow menaces us, by the prophet! Who will strike a blow for Islam, and help me to destroy this pet of the idolaters!—May their mothers be defiled! Follow me!" And, so saying, he urged his noble horse forwards.

The bull, seeing himself pursued, turned for an instant with the intention of flight, but it was too late; as it turned, the spear of the Sultaun was buried in its side, and it staggered on, the blood pouring in torrents from the gaping wound, while it bellowed with pain. One or two of the attendants followed his example; and the Sultaun continued to plunge his weapon into the unresisting animal as fast as he could draw it out, until at last it fell, groaning heavily, having only run a few yards.

"Shabash, shabash! (well done, well done!) who could have done that but the Sultaun! Inshalla; he is victorious!—he is the slayer of man and beast!—he is the brave in war, and the skilful in hunting!" cried all the attendants and courtiers.

But there were many others near, who vented their hate in silent, but bitter curses,—Brahmins, to whom the slaughter of this sacred animal was impiety not to be surpassed.

"Ha!" cried the Sultaun, looking upon the group, one of whom had disgust plainly marked on his countenance, "ha, thou dost not like this! By the soul of Mahomed, we will make thee like it. Seize me that fellow, Furashee!" he cried fiercely, "and smear his face with the bull's blood; that will teach him to look with an evil eye on his monarch's amusements."

The order was obeyed literally; and, ere the man knew what was said, he was seized by a number of the powerful attendants; his face was smeared with the warm blood, and some of it forced into his mouth.

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"Enough!" cried the Sultana, leaning back in his saddle as he watched the scene; and, laughing immoderately, pointed to the really ludicrous but disgusting appearance of the Brahmin; who, covered with blood and dirt, was vainly striving to sputter forth the abomination which had been forced into his mouth, and to wipe the blood from his face, "Enough! bring him before us. Now make a lane in front and give me a spear. Away with thee!" he cried to the Brahmin, "I will give thee a fair start; but if I overtake thee before yonder turning, thou art a dead man, by Alla!"

The man turned at once, and fled with the utmost speed that terror could lend him; the Sultana waited awhile, then shouted his favourite cry of "Alla yar!" and, followed by his attendants, darted at full speed after the fugitive. The Brahmin, however, escaped down the narrow turning, and the brilliant party rode on, laughing heartily at their amusement.

Arts and Sciences.

NEW COINAGE FOR 1841.

A BEAUTIFUL specimen of new coins has just been issued from the Mint, consisting of penny pieces. They are materially different from those now in use, as there is no lettering upon them, with the exception of the date. On one side is a most excellent medallion likeness of her present Majesty, richly and elaborately finished, and, as it nearly occupies the whole of one of the sides of the pieces, has a magnificent effect. On the obverse is a figure of Britannia, similar to those on the fourpenny pieces, under which is placed the date. The outside of the rim is perfectly smooth, but it is raised in such a manner as to afford ample protection to the figure on the body when in use. The die from which this new issue has been made is highly creditable to the advanced state of the arts in this country, and the finish of the coins produced in working from it cannot be excelled in the most valuable metals.

MANUFACTURE OF BEET SUGAR.*

IT is rather more than a century since Margraff, a celebrated Prussian chemist, residing at Berlin, made the discovery, that the beet contains a good crystallizable sugar. His attention was first attracted to the subject by the saccharine savour of the beet, and the crystalline appearance of its flesh when examined with a microscope. Having cut some beets into thin slices, he dried perfectly and then pulverized them. To eight ounces of the powder, he added sixteen of highly-rectified spirits, and exposed the whole to a gentle heat in a sand bath. As soon as this mash was heated to the boiling point, he removed it from the fire and filtered it into a flask, which he corked up and left to itself. In a few weeks he found that crystals were formed, which exhibited all the physical and chemical properties of cane sugar. Having submitted several other vegetable substances to the same treatment, he found that they all yielded sugar in different proportions, but none of them so much as the beet.

It was Achard, also a chemist of Berlin, who invented the first method of making beet sugar on a large scale, and at a moderate expense. He first announced this result in 1797. In 1799, a letter from him was inserted in a French periodical, entitled "The Annals of Chemistry," in which he gave the details of this method.

In 1811, Mr. Drapiez, of Lille, worked fifty-five tons of beets, from which he obtained 2½ per cent. of brown, and 1½ per cent. of refined sugar. In the winter of the same year, an experimenter at Paris succeeded in obtaining 4½ per cent from white beets, raised at a considerable distance from Paris, and without manure. This was the first essay in France which approximated to the results of Achard. It was made by Mr. Charles Derosne, and was detailed in the *Moniteur*. It demonstrated how faulty had been the selection of sorts, and the mode of culture.

After the final overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, the price of refined sugar, which forms the chief consumption of France, fell to twelve cents a pound. Still, to the surprise of all, two beet sugar manufactories survived the shock of this reverse, proving that the beet sugar system possessed an intrinsic value.

In 1837, there were in France 542 beet-root sugar manufactories in operation, and 39 in construction. The states composing the German Customs' Union, possessed, in 1838, 87 factories in operation, and 66 in construction. The production of the beet sugar factories averages about 200,000lbs. each; so that we may reckon for the 203 factories known to exist in other parts of the Continent besides France, 40,600,000lbs. of sugar, making the total annual production of beet sugar in Europe about 150,000,000lbs. In Austria and Italy also, the business has been commenced with great zeal.

The sugar manufactured in France has invariably increased from year to year, unless it has fallen off in 1838-9, of which we have not yet the returns:—

1832-3 - - -	22,000,000lbs.
1833-4 - - -	33,000,000
1834-5 - - -	44,000,000
1835-6 - - -	66,000,000
1836-7 - - -	107,000,000
1837-8 - - -	112,000,000

In addition to the sugar derived from beet, there are one or more residuaries highly serviceable in other ways. The pulp is worth for paper-making five times its value as feed for animals. In England, Mr. Ryan has ob-

* From "The Culture of the Beet, and Manufacture of Beet Sugar." By David Lee Child, Boston.

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tained a patent for making paper of beet-roots after the juice is expressed. We have seen various specimens of paste-board, and of firm and durable wrapping-paper, made of this new material. We are informed that good printing paper has been made chiefly of the same material; and it is confidently expected that fine writing paper will be produced. The immense and increasing demand for paper, and the vast commerce now carried on in rags, are sufficient proof of the importance of this application of the beet-root pulp.

The Naturalist.

BIRDS IN A LAMP-POST.

In the spring of the year 1839, a pair of *Tom-tits*, built a nest in the cast-iron column of a lamp-post, standing at the corner of Parrock and Union Streets, in the town of Gravesend, in Kent. The birds were seen going in and out, and on examination, the nest was found a short distance from the top of the column, and contained *four* young ones, which were suffered to remain until they were fledged, when they flew away. The opening at the top of the lamp-post, or column, was about *two* inches in diameter, and rather larger lower down, where the nest was built. We may remark, that the lamp post stands at the edge of the curb of the foot-pavement in Parrock Street, along which there is a considerable traffic of both carriages and foot-passengers, and that the said lamp was regularly lighted up every night, during the time the birds remained, without its appearing in any way to annoy them. L. P. S.

TREES.

The history of trees is coeval with that of man. Our first parents in Paradise had their trees; and though the tree of life, with others pleasing to the sight, were lost at the fall, enough has survived this wreck of all things, to interest us in their propagation. They come down to us hallowed by the first circumstances of interest upon earth, and loaded, as it were, with the associations of poets and philosophers, and holy men of old. They were at "the beginning" of the beautiful apparel which Nature put on in her dewy infancy, ere yet she had become estranged from her Maker, and when her happy home was the garden "eastward in Eden."—*Grigor's Eastern Arboretum.*

AURICULAS OF THE SWISS ALPS.

These may be supposed to experience intense cold in winter; but this is not the fact; covered with warm snow, they lie buried till the return of spring, protected from the severest weather. Soon as the snow melts, they begin to feel the excitement of brilliant light, and unfold beneath the pure and equable atmosphere.

Metropolitan Reminiscences.

Mary-le-bone.—This parish was primarily the manor of Mary Bourne, to which was appended Mary Bourne Park. It had a church dedicated, originally, to St. Mary, near the *Bourne* rivulet, or brook of Ty, or Tybourne. Bourne, by the omission of the letters *ur*, readily become *Bone;* hence, *Marrow-bone* with many, and le-bon, or Mary *the good.* Pepys, in his Memoirs, calls the place *Marrowbone-fields.*

Portpool Lane, takes its name from its formerly being part of the manor of Purtpole, *alias* Portpole, belonging to the ancient family of the Grays, from anno 22, Edward I., until the reign of Henry VII.

On the spot where **Doiley's Warehouse, Strand,* now stands, was Wimbledon House, a large mansion, built by Sir Edward Cecil, third son of Thomas, Earl of Exeter. Stowe, in his Annals, says, "that it was burned quite down in November 1628; and, that the day before, his lordship had the misfortune also of having part of his house at Wimbledon, in Surry, blown up by gunpowder." At the back of Doiley's, towards Exeter Street, may now be seen the last remnant of the saloon of the Lyceum Theatre.

Moorfields was, in the time of Edward II., of so little value, that the whole of it was let at the rate of four marks a year. It could only be passed on causeways raised for the benefit of travellers.

Lothbury, which will shortly have scarce a vestige remaining, was so called from a court anciently kept there. In Stowe's time, it was inhabited by brass founders, who cast candlesticks, chafing-dishes, mortars for pounding spices, &c. In Founder's Court, Lothbury, is a meeting-house, occupied, nearly the period of a century, by a Scot's Presbyterian congregation, and was the earliest of that denomination in London, being collected in the reign of Charles II. The baths, with many adjoining houses, were sold by auction, the 18th and 19th inst., on account of the Lothbury improvements.

Leadenhall Market was formerly celebrated for the sale of meat. Don Pedro de Ronquillo, the Spanish Ambassador, told King Charles the Second, that he believed there was more meat sold there in one week than in all the kingdom of Spain: and he was a very good judge.

* There have been few shops in the Metropolis that have acquired greater literary notoriety, than Doiley's Warehouse. Mention is made of it, in several papers of the Spectator, as the grand emporium of gentlemen's night-gowns and caps, from a very early period. They were carelessly confined by a sash of yellow, red, blue, green, &c. X.

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CONJURATION OF FAIRIES.

THE following account of the means that are to be used when you wish to get a fairy, is extracted from an ancient manuscript in the British Museum:—First, get a broad square crystal, or Venice glass, in length and breadth three inches; then lay that glass or crystal in the blood of a white hen, three Wednesdays or three Fridays; then take it out and wash it with hollyhock, and fumigate it; then take three hazel sticks, or wands of a year's growth; peel them fair and white, and make them long enough to write the spirit or fairy's name on, which you are to call three times on every stick; then bury them under some hill, where you suppose fairies haunt, the Wednesday before you call her; and the Friday following take them up, and call her at eight, or ten, or three of the clock, which are good planets and hours for that turn; but when you call be clean in life, and turn your face towards the east, and when you have her bind her to the crystal or glass. W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

Sir David Wilkie, who has been some time in Constantinople, is engaged in taking a likeness of the Sultan, for her Majesty.

The individual who is instrumental in causing a blade of grass to grow where none existed before, is a benefactor to his country. —*Grigor.*

A Contradiction.—Matrimony, we all know and allow, is the consummation of love; now lexicographers say that consummation means *end.*

Gloves are becoming expensive matters now. They are sometimes wrought on the back with gold and silver thread, and—but this is rarely—with an occasional sprinkling of seed pearls. They are now made to button up the arm, and the trimming at the top is composed of lace and the brightest-hued feathers. The buttons are usually of dead gold or pearl, and come very expensive.—*Report of Paris Fashions.*

One in Peril, by Massinger:—

> "What a bridge
> Of glass I walk upon, over a river
> Of certain ruin, mine own weighty fears
> Cracking what should support me."

The bridge of glass does not here merely indicate brittleness, but also transparency, through which he sees his ruin.

A Geranium at a Window.—It was the remark of Leigh Hunt, that it sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. The very feel of the leaf has a household warmth in it,—something analogous to clothing and comfort.

A Yankee Agricultural Toast.—May our farmers have good crops, full ears, heavy grass, and *no small potatoes.*

Antient Custom.—At Bainbridge, a township in the North Riding of York, there has long existed a custom of blowing a horn every night at ten o'clock, from September 27th to Shrove-tide, as a signal to the benighted traveller. L. P. S.

Royal Society.—The Marquess of Northampton has issued cards of invitation to the Fellows of the Society, for *soirées* on the following Saturdays, viz., Feb. 27th, March 13th and 27th, and April 3d.

The Thlew-ee-choh, or Great Fish River, North America.—It has a violent and tortuous course of five hundred geographical miles, running through an iron-ribbed country, without a single tree on the whole line of its banks, expanding into fine large lakes, with clear horizons, most embarrassing to the navigator, and broken into falls, cascades, and rapids, to the number of no less than eighty-three in the whole.

Dancing.—The innocent and the happy, while the dews of youth are upon them, dance to the music of their own hearts. "See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing." The savages have their war-dance, and the high and low of every country their national jigs. Sweetly singeth the tea-kettle, merrily danceth the parched pea on the fire-shovel.

City of Tobolsk.—It stands upon a very high bank of the Tobol. The walls are white, and the crosses and cupolas of the churches gilded.

Some men can sleep when they like: Napoleon, Barclay of Uric, and Quin the player, could do so.

The Prodigal Son.—There never was a more beautiful or affecting story than that of the repentant prodigal. Subdued by suffering and sorrow, and only sustained by paternal forgiveness, how touching is it, when the rags that scarcely hide his emaciated form and squalid appearance are about to be cast aside; —when the first joy of meeting is over, and the servants have brought forth the raiment, and the ring, and the fatted calf.

The Style of Junius, writes Coleridge, is a sort of metre, the law of which is a balance of thesis and antithesis; when he gets out of this aphoristic metre into a sentence of five or six lines long, nothing can exceed the slovenliness of the English.

The Face of the Dead.—There is something in the sight of a dead face which stirs the *deepest* feelings of the human heart. It is not easy to analyze this sentiment. It has in it wonder, terror, curiosity, and incredulity. It is a great—*great* lesson. No living tongue can say so much as those closed, pale, ice-cold lips, and they have smiled, jested, commanded. Light words have fallen from them.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1044.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1841. [Price 2d.

LONGWOOD:

THE RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON, ST. HELENA.

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LONGWOOD,

THE RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON, ST. HELENA.

About a mile and a half beyond the tomb of Napoleon, the road from James Town terminates at a small lodge on the eastern side of the Island. The gate is no sooner flung open, than off springs the unwary traveller's half-starved, jaded-looking Rosinante, at the top of his speed, along the turf, until he as suddenly comes to a dead halt at the little trellis portico at the gable-end of Longwood. Notwithstanding that the suddenness of this transition from crawling along the high road, with the rider's whip, spur, and tongue all at full swing, too often surprises him into measuring his length at the gateway, still his ragged hackney, which has scarcely ever trodden any other path than that between Longwood and James Town, strives, with a spirit worthy of a Venetian race-horse, to be first at the goal. Of our party, one or two were unhorsed at the entrance-gate, others lost their stirrups in the helter-skelter, before they had passed the first cotton-tree, while several of the remainder, from the effects of the full-stop shock at the Portico, made a species of leap-frog movement over their horses' ears, exhibiting the interesting ceremony of the *koutou*, which, as my Lord Amherst has explained, consists in performing a series of devotional thumps of the head on the floor, when the owner of the head in question has the distinguished honour of being presented to the Emperor of all the Chinas.

The accompanying drawing, though a faithful representation of the main part, Longwood House, barely conveys an idea of the wretched tenement in which Napoleon passed so many years of his life—our cicerone, the tenant, was apparently well hardened against indignant and strong remarks upon, not only the present pig-stye style of the place, but also upon the selection of so paltry and uncomfortable an abode for Napoleon, as he coolly observed that "it was *once* the second best house in the Island." I remember, on the voyage to India, asking a military friend, who had formerly served many years in the navy, how he had liked the maritime profession; and his pithy reply being, "Why, sir, I would not send my enemy's dog to sea." I very much doubt whether Longwood, at its best estate, would have made anything but an indifferent dog-kennel; as sportsmen, however, are thin upon the ground in St. Helena, it has been converted to the more profitable purpose of a threshing floor.* Enthusiastic folk, like myself, look upon these things as a sad profanation, thinking that such a place should have been handed down to posterity like the royal apartments in the Kremlin, in the very state they were left by their last noble occupant; but the more unromantic, worldly-minded St. Helenites, apparently consider broken window-frames, fragments of glass scattered over the floors, blistered paint, and damp remnants of what might once have been paper dangling from the inner walls, more typical of the fortunes of him, who for years to come, will still cause thousands to make a pilgrimage to Longwood. The house is much such as would be occupied by one of our third-rate English farmers, and not a jot too good for its present occupant, whose main support appears to be derived from providing his hungry seafaring visitors with a strangely indigestible lunch of stale bread, dry Dutch cheese, and sour beer. I see the man now in my mind's eye, leaning with his back against the winnowing machine, and with a most patronizing air, saying, "Poor Boney, he was a good kind of man enough; he died between those two windows: would you like anything to eat and drink, gentlemen, after your ride?" It is too true, alas! that a winnowing machine occupies one side of the principal room. The dimensions of this room are 22 feet by 15, the entrance to it being through the portico. The camp bedstead in which Napoleon slept at Austerlitz, was placed between the two windows, (which are those nearest the portico in the above sketch,) and at about six o'clock in the evening of the 5th of May, 1821, he breathed his last, in the arms of his faithful followers, Montholon and Bertrand, at the age of 51 years and 9 months. Nineteen years elapsed from that time without anything being heard of these voluntary companions in Napoleon's exile; but within the last few months, fame has again been busy with their names, in connexion with that of their imperial master: the gallant old Montholon is now commencing the 20 years "detention" to which he was sentenced, for being a participator in Louis Napoleon's insane descent upon Boulogne, while Bertrand has returned in triumph with the remains of the duly acknowledged "Emperor," for their final interment in the Hotel des Invalides.

We added our autographs to the thousands with which the windows, the walls, and even the winnowing machine, are scored and scratched; and, turning our horses' heads away from the portico, descended towards New Longwood, unanimously agreeing, that had Napoleon fallen into the power of Russia or Prussia, or into the hands even of his Austrian father-in-law, he could not by any possibility have been watched with more unsparing rigour, or subjected to more harsh and humiliating treatment, than he was while a state-prisoner at St. Helena. E. T. C.

In a future Number will be given a View and Description of New Longwood, the intended abode of Napoleon.

* Longwood, the dwelling of the exiled monarch, is converted to-day into a mill, and into which entrance is to be obtained only on payment of three shillings to the proprietor. We went over the apartments, little more than mean, even in the time of their splendour. It was here that of old stood the bed of Napoleon, but in its place you now see two horses: it is a stable! Eheu! gloria mundi!—*Letter from on board the Astrolabe, Sept.* 9, 1840.

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COMPUNCTIOUS VISITINGS OF POETS.

Poetry, like music, appeals powerfully to the affections. The golden lyre, struck by the hand of a skilful musician, while it delights the ear with its melody, leads also captive the imagination. The sweet lyre of poesy, too, discourses no less eloquent music; but its charm is rendered far more irresistible to the passions, for to the concord of sweet sounds, it adds thoughts that breathe, and words that burn. Timotheus, by his master touch, could raise a mortal to the skies; St. Cecilia, by her Elysian airs, could draw an angel down;—but when the poetic harp is strung by the sensual and intemperate hand of an Anacreon, nature is scared from her propriety; the modest graces droop their heads and disappear; and virtue stops her ears, and refuses to listen.

It is much to be lamented that a race of writers deducing their descent from the bard of Teos, and inheriting the talents of their great progenitor and exemplar, should have proved so numerous and so abundantly prolific. The effect produced upon the community by their works, has been beyond calculation detrimental; and, wherever their poems have been put forth, and survive in a classical language, the mischief has been the more complete, diffusive, and universal; because they have been for the most part inconsiderately made the hand-books of youth, who, by their passions and inexperience are the more readily led away, not so much at first by the wantonness and licentiousness of their writings, as by the attractions of genius, and the charms of style and literature.

Our own age and country are not destitute of performances of a like nature corruptive and baneful. Little do the writers imagine that the raptures they excite are forbidden; that the associations which they give birth to in the minds of their readers are calculated to oppugn the lessons of divine revelation, to overthrow the foundations of all morality, and to act with fatal efficacy on the peace and the happiness of society.

Not all the glowing beauties of Byron can compensate for the hideous deformities which his evil and malignant genius hath engendered and propagated. Alas! almost do we stifle and suppress our admiration of Childe Harold, in the execrations which the libertine Juan draws from our lips; and how must the heretical Adonais and Queen Mab for ever blight and destroy the poetic laurels of his once unhappy comate and confederate—Percy Bysshe Shelley! Many are there even now among the amatory and licentious poets of the present day, who would give the world to have blotted out from the pages of their fame, many of their productions absolutely worthless in themselves, being of worthless tendency, although decorated and set off by the charms and fascinations of language, poetry, and music; and who, like Cowley, coming a little to account with themselves, lament that they had ever written poems of an idle or licentious description. So impressed was this poet with the consideration of the mischief he had done, or might thereafter occasion, that he directed by his last will, that in any future edition of his works, such parts as were of an immoral character should be expunged and omitted. When he began to decline in years, and reflection had made him grey, it was a frequent wish expressed by him that poetic geniuses would more employ their talents on divine subjects, and to the honour of God. He used to say that no two things would bring greater glory to the Christian religion than the conversion of the Jews, and the conversion of poetry.

But Cowley was not the only great instance of compunctious feelings arising from the misapplication of great poetical talents. A remarkable instance is supplied by the father of English poetry, who also laboured under much depression of conscience on the same account, and the reader will not, in conclusion, be displeased to read in his own words the revolvings of a naturally pious mind weighed down by its own contrition, enumerating his literary offences one by one, and asking forgiveness.—"Jesus have mercy on me," says the repentant son of Song, "and forgive me my giltes—and namely of my own translations and enditinges of worldly vanities, the which I revoke in my retractions; as the Boke of Troilus; the Boke also of Fame; the Boke of the Five and Twenty Ladyes; the Boke of the Duchesse; the Boke of Seint Valentine's Day, of the Parlement of Briddes; the Tales of Cantorbury, thilke that sounen (lead) unto sinne; the Boke of the Lyon, and many an other boke, if they were in my remembraunce and many a song and many a lecherous lay. Christ of his grete mercie forgive me the sinne. But," continues the confessing poet, as though deriving grace and regeneration from this short aspiration, and willing to give testimony of the delight which his soul took in useful and heavenly works,—"but of the translation of Bokes of consolation and other Bokes of Saints and of Omelies, and moralite and devotion, that thanke I oure Lorde Jesu Christ and his blissful moder and all the saints in Heaven: beseeching them that they fro henceforth, unto my lyves end, sende me grace of veray penance, confession, and satisfaction, to doe in this present lif, through the benigne grace of him that is Kinge of Kinges and Preste of all Prests, that bought us with the precious blode of his herte, so that I mote ben of them atte the laste day of dome that shullen be saved."

Would that of every of our poets it could be thus recorded, as was happily done by Lord Lyttleton of our eminent countryman Thomson, whose life was as unblemished and as inoffensive as his page:—

His chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre,
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

W. A.

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MORN AND EVEN.

How lovely is the Morning, and how lovely is the Night!
The last so calm and holy, and the first so clear and bright—
The one so sweet and tranquil, and so form'd for gentle sleep,
When the majesty of darkness is magnificent and deep.

The morning with its freshness, its glory and its might,
When the earth is overspread with crystal floods of light,
When the birds sing shrill and blythely, and the dewy grass is sweet,
And the hearts of careless creatures strong with hope and passion beat.

Then the smiles of gentlest nature are warm and eloquent,
And all her myriads are upon toil and pleasure bent;
And nought that doth exist seems sad, or dark, or dull,
And the flowers appear to be most pure and beautiful.

But how exquisitely soft is the more harmonious even,
When countless lamps adorn the purple vault of heaven,
And the low faint breeze doth sigh its hapless loves unto
The violets that are gemm'd with cold and silver dew.

Then the dreams of love are brightest, and the soul is borne on high,
To the sound of lutes and harps, and aerial minstrelsy,
And the sweetest voices ever heard, are whisp'ring words of love,
And the brightest eyes are sparkling in the firmament above.

Oh, how beautiful is Even! I love it more than day,
For I dream the bliss-fraught hours more peacefully away,
And I rest upon the bosom of th' imaginary one,
Whose beauty, and whose innocence may be surpass'd by none.

Oh, how happy! Oh, how happy! for all mortal passion then
Absorb'd in spirit dissipates,—I am not among men
But gain Elysium blessed, and mount with angel wings
To the mighty sound of all my high imaginings!

R. B.

TO THE EARLY VIOLET.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Sweet harbinger of wayward Spring!
On Winter's bosom blossoming;
The wanderer greets thee on the moor,—
The peasant by his cottage door,
At morn and eve looks down to bless
Thy meek and modest loveliness,—

The lover deems an eye of blue
Is mirror'd in thine azure hue—
A well-known eye!—and standing there
He softly breathes a soul-felt prayer
For one,—but sooth! I must not tell
The secrets thou dost guard so well.

Sweet violet! one fate is thine,
Alike, yet different to mine!
I, too, must live a little day,
Then fade, like thee, sweet flower, away;
But thou once more shalt rise and bloom
When I am in the silent tomb.

Oh, truant fancy! say not so,
May man no brighter presage know?
May man no brighter emblem see
Of life and immortality,
In this fair flow'ret's swift decline?
Then, foolish fancy! why repine?

Sweet haunter of the hidden dell!
This lesson thou hast taught me well;
The Christian's hope can never die,
The Christian's hope is fixed on high,
Where, far from sorrow, care, and pain—
His soul shall rise and bloom again!

E. C—n.

WOMAN.

The present state of woman, as regards her relative position in society, forms a subject for many melancholy, though pleasing reflections. Her exalted state, in some instances, and her degraded one in others, affords a wide field for mature thought as well as instruction. It is, indeed, a lamentable fact, that she who, in her state of innocence, is the most beautiful and lovely of all God's creatures, and who reminds us in fact of those beings who worship round his throne, should ever be consigned to the base and lost condition in which numbers of her sex now are. Castaways from society, exiles and wanderers on the world's wide stage, breathing an atmosphere tainted with impurities, having no friend to administer comfort to the soul, living in degradation and misery, and dying unpitied and unknown. We will not, however, dwell upon this ever most painful subject, for rather than expose her faults, we would hide them beneath an impenetrable veil, and cover them with the cloak of charity; and instead of writing one word in anger, drop a tear, and breathe a sigh of sorrow.

Let us then present her to our readers in her brightest colours, in her shade of pristine excellence.

The creation of woman showed, in a remarkable manner, the situation she was to hold in life. God saw that man was without a helpmate, without a companion, and without a sharer of his joy or care; in his goodness, then, and bountiful love, he formed this partner for him, and created woman. In that one being was a concentration of all that was lovely, virtuous, and pure. Whenever we hear the name of woman mentioned, our thoughts instinctively revert to something that enchains the attention, enhances the affection, and calls into action all the softer and more delicate emotions of the human breast.

In prosperity, woman is the dear companion of man's joys; where'er he is, there is her heart also.

Is he gay? her beaming smile adds pleasure to his gaiety.

Is he happy? her love gives increase to his happiness.

Is he serious? oh! then the pensive smile, the aspirations of a heart of virtue, throw a gleam of chaste and hallowed light around him, like the last faint rays of the setting sun, softening, adding calmness, and gilding with beauty the meditations of his soul.

Does he kneel at the shrine of heaven? then are his orisons joined by one of heaven's

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own; the prayer of purity and love is lisped from the tongue of innocence, and borne by seraphs to the throne of grace.

But it is in adversity, that the love, constancy, and devotedness of woman pre-eminently manifest themselves, and shine in the dark horizon of man's fortune, the stars of brilliance and unclouded worth.

Does disease rack his frame? then glides her beauteous figure round his bed of sorrow, smoothing the pillow of distress, and breathing in his ears the melodious tones of peace and consolation; no sleep do her eyelids know, nor are her eyes weighed down by slumber; she, like a guardian angel, watches through midnight's dreary hour with intense agony and fervent love, the pallid face of him who to her is life; and in the solitude and silence of her chamber, and by the gloomy light of yonder flickering lamp, bends before the cross of Christ, pouring out in one unceasing torrent the prayers and supplications of her aching and sorrowing heart; while crystal tears, like the dew-drops of heaven, trickle o'er that fair cheek, once matchless as the perfumed rose, but now blanched as the lily.

Is he in prison? no chains, no bars, can keep her love from him; frantic with wretchedness, she breaks through every obstacle; she seeks, she finds him, and carries with her to the dungeon's gloom a bright sunlight and radiance that enlightens all the darkness there. Man deserted by his acquaintance, scoffed at and insulted by his fellow-men, branded with infamy, disgrace, and shame, condemned to linger out his miserable existence in a dismal and horrid cell, yet finds, amid a world of enemies, one dear, one faithful, one only friend.

Regard woman in one other light; viz surrounded by her offspring, and methinks there is no picture so beautiful or enchanting as a mother in the midst of smiling cherubs, the dear pledges of conjugal love, and emblems indeed of innocence. She looks like a sun of worth and virtue surrounded by a galaxy of stars. Their thoughts seem to be her thoughts, and their little desires seldom fail of finding acquiescence in her tender bosom. Her hopes in them are centred, and in the midst of them is her home of happiness.

Such, then, is a faint sketch of the character of woman, faithful, devoted, constant; giving joy to the happiness of man; an angel of comfort, bringing solace to his woes. Through every scene of life her heart is his; in the sunlight of prosperity, or in the howling storm of adversity, she is still the same; following him to the dark and dreary dungeon, watching over him in sickness, and clinging to his grave. H. P.

TARTEMPION, THE NATIONAL GUARD.

A PARISIAN SKETCH.

[*Done in French Chalk, by Cecil P. Standley.*]

NICHOLAS, JEAN, BAPTISTE, OSCAR, TARTEMPION, born at Paris in the year of our Lord, 1793, was, early in life, seized with an insatiable thirst for military fame, and, profiting by the Russian campaign, he sent two young men to represent him on the gory field. Not content with this, in 1814, a third representative was dispatched to win fresh laurels in the name of Tartempion, and, in 1815, a fourth devotee joined the French army, for the express purpose of completing the wreath of glory, so fast encircling Tartempion's brow. Had two hundred thousand Frenchmen but followed the example of this warlike man, France would never have had reason to deplore the disastrous day of Waterloo, for in Tartempion, Napoleon possessed four soldiers, and the observance of his doctrine would have rendered eight hundred thousand warriors available to the emperor's designs.

But notwithstanding this devotion, wicked tongues there were which babbled forth sneers reflecting on the courage of the brave fellow, but he never thought it worth while to contradict the ill-natured remarks of envy—such a hero as Tartempion, who served at the same time in the 63d Regiment of the Line, in the 5th Cuirassiers, in the 2d Hussars, and in the Artillery! may treat with supreme disdain the idle observations of a contemptible few.

The Battle of Waterloo proved a terrible event for poor Tartempion: he was *thrice* killed; and, to heighten his misfortunes, his remaining representative, the artillery man, had both his legs shot off. The events of 1815 alone prevented Napoleon from awarding a cross of honour to Tartempion, a circumstance which there is every reason to believe the exiled emperor deeply deplored during his sojourn at St. Helena.

When the memorable days of July 1830 led to the re-establishment of the National Guard, Tartempion was among the first who took arms—for the grand review on the Champ de Mars, in the month of August following. It was with a perfect delirium of joy that this citizen warrior entered a company of voltigeurs; the *plumet jaune* had completely subjugated his eyes, his soul, his every sense. The first time that Tartempion had the satisfaction of assuming the habiliments of the voltigeurs, and of thrusting his head proudly into a bearskin cap, he felt so happy that he rushed to the Hotel des Invalides, and presented his amputated artillery trunk with a five franc piece.

To give an idea of his fervent zeal, it will be only necessary to state, that in the same year [1830] Tartempion, who had seen eight and forty springs, wished to pay his tribute to nature and to society by giving his name to a young person ornamented with orange blos-

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soms. On the day of his wedding, Tartempion received a billet from the guard house. You will perhaps imagine that he thrust his serjeant-major's communication aside. Not so. He read it with interest, and proceeded, in his costume of voltigeur of the National guard, to be married. The ceremony over, the newly-wedded pair hastened to the Hotel de Marengo, to partake of a sumptuous feast provided by Tartempion for himself and friends. On a sudden, in the midst of festivities, the clock chimes four. Tartempion, who, until the present moment, had been busied with the delicacies of the table, rose in despair. The fatal tinkling of the clock produced as much effect upon him as the magic words which formerly startled Belshazzar, and the National guard cried out, "Mon dieu! mon dieu! I shall never arrive in time—my post, my post!" and this Frenchman, more heroic than an ancient Roman, quitted his young wife, and an old bottle of Bordeaux, to mount guard at the Hotel de Ville.

REMINISCENCES OF STERNE.

[*Concluded from page 56.*]

THOSE who attentively peruse Mr. Sterne's Sermons, and dwell on the admirable reflections, deep moral thoughts, and humane sentiments scattered throughout, and so forcibly and elegantly expressed, will scarcely agree with this pleasant bit, or effusion of sportive wit:—

"They are very short in general, and gave rise, some years ago, to a good joke at Bull's Library at Bath. A footman coming into the shop to ask for one of Smallridge's Sermons for his Lady, by mistake asked for a *small religious* Sermon. The bookseller being puzzled how to comply with his demand, a gentleman replied, 'Give him one of Sterne's.'"

If he had never written one line more than his picture of the mournful cottage, towards the conclusion of the fifth Sermon, we can cheerfully indulge the devout hope, that the recording angel, whom he once invoked, will have blotted out many of his imperfections. When he solicited subscriptions for his Sermons, the splendid list of the subscribers (amounting to 697) sufficiently shews how the public were captivated by the flashes of genius which this "master of the human heart" (a term he himself, in one of his Sermons, applies to Shakspeare) so profusely scattered through the first volumes of his Tristram Shandy, one of which contained the Sermon on Conscience. Had his Story of Le Fevre then appeared, probably the list of subscribers would have been treble. One sees among these subscribers some of the most eminent of our nobility and men of genius, and some of our most distinguished clergy, and many ladies of high rank. I will merely mention a very few:—

Duke of Ancaster.
Earl of Ashburnham.
Lord Bathurst.
Mr. John Beard.
Duke and Duchess of Bridgwater.
Charles Burney.
Lord Chesterfield.
J. G. Cooper, Author of the Life of Socrates, and the Tomb of Shakspeare.
Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.
Rev. Dr. Douglas.
Countess of Dalkeith.
Lady Egerton, and four more of that family.
Earl Falconberg.
Mr. Fawkes.
Mr. Garrick.
Bishop of Gloucester.
Lady Herbert.
Hon Mr. Herbert.
Hon. Robert Herbert.
Dr. Hardhinge.
Mrs. Hardhinge, 2 Sets.
Mr. Hogarth.
Thomas Hollis, Esq.
Duke of Kingston.
George Keate, Esq.
John Lee, Esq., who so often pleaded before Lord Mansfield.
Bishop of Lichfield.
Lord Lyttleton.
Edward Lascelles, Esq.
Daniel Lascelles, Esq.
Major Lascelles.
Rev. Robert Lascelles.
Mr. Mason.
Mrs. Montague.
Corbin Morris, Esq.
Sir W. and Lady Maynard.
Lord George Manners.
Hon. John Manners.
Lord W. Manners.
Lord Milton, 4 Sets.
Mrs. Meynell.
Miss Meynell.
Hugo Meynell.
Bishop of Norwich.
Rev. Mr. Nelson, Lord Nelson's father.
John Offey, Esq.
Duke & Duchess of Portland.
Bishop of Peterborough.
Dean of Peterborough.
John Rich, Esq.
Mr. Reynolds, Leicester-fields. In an earlier list of subscribers it is thus set down:—"Mr. Reynolds, painter."
Marquis & Marchioness of Rockingham.
Sir George Saville.
Dean of Salisbury.
Earl of Scarborough.
Earl & Countess Temple.
Charles Townsend, Esq.
Dr. Warren.
Nath. Webb.
Lady Mary Weymouth.
Lord & Lady Weymouth.
Lady Ch. Weymouth.
Lady Har. Weymouth.
Mr. Whitehead.

Of Mr. Sterne's kind heart, we have abundant proof. La Fleur tells us:—"At many of our stages, my master has turned to me with tears. 'These poor people oppress me, La Fleur; how shall I relieve me!'" Sir W. Scott observes "We will not readily believe that the parent of Uncle Toby could be a harsh, or habitually a bad-humoured man. Sterne's letters to his friends, and especially to his daughter, breathe all the fondness of affection; and his resources, such as they were, seem to have been always at the command of those whom he loved." His biographer, in the Dublin University Magazine, says:—"In money matters he was not only liberal, but anxious and self-denying; in expressions of attachment, strong invitations, and all that language or ostensible arts can indicate, there is at least, nothing to warrant any construction of unkindness." Each letter to his daughter breathes the tenderest affection. In one to her, dated May 15th, he says, "If your mother's rheumatism continues, and she chooses to go to Bagnieres, tell her not to be stopped for want of money, for my purse shall be as open as my heart." In another letter, dated April 9th (about a year preceding his death), he says:—"I am unhappy—thy mother and thyself at a distance from me, and what can compensate for such destitution?—for God's sake, persuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too short to waste in separation; and whilst she lives in one country and I in another, many will think it is from choice;

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besides, I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart."

In his letter to her from Naples, Feb. 3, he says:—"If your mother's health will permit her to return with me to England, your summers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwold." A letter to a friend, dated Coxwold, Dec. 7, 1767 (about three months before his death), breathing the most tender affection to his daughter, whose fine mind he displays in the highest light, after alluding to his having been offered a living of 350*l.* a year in Surrey, and retaining Coxwold and his prebendaryship, he says:—"I have great offers too in Ireland; the Bishops of C—— and R——- are both my friends, but I have rejected every proposal, unless Mrs. Sterne and my Lydia could accompany me thither. Mrs. Sterne's health is insupportable in England; she must return to France, and justice and humanity forbid me to oppose it. I will allow her enough to live comfortably, until she can rejoin me." His attentive remittances of money to her may be further seen in the letters of September 29, October 7, 1765, and February 8, 1766.*

His wife and daughter being at York during the races, a subscription was opened in their favour by the princely bounty of the Marquis of Rockingham, amounting to near 2000*l.* One may judge of the pleasant and brilliant life he led at Paris by his 17th letter, in Mrs. Medalle's first volume, and of the high acquaintances he there formed, and his accompanying Mr. Fox and Mr. Macartney, and in which he acknowledges his great obligations to Mr. Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham. The most distinguished characters paid him every mark of admiration and respect.

About 1769, Mr. Henderson formed part of a society called the Shandean Society, who met in Maiden-lane once a week, chiefly to recite, and to dwell on the pleasantry and pathos of Sterne. He frequently produced one of his volumes, and entered fully into the spirit of the author. The effect his voice and feeling gave to the story of Le Fevre, won the admiration of every hearer. It was proposed to devote a day to the memory of the author, and speaking over his grave a requiem to his departed spirit. An Ode was written, and the energy and pathetic feeling which was displayed in the speaking gave it a most powerful effect. It thus concludes:—

For me, I own, with grateful transport mov'd,
I love his memory as the man I lov'd,
Dear to my eye, but dearer to my heart;
Ne'er felt my soul more agonizing smart,
Than when that spirit from it's bondage fled,
And gave a second Yorick to the dead.

In the London Mechanic's Institution, H. Brown, Esq., the librarian, about twelve months ago, delivered two lectures "On the Writings and Genius of Sterne."

I select the following testimonies to his memory, out of others to which his death gave rise:—

By a Lady.

Sterne, rest for ever, and no longer fear
The critic's censure or the coxcomb's sneer.
The gate of envy now is clos'd on thee,
And fame her hundred doors shall open free;
Ages unborn shall celebrate the page,
Where friendly join the satirist and sage;
O'er Yorick's tomb the brightest eyes shall weep,
And British genius mournful vigils keep;
Then, sighing, say, to vindicate thy fame,
"Great were his faults, but glorious was his flame."

Mr. Garrick's beautiful epitaph is:—

"Shall pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourned, titled fool, to praise;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn,
Where genius, wit, and humour, sleep with Sterne."

Vicesimus Knox says:—"There are exquisite touches of the pathetic interspersed throughout all his works. His pathetic stories are greatly admired. The pathetic was the chief excellence of his writings."

George Chalmers, Esq., wrote "The Author of Junius ascertained," evincing that Boyd wrote Junius. He observes, that Sterne's grave remained long undistinguished by any memorial: a circumstance which touched the sensibility of Boyd, and induced him to produce the subjoined stanzas:—

And is no friendly mourner near,
The last sad office to assume,
O'er his cold grave to drop a tear,
Or "pluck the nettle from his tomb?"

Forgive me, Sterne, if from thy line
The sympathetic hint I drew;
The feeling heart must copy thine;
The tender mourner think like you!

His death was announced in the newspapers of March 22d, 1768, by the following paragraph:—

"Died at his lodgings in Bond Street, the Rev. Mr. Sterne."

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well; a fellow of infinite jest, most excellent fancy, &c.

Wit, humour, genius, hadst thou, all agree!
One grain of wisdom had been worth the three.

To the Author of the above Lines, on the Death of Mr. Yorick.

So!—this is wisdom—to insult the dead;
Heap fancied crimes upon a mortal's head!
Well—be it so:—such wisdom, and such art,
Shall never—never shall approach my heart.
Whatever Yorick's lot, in whate'er state,
I'd gladly risk it in the hour of fate,
Sooner than join with thee!—I would say rather
Unto corruption—thou shalt be my father.
Be thine the avenging angel's lot, decreed
To point each fault, and aggravate each deed:
Angel of mercy!—thy sweet task be mine
To blot them, ere they reach the throne divine!

Yorick, farewell! Peace dwell around thy stone;
Accept this tribute from a friend unknown.
In human breasts, while pity has a claim,
Le Fevre's story shall enhance thy fame;
Toby's benevolence each heart expand,
And faithful Trim confess a master's hand.
One generous tear unto the Monk you gave;
Oh, let me weed this nettle from thy grave!

S. F

* "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burned over his head."—"If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured." We must acquit Mr. Garrick of any unkindness in launching forth this bit of sportive raillery.

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Manners and Customs.

GIFTS TO THE IDOL YEGGATA, FROM THE HONOURABLE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

The annual ceremony of this presentation of gifts takes place in December. The image of the idol, which is of yellow metal (the natives say of gold), was, on the last occasion, attired in a dress of variegated silk, almost concealed beneath strings of flowers, which are sold in the crowd to be presented. Yeggata was seated on a sort of throne, with a lofty back, in the form of a horse-shoe, painted and decorated with tinsel. During two hours it remained beneath a pundal, erected for the purpose on the esplanade. After this, the idol was carried to the avenue of the north gate of the port, to be further decked for its visit.

The Hon. Company's presents, consisting of a scarf of crimson silk, a "thalee" or ornament for the neck, apparently of gold, and attached to a yellow string; and another scarf of scarlet woollen cloth, exactly resembling that of which soldiers' jackets are made, were borne several times round the idol stage, with wreaths of flowers, broken cocoa-nuts, &c. A peon, the white metal plate of whose belt bore the inscription, "Collector of Madras," led on this procession, clearing the way with his cane, and a number of men followed with long trumpets, which they pointed towards the idol and sounded. There were several of these peons on the spot, each having "Collector of Madras" inscribed on the plate of his belt; and when the presents were brought on a brass dish, one of them held it at arms'-length over his head, as if to display them to the idol and to the spectators. Another of these peons held up in the same way a dish of cocoa-nuts broken, as is usual in offerings.

More flowers were now placed on the idol, and the officiating native proceeded to array it in the silken scarf just presented, having first dipped one corner in a chetty of yellow water. He then fastened on its neck the "thalee," which, with its yellow string, always holds the place of the ring in native marriages here, and certainly is emblematical of the closest union between the Hon. Company and the idol. The man on the stage then seizing a mass of kneaded yellow powder, stuck it on the hand of the goddess, and dashed over it a deep-red pigment. Some powder from a paper was next sprinkled over the image, and a pan of burning incense was held before it. On this a murmur of approbation ran through the crowd.

A "Collector of Madras" peon now drew to himself the scarlet cloth scarf, and put it on a native whose head was encircled by a garland of flowers, and who immediately ascended the stage and seated himself near the idol; this was the signal for moving it down the avenue to the gate of the fort.

Many natives were to be seen gazing intently on the idol, and joining their hands in the attitude of adoration; frequently in a procession of this kind a mother will join the tiny hands of her infant, which she carries on her side, directing them towards the idol.

It might be interesting to trace to its origin, the strange and truly idolatrous practice of the annual present made by the English to Yeggata; did we listen to the natives themselves, we should have many solutions: one heard the other day from a respectable native, as the opinion of many of his countrymen, and which was repeated by several persons to-day in the crowd near the image was, that when Madras was besieged by the French, Yeggata relieved the English by turning salt water into fresh, for their use, and that for this they now honour her.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

[*From Lyly's "Alexander and Campaspe."*]

Diog. Who calleth?

Alex. Alexander: how happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace?

D. Because it was as far from my tub to your palace as from your palace to my tub.

A. Why, then dost thou owe no reverence to kings?

D. No.

A. Why so?

D. Because they be no gods.

A. They be gods of the earth.

D. Yea, gods of the earth.

A. Plato is not of thy mind.

D. I am glad of it.

A. Why?

D. Because I would have none of Diogenes' mind but Diogenes.

A. If Alexander have anything that can pleasure Diogenes, let me know—and take it.

D. Then take not from me that you cannot give me, the light of the world.

A. What dost thou want?

D. Nothing that you have.

A. I have the world at command.

D. And I in contempt.

A. Thou shalt live no longer than I will.

D. But I shall die whether you will or no.

A. How should one learn to be content?

D. Unlearn to covet.

A. (*To Hephestion.*) Hephestion, were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes.

H. He is dogged, but discreet; I cannot tell how sharp, with a kind of sweetness, full of wit, yet too—too wayward.

A. Diogenes, when I come this way again, I will both see thee and confer with thee.

D. Do.

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ARMORIAL BEARINGS
OF FIELD MARSHAL HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, &c. &c. &c.

Arms quarterly: first and fourth the arms of England. Gules three lions passant gardant, in pale or. Second, or, a lion rampant, within a double tressure, flory counterflory gules, for Scotland. Third, azure, a harp or, stringed argent, for Ireland: over all a label, of three points, argent, charged in the centre point with the cross of St. George.

Second quarter: Barry, or and sable: over all a ducal coronet in bend vert.

The whole encircled with the garter, and surmounted with the Crown of Saxony.

Supporters, on the dexter side, a lion gardant, or, crowned; on the sinister an unicorn argent, armed, maned and hoofed, or; gorged with a coronet composed of crosses patté and fleur de lis or, and chained of the last: the supporters being each charged with a label, as in the arms.—Motto: "*Treu und Fest.*"

THE USE OF ARMS.

The occasion of the assumption of arms was undoubtedly that order which their use produced; the consequences of confusion being generally rule and order, men's sufferings naturally teaching them to avoid all inconveniences by which they have suffered. Thus originated national ensigns for the better regulation of armies; also all manner of personal distinctions, that the shield, helmet, back and breast-plates, and the surcoats worn over them, have had ornamental figures engraved or painted upon them; likewise upon colours and standards in war, to distinguish chiefs and commanders, being devices on shields, &c., to point out their persons to those under their command, and to distinguish themselves one from another; which, without some such marks, could not have been effected, their persons being obscured by the armours they wore. It is observable that the ancients, for the most part, made choice of lions, tigers, dragons, and horrible chimeras; or of animals, as serpents, foxes, owls, and such figures as might represent sagacity, cunning, or stratagem, according to their various dispositions; thereby meaning to menace and terrify their enemies, by setting forth their magnanimous and politic qualities. It is certain that every like adheres to its like; therefore in cases of this nature, mankind is naturally delighted with things or animals like themselves, or whose predominant dispositions or qualities accord with their own; and from these the alluding qualities and intent of these ancient assumptions have been frequently termed hieroglyphics. Ferne says, "The first soueraign that ever gave coate of armes to his soldiers was King Alexander the Great, who, after the manner of his auncestors, desirous to exalt by some speciall meanes of honor his stoutest captaines and soldiers above the rest, to provoke them to incounter their enimies with manly courage, and by the advice of Aristotle, he gives unto the most valiant of his armies certain signes or emblemes, to be painted upon their armours, banners, and pennons, as tokens for their service in his wars."

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MIGRATION OF METROPOLITAN TRADERS.

"NATIONS and empires rise and fall—flourish and decay," and so do the traders in the streets of the Metropolis. Let any man, whose years and strength of head allow him to look back, and to remember how things stood in London even fifty years ago, and let him but consider the face of the city in those days, and how it is now. But we will take the reader to an antecedent period, about 1440. The Mercers then were few in number, but great dealers; and it appears by the following extract from Lydgate's *London Lackpenny* [circa, 1450,] that they were to be found in Cheapside:—

"Then to the Chepe I began me drawne,
Where mutch people I saw for to stande;
One ofred me velvet, sylke, and lawne,
An other he taketh me by the hande,
'Here is Parys thred, and finest in the land.'"

But Paternoster-row was the centre of their trade; that street was built for them, or at least the south-west end, where they congregated with lacemen, haberdashers,* &c.; and a newspaper in 1707 adds to this list, "the sempstresses of Paternoster-row."† The Lace-men hovered about the middle, near Ivy-lane; the Button-shops at the end next Cheapside, and the Cruel-shops, Silk-men, and Fringe-shops, near at hand in Blow-bladder-street.‡ They held it in this manner about twenty years after the Fire, and not more, but their numbers increasing, with the prevailing fashion for dress, the Mercers set up about Aldgate, the east end of Lombard-street and Covent-Garden: in a few years more, Covent-Garden began to get a name; Tavistock-street became the centre of trade for persons of quality, the street being large and commodious for coaches; so the Court came no more into the City to buy clothes: on the contrary, the citizens ran to the west. Paternoster-row began to be deserted and abandoned of its trade, and in less than two years the Mercers also forsook this place, and followed the trade, seeing the trade would not follow them, as at sea, if the shoals of fish shift their usual station, the fishermen follow the fish, not the fish the fishermen. The Mercers remained for some years in Covent-Garden, while the Stay-makers swarmed in Holywell street, where they remained till within these few years—only two old signs, "the Indian Queen," and "the Half-Moon," remaining, the proprietors being corset-makers. Still some few Mercers located within Aldgate, and at the corners of Lombard and Fenchurch-street, as far as to Clements-lane end, and in this lane were the Button-makers, who followed, likewise, from Paternoster-row.

Within about ten years more, the trade shifted again; Covent-Garden began to decline, and the Silk-mercers, Haberdashers, &c., increasing prodigiously, went back into the City; there, like bees unhived, they hovered about awhile, not knowing where to fix; but at last, as if they would come back to the old hive in Paternoster-row, but could not be admitted, the swarm settled on Ludgate-hill, here they spread themselves within Ludgate, as well as without, and took up both sides of the way from the Fleet ditch almost to St. Paul's, except such houses as could not be had; they were also to be found in Round-court, St. Martin's-le-Grand; Fenchurch-street; and Hound's-ditch. In 1663, the number of Mercers in London was between fifty and sixty; since which period how rapidly they have increased, it is needless to mention.

The north side of Cheapside seemed some years since, to be one great row of wholesale Drapers' shops: as the west end of the town increased, they migrated, in consequence, to the Strand, and some to White-hart-yard, Strand.

Church-court, St. Martin's-lane, (now entirely removed,) was, before the Strand was paved, the haunt of eminent Gold and Silversmiths.

Perhaps there is no trade that has so steadily swarmed together for so very many years, as the Coachmakers in Long-Acre, and Great and Little Queen-streets; these streets, shortly after the introduction of coaches in England, became the great marts for carriages, and they have remained so to the present hour.

* The haberdashers (hurriers or cappers of old time so called,) were originally a branch of the Mercers. Haberdashers of small wares, such as ribands, laces, &c., were called Milliners, (milliners,) an appellation derived from their dealing in merchandise, chiefly imported from Milan, in Italy, such as brooches, agglets, spurs, capes, glasses, &c. Amongst other wares also which constituted a part of the haberdashers of the period, were pins, before the introduction of which, the English ladies are stated to have used points or skewers made of thorns, to fasten their garments with: but long before the decease of Elizabeth, they were manufactured in great numbers in England. In the reign of Henry VI., [1422—1461,] there were not more than a dozen haberdashers' shops in the whole city. How much they must have increased during the reign of Elizabeth, may be inferred from the complaints made against them, that their shops made so "gay an appearance as to seduce persons to extravagant expenditures." The business of the haberdasher was not, however, confined to the lighter articles of a lady's wardrobe, but extended to the sale of daggers, swords, knives, spurs, glasses, dials, tables, balls, cards, puppets, inkhorns, tooth-picks, fine earthen pots, salt-cellars, spoons, tin-dishes; and even mouse-traps, bird-cages, shoeing-horns, lanterns, and jews'-trumps, "contributed to that gay appearance" which the haberdashers' shops are said to have made in the reign of our maiden Queen: what would they say to our present gorgeous haberdashers' shops?

† The modern book-sellers did not begin to settle generally in Paternoster-row, till after their desertion of Little Britain, in the reign of Anne. One instance, however, of a bookseller living there occurs much earlier, namely, in 1564, when Henry Denham lived at the Star, in Paternoster-row, with the Latin motto—

"Os homini sublime dedit."

‡ A short street between Cheapside (by the Conduit,) E., and Newgate-street end W. This street was so called, says Stowe, from its being a place where bladders were sold.

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It is well known that *Caxton*, the first printer, commenced his art within the sanctuary of the Abbots of Westminster; from whence he opened a shop,* at the Sun, in Flete-street, for the sale of his works; and in this street also the following early printers and booksellers resided:—*Wynkyn de Worde*, (Caxton's successor.)—*Robert Copland*, at the Rose Garland, 1515.—*John Butler*, at the St. John the Evangelist, in 1529.—*Thomas Bartholet*, at the Lucretia Romana.—*John Bedel*, at Our Lady of Pity, 1531.—*John Waylond*, at the Blue Garland, 1541.—*Lawrence Andrew*, at the Golden Cross.—*Richard Pinson*, at the George: he was succeeded by *William Middleton*, also at the George, 1541.—*Thomas Godfrey*, 1510.—*Richard Totell*,† at the Hand and Starre, 1577.—*John Helme*, 1608.—*Richard Moore*, 1608.—*John Smethwick*, under the dial, 1611.—*L. Okes*, 1615.—*John Busby*, 1615.—*Abel Roper*, at the Sun, 1646.—*Samuel Speed*, 1660. From Fleet-street, they principally located in Little Britain and Paternoster-row; but, the former place was not destined long to remain classic ground, and the enlighteners of the world were found centered in "The Row," where we leave them,—*Ever perpetua.* Σ.

(*This subject to be continued at a future opportunity.*)

BANKS OF THE RIVER EUPHRATES.

[GORGEOUS and elevating are the associations connected with this "great river—the river Euphrates!" When the world was, as it were, "in cunabulis," it was one of the four grand streams, upon whose banks sparkled the bowers of the yet young and lovely Eden. At a later date, Nimrod and his strong Cuthites stood on its shores, when by violence they drove out the sons of Assur, and gat them an inheritance with their sword. Then rose domes of splendour and palaces of pomp, and the Assyrian monarchy ruled gloriously on its borders, till Cyrus threw its old magnificence into more than "fear and trembling." There, too, David encamped with his lion-banners and captains of Israel, and in the time of the prophets, on its pale-haired willows, hung the harps of the desolate Judeans, whose lips captivity had stayed from singing.

With historic recollections, however, of the Euphrates, it is not our present intention to deal, but to note more particularly the course and sinuosities of the river itself, together with the aspect of its banks, as it rolls along its floods of huge waters through the regions of Mesopotamia.]

COURSE OF THE EUPHRATES.

Within the Pashalic of Bagdad, and indeed in its whole course, the Frat, as the natives call the Euphrates, makes more extensive *detours* than the Tigris, but the course of the latter is more minutely serpentine than that of the Euphrates. Within the limits of this territory, the two rivers are most distant from each other between Rahaba Malek on the Euphrates, and the point where the great Zab enters the Tigris, where the distance is about 180 miles; and the nearest approach is at Bagdad, where the distance of the Tigris from the Euphrates does not exceed thirty miles. It may, indeed, be considered to enter the Pashalic at the point where it receives the Khabour; the direct distance from thence to the junction of the rivers is about 500 miles, but by the winding course of the stream it cannot be less than 800 miles; and if we add to this the 150 miles after the junction, the entire course of the Euphrates, within the Pashalic of Bagdad, will be about 950 miles. From the Khabour to its junction with the Tigris, the Euphrates receives only a few very inconsiderable streams; on one side it has the deserts, and on the other the contracted region of Aljezirah and Irak Arabi. The Khabour itself is a small river originating in the union of several little brooks; it pursues a southerly course until it is joined by the westerly course of the Huali, and the united stream then pursues that direction to the Euphrates. The utmost rise of the Euphrates, during the floods of spring, is twelve feet; that of the Tigris is greater, perhaps twenty feet. The tide extends farther up the Euphrates than the Tigris; it reaches in the former river to the distance of sixty miles from Korna, while in the Tigris, it extends to scarcely more than thirty-five miles. We may more precisely indicate the limits of the tide in both rivers, by stating that the spot is marked on the Euphrates by the tomb of a Moslem saint, called Negaib, on the western bank; and on the Tigris by the mouth of the Deweish canal. In the season of flood, a spectator placed at the point of the triangle formed by the junction of the two rivers may observe the tide flowing up the Euphrates on the one hand, while the strength of the Tigris forces it back on the other. On account of the two large cities of Mosul and Bagdad on the Tigris, the banks of that river may be considered more populous than those of the Euphrates; but the population of the latter is distributed among a greater number of towns and villages. In the whole distance between Bagdad and Korna, on the Tigris, there is only the miserable village of Koote; but the parallel distance on the Euphrates contains many villages, and some small towns.

JUNCTION OF THE EUPHRATES.

The Shatt-al-Arab is the name given to the united stream of the Euphrates and Tigris. We should perhaps prefer to call the united stream by the name of one of those rivers; but the natives never do so—perhaps from

* Printers originally employed menials to sell their works; as the trade increased, these servants began to vend books on their own account, calling themselves Booksellers; when, in a short time, the printer, instead of being the employer, became the employed, and subservient to the booksellers; so it has remained "*even unto this day.*"

† He printed Chaucer's works there, 1532.

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inability to determine to which of the two streams the distinction is most due; and it also agrees with their custom of calling a river by different names in different parts of its course. Our Humber, formed by the junction of the Ouse and Trent, is a parallel instance. After the junction, the river continues the direction which the Tigris was before pursuing; and, after a course of about 150 miles, enters the Persian Gulf by a single embouchure. The Shatt-al-Arab is navigable, in mid-stream, for vessels of 500 tons burden; but towards the bank, there is such a labyrinth of channels, shallows, and sand-banks, as renders its navigation sometimes difficult and perplexing. This noble river receives from Persia, the Keriah, and the Karoon. Owing to the various branches of the Karoon, and other streams joining the Shatt-al-Arab at the sea, and at no great distance from each other, early observers were led to conclude that they were so many mouths of the Shatt-al-Arab, although in point of fact that river flows in a single stream to the sea.

BORDERS OF THE EUPHRATES.

That portion of the pashalic of Bagdad which lies to the west of the Euphrates may be dismissed very briefly. Beyond the immediate vicinity of the river, the whole territory is a desert of the most positive character—sandy, flat, without herbage, and without water. The banks of the river are, however, very fertile in many parts, and the annual overflowings of the river in its lower course, form the most productive rice-grounds in the country.

That part of the pashalic which is comprehended between the Tigris and Euphrates, is divided into Aljezirah and Irak Arabi. The former is that portion which extends from the northern limit of the pashalic to the point where the rivers approach each other near Bagdad. The whole of the interior of this region is a complete desert, generally sandy, and sometimes salt, affording only the unprofitable plants to which such a soil is congenial. The surface is less even than that of the Irak, and it is also distinguished by two small lakes, both of which are salt. The banks of the rivers, particularly on the Tigris, are in much better condition than lower down. There are more human habitations, more trees, and more cultivation.

Irak Arabi, the most fertile of countries in the time of Herodotus, is now almost a complete desert. The soil may in general be characterized as a sandy clay, in a great degree covered with the rubbish of ruined towns and canals. Of these, sufficient traces remain to afford the observer some notion of a system of irrigation which, for its extent, and the cost and labour which its establishment must have required, does not appear ever to have been equalled. The banks of the Euphrates are not so perfectly desolate as those of the Tigris, but it is only near rivers and canals that we may expect any redeeming features in the scene. On the Euphrates, the territory of the Khesail Arabs may be described as rich and beautiful. The district is not indeed very large, but it contains rich pastures and good cultivation, with numerous villages of a good and courteous tribe.

BOTANY OF THE RIVER-BANKS.

The banks of the river are skirted to a very great extent with the tamarisk shrub, which, in some places, grows to the height af twenty or twenty-five feet, and the liquorice plant, which sometimes attains the height of ten or twelve feet. These two form the fire-wood used at Bagdad and other places. The willow and poplar also frequently appear as shrubs, but they are not so common as the former. Tradition states that the castor-oil plant once grew luxuriantly in the country, but now there is only one specimen, which grows as a tree on the site of ancient Ctesiphon. The *asclepias Syriaca* is tall and abundant in some places, and it is worthy of note that its follicles are, when young, eaten as beans by the Arabs, although with us this lactescent tribe is deemed poisonous, and unfit for the food of man. The carob plant *(ceratonia siliqua)* sometimes attains the height of six or seven feet. Camel thorn *(hedysarum alhagi)* is very common, and a species of buck-thorn is seen occasionally, as well as the blackberry bush. The caper shrub is rather common; the Arabs express a sweet juice from its berries, and eat the leaves as we do spinach. Among the other plants which fringe this desolate region the most common are, a rare species of rue; *rumex*, not very common; *chenopodium mucronatum*, very abundant; *colocynth*, the horizontal runners and gourds of which overspread large tracts of ground behind the brushwood which skirts the rivers; a beautiful species of *mesembrianthemum; centaurea*, very commom; *lithospermum* and *heliotrope* are seen occasionally; and *lycium* and a very beautiful twining species of *solanum* are very common, particularly the former. The marshes near the river are in some parts thickly covered, in the spring, for the extent of many miles, with the blossoms of the white floating crowfoot. A species of *carex* and of *alopecurus* complete a list prepared from actual, though rather cursory observation.

Of the cultivated fruit-trees, near the towns, the date is by far the most important, as it contributes largely to the subsistence of the population. Grapes, figs, pomegranates, quinces, &c., are very good and abundant; but, apples, pears, oranges, &c., are of inferior size and quality; and cherries, gooseberries, strawberries, and currants, are unknown. Melons, cucumbers, and onions, with other *cucurbitaceæ* and *asphodeleæ*, are most abundant and excellent; but of these, as well as of fruits and of cruciferous and leguminous plants, it may, with few exceptions, be stated, that the species which are the rarest in this

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country, are the most common on the banks of the Euphrates.

ZOOLOGY OF THE EUPHRATIC REGIONS.

The principal wild birds of these parts are black partridges, snipes, and wild doves; the lakes and marshes abound with wild geese and ducks, widgeons and pelicans. The common fowl and pigeons are the only domestic birds. There are no turkies, and the geese and ducks are not domesticated. The wild animals are gazelles, lions, jackals, hogs, and hares. The lions are not numerous, and their haunts are chiefly among the ruins and sepulchral barrows. The jackals are more abundant and troublesome, and when they find an opportunity, enter the towns and villages during the night. The domestic animals are horses, asses, mules, buffaloes, single-humped camels, and dromedaries. The horse of the country is a most beautiful animal. As beef is not an article of food, oxen are not reared for slaughter; but they are much employed in agricultural labour.

BYRON AND ZULEIKA.

Translated for "The Mirror" from the French of Benedict Gallet.

I.

At some distance from the village of Oveide, which is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient town of Abydos, made illustrious among the poets by the history of Leander and his beauteous Hero, and the stormy Hellespont, there might have been seen, in 1810, the cabin of a fisherman, at whose base broke the waves of the great sea. Fragmentary ruins—foundations half-buried under mosses and stone blocks—and several fluted columns, which aided some pious peasant Turks in the erection of their tents, were all that remained of this once poetic city, so loftily chaunted of by Ovid.

Merrily over these regions had broken the month of May. Bending on the sands, a young man was taking from his net the abundant produce of a full draught, and who turned his head from time to time to exchange smiles with his wife, embroidering a vest of red wool upon the threshold of her little domicile.

To have beheld their serene figure, sparkling with youth and hope, it was easy to divine that these poor people contented themselves with their humble destiny, and love, while imbuing them with resignation, had surrounded their poverty with charms.

On a sudden, however, the sea, starting out of its immobility, cast upon the beach a man half naked, and whose strength seemed vanquished. He resumed his feet only by painful efforts, and shaking his long black locks all whitened with foam, he endeavoured to advance, but his countenance paled, and he fell senseless to the earth.

The fisherman, who had seen him, precipitately ran towards him; he supported his head, felt his heart to ascertain if it yet beat, and carried him to his cabin.

He was a man of about thirty years of age; whose symmetry was perfect, except an almost imperceptible disproportion which an attentive examination alone made discoverable in the length of his limbs, and the conformation of his feet. A fine energy and haughty expression appeared in his brow, and lines of scorn sat on his lips. The contour of his mouth and chin were characterized by the delicacy of Greek beauty; his front was lofty, and his temples large.

Thanks to the care of his attendants, the stranger by degrees recovered; he opened his eyes, and wondered with astonishment that he was escaped from the bitterness of misfortune; he seemed endeavouring to call to recollection some half-effaced memories, and murmured with a light English accent, as he contemplated a medallion that hung on his chest:—

"—— Ada . . . . . dear and unhappy child! —and nothing of her save a lock of hair—*souvenir* sent by an unknown hand to a traveller without family or country!"

"—— Incorrigible generation!" continued he, with a scowl of pride: stupid wise who deny the love of Hero! What will you say when you learn that a poet has swam the Hellespont to convince you of ignorance, and re-established a contested truth!"

Then turning himself to the fisher:—"What nation are you of!" said he.

"I was born here, at Oveido."

"You are a Turk, then," said the stranger, as he lowered his eyebrow; "sad country! where despotism grinds servitude to the dust!"

The fisherman looked at him attentively for some minutes, as if he had not comprehended his meaning; at length:—"The tiger," answered he, on reflection, "is the tyrant and terror of the forest; but the sparrow lives and dies unknown. Alone on these solitary shores, I know neither power or remorse. The world, for me, commences at this tent and finishes at these ruins. Stranger, here are all my riches!"

And he pointed to his charming wife, whose countenance shone with purity and candour.

II.

A week had passed before the stranger, entirely freed from his fatigues, talked of leaving the cabin. His errant life, his troubles, the publicity which England had attached to his faults and his misfortunes, seemed to be effaced from his remembrance. Always a slave to his caprices, he willingly supposed that the frigate, *the Salsete*, awaited him in the Dardanelle Straits, and his melancholy genius could not snatch himself away from the grandeur of nature, whose sounds of winds and of waves are eternal. Perhaps, also, the beauty and the peculiar graces of Zuleika had

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then obtained in his heart more of the ascendant than even he himself thought.

One morning, however, the stranger sought the fisherman on the shore; his countenance was care-worn, and his voice had lost that suavity which always gave it an irresistible charm:—"Unroll your sail, Marcos," said he, "I am going."

As he spoke these words he threw a furtive glance on Zuleika, to see if there were in her features any expression of sufferance or regret, but the young girl appeared untroubled, and her cheeks preserved the brilliant colour which always warmed them.

"——Ah! what, do you leave us already?" said she.

The traveller, who waited only for a sign of sympathy to delay his departure, and to add a new victory to the dolorous trophies which he had already conquered in his pride, could scarcely conceal the despite and disappointment which the indifference of Zuleika gave him.

During the passage he remained silent, his eyes fixed upon the spot he was leaving, and where he had found one whom he was incapable of inspiring with a sentiment. However, the majestic serenity of the Hellespont; the distant view of the Dardanelles, those two keys of Constantinople which the Turks poetically call Boghase Issari, and which are always embattled by the waves; all these grand aspects of nature, which call so powerfully on ardent and strong imaginations, drove away by degrees the melancholy to which he was a prey; and when the fisher's boat touched the sides of the frigate, no sombre thought any longer saddened the front of the poet.

Great was the joy on board *the Salsete*, on again receiving the celebrated traveller, in whom our readers have easily recognized Byron. Lieutenant Ekenhead, who had partaken the perils of his adventurous expedition, and Captain Bathurst, received him with the most lively demonstrations of friendship; but the Poet contented himself by shaking their hands; and ordering one of his trunks to be opened, he drew thereout a rich and magnificent stuff, which he offered to Marcos.

"——Zuleika has no need of this to be beautiful," murmured he; "but this gift will serve to recal to your remembrance an unknown traveller: for myself, I shall never forget the fishers of Oveido."

The sea was calm, the heavens clear and transparent, and everything presaged to the little skiff a happy return, if a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand in the horizon, had not appeared to augur ill to the sailors of the frigate. Byron visibly partook of these fears, for he was observed to establish himself on the poop with his glass in his hand. In truth, the cloud increased with frightful rapidity; soon lurid clouds furrowed the heavens, the wind bellowed with violence, the waves boiled, and their blue sides formed as it were the walls of mountains, upon which the frail fisher's boat seemed suspended. Indifferent to the danger which menaced himself thus exposed, the Poet, who knew alone that another drama was about to be acted on the beach, followed with anxiety the desperate efforts of the fisher. It was a fine but terrible contest; but it did not last a minute. A strong side-wave made the boat whirl, so that many times it turned upon itself, and was at last buried in the waves. At the moment of the boat's disappearance, Byron, deceived without doubt by his imagination, thought he heard, across the tempest which he stood over, a cry, so bitter, so desolate, that he could not doubt but that it sprang from the bereaved Zuleika.

"——Evermore sorrow! evermore grief!" cried he.

After the lapse of some few minutes the tempest being appeased, the captain caused a hook to be let down into the sea, to recover the body of the fisher. On his part, Byron, dreading to feel the force or contemplate the despair of Zuleika, called his servant, the same who, on viewing one of the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon, cried out some few months later, "What a beautiful design for a chimney-piece that would make, my Lord!" He gave him a purse of 200 piastres, and enjoined him to put it into the hands of the poor widow.

Three hours after, the messenger returned to the vessel. Fletcher returned to his master the purse which he had not opened, with these mysterious words from Zuleika: "What want have I of gold? When the heart ceases to beat, life expires."

III.

Two days had elapsed since the shipwreck of the fisher. Zuleika was seated on the floor of her cabin. One of her arms rested on her knees and supported her head, while with the other hand she mechanically counted the beads of her colombo'io, or rosary. Her features, delicately pale, appeared as serene as in the days of her happiness, if something feverish had not made her eyes glisten with a strange lustre, and if a large bluish circle, appearing around her eyelids, had not made revelation of sad, sleepless nights.

While in this pensive and silent mood, a skiff approached the shore. The cadenced sound of the well-balanced oars caught the ears of Zuleika. She raised her head, and the light of an indefinable satisfaction lit up her countenance as she recognized the Poet.

"Welcome!" she said, on extending towards him her hand.

Byron gazed on her with profound surprise, his face became clouded, and he murmured almost involuntarily, "——All women are alike.... Married yesterday, they become widowless to-day, and not a sigh—not a tear...."

Zuleika had listened with an ironic attention.

"——For tears and regrets...." inter-

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rupted she, shaking contemptuously her head. "Oh no, milord! I must desire you, for a last time, to return to the happiness you merit, and which you appear not to have obtained. .... And now adieu!"

"Where do you mean to go, then, Zuleika?"

"Here—there—anywhere; perhaps where I shall not find so many torturing recollections—images of vanished joys—"

"And do you not quit your home with pain?"

"Yes, with pain!"

"For long?"

"For ever!"

And, so saying, Zuleika bounded gracefully over the rocks, and lost herself in their windings, and among the ruins which border the waters at Sestos. Byron, surprised at this sudden flight, rushed after her, and hastened only to see her on her knees upon the edge of a precipice.

The mournful solitude of this savage place, which so astonishingly contrasted with the laughing and rich country which enveloped it; the romantic attitude of Zuleika, enveloped by her long hair-tresses, swollen by the wind; the remote rollings of the turbid sea; all kinds of exterior circumstances united to offer to eye and to thought one of those pictures which cannot be pourtrayed by painter or described by poet. The young Englishman was struck by the scene, which recalled to his mind the sombre aspects of Morven and Lochna-garr; then, kneeling before the wife of the fisher: "——Pardon me," said he, "if I insult thy tears; but who can help adoring, seeing you thus. Women are so beautiful when they pray!"

Zuleika appeared neither surprised nor hurt by the words; only, by a mechanical movement, and one which she seemed to make involuntarily, she approached the opening of the precipice, and a sigh of sorrow broke upon her lips:—"I was proud of my charms, because they were the glory of Marcos; but to-day ——."

"The past is for Allah," interrupted the Poet; your heart will revive in a new love; happiness is not dead to you ——."

Zuleika shook her head, and raising herself with dignity:—"My happiness is buried there," said she, pointing to the sea. Then, gazing upon heaven:—"I shall find it again there on high!"

At these words she drew to the edge of the abyss, pronounced a last word, which was unheard, and disappeared.

Lord Byron, the same evening, went on board *the Salsete*, which was destined to conduct him to Constantinople. The passengers on board appeared to remark some sinister influence upon him: it was this sorrowful drama of which he had been both actor and witness; and sad, indeed, were its effects on the spirit of one who had shunned the world, in whose bosom he had been born, to write on the tomb of a Newfoundland dog, companion of his voyages and dangers:—

"This monument covers a friend: *I* never had but one, and it is here that he reposes."

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE MIND BEING FAMILIARIZED WITH DIVINE TRUTH.

[The following expressive passage is extracted from a luminous Address, delivered by Sir Robert Peel, *on the Establishment of a Library and Reading Room at Tamworth*, Jan. 19, 1841. After expatiating on the great advantages of scientific knowledge, the brilliant orator thus forcibly concluded his harangue:—]

"I never can think it possible," said the Right Honourable Baronet, "that a mind can be so constituted, that, after being familiarized with the great truth of observing in every object of contemplation that nature presents the manifest proofs of a Divine intelligence—if you range even from the organization of the meanest weed you trample upon, or of the insect that lives but for an hour, up to the magnificent structure of the heavens, and the still more wonderful phenomena of the soul, and reason, and conscience of man—I cannot believe that any man, accustomed to such contemplations, can retire from them with any other feelings than those of enlarged conceptions of the Divine power, and greater reverence for the name of the Almighty Creator of the Universe. We believe, on the contrary, that the man accustomed to such contemplations will feel the moral dignity of his own nature exalted; and, struck with awe by the manifold proofs of infinite power and infinite wisdom, will yield more ready and hearty assent—yes, the assent of the heart, and not only of the understanding—to the pious exclamation, "Oh, Lord, how glorious are Thy works; Thy thoughts are very deep. An unwise man doth not consider, and a fool doth not understand." It is the unwise man, and the fool, that form unworthy conceptions of the Divine nature and the Divine power. Far different were the impressions of those mighty spirits who have the most considered this, and have made the greatest (however imperfect) advances towards the understanding of it. These are the thoughts with which Sir Isaac Newton concludes his profound speculations into the material causes which produce, and into the laws which regulate the motions of the heavens; he says, "This beautiful system of sun, planets, and comets, can have its origin in no other way than by the purpose and command of an intelligent and powerful Being. He governs all things, not as the Sovereign of this world, but as the Lord of the Universe. He is not only God, but Lord or Governor. We know him only by his properties and attributes—by the wise and admirable structure of things around us. We admire Him on account of His perfections—we vene-

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rate and worship Him on account of His government." These are the thoughts from which Sir Humphry Davy, in his last illness, derived, according to his own expression, pleasure and consolation, when every other source of pleasure and consolation had failed him. He is speaking of the moral and intellectual qualities of the true scientific inquirer into natural philosophy. He says—"His mind should always be awake to devotional feeling; and in contemplating the variety and beauty of the external world, and, developing its scientific wonders, he will always refer to that Infinite Wisdom through whose beneficence he is permitted to enjoy knowledge. In becoming wiser, he will become better; he will rise at once in the scale of intellectual and moral existence; his increased sagacity will be subservient to a more exalted faith; and, in proportion as the veil becomes thinner through which he sees the causes of things, he will admire more the brightness of the Divine light by which they are rendered perceptible." That (said the Right Hon. Baronet) is my belief. My belief and hope are, that an increased sagacity will administer to an exalted fame—that it will make men not merely believe in the cold doctrines of natural religion, but that it will so prepare and temper the spirit and understanding, that they will be better qualified to comprehend the great scheme of human redemption. My firm belief is, that that superior sagacity which is most conversant with the course and constitution of nature, which sees the wonderful preparations that are made for the subsistence and enjoyment of the meanest animal, will be the first to believe that that Almighty Being, who has made such preparation for mere physical enjoyments, has not left in neglect and indifference the immortal soul of man. Knowing the difficulties that attend every object which we can see; observing the gradual system of progression and change; and that one course of existence is made preparatory for another, I am sanguine enough to believe, that that superior sagacity will be the first to turn a deaf ear to objections and presumptions against revealed religion, will be the first to acknowledge the complete harmony of the Christian dispensation with all that reason, assisted by revelation, tells us of the course and constitution of nature. These are serious and solemn subjects, but I hope not unfitted for an occasion when we contemplate an institution of this nature."

The Gatherer.

Bishop Atterbury was in the habit of calling the instruments of his advancement *scaffolding*.

The Builder of St. Paul's.—The salary of Sir Christopher Wren, for building St. Paul's, was three hundred a-year!! Brilliant as this metropolitan structure is, it is nothing compared to a *Wren's nest*.

Demosthenes and Demades.—Demosthenes left corrected copies of all his best speeches. Demades left none. For aught we know to the contrary, therefore, Theophrastus might have been quite right in saying, as reported in Plutarch, that Demosthenes was worthy of Athens, and Demades above it.

The Townley Marbles.—The finest thing among these marbles is the Bacchus; so beautiful, self-possessed, and severe. This is Bacchus, the mighty conqueror of India; he is not a drunken boy. He is the *power*, not the *victim* of wine.

The earliest pastoral poets, were the sweetest, the purest, and the best; and all subsequent *Sheep-singers*, from Virgil down, through Spenser and Gay, to the Ettrick Shepherd and Clare, have been but indifferent performers upon the pastoral pipe.

Necessity tempts the poor man. Avarice tempts the rich.

Statues.—The monument to the late Bishop Butler is to be executed by Sir Francis Chantrey, who last week visited Shrewsbury, to select a site for it in St. Mary's church. The subscription for Lord Holland's monument already exceeds £5,000.

It is not the monkey that plays the man, but it is the man that plays the monkey.

Endymion.—

A lovely youth there sits, with moon-bright hair,
Alone on Latmos' top; his shoulder white
Uncovered, and his perfect form laid bare
To the descending of the insatiate light.

Hatfield, the Lunatic, who fired a loaded pistol, in Drury-lane Theatre, at George the Third, May 15, 1800, and acquitted on the ground of his insanity, died, at Bethlem Hospital, on Saturday, the 23d inst., aged 69.

Necrology.—Bertrand Barrere, the Revolutionist, lately died at Tarbes, in France, aged 85. This eloquent orater of the *Convention*, whose pretty periods sent so many to the scaffold, was, for his perfection in this kind of pastoral, surnamed "the Anacreon of the Guillotine."

Mr. Frank Hall Standish, who died a week or two since, has bequeathed his collection of pictures—said to be extraordinarily rich in Murilles—to the King of the French.

Lofty and pure sentiment is the life and hope of a people.—*Channing*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Accepted: "Greece," by F.—Three Sonnets by J. A. Gibson.—"The Soldier Knight and his Lady-Love," has been received, with several others which merit our earliest attention.

We beg to decline:—"The Silver Cord," by L. M.—"Lines," by R. J. L.—"The Sea," by J. B—e.—"The Wave," from the German of Tiedge.—"The Fisherman," by Faust.—"The Carrier Dove."

Mr. Duff's communication lies for him at the Office.

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The Mirror

OF

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THE IMPERIAL JOSS; OR, CHIEF IDOL OF THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

THE IMPERIAL JOSS,

OR, CHIEF IDOL OF THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

REPRESENTED in our Engraving, is the most revered Idol in the Chinese empire; it is designated *Tien-tan*, or the Eminence of *Heaven*. The next idol in importance is the *Tee-tan*, or Eminence of the *Earth*. The former is known as the Imperial, being the one to which the Emperor and chief grandees offer their sacrifices: the middle and lower classes worship the latter deity. These structures, are adorned with all the magnificence of architecture; and when the Emperor is about to offer sacrifice the greatest pomp and solemnity is observed.

Previous to the intended ceremony, the monarch, and all the grandees who are entitled to assist, prepare themselves, during three days, by retirement, fasting, and continence. No public audiences are given, and no tribunals are open. Marriages, funerals, and entertainments of every kind, are prohibited: and no person is permitted to eat either flesh or fish. On the appointed day, the sovereign appears in the utmost possible splendour, surrounded with princes and officers of state, and attended by every circumstance demonstrative of a triumph. Everything in the temple corresponds in magnificence with the appearance of the Emperor. The utensils are all gold, and never applied to any other purpose, while even the musical instruments are of uncommon size, and also reserved for such common occasions. But while the monarch never displays greater external grandeur and state than during these processions, he never exhibits greater personal humility and dejection than during the time of sacrifice, prostrating himself on the earth, rolling himself in the dust, speaking of himself to the Shang-tee in terms of the utmost abasement, and apparently assuming so much magnificence of appearance and attendance only to testify, in a more striking manner, the infinite distance between the highest human dignity and the majesty of the Supreme Being.

It is upon the buildings of their great idols that the Chinese bestow most cost, and in which they are most whimsically extravagant. They reckon about four hundred and eighty of these temples of first rank, adorned with every thing curious, and filled with an incredible number of idols, before which hang lamps continually burning. The whole are supposed to be served by three hundred and fifty thousand Bonzes, or priests.

The height of these temples, or Joss-houses, as they are commonly called, is generally one story high, but that very immense. They are decorated with a number of artificial flowers, embroidered hangings, curtains, and fringes.

One of these Joss-houses, situated in the skirt of the north-east side of the suburbs of Canton, makes a splendid appearance. It is four stories high, has a fine cupola, with many outhouses and galleries. This grand edifice was formerly a palace belonging to the Wang-tai, or king of the province of Canton, before the Tartars conquered China, and who was then an independent prince. Before the principal gate of the temple, two large images, one on each side, are placed. Each of them is about twelve feet high, with spears and lances in their hands, somewhat resembling those in Guildhall. This gate leads through a large paved court into the temple, by a few stone steps. The lower part of the Joss-house is built with fine hewn stone, but the upper part is all of timber. In the lower hall are images of all sizes, and of different dignities, all finely gilt, and kept exceedingly clean by the priests. The lesser images are placed in corners of the wall, and one of a larger size in the middle of the hall. In the centre is placed the large god, who sits in a lazy posture, with his heels drawn up to his buttocks, almost naked, particularly his breast and belly, and leaning on a large cushion. He is ten times larger than an ordinary man, very corpulent, of a merry countenance, and gilt all over. Upstairs are a great many images, of men and women, who had been deified for their brave and virtuous actions.

The Idols of these Temples are, moreover, representatives of various genii, or guardian spirits, whose respective attributes are expressed by certain emblems connected with their statues. Thus, a sabre announces the god of war; a guitar, the god of music; a globe, the Spirit of Heaven. Some of these are frequently thirty, fifty, sixty, and even eighty feet in height, with a multitude of hands and arms.

One of the most stupendous in China is a goddess of the class of Poosa, which signifies all-helping, or plant-preserving, and is apparently a personification of nature. She is represented sometimes with four heads and forty or fifty arms, each of the heads being directed towards one of the cardinal points, and each of the arms holding some useful production of the earth; each, arm, also, often supports a number of smaller arms, while the head is covered with a group of smaller heads. One of these idols, seen by M. Van Braam, was ninety feet high, with four heads and forty-four arms. The divinities in the interior of the temples are of smaller proportions, and in various postures; sometimes alone, and at other times surrounded by a number of inferior idols; some with the heads of animals, others with horns on the forehead; some reclining, as at rest, others seated cross-legged upon flowers or cars; but all of them represented in a state of great corpulency, which the Chinese regard as an honourable qual . The idol Fo is seated upon a nelumbium flower, a species of water-lily. The goddess of lightning stands erect, with two circles of fire in her hand, and a poignard at her girdle. The spirit of fire walks upon burning wheels, and holds a lance and a circle. The goddess of all things, named Teoo-moo, with eight arms,

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is seated in a chariot, drawn by seven black hogs. The goddess Shing-moo, or holy mother, the most ancient and modern of all the female deities whose character implies universal understanding, or, more literally, "the faculty of knowing all that ear has heard, or mouth has uttered," was considered by the Catholic missionaries, as a shocking resemblance of their Holy Virgin. Her statue is generally represented with a glory round the head, and a child in her hand or on her knee, holding a flower of the Lien-hoa (nelumbium), or placed upon a leaf of that plant. There are divinities, in short, of all possible shapes, and so numerous, that one pagoda, on the Lake See-hoo, contained five hundred of them within its walls.

In every city, almost, there is a temple dedicated to Confucius, as a tutelary spirit, in which either his statue or picture is preserved; besides these temples, numerous small chapels are to be seen in the country and villages, dedicated to the different spirits presiding over the land, the water, the mountains, &c.; but frequently, instead of a temple, there is merely a stone placed upright at the foot of a tree or bamboo bush, with the name of the tutelary divinity engraved upon it, and a few paper flowers by way of ornament.

Idols are held in more or less estimation, according to the favours which they are supposed to bestow upon their votaries; and when, after repeated applications, their suit is not granted, they abandon the spirit of that temple as a god without power, or, perhaps, pull down the edifice, and leave the statues exposed in the open air. Numbers of Joss-houses are thus seen in ruins, their bells lying on the ground, their monstrous idols lying unsheltered, and their bonzes wandering in quest of alms, or a more fortunate asylum.

Sometimes the fallen deity is treated with the utmost indignity and contempt. "Thou dog of a spirit!" the enraged votaries will cry, "we lodge thee in a commodious Joss-house, thou art well-fed, well-gilt, and receivest abundance of incense; and yet, after all the care bestowed upon thee, thou art ungrateful enough to refuse us necessary things!" Then, tying the idol with cords, they drag it through the kennel and bespatter it with filth. But should they happen, during this scene of vengeance, to obtain, or to fancy they have obtained, their object, then they carry back the insulted divinity to its place with great ceremony, wash it with care, prostrate themselves before it, acknowledge their rashness, supplicate forgiveness, and promise to gild it again upon condition that what is past be forgotten. Sometimes, those who have found all their gifts and worship unavailing, have brought the idol and its bonzes to a solemn trial before the mandarins, and procured the divinity to be dismissed as useless, and its priests to be punished as impostors.

THE YOUNG SULTAN'S "LETTER OF FELICITATION" TO OUR QUEEN,

Has lately been received: it is quite a gem of the purest oriental rhetoric, and an unique specimen of the flowery eloquence so peculiar to the East. Nor is the form less remarkable than its tenour, as may be easily supposed from the following particulars, with which we have been favoured from a valued source:—The letter is about three feet in length, by four or five inches in width. It is written in very beautiful characters, small, but extremely distinct, and evidently done with great care. In the margin is the autograph of the Sultan, with an enumeration of all the titles of "the Most High and very Powerful Seigneur," which have appertained to his Highness's predecessors from time immemorial. The paper is of fine quality, resembling, but superior to, vellum, and with a fine enamel on its surface. The letter was enclosed in an envelope, and sealed with the armorial bearings of the Sultan. The whole was enclosed in a rich *sachet* (or small bag, similar to a lady's reticule) of crimson satin, elaborately embroidered with silk and gold, and to which were attached a cord and tassel of bullion of the most *recherché* manufacture.

Topography.

THE FRENCH PROTESTANT CHURCH IN THREADNEEDLE STREET,

Which is now being pulled down in order to widen the street and improve the approach to the New Royal Exchange from Bishopsgate Street, is nearly two hundred years old, having been rebuilt a few years after its destruction by the great Fire of London in 1666.

In the year 1550, the French Protestant refugees hired of the Chapter of Windsor the ground on which the original structure was afterwards erected; King Edward VI. granting them a charter to preach the truths of the Gospel; and Queen Elizabeth confirmed their privileges in 1560. The first minister was the celebrated Jean à Lasco. In 1685, 13,000 French refugees came to settle in London, in the districts of Long-Acre, Seven-Dials, Soho, and Spitalfields, which they peopled.—They brought thither their industry, and their habits of labour and of morality. No less than twenty churches flourished in the beneficent reigns of William III. and Queen Anne: that called the "Church of London (the above place of worship) has survived the greater number of the others; it being the only one representing a place of refuge—the only one which has preserved, together with the Dutch Church, its right to the charter of Edward VI.

The last sermon in this church was preached on Jan. 3d, by its minister, the Rev. C. Baup, his text being taken from 1st of Samuel, ch. 7, v. 12:—"He has supported us up to the present time."

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PETRARCH'S LAURA.

So long as the sap invigorates the rose, causing it to shine with its emerald leaves, and elevate its blushful head as the pride of the garden, or glory of the valley, so long do men appreciate and value it; but let the fair flower-queen fade, and men think no more of conserving its memory and figure, save by keeping its dried petals in an herbarium or floral winding-sheet. But is it in this repository, think ye, that the Queen of Beauty is to be discovered? in that dry, withered case, and in those dimmed leaves what tells of her who sprang from the rock-cleft in glory, with the colours of heaven in her bosom, and spangling morn-dews on her brow?

The sorry metamorphosis which arises from this former transition, is just analogous to that which takes place in the transferment of living and breathing beauty, to the metal of the engraver. Subtilely may such a one draw on steel—finely may he incise and elaborate the plate, but what shall be his cutting save a frigid and motionless transcript of the balmy and animate type. The eye may sparkle on the steel, but it is fixed and immoveable, it hath nothing of the "*επιτροχον αυγην*," the swift-flashing showers of lustre, that fall from the original; the lip may be ripe and pouting, but where will be the honeyed dews, and nectars, and delights?

These remarks spring up in our mind, as we view the most faithful portrait that is supposed to have ever existed of Laura, the charmer of Petrarch. It is to be seen in the superb Paduan edition of the "Rime de F. Petrarca." Young, beautifully young, is she represented, and when fancy supplies rose-bloom to the face of the engraving and other winning airs and shadowings of grace, it is assuredly full of spell and enchantment. A sweeter oval never existed in nature, than forms the sphericity of her face. Her features attract by no Roman jut or prominency, but a settled and subdued regularity invests them with the exquisite expression which exclusively belongs to a "virgin of grace," or a divine Madonna. The eye, too, looks out on you with a dark, fixed beauty; and no marble bust or statua ever looked more calm or more serene that the contour of the *tout ensemble*. Truly, in the mirror of Petrarch's soul, was a beautiful image reflected.

But Simon of Siena has painted her too, and and from that picture, as well as from Petrarch and her marriage-deed, we know by what becoming vestures, and shades of dress, she further enhanced her loveliness. According to Simon's picture, she wears a *green* robe, and in her marriage-contract, we are told that she received, upon the occasion, two dresses, one of *green*, the other *scarlet*. And for this, we worship her the more. Green was with her, as it has always been with us, a favourite. No beautiful tree in nature—and no beautiful Hamadryad of a beautiful tree—but wears, all the Spring and Summer, the emerald-tinted raiment of fine green. It is the universal love-colour of nature. Saffron or purple may please for awhile, but if every branch were clothed in either, they would speedily become insufferable to the eye. But green is catholic to all, and through all its gradations of shades, and wherever or whenever beheld, gratifies untiringly the eye.

And next to it, what more sumptuous than scarlet; to have seen Laura raimented in this, must have been a vision angelical. The rich warmth, native to the colour, throws a ruddier tint on the complexion, and a softer rosiness on the wearer's neck. Its full round *draps*, too, fold luxuriantly around the limbs, and invest them with a splendid glow.

But all these were secondary to the unimaginable grace with which her own person invested them, and which above all smit Petrarcha. Sonnet after sonnet, with their deep and fervent dedications, were successively laid at the feet of this soul-captivating woman, who had enthralled, as with love-links of roses, his soul and its affections. Arcady had indeed been blessed, if death had not broke in upon their blessedness.

FLOWER-CROWNS.

The flowers of the earth and the blooms of the fruit-bough formed all the simple and unexpensive beauty of the first crown, and it was woven by the hands of primal Love, for the brow of primal Beauty. It was in the glittering Eden-bowers of the young world that the hand of Adam first separated the flower of asphodel from its stem and the amaranth from its stalk, to knit and connect them into a coronal for Eve. But after their expulsion from the glorious garden, this fragile ornament of nature, surviving those whom it was intended to adorn, was laid by despair on their tombs as the emblem of woe; so that, thenceforward, Death had its crown as well as Love.

Then, many beautiful religions began to covet, in their turn, this sweet decoration. The priestess at the shrine interwove them in her tresses, and the horns of the altar smiled gaily with their colours. With flowers the victims of sacrifice were garlanded, and the temples of Kings were coronetted best by them. So long as simplicity reigned in the hearts of men, and no gayer gauds or artificialities were thought of, a branch of foliage, or flowers twined together, were sufficient for love, for the sorrows of the tomb, and the worship of the Gods.

Under the heavenly skies and atmospheres of Greece, the fashion of crowns was prevalent in all ranks, and scarce a head that glittered not beneath one. Rare were the ravages made among the broad-leaved laurels; for circlets of darker shade, were plucked the green young tops of the pine; and the strong oak yielded up its corrugate leaves, with the

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palm and linden, and fifty other trees of lithe and delicate frond. From these, descent was made to the rich green twigs of the myrtle, roses were ravished from their stems by handfuls, and even the crisped parsley-leaves contributed to form the coronal either of reward or pleasure. Each in turn ennobled the front of the harp-man or poet, the brows of the sinewy-limbed wrestler, and the high-souled patriot; the lover, too, cinctured his hair therewith, and lovely virgins looked lovelier still when decorate with those fair-tinted floralities.

Sparta, too, prized the flower-crown; for, in the formidable pass, with his devoted band, Leonidas and his followers, like victims for sacrifice, rushed heroically on destruction, crowning themselves victors over death.

"It was with two or three hundred crowns of oak," says Montesquieu, "that Rome conquered the world; and so long as the oak girt men's foreheads, Rome ruled the empires of the world. But when the oak of Camillus and the Scipios was replaced by the voluptuous fillets of Lucullus, and "Sparge rosas!—sparge rosas!" was cried aloud in the chambers of the wine-quaffers, luxury crept, and valour succumbed, under her softer rule. Bald-head Cæsar wore a crown of manly laurel, but the poignard of Brutus was crimsoned to its hilt, on the day he would have exchanged it for the crown of Tarquin.

But the pomp of thrones halted not here, and the simplicity of flowers little suited the grand ones of the earth. Men in the cavernous places of the earth sought to discover where the veins of the bright gold grew, and the scintils of the diamond clustered together. Mines were then opened to the light of day; the Ophirian gold was curved into diadems; and princes, so ornamented, thought themselves high gods: then came disruption among the beds of chrysolite, and rosy-streaming rubies were plucked out of Earth's side. Agate was everlasting, compared to the frail flower; and the brief beauty of a rose was a thing of no duration, compared to the imperishability of a chrysopraze or sapphire.

Thus were the primitive flower-crowns supplanted, and became altogether unused, save by the masquers of May, or the villagers of the hamlet.

FIELDING THE NOVELIST, AND MILLAR THE BOOKSELLER.

Fielding having finished the manuscript of Tom Jones, and being at the time hard-pressed for money, went with it to one of your second-rate booksellers, with a view of selling it for what it would fetch at the moment. He left it with this trader, and called upon him the succeeding morning, full of anxiety to know if it would produce to him wherewithal to discharge a debt of some twenty pounds, which he had promised to pay the next day. He had reason to imagine, from the judgment of some literary friends, that it should, at least, produce twice that sum. But, alas! when the bookseller, with a significant shrug, showed a hesitation as to publishing the work at all, even those moderate expectations seemed to close upon him.

"And will you give me no means of hopes?" said he, in a tone of despair.

"Very faint ones, indeed, sir," replied the bookseller, "for I have scarcely any that the book *will move*."

"Well, sir," answered Fielding, "money I must have for it; and, little as that may be, pray give me some idea of what you can afford to give for it."

"Well, sir," returned our bookseller, again shrugging up his shoulders, "I have read some part of your 'Jones,' and in justice to myself, must even think again before I name a price for it. The book will *not move*; it is not to the public, nor do I think that any inducement can make me offer you more than twenty-five pounds for it."

"And that you *will* give for it?" said Fielding, quickly.

"Really, I must think again, and will endeavour to make up my mind by to-morrow."

"Well, sir," replied Fielding, "I will look in again to-morrow morning. The book is yours for the twenty-five pounds; but these must positively be laid out for me when I call. I am pressed for the money; and, if you decline, must go elsewhere with my manuscript."

"I will see what I can do," replied the bookseller.

Our author, returning homeward from this unpromising visit, met his friend Thompson, the poet, and told him how the negociation stood for the manuscript which formerly he had shewn him. The poet, sensible of the extraordinary merits of his friend's production, reproached Fielding, with his headstrong bargain, conjured him, if he could do it honorably, to cancel it, and promised him, in that event, to find him a purchaser whose purse would do more credit to his judgment. Fielding, therefore, posted away to his appointment the next morning with as much apprehension lest the bookseller should stick to his bargain, as he had felt the day before lest he should altogether decline it. To his great joy, the ignorant trafficker in literature, either from inability to advance the money, or a want of common discrimination, returned the manuscript very safely into Fielding's hands. Our author set off, with a gay heart, to his friend Thompson, and went in company with him to Mr. Andrew Millar, the popular bookseller of the day. Mr. Millar was in the habit of publishing no work of light reading, but on his wife's approbation; the work was, therefore, left with him, and some days after, she having perused it, bid him by no means let it slip through his fingers. Millar, accordingly, invited the two friends to meet him at a coffee-house in the Strand, where, having disposed

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of a good dinner and two bottles of port, Thompson at last suggested, "It would be as well if they proceeded to business."

Fielding, still with no little trepidation, arising from his recent rebuff in another quarter, asked Millar what he had concluded upon giving for his work.

"I am a man," said he, "of few words, and fond of coming to the point; but really, after giving every consideration I am able to your novel, I do not think I can afford to give you more than *two hundred pounds* for it."

"What! exclaimed Fielding, "two hundred pounds!"

"Indeed, Mr. Fielding," returned Millar, "indeed I am sensible of your talent, but my mind is made up."

"Two hundred pounds!" continued Fielding, in a tone of perfect astonishment, "two hundred pounds did you say?'

"Upon my word, sir, I mean no disparagement to the writer, or his great merit, but my mind is made up, and I cannot give more."

"Allow me to ask you," continued Fielding, "to ask you—whether—you—are—serious!"

"Never more so," replied Millar, "in all my life, and I hope you will candidly acquit me of every intention to injure your feelings, or depreciate your abilities, when I repeat that I positively cannot afford you more than two hundred pounds for your novel."

"Then, my good, sir," said Fielding, recovering himself from his unexpected stroke of good fortune, "give me your hand—the book is yours. And waiter," continued he, "bring a couple of bottles of your best port."

Before Millar died, he had cleared eighteen thousand pounds by Tom Jones, out of which he had the generosity to make Fielding presents, at different times, of various sums, till they amounted to two thousand pounds; and he closed his life by bequeathing a handsome legacy to each of Mr. Fielding's sons.

GILDED BRONZE.

The practice of gilding bronze statues does not seem to have prevailed till taste had much deteriorated, and when the richness of material was more highly thought of than the excellence of workmanship.

Pliny tells us that Nero commanded a statue of Alexander, by Lysippus, to be gilt; but when done it was found to have so much injured the effect or beauty of the work, that the gold was by the emperor's orders removed.

The injury was doubtless occasioned by the glitter and sparkling of the light upon the projecting and shining surfaces, destroying the breadth, and consequent grandeur and unity of effect, secured by the more sober colour of the bronze.

GEMS FROM PHILOSOPHERS AND DIVINES.

NO. II.

If these little sparks of holy fire which I have heaped together do not give life to your prepared and already kindled spirit, they will sometimes help to entertain a thought, to actuate a passion, to employ and hallow a fancy.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Funeral Pomps.

Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises, and solemn bug-bears, and the actings by candlelight, and proper and fantastic ceremonies, the minstrels and the noisemakers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watches, and then to die is easy, ready, and quit of its troublesome circumstances.—*Jeremy Taylor's Holy Dying.*

Did a person but know the value of an enemy, he would purchase him with pure gold. (!)—*Abbe de Ranuci.*

The Pleasure of Study and Contemplation.

I can wonder at nothing more than how a man can be idle; but of all others, a scholar; in so many improvements of reason, in such variety of studies, in such importunity of thoughts; other artizans do but practice, we still learn; others run in the same gyre to weariness, to satiety; our choice is infinite; other labours require recreation, our very labour recreates our sports; we can never want either somewhat to do, or somewhat that we would do. . . . . What an heaven lives a scholar in, that at once, in one close room, can daily converse with all the glorious martyrs and fathers! that can single out, at pleasure, either sententious Tertullian, or grave Cyprian, or resolute Hierome, or flowing Chrysostome, or divine Ambrose, or, who alone is all these, heavenly Augustine, and talk with them, and hear their wise and holy counsels, verdicts, and resolutions. The mind, therefore, the mind only, that honorable and divine part, is fittest to be employed of those who would reach to the highest perfection of men, and would be more than the most. And what work is there of the mind but the trade of a scholar, study? Let me therefore fasten this problem on our school-gates, and challenge all comers in the defence of it; that no scholar cannot but be truly noble.—*Bishop Hall's Epistle to Mr. Milward.*

Destruction of the Crusaders.

Egypt is a low, level country, except some few advantages which the Egyptians had fortified themselves. Through the midst of the land ran the river Nilus; whose stream they had so bridled with banks and sluices, that they could keep it to be their own servant, and make it their enemies' master at pleasure. The Christians confidently marched on; and the Turks perceiving their game was come

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within the toil, pierced their banks, and, unmuzzling the river, let it run open mouth upon them; yet so, that at first they drowned them but up to the middle, reserving their lives for a further purpose, thereby in exchange to recover Dalmatia and their country's liberty. See here the land of Egypt turned in an instant into the Egyptian sea! see an army of sixty thousand, as the neck of one man, stretched on the block, and waiting the fatal stroke.—*Dr. Fuller's Holy War.*

Pride.

I thank Heaven, amongst those millions of vices I do inherit and hold from Adam, I have escaped one—PRIDE; a vice, whose name is comprehended in a monosyllable, but in its nature not circumscribed with a world; those petty acquisitions and reputed perfections that advance and elevate the conceits of other men, add no feathers to mine; I have seen a grammarian tower and plume himself over a single line of Horace; and shew more pride in the construction of one ode than the author in the composure of the whole book. I know the names, and somewhat more of all the constellations in my horizon; yet I have seen a prating mariner, that could only name the Pointers and the North Star, out-talk me, and conceit himself a whole sphere above me.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Comeliness and the Grave.

I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friend's desire by giving way that after a few day's burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and, if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life. They did so, and found his face half-eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you as him; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral.—*Jeremy Taylor's Holy Dying.*

Pursuit of the Good and Fair.

Whatever the Deity may have bestowed upon me in other respects, he has certainly inspired me, if any ever were inspired, with a passion for the good and fair. Nor did Ceres, according to the fable, ever seek her daughter Proserpine with such unceasing solicitude, as I have sought this perfect model of the beautiful in all the forms and appearances of things I am wont, day and night, to continue my search.—*Milton's Letter to Deodati.*

Pleasures of the World not true Felicity.

He that cannot be satisfied with common provision, hath a bigger need than he that can; it is harder, and more contingent, and more difficult for him to be satisfied. Epicurus said, "I feed sweetly upon bread and water, those sweet and easy provisions of the body, and I defy the pleasures of costly provisions." And the man was so confident that he had the advantage over wealthy tables, that he thought himself happy as the immortal gods.

All our trouble is from within us; and if a dish of lettuce and a clear fountain can cool all my heats, so that I shall have neither thirst nor pride, envy nor ambition, I am lodged in the bosom of felicity.—*Jeremy Taylor's House of Feasting.*

Return of Kindness.

Nothing makes societies so fair and lasting as the mutual endearment of each other by good offices; and never did any man a good turn to his brother, but one time or other himself did eat the fruit of it. The good man in the Greek epigram, that found a dead man's skull unburied, in kindness digging a grave for it, opened the enclosures of a treasure; and we read, in the annals of France, that when Gontran, King of Burgundy, was sleeping by the murmurs of a little brook, his servant espied a lizard coming from his master's head, and essaying to pass the water, but seeming troubled because it could not, he laid his sword over the brook, and made an iron bridge for the little beast, who, passing, entered into the earth, and speedily returned back unto the king, and disturbed him (as it is supposed) into a dream, in which he saw an iron bridge, which landed him at the foot of the mountain, where, if he did dig, he should find a great heap of gold. The servant expounded his master's dream, and shewed him the iron bridge, and they digged where the lizard had entered, where they found indeed a treasure; thus the servant's piety was rewarded upon his lord's head, and procured wealth to one, and honour to the other. —*Jeremy Taylor's Worthy Communicant.*

THEORIZERS ON BEAUTY.

PRINCIPLE of Beauty, what art thou! In the infinite shapes which thou assumest, how is thy definite nature to be perceived? Many master-minds have put this question to themselves, and have laboured to divine it, but in the variety of opinions below, will best be seen their disagreements. In what golden well will the truth and true theory be found?

PLATO.

The most ancient speculation of which it is necessary to take notice may be traced in the Dialogues of Plato, though of their tenor it is scarce possible to give any intelligible or consistent account. It should never be forgotten, however, that it is to this ingenious spirit that we owe the suggestion that it is *Mind* alone that is beautiful; and that, in perceiving

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beauty, it only contemplates the shadow of its own affections:—a doctrine which, however mystically unfolded in his writings, or however combined with extravagant or absurd speculations, unquestionably carries in it the germ of all the truth that has since been revealed on the subject. By far the largest dissertation, however, that this great philosopher has left upon the nature of beauty, is to be found in the dialogue entitled the *Greater Hippias*, which is entirely devoted to the inquiry; but there is no practical wisdom in his fine-drawn speculations, nor any of that spirit of patient observation by which alone any sound view of such objects can ever be attained.

ST. AUGUSTINE—THE SCHOOLMEN—AND OTHERS.

There are some hints on this subject in the works of Xenophon, and some scattered observations in those of Cicero, who was the first, we believe, to observe that the sense of beauty is peculiar to man; but nothing else, we believe, in classical antiquity, which requires to be analyzed or explained. It appears that St. Augustine composed a large treatise on beauty, and it is to be lamented that the speculations of that acute and ardent genius on such a subject, have been lost. We discover, from incidental notices in other parts of his writings, that he conceived the beauty of all objects to depend on their unity, or on the perception of the principle or design which fixed the relations of their various parts, and presented them to the intellect or imagination as one harmonious whole. It would not be fair to deal very strictly with a theory with which we are so imperfectly acquainted; but it may be observed that, while the author is so far in the right as to make beauty consist in a relation to mind, and not in any physical quality, he has taken far too narrow and circumscribed a view of the matter, and one which seems almost exclusively applicable to works of human art; a beautiful landscape, or a beautiful horse, has no more unity or traces of design, than one which is not beautiful.

What the schoolmen taught on this subject we do not pretend to know, but the discussion does not seem to have been resumed for long after the revival of letters. The followers of Leibnitz were pleased to maintain that beauty consisted in perfection; but what constituted perfection they did not attempt to define. M. Crouzas wrote a long essay to show that beauty depended on these five elements—variety, unity, regularity, order, and proportion; and the Père André a still longer one, to prove that, admitting these to be the true foundations of beauty, it was still most important to consider, that the beauty which results from them is either essential, or natural, or artificial, and that it may be greater or less, according as the characteristics of each of these classes are combined or set in opposition.

LORD SHAFTESBURY—ADDISON—HUTCHESON.

Among ourselves, we are not aware of any considerable publication on the subject till the appearance of Lord Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*, in which a sort of rapturous Platonic doctrine is delivered as to the existence of a primitive and supreme good and beauty, and of a certain internal sense, by which both beauty and moral merit were distinguished. Addison published several ingenious papers in *The Spectator* on the pleasures of the imagination, and was the first, we believe, who referred them to the specific sources of beauty, sublimity and novelty. He did not enter much, however, into the metaphysical discussion of the nature of beauty itself; and the first philosophical treatise of note that appeared on the subject, may be said to have been the *Inquiry* of Dr. Hutcheson, first published, we believe, in 1725.

In this work the notion of a peculiar internal sense, by which we are made sensible of the existence of beauty, is very boldly promulgated, and maintained by many ingenious arguments. Yet nothing, we conceive, can be more extravagant than such a proposition; and nothing but the radical faults of the other parts of the hypothesis could possibly have driven the learned author to its adoption. Even after the existence of the sixth sense was assumed, he felt that it was still necessary that he should explain what were the qualities by which it was gratified, and these he was pleased to allege were nothing but the combinations of variety with uniformity; all objects, as he has himself expressed it, which are equally uniform being beautiful in proportion to their variety, and all objects equally various being beautiful in proportion to their uniformity. Now, not to insist upon the obvious and radical objection that this is not true in fact as to flowers, landscapes, or indeed of anything but architecture, if it be true of that, it could not fail to strike the ingenious author that these qualities of uniformity and variety were not of themselves agreeable to any of our known senses or faculties except when considered as symbols of utility or design, and therefore could not very intelligibly account for the very lively emotions which we often experience from the perception of beauty, where the notion of design or utility was not at all suggested. He was constrained, therefore, either to abandon this view of the nature of beauty altogether, or to imagine a new sense or faculty, whose characteristic and description it should be to receive delight from the combinations of uniformity and variety, without any consideration of their being significant of things agreeable to our faculties; and this being accomplished by the mere force of the assumption and the definition, there was no room for further dispute or difficulty in the matter.

Some of Hutcheson's followers, such as Gerard and others, who were a little startled at

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the notion of a separate faculty, and yet wished to retain the doctrine of beauty depending on variety and uniformity, moderated the system after their own way, but it amounted to nothing but trifling.

BURKE.

The next remarkable theory was that proposed by Edmund Burke, in his *Treatise of the Sublime and Beautiful*. But of this, in spite of the great name of the author, we cannot persuade ourselves to say much. His explanation is founded on a species of materialism—for it resolves entirely into this, that all objects appear beautiful which have the power of producing a peculiar relaxation of our nerves and fibres, and thus inducing a certain degree of bodily langour and sinking. Of all the suppositions that have been at any time hazarded to explain the phenomena of beauty, this, we think, is the most unfortunate and the most weakly supported. There is no philosophy in the doctrine; and the fundamental assumption is in every way contradicted by the most familiar experience. There is no relaxation of the fibres in the perception of beauty, and there is no pleasure in the relaxation of the fibres. If there were, it would follow, that a warm bath would be by far the most beautiful thing in the world, and that the brilliant lights and bracing airs of a fine autumn morning would be the very reverse of beautiful. Accordingly, though the treatise alluded to will always be valuable on account of the many fine and just remarks it contains, we are not aware that there is any accurate inquirer into the subject (with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Price, in whose hands, however, the doctrine assumes a new character) by whom the fundamental principle of the theory has not been explicitly abandoned.

DIDEROT.

A yet more extravagant doctrine was afterwards inculcated, and in a tone of great authority, in a long article in the French *Encyclopédie*, from the brilliant pen of Diderot, and one which exemplifies, in a very striking manner, the nature of the difficulties with which the discussion is embarrassed. This ingenious person, perceiving at once that the beauty which we ascribe to a particular class of objects could not be referred to any peculiar and inherent quality in the objects themselves, but depended upon their power of exciting certain sentiments in our minds—and being, at the same time, at a loss to discover what common power could belong to so vast a variety of objects as pass under the general appellation of beautiful, or by what tie all the various emotions which are excited by the perception of beauty, could be united—was at last driven, by his sense of the necessity of keeping his definition sufficiently wide and comprehensive to hazard the strange assertion, that all objects were beautiful which excite in us the idea of *relation;* that our sense of beauty consists in tracing out the relations which the object possessing it might have to other objects, and that its beauty was in proportion to the number and clearness of the relations, thus suggested and perceived. The fallacies of this theory are attempted to be refuted in the *Encyclopedia Britannica.*

FATHER BUFFIER—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Another more plausible and ingenious theory was suggested by the Père Buffier, and afterwards adopted and illustrated with great talent in the *Discourses* of Sir Joshua Reynolds. According to this doctrine, beauty consists, as Aristotle held virtue to do, in mediocrity, or conformity to that which was most usual. Thus, a beautiful nose, to make use of Dr. Smith's very apt illustration of this doctrine, is one that is neither very long nor very short, very straight nor very much bent, but of an ordinary form and proportion compared with all the extremes. It is the form, in short, which nature seems to have aimed at in all cases, though she has more frequently deviated from it than hit it; but, deviating from it in all directions, all her deviations come nearer to it than they ever do to each other. Thus, the most beautiful in every species of creatures, bears the greatest resemblance to the whole species, while monsters are so denominated because they bear the least; and thus the beautiful, though in one sense the rarest, as the exact medium is but seldom hit, is invariably the most common, because it is the central point from which all the deviations are the least remote. This view of the matter is adopted by Sir Joshua in its full extent, and is even carried so far by this great artist, that he does not scruple to conclude, "That if we were more used to deformity than beauty, deformity would then lose the idea that is now annexed to it, and take that of beauty—just as we approve and admire fashions in dress, for no other reason than that we are used to them."

ALISON—PAYNE KNIGHT—DUGALD STEWART.

The opinions expressed on the subject of beauty by Dr. Gerard, Dr. Blair, and a whole herd of rhetoricians are nothing original, or what has not been expressed before. More recently, however, we have had three publications on the subject of a far higher character; we mean, Mr. Alison's *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*, Mr. Payne Knight's *Analytical Inquiry* into the same subjects, and Mr. Dugald Stewart's Dissertations on the Beautiful and on Taste, in his volume of *Philosophical Essays*. These works possess an infinite deal of merit, and have among them disclosed almost all the truth that is to be known on the subject; though, as it seems to us, with some little admixture of error, from which it will not, however, be difficult to separate it. Mr. Alison's fundamental principle, that all beauty, or at least, all the beauty of material objects, depends on the associations

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that may have connected them with the ordinary affections or emotions of our nature; and in this, which is the fundamental point of his theory, we conceive him to be as clearly right, as he is convincing and judicious in the copious and beautiful illustration by which he has sought to establish its truth. The work of Mr. Knight is more lively, various, and discursive than Mr. Alison's, but not so systematic or conclusive. It is the cleverer book of the two, but not the most philosophical discussion of the subject. He agrees with Mr. Alison in holding the most important, and, indeed, the only considerable part of beauty to depend upon association, and has illustrated this opinion with a great variety of just and original observation. But he maintains, and maintains stoutly, that there is a beauty independent of association, prior to it, and more original and fundamental—the primitive and natural beauty of colours and sounds. Mr. Stewart's *Essay on the Beautiful* is rather philological than metaphysical. The object of it is to show by what gradual and successive extensions of meaning the word, though at first appropriated to denote the pleasing effect of *colours* alone, might naturally come to signify all the other pleasing things to which it is now applied. In this investigation he makes many admirable remarks, and touches with the hand of a master, upon many of the disputable parts of the question.

Here the question at present rests; the clearest truths upon the subject are undoubtedly put forth in the three last works abovementioned.

THE MAID OF ROUEN.

A FEW years ago there lived a maiden lady at Rouen, who went every day, whether fair or foul, to sit on a little bench by the garden-gate, where her lover, a young officer, took leave of her twenty years before, and was never heard of afterwards.

This remarkable instance of constancy furnished the subject of an entertainment that has had great success, under the title of "Nina;" the poet supposes her melancholy mad, but the lady in question was in her perfect senses, and, after making her daily visit, *sprightly*. After a short ejaculation, she always concluded with these words, "*He will certainly come back; he promised me he would.*"

THE MAID OF ROUEN.

In the desert of life one oasis is shining,
And the wilderness round it but makes it more bright,—
That oasis is love, where, enshrined, and enshrining,
Heart looks into heart with a language of light.

O fair maid of Rouen, your faith to love plighted,
The drear night of absence and sorrow withstood,
Still you said to the last, with a smile all hope-lighted,
"I know he'll return, for he promised he would."

Year past after year, yet your lover appeared not,
But the light of your love did not die or grow dim,
Time shadowed your beauty—his shadows you feared not,
Your *heart* had a beauty impervious to him.

Your sunshiny nature—affections undying
Like the incense that burns on the devotee's shrine,
Kept the breathings of faith and of hope round you flying,
And touched you with tints every day more divine.

O happy to dream so—to live so glad-hearted,—
To trust the delusion through life (if you could,)
Still to say, as you stood where your love and you parted,—
"I know he'll return, for he promised he would."

UNCERTAINTY OF INFANT PROMISE.

THE tempers of children are so various, that some display their powers as soon as they speak.

Pope lisped in numbers; some even presignify their glory before they articulate; as in certain latitudes the sun is discernible, though for days and weeks he never rises above the horizon; while others, and the most famous, have been tardy in unfolding their abilities.

Robert of Sicily, though most famous for his learning and genius, was so torpid while a boy, that he was with difficulty taught the rudiments of grammar.

Claude, the unrivalled master of the dressed landscape, was a dull youth.

La Fontaine had not the spirit of poetry awakened in him before his twenty-second year.

Dryden gave no public testimony of his talents before he was twenty-seven, and Cowper did not become an author till he was fifty.

On the contrary, Baratiere, John Condiac, and other boys of surprising abilities, produced nothing meritorious. Their minds, like those bodies, which rapidly exceed the common growth, quickly decay, while those of ordinary stature attain confirmed strength, and a long-lived maturity.

BEQUEST TO THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

THE following is the passage in the will of the late Mr. Frank Standish, which makes the bequest of pictures, &c., to King Louis Philippe; the document itself is dated July 11, 1838:—"I give and bequeath to His Majesty the King of the French, all my books, manuscripts, engravings, paintings, and drawings, in Great Britain, or in any foreign country, either for the sole and particular use of his said Majesty, or to be placed in any public establishment he may think fit, as a testimony of my esteem for a generous and polite nation, which is always ready to welcome travellers, and which I have always visited with pleasure, and quitted with regret." The collection thus bequeathed, contains several paintings of high price. Among them, besides the fine Murillos, are some by Zurbaran, and other masters of the Spanish school, and a great many of the Italian, Flemish, and French schools. Most of the books are valuable, and they are upwards of 4,000 in number.

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THE OLD SMITHY.

A FARM-HOUSE TALE.

[*For the Mirror.*]

"THE snow is drifting on the ground,
And loud the east wind roars;
Come, men and maidens, hie you in;
Kate, bar those creaking doors.

"Call in the dogs, rouse up the fire;
And, mistress, do you hear?
Heat us a jug of elder wine,
For the night is chill and drear."

The good old dame, with clanking keys,
Hung by her apron side,
Throws back the carved oak cupboard door,
With hospitable pride.

There, tall-stalked glasses, flagons, flasks,
And horns with silver rim,
Old china beakers, cups, and bowls,
With claws and frosted brim.

Spice-bread and nuts for winter cheer,
And saffron-cakes are stored,
Tea, sugar, coffee, jars of sweets,
And rum a liberal hoard.

They hob and nob, the old house clock
Hath barely stricken seven,
But wine and warmth have made them yawn,
As though it were eleven.

The fire-light flickers broad on racks,
On tins and homely delf,—
Long guns are resting on the wall,
Above the chimney shelf.

The dogs lie slumbering on the hearth,
And loud the kitten purrs,—
Says one, "'Twill be an awful night,
God help all travellers."

"Amen!" replied the good old dame—
"Amen!" the farmer cried—
"That minds me of a darksome tale
Of the Black Common side.

"'Twas at the time of Martinmas,
As near as near could be,
That a horseman stood by the four cross-roads,
Under the Blasted Tree.

"The wind blew wildly from the moor,
The red fern whistled shrill;
And his good steed had cast his shoe,
Upon the weary hill.

"The traveller held his gallant grey
With his hand upon the mane,
'Twas dark with sweat, and red with mire,
Foam fleck'd the bridle rein.

"When, hark!—chink, chink,—'twas the hammer's clink,
And he wildered looked around,
And he joyful heard, a bow-shot off,
An anvil's welcome sound.

"Drear was the night, the way was lone,
When gladly did he mark
A cottage built by a clump of firs,
And a smithy's ruddy spark.

"The smith that wrought that midnight forge
Was tall and giant-limb'd,
And he seized the rein with a rude rough grasp,
And a hand with soot begrimm'd.

"'Now ply the hammer, farrier,
I pray thee make good speed,
For we've many a weary mile to go,
I and my gallant steed.'

"He loos'd the girths from the panting horse,
The saddle-bags hung low,
And the farrier heard the clink of gold,
As they swayed to and fro.

"A thought shot through his burning brain,
'Twas in an evil hour;—
The night was dark, the road was lone,
The traveller in his power.

"He raised an iron bar on high,
The stranger gave not heed—
He fell'd him dead with a single stroke
At the feet of the startled steed.

"He buried him deep on the dismal heath,
As I've heard my father tell,
And he cut the throat of the noble horse,
And buried him as well.

"The raven croak'd from the Blasted Tree,
As from the heath he ran,
And the wind sighed low in the quaking fern,
Like the moan of a murder'd man.

"Years pass'd away—the smith had wed,
And a thrifty wife had he—
None knew nor guessed of the blood-bought gold,
For he spent it warily.

"And he lived in the cot by the clump of firs,
As though his soul were cleared
Of the dark red stain, or his harden'd heart,
By an iron brand was sear'd.

"'Twas in the time of Martinmas,
When the ways were drear and lone,
There ran by the smithy a long lean hound,
And he dropp'd a fleshless bone.

"A bone?—it was a human skull!
All grinning, bleach'd, and bare,
With its eyeless sockets upwards turned,
With a grim and ghastly stare.

"The farrier started from the forge,
A conscience-stricken man,
And he hang'd himself on the Blasted Tree,
Just where the cross-roads ran.

"They buried him deep at the dead of night,
Where suicides must rest—
No coffin closed his guilty head,
No shroud enwrapp'd his breast.

"But there by the tree, in that dread spot,
Where the four cross-roads do meet,
A stake was driven through his heart,
A stone weighed down his feet.

"His wife grew sick of a broken heart,
She pined away and died,
And none have lived since in the ruined cot,
By the Black Common side.

"And such as dare to pass that way
When Martinmas comes round,
Have heard the midnight hammer's din,
And the ghostly anvil's sound.

"And then comes the tramp of a weary steed
When the road is drear and lone,
And the wind sighs low in the ragged fern
Like to a dying moan."

REINELM.

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New Books.

The Kentish Coronal. [Simpkin & Marshall.] 1841.

THE Kentish Coronal is one of those local publications which occasionally greet us with their welcome presence, and appears to be a collection of original essays, in prose and poetic pieces; many of which possess considerable merit; whilst some, such as the dissertation on "Georgy Peorgy, pudding and pie," might, with no small degree of propriety, have been allowed to sleep on, unnoticed and unknown. Among the best portions of this work, we may mention the following truly beautiful lines on Richborough Castle, by our old and valued Correspondent, J. R. C., of Deal:—

A gorgeous dream of Roman pride and pow'r
Thine ivied ruins to the heart recal,
And Fancy sees thee gleaming o'er the Stour,
Magnificent with barbican and wall,
When balmy dews upon the landscape fall,
And sunset steeps the clouds in golden light,
The mind may picture forth thy proudest hall,—
The haunt of festal sounds and warriors bright.
Thou wert the glorious structure of a time,
When Rome's triumphant eagle wav'd his wings
O'er many a shore and mountain land sublime,
Invok'd in song by poet's lyric strings;
But now reality before me brings,
"Silent remains of Cæsars and of kings!"

Thron'd on the bosom of a sunny hill,
Behold the wreck of Rome's imperial sway!
The ivy to its wall is clinging still,
A gloomy mourner o'er its latest day;
But sweetest summer-birds attune their lay
Around the Stour that flows beneath its brow,
And flowers are kiss'd to slumber by the ray
Which tints the clouds with crimson glory now;
And consecrated as the dreamless brave
O'er whom this castle lifts its mould'ring pride,
Their dirge seems uttered by the rippling wave,
Their requiem by the plaintive winds is sigh'd.
Oh! thus, when death relieves me from my cares,
I fain would have a tomb sublime as theirs!

In the prose department, "Netley Abbey, by Roffensis," is fairly written, and a vein of poetic feeling is perceptible throughout. The lines bewailing the faded glories of that monastic pile, are extremely chaste and elegant; but we confess ourselves at a loss, at the conclusion of the tale, whether to consider the author moon-struck or frightened, by the echo of his own footsteps. Let the reader judge—

NETLEY ABBEY; OR, THE MIDNIGHT MUSICIAN.

It was during a recent tour in the south of England, and at the close of a beautiful summer's evening, that I found myself pacing the desecrated and ruined isles of Netley Abbey. I had sought that lonely and sequestered pile to reflect, uninterruptedly, on the memory of persons and events with which it was connected, and that I might pass away an hour in the vain occupation of recalling to mind the companions of earlier days; for though the illusions of Fancy may re-people the void which the lapse of a few brief years will occasion; yet who that has reached the meridian of life can look back upon his course without missing, with useless regret, some of those associates who started with him in the morning of existence, and at the commencement of his journey. My ramblings, though silent and solitary, were exquisitely delightful; every object around me, illumined by the moon, seemed to tremble in a robe of silver; and as I gazed on that beautiful planet, "walking in her brightness," and surrounded by myriads of the starry host, I indulged in some of those pleasing yet melancholy feelings, which so frequently pervade us when, the world and its attendant anxieties forgotten, all for a time is tranquility and peace. Happy, indeed, are such sensations, and in mercy have they been bestowed upon us; for they soften down our coarser nature, and enable us rightly to estimate our own position when we reflect upon the days which are gone, the friends which were, and the joys that shall return no more. Unheeding the lapse of time, and completely absorbed in my meditations, I continued to wander about among the ruins; now admiring the elegant but decaying columns,—now intent upon the clustering ivy, with which they were surmounted, and, at intervals, giving full scope to those beautiful reveries which many feel, but few, if any, are able to describe, when the sound of a distant village clock rolled through the deserted isles, and, announcing the hour of midnight, aroused me from my pleasing occupation. I prepared to leave immediately, but could not refrain from a parting glance at the fair and lovely scene which surrounded me. The moon was riding in bright magnificence through the skies, and silvering with her beams the moss-clad walls, whilst her light streamed between the decaying mullions of the arched windows, which, at intervals, some fleeting and solitary cloud would throw into temporary obscurity. It was, indeed, a beautiful sight. The ruins, lovely even in decay, presented the strongest contrast to what the building must have been in the days of its splendour, when the solemn hymn of praise rolled amid the fretted roofs, reconciling man to earth, whilst it elevated his soul to God. Now, fallen and neglected, its glories had departed, and it seemed as though, in a few brief years, the antiquary might search in vain, even for a vestige of its existence:—

Ah, Netley! sweet Netley! thy glories are o'er;
Through thine aisles the loud anthem will never peal more!
Thine altars are fallen, their votaries dead,
And the owl and the glow-worm rise up in their stead.

But at length, having determined on leaving the enchanting place, I had advanced several paces on my return home, when my footsteps were arrested by a soft strain of music; I paused involuntarily. It was a flute, but blown so sweetly, that it seemed of no earthly origin. I listened, and a strange and awful sensation came over me as I recognized the favourite air of a departed friend, whose memory had occupied no small portion of my

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thoughts during the evening. It was played, too, exactly as he was used to play it, in the same style, with the same embellishments, *note* for note. To describe my feelings would be impossible ;—for a moment I imagined that the dead, at that lone hour, had really revisited the earth, and that the spirit of my friend was, indeed, the invisible musician; but no sooner had Reason resumed her power over my startled senses, than I was aware of the improbability of this, and felt assured that some lonely wanderer, like myself, was also enjoying the tranquil banquet of that quiet place, and that I had allowed the ancient building, and the solemnity of the hour, to give an awful colouring to that which, at mid-day, had possibly passed unheeded. I was resolved, however, to be satisfied ; and accordingly examined every portion of the Abbey, but no human being could I discover. I ascended the dilapidated stair-case, and stood upon the highest remnant of what had once formed a portion of the tower ;—the flute was still throwing its wild melody over the building. I shouted aloud,—it ceased ! Again and again did I invite the minstrel to come forth, but the summons was unattended to ; and at length, after exerting every method to discover him, I left the Abbey with feelings of deep and awe-struck melancholy.

On reaching the footpath which leads to Southampton, I turned to take one more look at the scene of my singular adventure ;—that moment the music again floated in the night-breeze, and my friend's beloved melody was resounding through the woods.

In another part of the work the same writer has favoured us with a translation from the opening of the first Idyl of Moschus, and rightly imagines that it was, no doubt, imitated by Jean Baptiste Marini. The piece loses its beauty, inasmuch as, although Roffensis has inserted the composition of the Italian poet, he has omitted to give us those beautiful lines of the old Syracusan :—

"Εἴ τις ἐνὶ τριόδοισι πλανώμενον εἶδεν Ἔρωτα,
Δραγελίδας ἐμός ἐστιν ὁ μαντιτὰς γέρας ἐξεῖ,
Μισθός τοι τὸ φίλαμα τὸ Κύπριδος."

This omission is, however, in fact, compensated by the poetic version of the editor, decidedly the best we have ever seen. In conclusion, we may observe, that as the Coronal partakes more of the character of a Family Album than that of a work armed against the attacks of unsparing criticism, it would not be fair in us to assume completely the character of the Censor, especially as many poetic pieces by the Editor (Mr. Adams) possess more than sufficient excellence to compensate for occasional failures, possibly unavoidable.

The Naturalist.

NEW PLANTS, WHICH ARE EITHER USEFUL OR ORNAMENTAL.

[*From the Gardeners' Chronicle.*] *

PORTLANDIA DAPHNOIDES (*Stove shrub*).—A cinchonaceous plant from Cuba, which has flowered in the Botanical Garden, Edinburgh. Flowers white, pendulous, nine inches long, very like those of *Portlandia grandiflora.—Jamieson's Journal.*

BEGONIA DREGII (*Stove herbaceous plant*). A tortuous-rooted plant, with a stem of about six inches high. Leaves oblique, transversely elliptico-rhomboid, red on the underside, covered with silvery spots on the upper side. Flowers white, about an inch across. Native of the Cape of Good Hope. Introduced from the Berlin Garden in 1840. Flowered in the Botanic Garden, Edinburgh.—*Jamieson's Journal.*

PHYSIANTHUS AURICOMUS (*Stove-climber*). An Asclepiadaceous plant from Ceara, in Brazil, raised in the garden of Mr. Blackburn, of Hales, near Liverpool, where it extended across the rafters from end to end of the stove. The leaves are obovate, taper-pointed, hairy on both sides. The flowers are white, sweet-scented, and about an inch and a quarter long. It is stated to be a "handsome climber."—*Jamieson's Journal.*

ODONTOGLOSSUM MACULATUM (*Stove epiphyte*).—This rare species was imported from Mexico by Mr. Barker. It is one of the prettiest of the family, because of its large two-coloured spotted flowers and drooping habit, and seems to have much the manner of growth and constitution of an Oncidium. When it was first sent, it was thought to be the *Odontoglossum Cervantesii* of La Llave, to which it bears a great resemblance ; but upon an attentive consideration it must be different, for the latter is said to have snow-white flowers, and this is not a circumstance in which plants of Orchidaceæ are likely to vary. It was also found in the west of Mexico by Count Karwinski. *Odontoglossum cordatum* approaches this very nearly ; but, independently of the difference in the colour and size of its flowers, it has exceedingly acuminate sepals and petals, and quite another kind of appendage to the stalk of the labellum.—*Botanical Register.*

PUYA HETEROPHYLLA (*Greenhouse herbaceous plant*).—A very pretty plant, evidently belonging to the genus Puya, and most remarkable for bearing two kinds of leaves. Those at the base of the plant arise from tough, concave, broad, horny petioles, which overlie each other, forming a kind of bulb, and are extended into narrow, hard, serrated, spiny, brown processes, about two inches long. The leaves, on the other hand, which are last formed, are thin, lanceolate, bright

* We cannot refrain from expressing our approbation of this talented weekly journal.

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green, and more than eighteen inches long. The flowers are arranged in a close, oblong spike, composed of imbricated woolly cartilaginous pale-green bracts, occupying the centre of a bulb of spiny leaves, in the place of the thin leaves before-mentioned. Mr. Rogers says, "I received the plant from Mr. Parkinson, from Mexico, in 1838, and stuck it into a pot loosely filled with Tillandsia, in which this plant and the epiphytes which accompanied it had been packed. It flourished so well in its temporary abode, the roots clothing the inside of the pot, that I never disturbed or planted it otherwise; and this summer it flowered for the first time. When growing it has received abundance of water; I believe it stood in a pan always full. When the leaves began to turn yellow, it was set on the floor of the house and kept dry and cool for two months or more, till it showed flower. It has been grown close to the light, in a stove of moderate temperature, not very damp. Its spiny processes are excessively sharp and brittle, rendering it almost dangerous to touch the plant; and the leaves, when full grown, are eighteen inches to two feet long, and flexible, hanging about more loosely than those of most similar plants."—*Botanical Register.*

HIBISCUS WRAYÆ (*Greenhouse shrub*).—A beautiful plant, with large lilac flowers, obtained from Swan River by Mrs. Wray, of Cheltenham. It is a greenhouse shrub of very easy cultivation, grows luxuriantly in any common soil, and attains the height of eight or ten feet in one season, if planted in the border of the conservatory. The plant in the garden of the Horticultural Society has been in flower for two months, and will continue to produce a succession of bloom throughout the winter and spring. It is easily propagated by either cuttings or layers.—*Botanical Register.*

ASTEROTRICHION SIDOIDES (*Half-hardy shrub*).—Nat. ord. Malvaceæ. From New Holland. It is a slender, upright plant, from three to four feet high, clothed with a furfuraceous covering, composed of little star-shaped hairs. The flowers are white, and are arranged in racemes of about an inch in length, from the axils of the uppermost leaves. The leaves are alternate, lanceolate, and serrated. It blossoms at Berlin in March and April, but may be made to blossom a month earlier or later, according as it is exposed to a warmer or colder atmosphere. Like most New Holland plants, it will bear exposure to the open air in summer. It grows very vigorously in any kind of loose, light, rich soil. —*Link, &c., Icones.*

Antiquities.

SAXON MAGICAL RING.

A VERY curious massive ring, of pure gold, was found a few days ago on the borders of Rockingham Forest, in the parish of Cottingham, near Rockingham. It is doubtless of extreme antiquity, and presents two inscriptions in Saxon characters, in a remarkable state of preservation. The outer one is as follows:—"Guttu: Gutta: Madros: Adros:" and the inner—"Udros: Udros: Thebal:" The ring, which is in the possession of Mr. Dexter, Woolpack-inn, Middleton, is supposed to be what is called an "Abraxis," or magical ring, and to have been worn as an amulet or preventive charm, as was common in early periods of superstition and ignorance. We shall feel obliged to any of our readers to explain the meaning of these mysterious sentences, which, although they do not seem to belong to any known language, have doubtless some occult signification.—*Northampton Herald.*

A ROMAN STANDARD.

A CURIOUS bronze Centaur (fixed on a square socket), evidently Chiron with the young Achilles riding behind him, and a pard or panther leaping up in front of the group, was lately found on the beach under the cliffs, near Sidmouth. It had, apparently, been washed up by the sea, and must have been a long time subjected to the attrition of a gravelly bed of marine pebbles, perhaps for many ages. The group is about eight inches in height, and evidently formed the top of a Roman standard or ensign. It is considered by a learned antiquarian correspondent of the *Western Luminary* to have been the standard of the second legion in the reign of the great Roman British Emperor and Admiral, Carausius, about 294 A.D., and to have been lost from some galley that was wrecked on the coast, or perhaps in opposing some descent, either from Gaul, or the aggressions of the Saxon rovers in his time, by troops from the neighbouring posts at Sidbury (Tidortis) or Blackbury, near Wiscombe Park. This legion was at that time called Parthica, and the Centaur appears on five of that Emperor's coins as recording these troops.

THE SERAPH ABDIEL.

FROM THE PAGE OF MILTON.

OF the Beings denominated Seraphs, the notions of all Theologies have been soft and gentle. So ethereal and essential as they are supposed to be of form, not all the imaginations of supple and tender beauty which a lovely language were to supply, would convey an adequate idea of their charmed and ineffable nature, effluent and emanative from the Divine; for there is little figure of speech in saying that the amaranth flowers of Life would wane and fade away beside the bloom-glory of their countenance, and that no heavenlier colour-tone may be dreamed of than "the blue depth of seraph's eyes." Devoting themselves with deeper ardour than all other the Powers and Princedoms of the skies to the glowing adoration of their Maker, nearest the Throne they

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kneel—nearest the footstool they adore—and sing *within* that secret Veil, while all others worship from without. Love glows within them like a pure and never-dying fire, and the entirety of their being flames with unutterable fervour. Their essence seems as if breathed from balm and flowers, and their existence as dissolved in light.

Altogether unawares, therefore, would any one of such Beings be, used as he was all the days of his immortality to have his own being wholly merged by love in the being of another, breathing no other breath, and having no other desire but that which identified it with the object of its devotion, that such a thing as resistance or opposition was possibly existent: it would be to them as a foreign term which they could not comprehend. Leaning with all the deep affection of their souls on their Creator and parent, repugnance or hostility were utterly inconceivable to their minds; and indeed it could only be the occurrence of some unexampled and appalling event, which could disturb their serene and unalterable state of bliss, which ignorance of such an evil surely was. But that fortunate ignorance, however, was broken, and it was on that day that the Apostate drew after him "the third part of heaven," enticing the angels to swerve from their allegiance, and so making dire disruption of their theretofore tranquil blessedness.

It was at a point answerable to this, that the character of Abdiel opens in display. Even in man it is almost astonishing what vast powers, silently and unknown to himself, lie wrapped up and enclosed in the depths of his being, which mostly sleep till some casual emergency arises, which calls for their development and action, surprising the fellows of his species by their towering and superhuman dimensions. Such was the case with Abdiel, when tempted. Little he knew, till assailed by the artifices and temptations of Satan, what infinite powers his being was capable of unfolding. Then it was that the latent strength and grandeur of the sleeping God awoke; then for the first time he became aware what powers of solid and supernatural growth were hidden in his form, when Faith, and immovable Virtue, and firm, rock-like opposition to Evil, sprang up like so many giants in strong armour round his heart, and fenced it as with an iron garrison, proof against the assaults of the Tempter.

Abdiel had indeed been inveigled among the number of the false angels, by means of feigned and lying statements; and when he heard Satan's motives uttered by him in speech, he forthwith started up against the current of his adversary's fury, and in a flame of severe zeal, opposed the promotion of his design. Vigorously he repelled the bolted arguments of the grand Deceiver, taxing him with vile ingratitude that he a creature, marshalled himself against his Creator; nor ends he with blame and reprobation, but confronts his impious obloquy with irresistible answers, heroically combating his astute machinations and frauds. Then ere he concludes, in a voice though never before attoned to command, yet which now assumed a lofty and imperative majesty, he evokes them to withdraw from the temptations of the Apostate, and seek for pardon while pardon might be sought.

But while the resistance of Abdiel appears so meritorious, there must not be forgotten what the Seraph himself suffered; for the bare being tempted to sin acted on his nature like a sharp and terrible visitation. We who are of lapsed nature, and whose original purity is now encrusted with corruptions and degradations, can have no possible conception of the stunning shock which a pure and immaculate being would experience at the very sight of evil, or the circumstance of being tempted, or what a mortiferous thrill of horror and anguish would shake the foundations of his spirit. Worse would it seem to him than if ulcerous sores were fastening on his sweet aerial existence, and clogging it with pest and loathsomeness—worse than the transfixing him with a storm of darts would rush on him that temptation of the Tempter. The greater and more unshakable his love for his Maker, the greater would be his horror at the thought, so that it would arm his tongue with righteous indignation and a spirit of speech, sharper than a two-edged sword.

But Abdiel is the only spirit, who, in this infinite host of angels, preserves his allegiance to his maker. Luminously as the zeal of the seraph breaks forth in a mighty warmth of sentiments and expressions, and with all that generous scorn and intrepidity which attends heroic virtue, yet none of that degenerate band are touched by his appeal, or come over to the side of the holy.

Gathering courage upon this, the Apostate replies the more haughtily. He begs him carry the report to his anointed king, that not besecching but besieging, will he and his puissant angels from thenceforth hem the throne, and moreover urges him to fly, before evil intercept his flight.

But spite of the hoarse murmurs of those dark-plumed angelry, and the defiances of the Apostate, the "flaming seraph fearless," again exalts his voice, to magnify the greatness of his Maker, and bids them beware that, noble intellects as they were, they were not devoured by terrible storms of wrath, or cast on the strands of immensity, as "brands for the burning."

Milton, with these circumstances, has made a majestic character. Unshaken, unreduced, unterrified, among thousands of hostile angels, Abdiel alone was faithful, Abdiel alone kept his love and loyalty. The crush of numbers moved him not—the influence of example wrought not upon him to swerve from truth; single among myriads, yet changed he not his constant mind, but bound his magnanimity like a conqueror's scarf about him.

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He next prepares to quit this ungodly crew, and his passage from among the rebellious forms a firm and dignified retreat. Through long ranks of hostile scorn, which he sustained with superior mind, fearing not violence or contumely, he turned his back with retorted scorn upon those devoted to destruction.

Beautifully the sixth book of this great epic opens, describing the midnight travel of "the dreadless angel," on his way to heaven, till the morning breaks, arrayed in empyreal gold, and rosy from the gates of light. Milton seems to rejoice in flinging fine splendour around Abdiel's return, and heaping rich rewards on his virtuous heroism. No sooner in sight of heaven, than all the angels, with a shout "loud as from numbers without number, sweet as from blest voices," hail and receive him—him, who of so many myriads fallen, was alone found faithful—the one lost sheep, and over whom was more joy than over the ninety and nine. With acclamations and high applaudings they lead him before the seat supreme, while a voice whose mild melodiousness pronounced it to be divine, bestowed on him from the midst of a golden cloud the praises of "the faithful servant."

Abdiel, hitherto mighty in his words, was now to become mighty in arms, for the time drew nigh "that angel should with angel war," and milder thoughts were to be usurped by the rushing sound of onset. Abdiel here figures magnificently, being made by the poet to stand in antagonism with the Arch-apostate himself, who is thus grandly represented when the battle opens:—

> High in the midst, exalted as a God,
> Th' Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
> Idol of majesty divine, inclosed
> With flaming cherubim and goldenshields,
> Then lighted from his gorgeous throne:—
> . . . . Before the cloudy van—
> On the rough edge of battle ere it joined
> Satan with vast and haughty strides advanced
> Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.

The reading alone of these stately decameters rouses up the soul like a trumpet-blast, how then did the sight of him whom they describe harrow up the rage and indignation of Abdiel. "Abdiel that sight endured not where he stood." With stern words, which, in Milton form a speech to introduce the coming combat more solemnly, he reprehends him in high and authoritative tones, and finally strikes a blow which makes the firmament kindle with war and fire.

> So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high
> Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
> On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight
> Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
> Such ruin intercept; ten paces huge
> He back recoiled; the tenth on bended knee
> His massy spear upstaid; as if on earth
> Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
> Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat
> Half sunk with all his pines.

So valourous a stroke at their Mightiest amazes the rebel thrones—the combat becomes general, and Michael finishes by routing the great enemy whom Abdiel had so heroically foiled at first. Night, and cherubic-waving fires close in the contest.

Such were the things which Abdiel did in the day of his trial and temptation; and if, among the silent vallies of the heavens, "with notes angelical to many a lyre," it be the custom of the saints and glorified to recount the good deeds of their compeers, this assuredly is a tale that is often told, and dwelt upon with rapture. And since we read of purpureal mansions in the heavens, and magnificent furniture of thrones, and robes, and regalia, doubt not that in some lofty city or temple of the skies where the standards and ensigns of this war between gods, gild the high columns, and fling lustre on the domes, that there is to be seen—glorious memorial of the virtue of Abdiel—a broad banner that outflashes all the rest with its miraculous splendour, while amid the rainbows and sunbeams which constitute its woof, may be read this record, if it overpower not the vision:—

"THE SERAPH ABDIEL, FAITHFUL FOUND AMONG THE FAITHLESS, FAITHFUL ONLY HE!"

W. A.

The Gatherer.

St. Adhelm.—It is related of this saint, that he turned a sunbeam into a clothes'-peg.

A Vivid Fancy.—In the fifth sea he found a small island, of which the mountains were of crystal, through which glittered veins of the finest gold. They were covered with lofty palm-trees, the fruit of which was also of pure gold. Towards evening, Belukia, to his great astonishment, remarked that the earth began to sparkle as the sky grew dark, "Ah," said he, "this, then, is the Isle of Gold Flowers, which I have often heard described as a piece of the sun, which was broken off and fell in the sea, and yet produces gold and light."—*Arabian Nights.*

Road-making.—In some towns in Belgium, Campeachy and Pernambuco, wood is used for roads, after the dye is extracted. It is admirably adapted for garden walks, giving them the elasticity and warmth of a carpet.

Homer.—A finer, or more musical old savage than *bonus Homerus* never existed. He was animated by the very spirit of song, and his invention and mellifluous language, in dealing with battles, priests, and chiefs, was copious. The blind old man of rocky Chios was a spirited balladmonger in his day, and we are not surprised that he was a favourite with the girls of the island, and that they sorrowed greatly when the infirmities of age prevented him from taking the lead in the Chian *Almacks.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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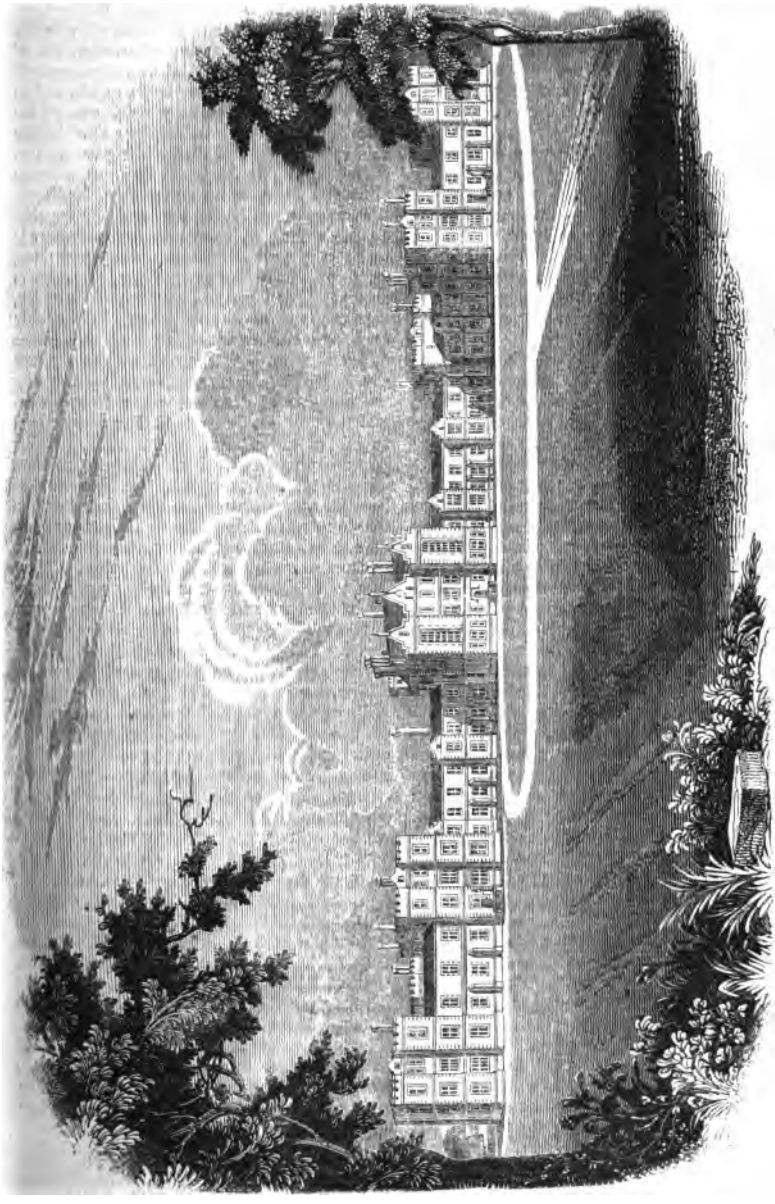

THE SURREY PAUPER LUNATIC ASYLUM, NEAR WANDSWORTH.

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THE SURREY LUNATIC ASYLUM.

HITHERTO, Surrey, although a metropolitan county, has not been adequately provided with accommodation for poor lunatics—a class of sufferers whose two-fold miseries must strike deeply into every benevolent heart. It is true that the royal chartered Hospital of Bethlem is situated in the above district; but, from its being a general hospital, its regulations for admission are not such as to meet local demands: hence, the provision of an establishment exclusively for the poor of the county became an important object. Accordingly, there has been purchased for this purpose, chiefly with the County funds, a portion of the Springfield estate, at Garratt, near Wandsworth, formerly the seat of Henry Perkins, Esq.; including 96 acres of land, with the mansion and farm buildings, which are intended to be retained for the purposes of the Asylum, the reception of convalescent patients, &c.

The new building, of which the principal front is engraved upon the preceding page, is, in plan, Elizabethan, being nearly in the form of an E; but the elevation partakes of several styles. It is built of red brick, with white stone quoins, window-dressings, string-courses, and parapets, the general effect of which is good; but is injured by the battlemented towers immediately uniting with the naked, unparapeted roofs of the extensive wings right and left of the centre of the design. This portion is in the Domestic style, with pedimented roofs, and gables surmounted with Gothic finials. The principal entrance is by a small but elaborate pointed doorway, (similar to the cloister entrance of Westminster Abbey,) on each side of which are small windows; over the doorway is a bold scroll label in masonry, (to bear the title or inscription,) in design, similar to the labels over the principal entrances to Hadley and Ragland castles. This central portion is recessed, and has three tiers of windows; with an ornamented clock in the gable, and a copper vane over the pediment.

On either side of the centre, the façade extends with three small windows on the ground-floor, surmounted by a window in each, of monastic character, reaching two stories in height, contrasting with the small windows immediately over and under them. The flank of this portion of the building is blank, save the massive corbeled chimney. The whole frontage, including the wings, is about 530 feet, which extent alone has an imposing effect upon the beholder, without reference to its architectural character and details. The principal door opens into a neat lobby, with a groined ceiling, leading, on the right, to an ante and committee room, office, &c.; and on the left, to the Superintendent's private apartments. Folding Gothic doors face the entrance, and open to what is termed the *grand staircase*, a lofty chamber extending the whole height of the building, and about 20 feet square, with two tiers of corridors round three sides of it; and covered in with a neatly groined roof, and lit by an elaborately designed octagonal lantern, of somewhat too small dimensions. The staircase, which ascends only to the first floor, is of massive character, but of too small dimensions; it has a stone parapet and octagonal, battlemented newels, and is not above 3 feet wide, which, out of the already limited space, renders this highly decorated portion of the building ineffective. A doorway on the ground floor communicates with the galleries on either side, leading to the males' ward on the left, and the females' on the right. A narrow apartment here is to be appropriated as the dispensary and surgery. Crossing the gallery, a passage in a direct line leads to an immense kitchen, through the centre of which is the only covered communication to the wash-houses and laundries. At the rear of these offices are the smith's forge, and a steam-engine for the purpose of drawing water from a deep well, which has been sunk for the general supply of the establishment. The building is throughout heated by steam apparatus, ingeniously constructed by the Messrs. Barlow, who appear to have ably succeeded on this extensive scale, there being upwards of one mile of pipe traversing the various floors and galleries of the building. There is also a gas-house for lighting the building throughout with oil gas. The first floor partakes of the same character as the ground-floor. There are two spacious day-rooms on each floor, for each sex; and two airing courts, for all classes of each sex, enclosed with walls in sunk fences, so as to admit of the patients viewing the surrounding country. At either extremity of the building, in the basements, are large groined work-rooms. The chapel is situate across the gallery on the first floor, and in the centre of the edifice. There are wards in each of the six towers, with two rooms for six beds each, for infirm patients, &c., and keepers' rooms to each. The entire building will accommodate about 294 persons—i. e., 143 males and 151 females; but it was originally intended to contain 350 patients, that is, 150 males and 200 females; there being generally a greater number of the latter. The single cells are 8 feet by 6 feet. The total cost of the structure was estimated at 39,000*l.*; but by the numerous alterations in its construction, &c., the outlay has already reached 65,000*l.*; its completion, furnishing, &c., and making roads of approach, it is stated, will cost about 15,000*l.* more; so that, with the purchase of the land, the whole expense will be 90,000*l.* Throughout the design, the architect has exercised much

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ingenuity; and the stability and general execution of the work are very praiseworthy. We have omitted to state that the building is fire-proof throughout.

The new Asylum is from the design of Mr. Moseley, architect, and Surveyor for the County of Middlesex; the work being executed by Mr. Edward Lapidge, the County Surveyor for Surrey. There were 23 designs sent in for the building: the first premium of 200 guineas was adjudged to Mr. Arthur Henry Hunt; and the second premium of 100 guineas, to Mr. John Burges Watson.

THE LITERARY WORLD.—I.

UNDER this comprehensive head, we propose, from time to time, to glance, "by way of table-book," at the future prospects of the active world of letters. As our leading aim will be to chronicle the intellectual industry of our time, announcements of Books in progress will be with us a prime object; and we shall be happy to receive the Publisher's "note of preparation" in aid of this design. Such we take to be consonant with the plan of a "Mirror of Literature," which should not only, as a burning-glass, "collect the diffused rays of wit and learning" in ancient authors, but also point to the exertions making by "ingenious moderns," in the great race of literary supply and demand. It is scarcely worth while to inquire whether the assertion made about ninety years since in the *Adventurer*—"by the diffusion of knowledge its depth is abated"—be a truth, or a fine conceit of the coxcombry of letters: but it may safely be averred that such is not the popular doctrine of the present day. So, now to our task of "infinite variety."

Fiction flourishes, and unscrupulous persons have taken to read romance on Sundays; and, probably, they may read many worse things in newspapers. Two of our leading novelists, Mr. Ainsworth and Captain Marryat, fill every week some three or four columns of a Sunday newspaper, for the gratification of thousands of weekly readers; and the skill of the authors in leaving their patrons on the "tenters" of suspense by this piecemeal mode of publication, is cleverly managed. Capt. Marryat's story of *the Poacher* is better adapted for the provincial parlour than the London coffee-room; but it has all the come-and-read-me ease of this very successful writer: there is nothing like a slipshod style for the million. Mr. Ainsworth's *Old St. Paul's* is characterized by the same graphic power and vivid feeling that distinguished his *Tower of London*: the antiquarianism of the former work will doubtless contribute much to its popularity, and prepare the Londoners for a sound History of their "great metropolis." There appears to be just now "a run" upon the Public Buildings by our romancists; for, the annals of *Westminster Abbey* are to furnish one of them with material for a story by instalment. "The Bank" maintains its characteristic safety, and is untouched: yet, how many scenes of thrilling interest—of hopes defeated and prospects ruined—might be borrowed from the brief history of this vast temple of Dagon: for Money has been the idol—the quicksand—of life, from the first "money transaction," by Abraham, to the last loan taken upon 'Change.

"Boz," who has from first to last, most excelled in London life, has proved himself to possess the art of discerning when to have done, than which no part of knowledge lies in fewer hands. He has closed *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and has wound up the story of the Clock — the latter to strike again with *Barnaby Rudge*, a tale of the Riots of 1780, if we mistake not, announced for publication in high-priced volumes, two or three years since. The *time* is promising; and, with a vivid recollection of the *denouement* of *Oliver Twist*, our expectations from Mr Dickens's new work are of no mean order. By the way, we fear that poor Mehemet Ali has been too much in hot water (and fire) of late to enjoy the productions of Boz, as he did his *Pickwick*, which is known to have thrown the shrewd Viceroy into raptures.

Ingoldsby, one of the great guns, and not a minor can-(n)on, of *Bentley's Miscellany*, has just ready *Some Account of My Cousin Nicholas; and the Rubber of Life*: we can only say that if his prose be but half as rich and racy as his legendary verse, we have a rare treat in store.

Talking of Comic Verse, we are reminded of *The New Tale of a Tub*, a very free and facile specimen, by Mr. F. W. N. Bayley, accompanying a set of Lithographs designed by Lieut. Cotton, which, in richness and breadth of humour, rival the best productions of the pencil of Cruikshank. The artist's materials for the five drawings are but two figures, a tiger, and a tub; and words fail to tell what he has accomplished with these four objects. The versifier's choice of title was a hazardous one, for association with Swift is no mean test of humour; yet Mr. Bayley comes off swimmingly, and his verse is point and *pungency* throughout. Reader, if you want to become cold-proof in this polar winter, when, of a truth—

> "As the day lengthens,
> So the cold strengthens,"

provide yourself with *the New Tale of a Tub*: its humour blazes away like Cannel coal, and it is worth all the hot-air stoves and radiating fire-places ever yet thought of.

But where are the *Portraits of the Children of the Mobility*, so long announced by

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Leech, and the author of the *Comic Latin Grammar*, as a Companion to the *Children of the Nobility?* Surely, they are longer "getting up stairs" than the recreant scions of fashion: perchance they like not their new company, yet we predict that the humour of these off-shoots of *Mob*ility will be warmly received by their coroneted purchasers, who will enjoy a laugh, though, in more senses than one, at their own expense. There is, however, a certain old maxim about laughing and winning, which, though stale, is pleasant in its way.

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's *Night and Morning* is altogether "a good novel:" the plot and counterplot are good, the improbabilities are few, and the life-like vivacity of the scenes and incidents is very agreeable: moreover, the morality is healthier than usual. Yet, we scarcely go the length of some of the critical encomiums: it is certainly not Sir Edward's most finished production, and has less polish, though, perhaps, more energy, than some of his previous fictions: it may, therefore, be enjoyed by the greatest number, which, as the wise saw says, is the greatest happiness. In this work, as in the same author's comedy of *Money*, the title is admirably worked out. Of the play it may be added that there has been no *change* at the Haymarket Theatre since its production; and, though it may not be actually a sterling comedy, it has metal most attractive for play-goers of the present day.

From money, "the sinews of war," to war itself, is but a natural transition, which we make to mention that Mr. H. Wilkinson has arranged the research and experience which he has of late displayed in his able lectures to the Asiatic and other Societies, and has printed the same in an octavo volume entitled *Engines of War*; which includes the Manufacture of Guns, Gunpowder, and Swords, and the machines and implements so essential to the "mystery of murder," as Burke has termed war. This work appears opportunely enough, in times of "rumours of wars;" whilst the inquiry is a very interesting one, and much more consonant with Mr Wilkinson's pursuits than of some others who have written upon the subject. George the Third, one levee-day, twitted Bishop Watson with his improvement of gunpowder as inconsistent with his holy office. The Bishop bore the joke coolly, and reserved his retaliation for his Autobiography.

We have only dipped into the First Part of Mr. Brande's *Dictionary of Science, Literature,* and *Art.* The derivations and definitions of terms appear satisfactory, and the references to other works very numerous; under the article "Automaton," the reader is referred to the *Penny Cyclopædia* and others. The paramount value of the work will, we expect, be its History, Description, and Scientific Principles of the several branches of Human knowledge; judging from the list of contributors, who are men of first-rate acquirements. In the part before us, "Architecture" is commenced by Mr. Joseph Gwilt, one of our most eminent writing as well as practical architects. By the appearance of this work we are reminded that Mr. Brande's valuable *Manual of Chemistry* is again reprinting: it has the high reputation of being the best work for students somewhat advanced in chemistry; its arrangement is excellent, and its information brought up to the time of publication; and few Professors have contributed so efficiently to their Science as Mr. Brande.

There has just appeared, by Mr. Thomas Griffiths, of the Royal Institution, a very attractive little volume, entitled *Recreations in Chemistry*, which seems to be rich in experimental novelties, and parlour manipulation.

A Prospectus, like a hedgehog, all points, and egg-full of promise, announces a "miscellaneous" periodical work, to be entitled *London;* in which the authors propose to look at the Present through the Past, and at the Past through the Present, for which is claimed the merit of originality. Yet, it will neither be a "Survey" of London, nor a "History" of London; nor will it be ambitious of any classification; but it is proposed to regard the meanest as well as the mightiest features of the great city. The work will be "Pictorial," and accuracy of architecture and costume will be main points with the artists and writers. The customs of the metropolis will, doubtless, yield a rich fund of amusement: for, states the Prospectus, "Tempesta drew from the life the Cries of London in the days of Anne, and they may be found in company with some account of Catnach's* ballads in our day." We are glad to see great interest attached to the literary memorials of London, such as have been illustrated a hundredfold in *The Mirror*, from its commencement. In short, there is a disposition to treat the vast subject poetically, yet *factorially* as well as pictorially; and there are many houses full of excellent materials for the purpose; so that the task will, in all probability, be one of pleasure and profit to the projector.

We have to record the loss of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's *Copyright Bill*, on the motion for the second reading, in the House of Commons, on Friday, the 5th inst. Upon this well-intended measure there has been displayed "*satis eloquentiæ*;" but, it argues little for the literary taste of the

* The newspapers announce the death of Mr. James Catnach, on the 1st inst., at the age of 49, "printer, of Monmouth-court, London; and Dancer's Hill, Middlesex."

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parliament, and less for their interest in the rights of genius, to find that so important a question as the above attracted but seventy-eight members, or about one-eleventh of the whole house; the numbers being, for the second reading, thirty-eight; against it, forty-five; majority, seven. In the *Morning Chronicle*, this defeat is attributed solely to Mr. Macaulay's eloquent speech in opposition to the measure, which actually induced several of the members who in former years voted for it, on this occasion, to vote against it; whilst a still greater number who had been its former supporters, quitted the house without voting at all, rather than they would compromise their consistency by voting according to their newly-formed convictions.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—I.

The rapid increase of Friendly Societies among the more industrious of the working population, and the widely-spread practice of Life Assurance among the middle and higher classes, afford undoubted proof of the almost universal diffusion of knowledge throughout the British public. The experience of the past seventy years has incontestibly shewn that those of the community whose intelligence, prudence, integrity, and moral dignity, give them influence in the nation, were the first to avail themselves of the highly provident, and now nationally important, system of Life Assurance. In like manner, every one who has watched the operations of the best regulated Friendly Societies has also invariably found them composed of those artisans whose moral, religious, and political conduct have, by the growth of knowledge, uniformly promoted the best interests of themselves and the good of the community.

Since the establishment of Friendly Societies, the habits of the labouring classes have undergone much improvement; and the comparative spread of sanatory regulations throughout the humbler walks of life, is greatly owing to the necessity of every member at admission being in good health, of regular habits, and of reputable character; as well as to the checks exercised, while in membership, upon profligacy, quarrelling, drunkenness, and immorality; and also the certainty of exclusion in cases of felony and infamous crime. The direct consequences of these restrictive measures are, the diffusion of knowledge, the establishment of more regular and more temperate habits of enjoyment, and the subjection of those appetites and passions, whose immediate gratification distinguish all ignorant people of whatever rank; also, the growth of those habits of foresight and self-restraint which exercise so important a moral influence upon the paramount interests of society. An able philosophical writer views the great progress of these institutions as "one of the most striking manifestations of virtue that ever was made by any people." He observes, that "For persons merged in poverty, it is not easy or common to have much of foresight so as to form themselves almost universally into Benefit Societies, in order that, by taking something from the means of their present scanty enjoyments, they may in sickness, disablement, and old age, be saved from the necessity of having recourse to public charity, and may continue to live to the end of their days upon the fruit of their own labour, no burden to the public, or dependent upon its bounty; they exhibit a combination of qualities, the existence of which could hardly be credited if it were not seen."

The habits of the labouring classes are now decidedly more cleanly and regular than formerly: their houses are, through the influence of their own taste, better constructed; they have practically convinced themselves how conducive fresh air is to health; and every person of advanced years must behold with delight the present aspect of the streets when compared with their revolting, filthy, and pestilential condition fifty years ago. Although it is to be lamented that the habits of several classes of workmen have deteriorated, yet the sum of improvement in the health of the entire community will be found to preponderate in a most remarkable degree. The average mortality in London during the ten years ending 1780, was one inhabitant out of 19⅝ (19.6) annually, in the ten years ending 1810, one out of 34¼ (34.2); and at present one inhabitant out of 37 annually. A like improvement will also be observed throughout England, generally. Since 1780, up to the present time, the mortality has varied from one death out of 32 to one out of 45 of the whole population. In 1780, the expectation of life was 38 years, while at present it is at least 47 years. Every year added to the expectation of life, through the instrumentality of the individual himself, by the removal of vicious peculiarities, and other habits and circumstances, which shorten life, confer on his existence the happiest blessings. Dr. Monro asserts that there is nothing in the human frame which indicates an unfitness for a very prolonged existence, and historical and physiological facts hold out the strongest evidence that among all classes of society the duration of life may be greatly increased. The expectation of life among the citizens of ancient Rome was thirty years; at the present day, for the easy classes of Paris, it is forty-two years; and Mr. Finlaison ascertained that the expectation of life among the nominees of the

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Tontines and other Life Annuities in this country is above fifty years. A proper elucidation of the facts and methods upon which this evidence depends, would be highly calculated to interest and benefit the numerous classes of workmen who sustain the most serious injuries to their health from the prevalence of habits, whose removal would not only prove exceedingly economical, but eminently promote their general comfort and welfare.

The consciousness of frugality in an individual produces a moral independence, and confers on his mind the confidence of the existence of a property or capital, which, he is convinced, will, in the calamities of death and sickness, lighten their pressure, or repair their evil consequences. He becomes, accordingly, a better and more industrious husband, a more intelligent and exemplary father, and a more sober, valuable, and trustworthy servant.

But the advantages to be derived by the community from the general establishment of Friendly Societies are of a no less important description than the improvement of individual character. Such institutions would, under the present encouragement given them by Government, with some additional provisions for their promotion and management, raise the labouring population of this country to a degree of independence they have never known; and assuredly, in a century or two, effectually remove all necessity for the Poor Law. The assistance at present given to Benefit Societies by the legislature is not, perhaps, of that kind which is most needed. Nothing has been done to confer on the individual the acquisition of the power of depending on himself; and it is, therefore, not to be wondered at that thousands are to be found who can form no clear idea of the rights of a landlord, a fundholder, or a capitalist: but place the same persons by their own industry in the privileges of a Friendly Society, give them a power by law to enforce their claims for support in old age and on a sick-bed, on the purely legal tenure of their past savings, when their opinions will be revolutionized, and they will be brought to entertain just and accurate views on the claims of others, from the simple fact that they hold their own property in virtue of the possession of a piece of paper.

A Benefit Society creates the funds which it distributes: its means necessarily increase with the demands to which it is liable; and, if its calculations be correct, its benefits may be extended without limit; whilst its resources, still commensurate, will operate as an encouragement to industry and virtue, add to the national wealth, and destroy one of the most demoralizing evils of the present day, and one of the most fruitful sources of crime—the system of pauperism.

Associations at once so powerfully calculated to benefit individuals and advantage the community, it might be thought would go on in a prosperous career of beneficence; but, unfortunately, it is otherwise. Numerous difficulties enter into the nature of their management, and many obstacles lie in the way of their success. Mr. Ansell, whose talents and labours have done so much for the establishment of these institutions on a scientific basis, observes, that "Those who have taken much interest in Friendly Societies, and in the effects produced by them on the habits of the labouring classes, have had frequent reason to lament that unsound calculations, bad management, and fraud, have, with a deplorable frequency, caused such institutions to fail. The number of societies that have existed long enough to bring the sufficiency of their contributions to the test of experience, bears a lamentably small proportion to the number that have become insolvent." Another author, in a recent publication, eloquently and truly remarks that "No words can sufficiently express the bitterness of disappointment felt by the patient contributors to a Friendly Society, on the failure of which frequently a considerable portion of their savings was involved, and much hope embarked. The blow commonly falls on them when their necessities most require relief,—in the season of old age,—when their diminished vigour incapacitates them for labour, they suffer in an aggravated degree from the failure of the means taken to assure against it. To offer parochial relief in such cases was to add insult to misfortune, and to suffer objects so deserving to pine in want and die neglected, is a national shame and a fatal example to prudence in others." To guard against these heart-rending misfortunes; to point out the evils which give them birth, and to give such an exposition of the whole nature and bearings of Friendly Societies, as may lead to their avoidance, will be the object of some future articles in this periodical. Few establishments can be more worthy of the heart and head of the philanthropist and the Christian; and we anxiously hope that our endeavours will not be wanting to promote the exercise of those virtues of frugality and forethought, by which misery, to a great extent, is avoided and mitigated, and the sum of public happiness increased.

N. P. G. F.

BEATRICE MERGER.*

BY MR. TITMARSH.

BEATRICE MERGER, whose name might figure at the head of one of Mr. Colburn's politest romances—so smooth and aristocratic

* From the Paris Sketch-book.

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does it sound—is no heroine, except of her own simple history; she is not a fashionable French Countess, nor even a victim of the revolution.

She is a stout, sturdy girl, of two-and-twenty, with a face beaming with good nature, and marked dreadfully by small-pox; and a pair of black eyes, which might have done some execution had they been placed in a smoother face. Beatrice's station in society is not very exalted; she is a servant of all-work, she will dress your wife, your dinner, your children; she does beefsteaks and plain work; she makes beds, blacks boots, and waits at table;—such, at least, were the offices which she performed in the fashionable establishment of the writer.

"My father died," said Beatrice, "about six years since, and left my poor mother with little else but a small cottage and a strip of land, and four children, too young to work. It was hard enough in my father's time to supply so many little mouths with food; and how was a poor widowed woman to provide for them now, who had neither the strength nor the opportunity for labour?

"Besides us, to be sure, there was my old aunt; and she would have helped us, but she could not, for the old woman is bed-ridden; so she did nothing but occupy our best room, and grumble from morning till night: Heaven knows! poor old soul, that she had no great reason to be very happy; for you know, sir, that it frets the temper to be sick; and that it is worse still to be sick and hungry too.

"At that time, in the country where we lived (in Picardy, not very far from Boulogne), times were so bad that the best workman could hardly find employ; and when he did, he was happy if he could earn a matter of twelve sous a day. Mother, work as she would, could not gain more than six, and it was a hard job, out of this, to put meat into six bellies, and clothing on six backs. Old aunt Bridget would scold, as she got her portion of black bread; and my little brothers used to cry if theirs did not come in time. I, too, used to cry when I got my share; for mother kept only a little, little piece for herself, and said that she had dined in the fields—God pardon her for the lie! and bless her, as I am sure He did; for, but for Him, no working man or woman could subsist upon such a wretched morsel as my dear mother took.

"I was a thin, ragged, bare-footed girl, then, and sickly and weak for want of food; but I think I felt mother's hunger more than my own; and many and many a bitter night I lay awake, crying and praying to God to give me means of working for myself and aiding her. And He has, indeed, been good to me," said pious Beatrice, "for He has given me all this!

"Well, time rolled on, and matters grew worse than ever: winter came, and was colder to us than any other winter, for our clothes were thinner and more torn; mother sometimes could find no work, for the fields in which she laboured were hidden under the snow; so that when we wanted them most, we had them least—warmth, work, or food.

"I knew that, do what I would, mother would never let me leave her, because I looked to my little brothers and my old cripple of an aunt; but, still, bread was better for us than all my service; and when I left them, the six would have a slice more; so I determined to bid good bye to nobody, but to go away, and look for work elsewhere. One Sunday, when mother and the little ones were at church, I went in to aunt Bridget, and said, Tell mother, when she comes back, that Beatrice is gone. I spoke quite stoutly, as if I did not care about it.

"'Gone! gone where?' said she. 'You an't going to leave me alone, you nasty thing; you an't going to the village to dance, you ragged, barefooted slut: you're all of a piece in this house—your mother, your brothers, and you. I know you've got meat in the kitchen, and you only give me black bread;' and here the old lady began to scream as if her heart would break; but we did not mind it, we were so used to it.

"'Aunt, said I, I'm going, and took this very opportunity because you *were* alone: tell mother, I am too old now to eat her bread, and do not work for it. I am going, please God, where work and bread can be found; and so I kissed her.' She was so astonished that she could not move or speak; and I walked away through the old room, and the little garden, God knows whither!

"I heard the old woman screaming after me, but I did not stop nor turn round. I don't think I could, for my heart was very full; and if I had gone back again, I should never have had the courage to go away. So I walked a long, long way, until night fell; and I thought of poor mother coming home from mass, and not finding me; and little Pierre shouting out, in his clear voice, for Beatrice to bring him his supper. I think I should like to have died that night, and I thought I should too; for when I was obliged to throw myself on the cold, hard ground, my feet were too torn and weary to bear me any further.

"Just then the moon got up; and do you know I felt a comfort in looking at it, for I knew it was shining on our little cottage, and it seemed like an old friend's face. A little way on, as I saw by the moon, was a village; and I saw, too, that a man was coming towards me; he must have heard me crying, I suppose.

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"Was not God good to me? This man was a farmer, who had need of a girl in his house; he made me tell him why I was alone, and I told him the same story I have told you, and he believed me, and took me home. I had walked six long leagues from our village, that day, asking everywhere for work in vain; and here, at bed-time, I found a bed and a supper!

"Here I lived very well for some months; my master was very good and kind to me; but, unluckily, too poor to give me any wages; so that I could save nothing to send to my poor mother. My mistress used to scold; but I was used to that at home, from aunt Bridget; and she beat me sometimes, but I did not mind it; for your hardy country girl is not like your tender town lasses, who cry if a pin pricks them, and give warning to their mistresses at the first hard word. The only drawback to my comfort was, that I had no news of my mother. I could not write to her, nor could she have read my letter, if I had; so there I was, at only six leagues distance from home, so far off as if I had been to Paris or to 'Merica.

"However, in a few months I grew so listless and homesick, that my mistress said she would keep me no longer; and though I went away as poor as I came, I was still too glad to go back to the old village again, and see dear mother, if it were but for a day. I knew she would share her crust with me, as she had done for so long a time before; and hoped that, now, as I was taller and stronger, I might find work more easily in the neighbourhood.

"You may fancy what a fête it was when I came back; though I'm sure we cried as much as if it had been a funeral. Mother got into a fit, which frightened us all; and as for aunt Bridget, she *skreeled* away for hours together, and did not scold for two days at least. Little Pierre offered me the whole of his supper; poor little man! his slice of bread was no bigger than before I went away.

"Well, I got a little work here, and a little there; but still I was a burden at home, rather than a bread winner; and at the closing in of the winter was very glad to hear of a place at two leagues distance, where work, they said, was to be had. Off I set, one morning, to find it, but missed my way, somehow, until it was night-time before I arrived. — Night-time, and snow again; it seemed as if all my journeys were to be made in this bitter weather.

"When I came to the farmer's door, his house was shut up, and his people all a-bed; I knocked for a long while in vain; at last he made his appearance at a window up-stairs, and seemed so frightened, and looked so angry, that I suppose he took me for a thief. I told him how I had come for work. 'Who comes for work at such an hour?' said he: 'Go home, you impudent baggage, and do not disturb honest people out of their sleep.' He banged the window to; and so I was left alone to shift for myself as I might. There was no shed, no cow-house, where I could find a bed; so I got under a cart, on some straw; it was no very warm berth. I could not sleep for the cold; and the hours passed so slowly, that it seemed as if I had been there for a week, instead of a night; but still it was not so bad as the first night when I left home, and when the good farmer found me.

"In the morning, before it was light, the farmer's people came out, and saw me crouching under the cart. They told me to get up; but I was so cold that I could not. At last the man himself came, and recognised me as the girl who had disturbed him the night before. When he heard my name, and the purpose for which I came, this good man took me into the house, and put me into one of the beds out of which his sons had just got; and if I was cold before, you may be sure I was warm and comfortable now. Such a bed as this I had never slept in, nor ever did I have such good milk-soup as he gave me out of his own breakfast. Well, he agreed to hire me; and what do you think he gave me?—six sous a day! and let me sleep in the cow-house besides: you may fancy how happy I was now, at the prospect of earning so much money.

"There was an old woman, among the labourers, who used to sell us soup: I got a cupful every day for a halfpenny, with a bit of bread in it; and might eat as much

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beet-root besides as I liked; not a very wholesome meal, to be sure, but God took care that it should not disagree with me.

"So, every Saturday, when work was over, I had thirty sous to carry home to mother; and tired though I was, I walked merrily the two leagues to our village, to see her again. On the road there was a great wood to pass through, and this frightened me; for if a thief should come and rob me of my whole week's earnings, what could a poor lone girl do to help herself? But I found a remedy for this too, and no thieves ever came near me; I used to begin saying my prayers as I entered the forest, and never stopped until I was safe at home; and safe I always arrived, with my thirty sous in my pocket. Ah! you may be sure, Sunday was a merry day for us all."

* * * *

This is the whole of Beatrice's history which is worthy of publication; the rest of it only relates to her arrival in Paris, and the various masters and mistresses whom she there had the honour to serve. As soon as she enters the capital, the romance disappears, and the poor girl's sufferings and privations luckily vanish with it. Beatrice has got now warm gowns, and stout shoes, and plenty of good food. She has had her little brother from Picardy; clothed, fed, and educated him: that young gentleman is now a carpenter, and an honour to his profession. Madame Merger is in easy circumstances, and receives, yearly, fifty francs from her daughter. To crown all, Mademoiselle Beatrice herself is a funded proprietor, and consulted the writer of this biography as to the best method of laying out a capital of two hundred francs, which is the present amount of her fortune.

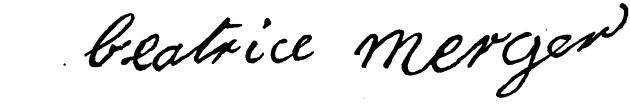
* * * *

This angel is without a place; and for this reason I have indited her history.

Here is Miss Merger's last letter and autograph. The note was evidently composed by an *Ecrivain public*:—

"*Madame,*

"*Ayant apris par ce Monsieur, que vous vous portiez bien, ainsi que Monsieur, ayant su aussi que vous parliez de moi dans votre lettre cette nouvelle m'a fait bien plaisir Je profite de l'occasion pour vous faire passer ce petit billet ou Je voudrais pouvoir m'enveloper pour aller vous voir et pour vous dire que Je suis encore sans place Je m'ennuye toujours de ne pas vous voir ainsi que Minette* (*Minette* is a cat) *qui semble m'interroger tour a tour et demander ou vous êtes. Je vous envoye aussi la note du linge a blanchir—ah Madame! Je vais cesser de vous ecrire mais non de vous regretter.*"



RECENT VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD.*

We left the coach at Melrose Abbey, and immediately repaired to Abbotsford — distant three miles on the road to Selkirk. So entirely is the late residence of Sir Walter Scott hid under the thick foliage of a steep bank in front, that we passed it unnoticed, although within a dozen rods of the roadside. It stands near where the Tweed rears itself from its confinement among the hills of Selkirk, to make a graceful curve through the rich valley to which it gives the name of Tweeddale. The mansion is hemmed all around by lofty hills—limiting the prospect in front to a small grove that climbs an abrupt acclivity; and in the rear to the narrow vale of the Tweed, and two or three woody eminences which skirt the north bank of the river. In the centre of this secluded spot, at once lovely and romantic, stands a motley pile of architecture—a mixture of the modern with the ancient, the rude with the classic, the grand with the beautiful, the chaste with the fantastic. If its owner aimed at making it strangely unlike any other structure in the world, no one will dispute that the attempt has been crowned with entire success. A Grecianized arch spans the entrance to the court-yard, whose gates are set off by a pair of *jougs*, an instrument used for confining criminals by the neck, and brought from Thrieve Castle in Galloway, the ancient residence of the Douglass family. Here a Saxon tower is supported by a Roman arch, and there a Gothic turret springs from a Norman pillar. Some of the windows are concave, some convex; one is modern English in its construction, another is copied after the famous east window at Melrose Abbey, while a third is filled up with a part of the door of the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh. The walls are interspersed with statues and stones from numerous ancient castles, abbeys, and mansions, containing odd inscriptions, armorial bearings, and figures, which are placed here and there without

* We quote this highly graphic "Visit" from a recent number of the *Salopian Journal*, in which it is acknowledged "from a Correspondent." With the majority of the descriptive details the reader may be already familiar; but it will, doubtless, be interesting to know the present actual condition of this baronial home of genius.—*Ed. Mir.*

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regard to order, or any conceivable design. The projecting porch over the main entrance to the house, is copied from that at Linlithgow Palace; above which is the family escutcheon of the Scotts, and a huge pair of stag's horns. Around the sides of the court-yard is thrown a high wall, in which are inserted statues of ancient heroes, statesmen, and poets; while an iron screen, on the other side, separates it from a garden, whose rising esplanades display choice varieties of fruits and flowers. As may be supposed, the exterior of Abbotsford presents a rare combination of objects calculated to arrest the attention of the beholder, and awaken emotions to which his bosom has before been a stranger.

Nor is the interior less singular in the style of its arrangement, or less adapted to move the mind and impress the heart. Everything within remains as it was when Sir Walter Scott died. The *Hall*, which is first entered from the Linlithgow porch, resembles a museum, or a cabinet of historical curiosities. It is wainscoted, floored, and ceiled, with wood and marble from the Palace of Dunfermline, where Robert Bruce lies; from Melrose Abbey, and from the Hebrides: and its fire-grate is the same that warmed the humble parlour of Robert Burns. Its walls are hung round with swords, bucks' horns, pistols, saddles, banners, skins of wild beasts, helmets, cuirasses, bows, &c. &c. from ancient battle fields, and from every country, and of all ages—the strangest medley of romance and reality that was ever brought together in a single apartment. It strongly reminds one of Scott's description of Ellen's "lodge of ample size," in the *Lady of the Lake*:

"For all around the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting spear,
And broad-swords, bows, and arrows, store,
With the tusk'd trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns:
Pennons and flags defaced and stain'd,
That blackening streaks of blood retain'd,
And deer skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seals unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall."

Another room is called the *Armory*, which is the miniature of the corresponding apartment in the Tower of London. Here are Bonaparte's pistols, found in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo; Rob Roy's musket, with the initials R.M.C. (Robert McGregor Campbell,) upon it; the hunting bottle of James VI.; a battle-axe from the field of Bannockburn; a piece of the pulpit from which John Knox preached the coronation sermon of Mary Queen of Scots; Tippoo Saib's slippers; and a countless variety of smaller articles. The *Writing-Room* is sadly interesting to every admirer of the works of Sir Walter Scott. There is the chair in which he sat when composing those tales which have been read wherever the sun shines; the desk on which he wrote, the inkstand, and the portfolio which contained his manuscripts. A chair, made of the beams of the house where Sir William Wallace was betrayed, stands in this room. It also contains a gallery of select books, which is mounted by a little winding staircase, on the balustrades of which hang the skins of a lion, a leopard, and a wolf.

Sir Walter had a remarkable fondness for the skins of wild beasts, (so said the old domestic who shewed us over the house,) covering his footstools with them, hanging them round his most frequented apartments, and carpeting his sleeping-room with rare specimens from remote parts of the globe. When engaged in writing, he was exquisitely sensitive to interruption, the least noise breaking the silken thread of his thoughts. The window of his writing-room is double; so constructed for the two-fold purpose of excluding cold and noise. When absorbed in weaving the web of some of his most intricate plots, he would retire from the writing-room, and locking himself in a little octagonal alcove, hardly five feet in diameter, which leads out of it, give undisturbed play to his imagination. "The exterior room," said the old woman, "he called his 'sanctum;' the alcove his 'sanctum sanctorum.'" Within this little closet are preserved the last dress Sir Walter wore at Abbotsford; his coat, hat, &c. One of the largest and handsomest apartments in the house is the *Library*. How characteristic! It is surrounded entirely with bookcases, filled with rare works, arranged in the nicest and most systematic order. Books of Scottish antiquities and superstitions occupy no small space. The celebrated bust of Sir Walter by Chantrey, a marble bust of Shakspeare, copied from his tomb at Stratford, and a bust of Wordsworth, occupy niches in the library. The window of this room looks out upon the Tweed and the lofty hills beyond; the finest prospect the mansion affords. There are several other curious apartments—one with a ceiling copied from the aisles of Melrose Abbey; another with walls covered with American cedar, inlaid with oak from sundry old castles; one, adorned with memorials from eminent friends, such as an Italian vase from Byron, a gold snuff-box from Talma, a set of ebony chairs from George IV.; but the most interesting is the *Dining Room*, which contains the family portraits, and where the great genius, on his return from an unsuccessful pursuit of health in Italy, surrendered his spirit to that Being who gave it, on the 21st of September, 1832.

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After the door of the mansion closed behind me, I spent the evening hour in walking over the grounds, listening to the murmurs of the Tweed, watching the mist as it hung its twilight curtains around the Eildon Hills, and tracing with my mind's eye the long cavalcade of romance, poetry, and chivalry which had proceeded from this spot on its march over the world. I walked and mused under the shadows of the thick foliage, till night blended mansion and trees in undistinguishable darkness. Not a breath stirred the leaves, nor a sound save my own footfall broke the silence. For the first time in my life a gloom, not unlike superstitious dread, settled on my spirits, and I hastily retraced my steps towards Melrose. ABBOTSFORD! The genius that once animated its halls has departed for ever—

"Hush'd is the harp—the minstrel gone!"

It is now a lonely place, tenanted only by two or three of his aged domestics, who cherish his memory with more than filial affection.

Public Exhibitions.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA.

MR. BURFORD has just painted for his upper circle a Panoramic View of *the Bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre*, with the surrounding country; which must be considered a very interesting accession to the sights of the season. It has, at all events, the charm of novelty; for little more than three months have elapsed since the brilliant deed, and scarcely have Parliament voted thanks to the conquerors, when here we have a perfect pictorial representation of the terrific scene. The events which preceded the attack on St. Jean d'Acre are too fresh in the recollection of all to need recapitulation: indeed, they will be found referred to in the description accompanying the view of the town and bay, in the last published volume of this Miscellany.

The capture of Sidon and Beyrout appear not to have taught Mehemet Ali wisdom; and he still obstinately refused the terms of the allied powers. It was, therefore, decided to reduce St. Jean d'Acre, his last strong hold, on the coast of Syria. At the commencement of the attack, the service of steam-ships in war was thus shewn: the steam division of the Allies having arrived in the Bay, immediately commenced throwing shot and shells into the town, which must have annoyed the garrison very much; as, although they returned a very brisk fire, *from the steamers constantly shifting their positions*, it was harmless. The manœuvre of the allied fleet bearing up is thus described by the gallant Admiral Sir R. Stopford: "The cool, steady, and beautiful style in which the ships and vessels, through shoals and banks, came into their positions, and the noble spirit that animated the whole, in the destructive fire opened and maintained, against a very smart return from the forts and batteries, were most gratifying, and drew forth my admiration; being enabled, in the steamer, to observe the simultaneous attack on both faces: each did his duty to my heart's content." The precise time fixed on for the present Panorama is "when the action was at its height, and a most terrific explosion took place in the principal magazine, and consequently, in the south-east part of the town, spreading dismay and desolation in every direction; the dreadful crash was heard far above the tumult of the assault, and was immediately succeeded by a most awful pause; the firing on both sides was suddenly suspended, and for a few minutes nothing broke the fearful silence but the echoes of the mountains repeating the sound like the rumbling of distant thunder, and the occasional fall of some tottering building." The city being nearly square, and standing on an extreme point of land, two of its sides are, accordingly, open to the sea. At the junction of these two sides, forming a strongly fortified salient angle, the spectator is supposed to stand, thus commanding a view of the entire action in both directions; the immediate foreground being occupied by the works of the Egyptians, who are seen intrepidly serving their guns, under the strong and incessant fire of the assailants, the effect of which is apparent in the half demolished state of the embrasures. In front, forming the centre of attack, are the four steam vessels; to the right are six British vessels; to the left, commencing at the steamers, are the three Austrians, then seven British ships, and lastly, the Turkish Admiral; all presenting their broadsides against the devoted walls, the numerous guns throwing forth an incessant and most devastating fire. At the back of the spectator is shewn a great portion of the city; the citadel, mosque, and minarets, just emerging from the smoke of the explosion, which is seen somewhat to the right; and farther still lies the whole expanse of the noble bay, as far as the town of Caiphar, backed by the long range of the mountains of Carmel, and the snow-clad summits of Lebanon.

The picture, we have pleasure in adding, is remarkably well painted; and we remember no scene of the kind so well managed as the present, since Mr. Burford's Panorama of the last Bombardment of Antwerp, at the time of its exhibition allowed to be an exact representation of that most terrific event. For the accuracy of the picture before us, Mr. Burford acknowledges himself indebted to Captain Stopford, who

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furnished the artist with very important information, and various useful details. The vessels are cleverly painted; and the land scenery, especially the distances, well managed. The horrible effects of the siege are almost painfully represented; and the scene of destruction and carnage is truly appalling: here lie the bleeding slain, and amidst them the Egyptians, undismayed, are serving the guns in all directions; among demolished embrasures and forts, upset or useless guns, and houses and works so riddled with shot and shells, as convince us of the chief engineer's declaration that "no men could possibly have stood longer to their guns in the batteries, under such a rapid and well-directed fire." The salient angle, with its nine large guns, sand-bag batteries, traverses of fascines and sand, and its casemated battery,—is well managed; and its state of devastation and ruin, as well as the scene of horror by which this once formidable fortress is enshrouded, will afford an example of the endurance of the Egyptian troops to those who are inclined to doubt their fighting qualities.

Altogether, this is a most striking representation of what the highest military authority in this country has pronounced to be "one of the greatest deeds of modern times." Independently, however, of this adventitious attraction, Acre is a very interesting place: no city has, perhaps, experienced greater changes from the calamities of war, from the days of the Canaanites to the siege of last year.* As we stood contemplating the horrors of war in this painting, we reflected how many tales of siege and fire and sword and famine make up the sad eventful history of this ill-fated city: and then we thought how many of the fairest spots upon this beautiful earth have been scarred by man in the ambitious contentions and empty conquests of his vainglory! Then turned we to Lebanon and its everlasting snows, and to Mount Carmel, whose

"flowery top perfumes the sky;"

till their more agreeable associations relieved our excited sympathies.

Of the Panorama of *Damascus*, in the lower circle, we shall say a few words in our next.

ADDITIONS TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE Zoological Collection has received some very interesting Mammalia from Siberia—viz. *Antelope siaga*, *Ant. subgutturosa*, and some small quadrupeds described by Pallas, which have not before been seen in Western Europe. Captain George Gray has presented to it some specimens which he has collected during his travels in New Holland; and Mrs. Dunn has sent a series of Shell and Radiated Animals from New Zealand, which she had received from Mr. Busby. These, with the Shells which the Museum received some time since from the Rev. Mr. Yates, shew the great riches we are to expect from these islands when they are properly explored.

The eastern gallery of the Museum, which was formerly occupied by collections of Minerals, having undergone a complete repair, has been reopened to the public, with the collections of Birds and Shells: this room is 300 feet long and 50 feet wide, and contains one of the richest ornithological collections in Europe. The cases are glazed with large panes of plate-glass, with very numerous brass bars; and the smaller Birds are arranged on a new plan, on box shelves, each bird having a close back-ground, so as to shew its outline distinctly and relieve its colours; and the Shells, occupying forty table cases, are exhibited on black velvet, which gives them admirable relief.

The Museum has also lately received many valuable accessions to the Geological Department. Such is the purchase of Mr. T. Hawkins's additional series of the remains of fossil Saurians from the Lias formation; which, added to his former collection, already placed in the Museum, present an unrivalled series of species in the extinct families of *Ichthyosaurus* and *Plesiosaurus*, once inhabitants of Britain. Equally important was the acquisition, in 1839, of the unique collection of still more gigantic and not less monstrous reptiles, from the Wealden formation of Kent and Sussex, by purchase from Dr. Mantell. Thousands of visitors to the British Museum are almost daily attracted to these wonderful discoveries in Palæontology, which, indeed, excite as much popular curiosity as any objects in this magnificent national establishment.—*Selected from the Year-book of Facts*, 1841.

The very interesting collection of Portraits in the Museum, (of which a *Catalogue Raisonée* has appeared in *the Mirror*,) was arranged by the late Mr. Smith, the eminent printseller. The majority of these paintings had been lying for many years in the storerooms of the Museum, and the suggestion of their rescue from dust and neglect originated with Mr. Smith, whose extensive acquaintance with portrait history enabled him to decide the identity of many Portraits, respecting which there had been considerable doubt.

* The brilliant affair at Acre has "*settled* the Eastern question." The reckoning must be terrific, the weight of shot thrown at a broadside by the squadron having been calculated to amount to, at least, 12,434lb. The city will be remembered as the scene of Sir Sidney Smith's exploits, whence he was named "the Hero of Acre;" and there has been suggested to our Government the justice, though late it be, of placing in Westminster Abbey a monument to the gallant Smith.

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Obituary.

DR. OLINTHUS GREGORY.

DIED, on the 2nd inst., at Woolwich, aged 67, *Olinthus Gilbert Gregory*, LL.D., F.R.A.S., late Professor of Mathematics at the Royal Military Academy. Dr. Gregory was born at Yaxley, in Huntingdonshire, Jan. 29, 1774, of respectable parents. At the age of nineteen, shortly after he left school, Mr. Gregory made his first attempt as an author; and his *Lessons, Astronomical and Philosophical*, were submitted to the public, after having received many hints for their improvement by the Earl of Carysfort, who subsequently proved a valuable and steady friend to the young student. At the age of twenty, Mr. Gregory prepared a treatise on the sliding rule and its most useful applications. The manuscript was offered to a London bookseller, who submitted it to Dr. Hutton; and, although it was not published, it was the means of opening a correspondence and laying the foundation of a friendship between them, which was only terminated by death. About the year 1794, Mr. Gregory became acquainted with several distinguished students at Cambridge, one of whom is the present Lord Lyndhurst. With these he corresponded, and they explained to him the substance and extent of the whole course of study which was then pursued by an undergraduate of Trinity or St. John's College, one of which they urged him to enter; but certain scruples which he entertained at that period induced him to abandon all idea of becoming a minister of the established church. In 1798, Mr. G. proceeded to Cambridge, to assist the editor of a provincial paper; but this employment not being very congenial to his taste, he relinquished the situation after a few months' trial. He then opened a bookseller's shop, and announced his intention of teaching mathematics, with the resolution to follow that department alone which should prove most successful. The encouragement he met with induced him to dispose of his books at the end of about one year, and devote his whole time and talents to his duties as a preceptor. In the spring of 1801, he wrote a Treatise on Astronomy, and dedicated it to his friend Dr. Hutton. This work, in one volume octavo, was favourably received by the public, and its merits brought the author into notice among the London booksellers, who made many literary proposals to him. In the year 1802, the Stationers' Company consigned to Mr. Gregory the editorship of *The Gentleman's Diary*, and another of their almanacks. About the same time he undertook the general editorship of *The Pantologia*, a comprehensive dictionary of the arts and sciences. In December of the same year, on the enlargement of the Royal Military Academy for the instruction of gentlemen cadets at Woolwich, Mr. Gregory was appointed mathematical master through the influence of Dr. Hutton. Shortly after this period he received from Mareschal College, Aberdeen, the degree of M.A., as a tribute of respect to his merit; and about three or four years afterwards, on presenting the same college with a copy of his *Mechanics* and the first volume of his *Pantologia*, he received the further degree of LL.D. Dr. Gregory gave such satisfaction at the Royal Military Academy that he was gradually promoted through the intermediate stages to the professor's chair, which he filled with the highest reputation until obliged through ill health, brought on by intense study, to resign it, in June, 1838. Since that period, he had seldom undertaken any public duty; the last time he appeared in that capacity being in the latter end of 1839, to deliver a lecture for the benefit of the Woolwich Institution, a society of which he was elected president on its formation. Dr. Gregory's constitution, although naturally strong, gave way under the heavy task imposed upon it, and for the closing month every day was looked upon as his last. The kindness and fostering care extended to young men by this eminent mathematician will long be remembered by many who have, like him, raised themselves by their own exertions. Dr. Gregory was the author and editor of a great number of works and papers on the arts and sciences. From the year 1817, he had the whole of the general superintendence of the almanacks published by the Stationers' Company, which had been for a long period conducted by Dr. Hutton. He was also one of the twelve gentlemen who had the honour of establishing the Astronomical Society of London. A widow, two sons, and one daughter, remain to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and father.

Arts and Sciences.

THE LUNAR ECLIPSE.

THIS eclipse, on the 6th inst., was but indistinctly seen, on account of the hazy state of the weather. At about the period, however, of the middle of the eclipse, 2h. 6m., the mist was somewhat dispelled by the wind, (almost a gale from the eastward,) and the heavens became sufficiently clear for the observer to distinguish Regulus, Procyon, Pollux, Castor, and various others of the noted stars, which shone for a time with considerable brilliancy. The eclipse ended at 3h. 52m.—*Times; abridged.*

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CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.*

THE ceremony of admitting the Princess Royal a member of the Christian church took place on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., in Buckingham Palace, with all the splendour and solemnity befitting the occasion. The magnificent resources of the royal household were put in requisition, and the same forms and etiquette were observed as when the Queen performs any public act as sovereign.

The Christening took place in the Throne room, the most superb as well as spacious of the state apartments, which had been thus prepared for the ceremony:—The throne having been removed from the coved recess, in its place was erected an altar, covered with crimson velvet, and having the sacred insignia of the Christian faith embroidered in gold. On it were placed the massive silver-gilt communion service of the Chapel Royal, lighted with gold candelabra. The railing enclosing the altar was covered with crimson velvet trimmed with gold lace; and in front, and spread over the rich and costly carpet of the room, was a large square of crimson velvet, beautifully embroidered in the centre and at the four corners in gold, and trimmed all round with gold lace. On this was the font, and round it were assembled the Queen, Prince Albert, the sponsors, and the officiating prelates and clergymen. In front of the altar stood the Archbishop of Canterbury, having on one side the Archbishop of York, and on the other the Bishop of London; the Bishop of Norwich and the Dean of Carlilse being a little behind. The Queen and Prince Albert took their stations on the left of the Archbishop. The sponsors were, the Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Sussex, and the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, who appeared by proxy, the proxy being the Duke of Wellington. The Queen Dowager, the King of the Belgians, the Duchess of Kent, and the Duchess of Gloucester, were seated in front of the Archbishop, and facing the altar; the Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Wellington being opposite to the Queen and Prince Albert, and thus the whole group formed a square, of which the font was the centre. The Duke of Cambridge, Prince George of Cambridge, and Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, stood behind the Queen Dowager, and the rest of the guests ranged themselves around.

The font, which is of silver gilt, and was made expressly for the occasion, shews elegant fancy in the design, and consummate skill in the execution. First, there is a triangular plinth, on the sides of which are the arms of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the infant Princess, embossed, the latter borne on a lozenge, and surmounted by a coronet. On the plinth are three cherubs, who unite in supporting a large water-lily, which contained the water. This font was placed on a marble table, on which are the royal arms of England in mosaic. The water in the font, and wherewith the royal child was christened, came from the river Jordan, having been sent to her Majesty as a present for this especial purpose. Candelabra on gilt pedestals were on either side of the altar, and within the coved recess were two cut-glass chandeliers; another chandelier of the largest size was hung in the middle of the room, and candelabra on pedestals richly carved and gilt lined the sides of the apartment. The seats for the company were of crimson satin damask and gold.

Everything being in readiness, at twenty minutes to seven o'clock the sacred rite commenced; the Archbishop receiving the infant Princess from the hands of her nurse, and holding her during the whole of the ceremony. At the appointed place, the Queen Dowager named the royal child—"VICTORIA, ADELAIDE, MARY, LOUISA;" and she received the baptismal sign, and even the caresses of her illustrious godfathers and godmothers, without even a whimper. Her Royal Highness was then handed over to the care of her nurse, and retired to her own apartments.

The ceremony being concluded, the illustrious and noble assembly proceeded to the banquet, which was laid out in the Picture Gallery. The King of the Belgians led in the Queen, Prince Albert the Queen Dowager, the Duke of Sussex the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Cambridge the Duchess of Kent, and Prince George of Cambridge the Duchess of Sutherland.

The number of guests who sat down to dinner were seventy-one; and, with the exception of a few of the foreign ministers, consisted only of the prelates who performed the ceremony, the Cabinet Ministers, the Great Officers of State, the Hereditary Great Officers of State, the officers of her Majesty's household, the commanding officers of the regiment of Household Cavalry on duty, with the suites of the Queen, the Queen Dowager, Prince Albert, and the attendants on the royal personages present at the ceremony. The only exceptions to this list were, the Duke of Wellington and Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar; the one, however, was proxy of a sponsor, and the other nephew to the Queen Dowager.

The Picture-gallery, as fitted up for the banquet, was shortened by a temporary partition, or screen, at each end; and on each of which was displayed a beaufet of plate

* Abridged from the "Times" and the "Court Circular."

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of the most costly and magnificent description. The shield of Achilles occupied the centre of a group, surrounded by large gold salvers, vases, sconces, candelabra, the spaces between the more massive articles being filled up with cups of crystal and gold, lapis-lazuli vases, tankards of carved ivory, mounted in gold, and articles of a similar description, many of them being enriched with precious stones. The table was decorated with the "Prince of Wales's plateau." On it were placed epergnes containing artificial flowers; also, candelabra, and vases, all of silver gilt. Among the pictures which decorated the walls of the gallery were some of the finest specimens of Rembrandt, including the "Burgomaster Pancrass and his Wife," "A Shipwright and his Wife," and "Women at the Tomb of Christ;" the "Death of Dido," and "Iphigenia," by Reynolds; a very brilliant study; "The Assumption of the Virgin," by Rubens; a "Merry Making," by Teniers; the "Orphan," by Allan; and the "Healing the Sick," and the "Marriage of St. Catherine," by Vandyke.

The table was lit with twenty-eight candelabra, holding from four to six wax-lights each; and each of the end screens, or beaufets, was brilliantly lit with wax; whilst from the elegant roof of the gallery were suspended three large chandeliers.

In the middle of the dinner table, and immediately before the Queen, was the Christening Cake, of enormous dimensions: round it was a wreath of flowers; on the top of it a rock, surmounting which Neptune, driving his *hippocampi*, and in the car a figure of Britannia, holding in her arms the infant Princess Royal, the whole being executed in sugar, and being a very fair specimen of the confectioner's skill.

After dinner, the following toasts were given by the Lord Steward:—

"Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal."
"Her Majesty the Queen Adelaide."
"His Majesty the King of the Belgians."
"Her Majesty the Queen."
"His Royal Highness Prince Albert."

In the evening, there was a Concert in the Grand Saloon.

THE BANQUET IN THE PICTURE GALLERY.

The following interesting details are from *The Times*, exclusively:

"There can scarce be a greater contrast than the state banquets given in the Picture-gallery at Buckingham Palace and those that were given by George IV. and William IV. in the Banqueting-room in St. James's, considering that the same materials are employed; for though it must be confessed, from the vastness and grandeur of proportion of the Banqueting-room, a certain degree of magnificence was obtained, yet from its peculiar and beautiful roof, the style of its decoration, and, more than all, the pictorial treasures that adorn its walls, there is a degree of elegance about the Picture-gallery, when fitted up for a state banquet, that renders it one of the most beautiful sights that can well be witnessed. On this occasion, the table was magnificently ornamented with silver gilt plate, consisting of a plateau, with epergnes, candelabra, wine-coolers of the most exquisite designs and finished workmanship, and of great variety. Many of them were the designs of Flaxman, and the artificers in the precious metals have succeeded admirably, in many instances, in transferring all the grace and beauty of the model of the sculptor into their own more durable but intractable material. Some of the wine-coolers were small copies of the Warwick vase, others of Greek vases, having on them most beautifully executed bas-reliefs. Here might be seen a beautiful and graceful group of bacchanals dancing round a palm tree; there a group of sturdy tritons labouring at the oar; then a Venus floating in a shell; then a subject from the Greek mythology; and in all these the beauty of the design and the skill of the workmanship are such, that the costliness of the material is quite lost sight of. The table was lighted with 28 candelabra, holding from four to six wax lights each. At each end of the gallery an artificial screen was erected, to shorten its length, and on each of these were displayed, on a background of crimson cloth, some of the choicest specimens of the royal treasury —vases, censers, shields, salvers, cups, chalices, of every size and of every description, from the squat massive tankard of days of yore, when the Sovereign might have refreshed himself on a hunting morning with a large draught of a homely beverage, to some of the most elegant and graceful cups of the purest crystal, in the most elaborate setting of gold fillagree, and flashing, too, with diamonds and other precious stones, with which they were studded. Of cups, vases, and tankards, ornamented with precious stones, there were a great number. Some with amethysts, some with turquoises, and diamonds, and sapphires, chrysophrai, and emeralds; and some had small enamelled paintings let into them of sacred subjects, having evidently been formerly employed in the services of the church of Rome. The screens on which these were displayed were lighted each with 22 candelabra, holding from four to six wax lights each; and when to these are added three large chandeliers blazing away from the roof, some idea may be formed of the brilliant appearance of this apartment."

Youthful Ambition.—At sixteen, what sorrow can freeze the Hope, or what prophetic fear whisper "Fool," to the Ambition?—*Night and Morning.*

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The Gatherer.

The British Association will hold their next meeting at Plymouth, from Monday, July 12th, to Saturday, July 17th.

The late Siege of Acre.—The Duke of Wellington remarked, a few evenings since, in the House of Lords, that he had no recollection, in all his experience, except the recent instance on the coast of Syria, of any *fort being taken by ships*; excepting two or three years ago, when the fort of St. Jean d'Ulloa was captured by the French fleet. That was, he added, the single instance that he recollected; though he believed that something of the sort had occurred at the siege of Havannah, in 1763. The above achievement he considered *one of the greatest deeds of modern times.* It was altogether a most skilful proceeding. On inquiring how it happened that so small a number of men were lost on board the fleet, he discovered that it was because the vessels were moored within one-third of the ordinary distance. The guns of the fortress were intended to strike objects at a greater distance; and the consequence was, that the shot went over the ships that were anchored at one-third of the usual distance. By that means, they sustained not more than one-tenth of the loss which they would otherwise have experienced. Not less than 500 pieces of ordnance were directed against the walls; and the precision with which the fire was kept up, the position of the vessels, and lastly, the blowing up of the large magazine, all aided in achieving this great victory in so short a time.

Earthquake at Ararat.—A traveller who has lately visited Armenia, details some of the devastation of the great earthquake on June 22nd last. Erivan has not suffered much; but from that city to Mount Ararat, a distance of 30 versts, all the villages are destroyed, and he rode through lines of ruins without being able to find a house in which he could pass the night. He visited Ararat, and saw the immense sunken spot or fall, whereby the whole village of Akuri was swallowed up with its 3,000 inhabitants, not one of whom was saved. Not a trace of their dwellings remains; nor is there a vestige of the church which was held sacred by the Armenians, from a belief that it was built on the spot where Noah made his first sacrifice to God, after the flood. Neither is anything to be seen of the celebrated monastery of St. Jacob. All has disappeared, except a vast mass of earth, stones, sand, and volcanic debris. Armenia has not experienced such a misfortune since the eighth century.—*Munich Paper*, quoted in *the Times.*

Inherited Fortunes.—It is observed of camels, that having travelled long without water through sandy deserts, "*implantur cum bibendi est occasio et in præteritum et in futurum*;" and so thirsty heirs soak it in, when they come to their means, who, whilst their fathers were living, might not touch the top of their money, and think they shall never feel the bottom of it when they are dead.—*Fuller.*

Growth of Sentiment.—Horace Walpole relates: At a great supper t'other night, at Lord Hertford's, Lady Coventry said, in a very vulgar accent, if she drank any more, she should be *muckibus*; "Lord," said Lady Mary Coke, "what is that?" "Oh! its Irish for *sentimental.*"

Dangerous Fools.—If men are to be fools, it were better that they were fools in little matters than in great: dulness turned up with temerity is a livery all the worse for the facings; and the most tremendous of all things is the magnanimity of a dunce.—*Sydney Smith.*

Wisdom of Mirth.—Lord Bolingbroke shrewdly notes: "I have observed, that in comedy the best actor plays the part of the droll, whilst some scrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman. So, in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, whilst fools only are serious."

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN,"

A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM,

Written by JOHN GLANFIELD, *on the Occasion of the Christening of the Princess Royal.*

GOD save our gracious Queen,
Bless'd with a brow serene,
Long may she reign;
May wisdom point the end,
Justice her cause defend,
Mercy to all extend;
God save our Queen!

May her example spread
Wide as the sunbeams shed
Light o'er the land;
May war and discord cease,
Churches unite in peace,
Britons their wealth increase;
God save our Queen!

May all her virtues shine,
And through the Gotha line
Liberty beam;
Time slowly moving spread
Hoary locks 'round her head;
Long be it sung and said
God save our Queen!

[The above Anthem has been published at a cheap rate, illustrated with a Vignette of the august ceremony of the Royal Christening; and a copy has been forwarded for presentation to her Majesty.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1047.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1841. [PRICE 2*d.*

THE ALTAR

Erected in the Throne-room, at Buckingham Palace,

FOR THE CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

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BUCKINGHAM PALACE,

PREPARED FOR THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.

THE prefixed Engraving represents, with picturesque accuracy, the Altar &c. as fitted in the Throne-room of Buckingham Palace, on the occasion of the Christening of the Princess Royal, on the 10th instant. As the majority of the details of the fittings have already appeared in our Miscellany, (see p. 110,) it will be sufficient here to observe that the general effect is considered to have been highly creditable to the taste of the royal decorators. The front design was executed in gold and white, highly enriched, with two figures, wholly gilt, bearing a medallion portrait of King George the Fourth; the draperies being of crimson velvet, richly trimmed with gold lace, &c. Immediately in front of this design, was placed the circular mosaic table, with the elegant font, made for the occasion. It may be added, that the magnificence of the entire fittings was much admired: the Altar, with its superbly-embroidered crimson velvet hangings, and massive silver-gilt plate (the central salver bearing a fine representation in *alto rilievo* of "the Last Supper,") lit with richly-designed candelabras, together with the insignia of the Christian faith, embroidered both on the Altar-cloth, and above the Altar, beneath a cove of gilt rays, presented a *coup d'œil* of stately splendour and characteristic solemnity. The ceremony was, altogether, a scene of impressive interest—such as will not soon pass away from remembrance; and the contemplation of which must have inspired many a fervent prayer for ENGLAND'S HOPE!

DUELLING.

DUELLING may be considered of superstitious origin, from its rise in the ancient appeal to heaven in judicial controversies, by *combat*, or trial by battle. But, the Duel, in the modern sense of the term, was unknown before the sixteenth century. We find, however, one anecdote, which seems to illustrate its derivation from the judicial combat. The Dukes of Lancaster and Brunswick having some differences, agreed to decide them by Duel before John, King of France: the lists were prepared with the solemnity of a real trial by battle, but the King interfered to prevent the engagement. (*Villaret.*)

The barbarous practice of wearing swords as a part of domestic dress, which tended very much to the frequency of Duelling, was not introduced till the latter part of the fifteenth century. Until the thirteenth year of William III., swords were worn even by footmen; in the above year, the practice was prohibited by an official notice from the Earl Marshal. ALIQUIS.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—II.

"GOOD Benefit or Friendly Societies are of as much consequence in a country as good Assurance Companies. It is an excellent thing to be enabled to sit down, and, whilst in possession of nothing except a professional income, bequeath, by a dash of the pen, five thousand pounds, assured payable at death, to a widow and fatherless children. No less excellent, however, is it in its way, that persons in the humbler classes of life should have a means, in small monthly contributions, collected into a common stock, of protecting themselves from the effects of casualties to which they are liable; and which would, in their occurrence, if provision to meet them were not made beforehand, inevitably and entirely overwhelm them." (Rev. J. Hodgson.) But it unfortunately happens that Friendly Societies, as at present constituted, very seldom realise those happy prospects, or avert the ruin of those direful calamities. The great obstacle to the efficient establishment of such institutions throughout the country, rests not in any reluctance on the part of the people to enter them, but in the difficulty to comprehend the nature and true extent of their risks. Mr. Tidd Pratt states that, from the month of August, 1833, to August, 1834, the number of Societies certified by him was 360; and from August, 1834, up to 1835, no less than 750 more:—a clear proof that the frugal habits of the people, their disposition to a most laudable foresight, and their anxieties for increased comforts, have, of late, received a strong impulse, and must be acting very powerfully in promoting their well-being and prosperity.

The great majority of the members of Friendly Societies are incapable of dealing with the mathematical intricacies in which the principles of them are usually involved. Few even of the wealthier classes know much of the doctrines of life contingencies when applied to common assurances, as is evinced in their daily transactions in those matters; and how exceedingly unreasonable to expect the labouring community to clearly comprehend the same laws, when applied under an infinitely more difficult and complex character to Benefit Societies. If workmen were in their youth capable of seeing, in a statistical light, the true features and full extent of the infirmities attendant upon old age, it might then be possible to convince their judgment that nothing short of an abundant provision must be made in the summer of life, in order to meet the vicissitudes of that winter, which incapacitates for labour, and when man must eat of his own industry, or subsist on the bounty of others. "For the time cometh when no man can work."

Mr Hector Davies Morgan says, that

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"the primary cause of the failure of these Societies is the false principles upon which they are constructed; the want of all proportion between the means and the end; between the premium paid and the benefit assured; and the neglect of a just calculation of the contingencies of life." "They hold out benefits to their members," remarks another writer on the same subject, "which they are perfectly unable to grant, and which are greater than can be afforded from the small monthly payments, which in most instances are demanded; and thus it happens that, in the course of thirty or forty years, these Societies are generally ruined." "The number of Friendly Societies," writes Mr. Gale, in his Treatise on Contingent and Eventual Losses, "which have failed is immense; and there is every reason to believe that a larger proportion of failures will take place than have occurred, and that the results of the experience of a similar period hereafter will be much more unfavourable." And Mr. Ansell in his clever and valuable work on Friendly Societies, affirms that, "There is scarcely a village in England where may not be found many unfortunate instances of their failure." Indeed, no proof of these, too true, but lamentable results is needed. Almost every tradesman must be aware of many cases of failure, without having recourse to higher authorities. Unluckily, the numerous instances in which disappointment has fallen on the hopes of the patient contributors to those institutions, have served as a pretext to the idle and improvident by which they might plausibly argue the inutility of forethought, in providing for old age, and to overlook the valued truth, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat."

The numerous cases of failure are no argument against the eminently useful character of such Societies, when established on a stable and scientific basis. No institutions need be more secure than Friendly Societies. Mercantile speculations may fail under the most able and skilful management: agricultural enterprise is subject to the most marked irregularities from natural vicissitudes; but the laws of sickness and mortality can be brought under the dominion of the nicest calculation. Members have themselves always to blame when the scheme into which they have entered fails from inadequate contributions. The Government, as well as many other bodies, have done much to obtain information for the data of the calculations on which the amount of their contribution should depend. In so many cases has this information been neglected, that it is sometimes difficult to excuse their errors, did we not consider, that it is difficult for men, to put confidence in the figures of a table, so long as they are unable to follow any one step of the process from which the inductions were derived. The truth and accuracy of these tables can only be understood by a person capable of going through the mathematical details of the calculations producing them. It appears to us, however, that the industrious class of labourers and mechanics might be taught to guard against those errors into which they fall in the management of Benefit Societies; not by giving them a mathematical education, but by a much more simple process, and one, so far as we are aware, which has never been adopted; that is, to present plans of the working of such institutions, on the known laws of sickness and mortality, over a period of fifty or sixty years.

The advantages arising from the examination of those plans, will be a conviction that Friendly Societies may have a very great surplus income for many years after their establishment, and at the same time have the seeds of destruction engendered in their constitution. It will show, that before becoming a member of such a Society, it will be of no value to the individual to inspect its accounts, or place confidence in the existence of a large stock or fund. In fact, such plans will be highly calculated to point out all the errors committed in the management of those beneficial and philanthropic institutions; and to inspire the humbler classes with a confidence in the correctness of those calculations, which are meant for the guidance of their rapidly spreading Societies.

In the present paper there will be room for only one such plan; it will be formed on the scheme of a Society which actually did exist, but went down from inadequate contributions. In order to trace the operations of the Society so constituted, we will suppose that, in the following plan, it commenced in the year 1795, with 792 members, each 25 years of age; the contributions, 8*d.* per month; and the benefits given, 5*s.* per week in sickness, and 5*l.* at death.

PLAN A.

Year.	Survivors.	Amount of Contributions.	Total Expenditure.	Total Stock. Improved Interest.	Periodical Additions to Stock.
		£	£	£	£
1795	792	1540	997	597	597
1800	752	1460	1029	1190	593
05	707	1364	1111	1758	568
10	657	1264	1219	2159	401
20	541	1146	1365	2353	194
25	476	1018	1484	2319	
30	404	880	1797	1792	
35	326	730	2246	331	
				Society now in debt, as follows:	
1840	246	572	3144	2274	
45	166	412	3540	6169	

From the inspection of the above plan, which we will call A. for the purpose of

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future reference, it will appear that the Society had a surplus income for more than 25 years. From that time the stock continued to decrease, but was still adequate to meet all demands made upon it, for the long period of 40 years after its establishment. At that time, in the year 1835, there was still a stock of 331*l.*, but if the Society had existed up till 1840, it must have contracted a debt of 2274*l.*, and by the end of the next period of five years, no less an amount of debt than 6169*l.*, with more than one-fifth of the original members still alive, each responsible for a debt of more than 37*l.*, and no provision made for their future liabilities.

From the examination of the fourth column it will be found how very rapidly the expenditure increases after the first twenty years, although the number of members is annually becoming less. From looking over the third column it will be appear how very great a decrease takes place on the income after the same period.

It is from the members of Friendly Societies not taking a prospective view of their institutions that so many failures take place. Many in the first years of this Society would, from its increasing stock, have believed it to be in a most flourishing condition; while its contributions were inadequate to meet all the future demands to be made upon it. In the Plan now given, no account has been taken of new members entering the Society; and it was, for simplicity, supposed that all were of the same age. In a subsequent article will be given the experience of an actual Society, with the correct number of members, and their ages, from sixteen to upwards of sixty years. It will likewise be shewn that the effect produced by the addition of young members, on the same inadequate terms, is but to prolong its existence for two or three years, augment the misery and suffering of its survivors, spread aggravated bitterness and disappointment over a greater circle of the aged and infirm, and involve a greater number of persons in the inevitable ruin which awaits its dissolution.

N. P. G. F.

A RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.

(From the French.)

One afternoon, in the year 18—, I was sitting, lonesome and listless, in the parlour of a little inn in one of the dullest villages in the south of France. It rained in torrents, so that I was forced to find amusement within doors. In this I was particularly unsuccessful. I sat a couple of hours at my solitary table to while away the time, yet the evening was hardly begun. What to do next to kill the time? I walked up and down the room till I was tired, and then in despair began counting the drops as they trickled down the window. My kind landlady saw how slowly the time passed with me, and tried by all the scanty means in her power to divert my listlessness. She brought me a flute, which I seized gladly, but it was cracked in three places; and the only violin the house possessed wanted two strings. Not possessing the gifts of a Paganini, I could draw no music from what remained, and threw it aside in despair. Had she any books? She did not know, but would try to find some; and came back after some time with an odd volume of a stupid novel. This I read through, and tried to read again; but nature was unequal to such an effort, and the volume was flung into the same corner with the violin. Casting my eyes round in the hopeless search of some employment, I chanced to see on one of the window panes the names of Casimir and Julia written on the glass with a diamond, within a heart. This little incident was a prize for an idler, and I drew near the window to examine the names with a feeling something like satisfaction. My hostess, who was beginning to despair, was delighted at finding something to amuse me, and began at once—

"I see monsieur is looking at those two names on the glass. Ah, those young people did not find the time so heavy here as monsieur does."

"You know, then, who the names belong to? Do tell me the story."

"With great pleasure. Last spring, a young gentleman and lady stopped here one evening, and stayed with me some weeks. They were both handsome, and it was hard to say which seemed to love the other best. They lived in the little room to the south, which looks out on my daughter's flower-garden, and never went out all day long. At evening, they used to take a walk by the river, and I often noticed, when they came home, that the lady's eyes were red, as though she had been weeping, and the young man looked as if he wanted to cry too. They were kind and gentle to every one, and all the people about the house loved them. Who they were, or what brought them to such an out-of-the-way place as this, I could not tell, and they never said a single word about their affairs. They paid me regularly, out of a purse, which I saw was getting empty every week. So things went on, and we had got so used to our strange visitors, that we did not trouble our heads much about them, when, early one morning, I was aroused by the smell of smoke, and jumped up, thinking the house must be on fire. A thick choking smoke, that came from the south end of the house, almost stifled me. I ran as fast as I could to the room where they slept, and when I opened the door, what do you think I saw, sir? Why, there lay the poor young gentle-

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man and lady on the floor, and the room was filled with the charcoal they had lighted over night. Only think of two such sweet pretty creatures killing themselves! I opened the window, and the fresh air seemed to revive them a little. While I was trying to help them, I heard a carriage stop at the door, and in a minute a stranger rushed into the room, a tall, fine-looking old man, with a military air. He knew the young man at once, for he cried, 'Oh, Casimir, my son, my son, my son!' and came near, falling senseless himself by his side. However, with the help of my women, we soon brought them all to life; and then you should have seen the joy of them all, and how they laughed and cried; and I, too, as hard as any of them. The old gentleman was General de Beausencourt, I found, and the young man his son, who had married a beautiful young girl, far below him in rank and fortune, and fled with her to escape his father's anger. The general had been hunting for them ever since they left Paris, firmly determined, if he found them, to force his son to go home with him, and have the marriage dissolved by the courts. But when he found his darling son lying there so pale and speechless, his love got the better of his anger, and he not only forgave him, but, for his sake, his young wife; and all their troubles were over at once, and all were as happy as happy could be, and all went away in the general's carriage."

My landlady's story interested me deeply, and I hardly knew which to admire most, the affection of the young couple, or the generous forgiveness of the father.

Two years had elapsed, and I had totally forgotten the lovers and their adventures, when I was invited to pass an evening at the house of one of our most distinguished painters. When I entered the room, I found our entertainer engaged in conversation with a man of a grave and pensive demeanour. They were talking of marriage, and the painter maintained with warmth that there was no possibility of a happy union without ardent mutual affection. His adversary insisted that such marriages were always unhappy. After dilating on this view, he added, "I pity from the bottom of my heart those thoughtless beings who hope to realize their fantastic dreams of love and happiness in such an union. Yes, I pity them from the very bottom of my heart, for they will soon be cruelly undeceived, and bitterly regret their fatal, their irremediable error."

"Sir," I replied, "I think I could mention two persons whose example would triumphantly confute your reasonings." And I then told the story I had heard at the inn, which affected our entertainer deeply.

"Well, sir?" I asked.

"Well," replied my antagonist, "that young man will bitterly regret his father's relenting before he has been married a year. Degraded, by the unsuitable alliance he has entered into, from his proper position in society, and chained to a woman whose associations and ideas are totally different from his, owing to the different sphere in which she has moved, he will lose all pride and ambition, and barely vegetate through an unhappy existence. Nay, he will have to endure greater and more real evils. Satiety, indifference, and disgust will soon succeed to the romantic ardour of the two lovers, and their affections be wholly alienated from each other. Such is doubtless the existence of your Casimir and his wife."

"You know the hero of the story, then?" asked the painter, for I had not mentioned the names of any of the parties. The stranger seemed not to hear the question, and left us to join a party at the card-table. A few minutes afterwards, a young man came to tell him his wife wished to go home. He was in the middle of a game, and the information communicated to his features a most unequivocal expression of ill-humour. "Go and wait on your sister home," he answered, and went on with his game. The young man went up to a pale unhappy looking woman, who presently left the room with him. "Who is that lady who has just gone out?" I asked the lady of the house.

"Madame Casimir de Beausencourt," was the answer.

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

One of the most amusing of Howell's *Familiar Letters* is dated "Ash-Wednesday, 1654," addressed to R. Baker, Esq., and runs thus:—

"Now that Lent and Spring do make their approach, in my opinion, fasting would conduce much to the advantage of the soul and body; though our second institution of observing Lent aimed at civil respects, as to preserve the brood of cattle, and advance the profession of fishermen, yet it concurs with the first institution—viz., a pure spiritual end, which was to subdue the flesh, and that being brought under, our other two spiritual enemies, the world and the devil, are the sooner overcome. The naturalists observe, that morning spittle kills dragons; so fasting helps to destroy the devil, provided it be accompanied with other acts of devotion: to fast for one day only, from about nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, is but a mock fast. The Turks do more than so in their Ramirams and Beirams; and the Jew also, for he fasts from the dawn in the morning, till the stars be up in the night, as you observe in the devout and delicate poem you pleased to communicate unto me lately: I was so taken with the subject, that I pre-

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sently lighted my candle at your torch, and fell into these stanzas:

"1. Now Lent is come, let us refrain
From carnal creatures, quick or slain:
Let's fast, and macerate the flesh,
Inpound, and keep it in distress,

"2. For forty days, and then we shall
Have a replevin from the thrall
By that bless'd Prince, who for this Fast,
Will give us Angel's food at last.

"3. But to abstain from beef, hog, goose,
And let our appetite go loose
To lobsters, crabs, prawns, or such fish;
We do not fast, but feast in this.

"4. Not to let down lamb, kid, or veal,
Hen, plover, turkey-cock, or teal;
And eat botargo, caviar,
Anchovies, oysters, and like fare.

"5. Or to forbear from flesh, fowl, fish,
And eat potatoes in a dish
Done o'er with amber, or a mess
Of ringos, in a Spanish dress.

"6. Or to refrain from each hot thing,
Which water, earth, or air doth bring;
And lose a hundred pound at gleek,
Or be a saint when we should sleep.

"8. Or, to leave play with all high dishes,
And feed our thoughts with wanton wishes.:
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

"9. This is not to keep Lent aright,
But play the juggling hippocrit: [man
He truly Lent observes, who makes the inward
To fast as well as make the outward feed on bran.

"The French Reformists have an odd way of keeping Lent, for I have seen the walls of their temples turned to shambles, and flesh hanging upon them on Lent Sundays; insomuch that he who doth not know their practice, would take their churches to be synagogues of Jews, and that the bloody Levitical sacrifices were offered there.

"And now that my thoughts are in France, a witty passage of Henry the Great comes into my mind, who being himself in the field, sent to the old Count of Soissons to accompany him with what forces he could make. The Count answered, that 'he was grown decrepid and crazy; besides, his estate was so, being much exhausted in the former wars, and all that he could do now for his Majesty was to pray for him.' 'Doth my cousin of Soissons,' said the king, 'answer me so? They say that prayer without fasting hath nothing of that efficacy as when they are joined; *Ventre de St. Gris*, (by the belly of St. Gris,) I will make him fast as well as pray, for I will not pay him a penny of his ten thousand crowns pension, which he hath yearly for these respects.'

"The Christian church hath a longer and more solemn way of fasting than any other religion, take Lent and Ember-weeks together. In some churches, the Christians use the old way of mortification, by sackcloth and ashes, to this day; which makes me think on a facetious tale of a Turkish ambassador in Venice; who being returned to Constantinople, and asked what he had observed 'most remarkable in that so rare a city?' He answered that, 'among other things, the Christians have a kind of ashes, which thrown upon the head, do presently cure madness; for in Venice, I saw the people go up and down the streets, (said he,) in ugly and antic strange disguises, as being in the eye of human reason stark mad; but the next day, (meaning Ash-Wednesday,) they are suddenly cured of that madness, by a sort of ashes which they cast upon their heads.'

"If the said ambassador were here amongst us, he would think our modern gallants were all mad, or subject to be mad; because they *ashe* and powder their pericraniums all the year long.

"So, wishing your meditations suitable to the season, and good thoughts, which are best when they are the offsprings of good actions, I rest,

"Your ready and real friend,
"J. H."

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

THE lovers of ecclesiastical architectural antiquities have, for some time, been aware that the parish church of Brixworth, between Northampton and Market Harborough, exhibits the finest specimen of the Roman or the Anglo-Roman building in the whole kingdom. If this church was actually erected in the time of the Romans, it is the only ecclesiastical monument of that people in this country, as well as *the most ancient* of our ecclesiastical edifices. Its antiquity was, at first, suspected by Mr. George Baker, of Northampton; but it was subsequently ascertained, and carried higher in the scale of centuries, by his friends Rickman and Britton, the latter of whose dicta have been acquiesced in by numerous antiquaries who successively visited and inspected the building, and compared it with other accredited remains of the Roman era. Nearly all the nave and the square tower still subsist in their original state, displaying the strong massive masonry of the Roman people, who seemed to design all their works for an "eternal empire." The composition is of unhewn stones, cemented with a mortar harder than themselves, and containing the characteristic deep brick or tilted arch for the doorways, cloister windows, and approach to the aisles. The original aisles have long been removed, but their ancient foundations have been discovered, at least on the north side of the church, though not yet followed out to any extent. But, though the most competent antiquaries were agreed in assigning to the church a very high antiquity on these ostensible data, it was, nevertheless,

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justly considered possible that the church might have been built some time after the Romans left this country, with the materials of a more ancient Roman building, notwithstanding the brick tiles have no appearance of having been used before. It was, therefore, desirable to ascertain whether or not the ancient foundation was of the same age with the present superstructure; and the existing chancel being of later date than the nave or tower, it was still uncertain whether there had ever existed in its place the semicircular structure of the Roman basilica (that is, the east end of the building where the prætor held his court.) Happily, this is no longer a matter of doubt or uncertainty; for on Thursday, Jan. 28, the Rev. C. F. Watkins, the vicar, having gone into the chancel to inspect the making of a new grave, perceived a portion of ancient masonry at one corner of the excavation, which seemed to verge in a gentle curve towards the east. Immediately conjecturing that it was part of the original basilica, he laid it open for four or five feet, with every appearance of ultimate success; and thereupon sent a message to the Rev. W. Hume, rector of Scaldwell, who has an interest in the charcel, with whom, and his brother, the Rev. Charles Hume, rector of Stoke Moor, Hants, Mr. Watkins pursued the investigation on Monday, till they had the satisfaction of discovering and laying open the whole circuit of the original wall, which descends from the floor of the present chancel to a depth of about four feet; here it encloses an ancient floor of handsome cement, the surface of which has somewhat the appearance of stalagmite, probably occasioned by a slight deposit of calcareous matter carried down through the superincumbent rubbish of lime and earth. This newly discovered wall descends still lower; how much deeper it goes is not yet, but soon will be, ascertained. What is most important is, that it is of the same thickness, composition, and age as the nave and square tower, which leaves the antiquity of the whole with scarcely the shadow of a doubt. It is Mr. Watkins's intention to appeal to the country at large, and to all who take an interest in these antiquarian researches, which throw so much light on the history of the church of this kingdom, to enable him to rebuild the chancel upon this the original substructure, the grouted cement of which is even now harder than the stones which it binds together; and by clearing away the encompassing mould, to exhibit the most entire and best-preserved architecture of such high antiquity which this kingdom is known to contain.* The cost of this repair is stated at 200*l.*, which inconsiderable sum, we expect, will be raised within a month, in the county of Northampton, rich in architectural antiquities beyond comparison with any other district of England; and the residence of a great number of ancient opulent families, who will, doubtless, take pride in preserving these admirable specimens of art from the wreck of time.

* These details have been copied from the *Northampton Herald.*

CAPTURE OF AN ALLIGATOR.

In a recent Number of Silliman's *American Journal of Science and the Arts*, we find the following very interesting account of the Capture and Death of a large Alligator, at Manilla, in the island of Luconia, one of the Philippines, the details of which confirm several of the astounding stories related of this stupendous creature:—

In the course of the year 1831, the proprietor of Halahala, at Manilla, in the island of Luconia, informed me that he frequently lost horses and cows on a remote part of his plantation, and that the natives assured him they were taken by an enormous alligator, who frequented one of the streams which run into the lake. Their descriptions were so highly wrought, that they were attributed to the fondness for exaggeration to which the inhabitants of that country are peculiarly addicted, and very little credit was given to their repeated relations.

All doubts as to the existence of the animal were at last dispelled by the destruction of an Indian, who attempted to ford the river on horseback, although entreated to desist by his companions, who crossed at a shallow place higher up. He reached the centre of the stream, and was laughing at the others for their prudence, when the alligator came upon him. His teeth encountered the saddle, which he tore from the horse, while the rider tumbled on the other side into the water, and made for the shore. The horse, too terrified to move, stood trembling when the attack was made. The alligator, disregarding him, pursued the man, who safely reached the bank, which he could easily have ascended, but, rendered foolhardy by his escape, he placed himself behind a tree which had fallen partly into the water, and drawing his heavy knife, leaned over the tree, and, on the approach of his enemy, struck him on the nose. The animal repeated his assault, and the Indian his blows, until the former, exasperated at the resistence, rushed on the man, and seizing him by the middle of the body, which was at once enclosed and crushed in his capacious jaws, swam into the lake. His friends hastened to the rescue; but the alligator slowly left the shore, while the poor wretch, writhing and shrieking in his agony, with his knife up-

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lifted in his clasped hands, seemed, as the others expressed it, "held out as a man would carry a torch." His sufferings were not long continued, for the monster sank to the bottom, and soon after reappearing alone on the surface, and calmly basking in the sun, gave to the horror-stricken spectators the fullest confirmation of the death and burial of their comrade.

A short time after this event, I made a visit to Halahala, and expressing a strong desire to capture or destroy the alligator, my host readily offered his assistance. The animal had been seen a few days before, with his head and one of his fore feet resting on the bank, and his eyes following the motion of some cows which were grazing near. Our informer likened his appearance to that of a cat watching a mouse, and in the attitude to spring upon his prey, when it should come within his reach.

Hearing that the alligator had killed a horse, we proceeded to the place, about five miles from the house. It was a tranquil spot, and one of singular beauty, even in that land. The stream, which, a few hundred feet from the lake, narrowed to a brook, with its green banks fringed with the graceful bamboo, and the alternate glory of glade and forest, spreading far and wide, seemed fitted for other purposes than the familiar haunt of the huge creature that had appropriated it to himself. A few cane huts were situated a short distance from the river, and we procured from them what men they contained, who were ready to assist in freeing themselves from their dangerous neighbour. Having reason to believe that the alligator was in the river, we commenced operations by sinking nets, upright, across its mouth, three deep, at intervals of several feet. The nets, which were of great strength, and intended for the capture of the wild buffalo, were fastened to trees on the banks, making a complete fence to the communication with the lake.

My companion and myself placed ourselves with our guns on either side of the stream, while the Indians, with long bamboos, felt for the animal. For some time he refused to be disturbed, and we began to fear that he was not within our limits, when a spiral motion of the water, under the spot where I was standing, led me to direct the natives to it, and the creature slowly moved on the bottom towards the nets, which he no sooner touched, than he quietly turned back and proceeded up the stream. This movement was several times repeated, till, having no rest in the enclosure, he attempted to climb up the bank. On receiving a ball in the body, he uttered a growl like that of an angry dog, and plunging into the water, crossed to the other side, where he was received with a similar salutation, discharged directly into his mouth. Finding himself attacked on every side, he renewed his attempts to ascend the banks, but whatever part of him appeared was bored with bullets, and feeling that he was hunted, he forgot his own formidable means of attack, and sought only safety from the troubles which surrounded him.

A low spot, which separated the river from the lake a little above the nets, was unguarded, and we feared that he would succeed in escaping over it. It was here necessary to stand firmly against him; and in several attempts which he made to cross it, we turned him back with spears, bamboos, or whatever first came to hand. He once seemed determined to force his way, and foaming with rage, rushed with open jaws, and gnashing his teeth, with a sound too ominous to be despised, appeared to have his full energies aroused, when his career was stopped by a large bamboo thrust violently into his mouth, which he ground to pieces, and the fingers of the holder were so paralyzed, that for some minutes he was incapable of resuming his gun. The natives had now become so excited as to forget all prudence, and the women and children of the little hamlet had come down to the shore to share in the general enthusiasm. They crowded to the opening, and were so unmindful of their danger, that it was necessary to drive them back with some violence. Had the monster known his own strength, and dared to have used it, he would have gone over that spot with a force which no human power could have withstood, and would have crushed or carried with him into the lake about the whole population of the place.

It is not strange that personal safety was forgotten in the excitement of the scene. The tremendous brute, galled with wounds and repeated defeat, tore his way through the foaming water, glancing from side to side, in the vain attempt to avoid his foes, then rapidly ploughing up the stream, he grounded on the shallows, and turned back frantic and bewildered at his circumscribed position. At length, maddened with suffering, and desperate from continued persecution, he rushed furiously to the mouth of the stream, burst through two of the nets, and I threw down my gun in despair, for it looked as though his way at last was clear to the wide lake. But the third net stopped him, and his teeth and legs had got entangled in all. This gave us a chance of closer warfare with lances, such as are used against the wild buffalo. We had sent for this weapon at the commencement of the attack, and found it much more effectual than guns. Entering a canoe, we plunged lance after lance into the alligator, as he was struggling under the water, till a wood seemed growing from him, which

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moved violently above, while his body was concealed below. His endeavours to extricate himself lashed the water into foam, mingled with blood; and there seemed no end to his vitality, or decrease to his resistance, till a lance struck him directly through the middle of the back, which an Indian, with a heavy piece of wood, hammered into him, as he could catch an opportunity. My companion on the other side, now tried to haul him to the shore, by the nets to which he had fastened himself, but had not sufficient assistance with him. As I had more force with me, we managed, with the aid of the women and children, to drag his head and part of his body on to the little beach, where the river joined the lake, and giving him the "coup de grace," left him to gasp out the remnant of his life on the sand. I regret to say, that the measurement of the length of this animal was imperfect. It was night when the struggle ended, and our examination of him was made by torch-light. I measured the circumference, as did also my companion, and it was over eleven feet immediately behind the fore-legs. It was thirteen feet at the belly, which was distended by the immoderate meal made on the horse. As he was only partly out of the water, I stood with a line at his head, giving the other end to an Indian, with directions to take it to the extremity of the tail. The length so measured was twenty-two feet, but at the time I doubted the good faith of my assistant, from the reluctance he manifested to enter the water, and the fears he expressed that the mate of the alligator might be in the vicinity. From the diameter of the animal, and the representations of those who examined him afterwards, we believed the length to have been about thirty feet. As we intended to preserve the entire skeleton, with the skin, we were less particular than we otherwise should have been. On opening him, we found, with other parts of the horse, three legs entire, torn off at the haunch and shoulder, which he had swallowed whole, besides a large quantity of stones, some of them of several pounds weight.

The night, which had become very dark and stormy, prevented us from being minute in our investigation; and leaving directions to preserve the bones and skin, we took the head with us and returned home. This precaution was induced by the anxiety of the natives to secure the teeth; and I afterwards found that they attribute to them miraculous powers in the cure or prevention of diseases.

The head weighed near three hundred pounds; and so well was it covered with flesh and muscle, that we found balls quite flattened, which had been discharged into the mouth and at the back of the head, at only the distance of a few feet, and yet the bones had not a single mark to shew that they had been touched.

MEZZOTINTO ENGRAVING.

THE discovery of the art of Engraving in Mezzotinto has been the subject of some controversy and misrepresentation, and has only been recently cleared up. The account commonly given of its discovery is, that Prince Rupert, observing one morning a soldier engaged in cleaning from his musket the rust which the night-dew had occasioned, and perceiving upon it, as he thought, some resemblance to a figure, it occurred to him whether or not, by corroding or grounding a plate all over in a manner resembling the rust, he might not afterwards scrape away a design upon it, from which impressions might be obtained. In short, it is said that he tried and succeeded, and thus became the inventor of Mezzotinto Engraving. This anecdote obtained currency from its being related by Lord Orford, in his celebrated work upon the Arts, as well as from the avidity with which origins of the arts are set down as the results of accident.

The discovery has likewise been claimed for Sir Christopher Wren; but his communication to the Royal Society on the subject is of date four years subsequent to the date of the earliest of the mezzotinto plates engraved by Prince Rupert. Still, the pretensions of the prince are alike invalid; for he was guilty of an act of meanness in imposing upon John Evelyn, and this to the extent of allowing a man of his high character to impose, in turn, however unconsciously, upon the world, by claiming for Prince Rupert the honour of an invention, to which the prince well knew all the while that he had no title.

The real inventor of this art was Louis von Siegen, a lieutenant-colonel in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, from whom Prince Rupert learned the secret when in Holland; and brought it with him to England, when he came over a second time in the suite of Charles II. Some curious and very rare prints, recently purchased on the Continent, and now deposited in the British Museum, place the claim of Von Siegen beyond doubt. In this collection is a portrait of the Princess Amelia-Elizabeth of Hesse, dated 1643, which is *fifteen years anterior* to the earliest of Prince Rupert's dates. In the same collection is another curious work by Von Siegen, a portrait of the Queen of Bohemia, dated 1643, which places the question beyond all dispute. There is likewise still another plate by Von Siegen, which bears the most conclusive evidence of its having

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been produced in the very infancy of the art; besides which, is the fact that Von Siegen frequently attached the words "*primus inventor*" to his works. — *Penny Cyclopædia; voce* Mezzotinto.

Public Exhibitions.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF DAMASCUS.

We recommend the sight-seeker first to ascend to Mr. Burford's upper circle, and, having there witnessed his successful picture of the *Bombardment of Acre*, let him descend to the view of Damascus—

"Where the broad waste's expanded surface yields
To fruitful gardens and productive fields."
Byron.

He will find the effect of the transition agreeable, and full of pleasant instruction. To a sensitive mind, the contemplation of a battle-scene affords, by no means, unmixed gratification: the episodes of the carnage, though true to nature, or rather to mankind, are sickening; and whatever may be the artistical success of such representations, their literal fidelity is sorrowful and saddening. A few years since, we remember to have met a friend in Piccadilly, who complained grievously of nausea, from having just inspected Lejeune's collection of Battle Pictures, (French victories, of course,) then exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall. He declared that the rapid succession of such scenes of bloody slaughter as were represented in the above paintings had been *too much* for him: so we recommended him one of Mr. Grange's ices to settle his qualms. It ought to be added that our friend was one of the founders of a "Peace Society," and a bitter hater of War, whom a feather floating in the air would remind of a vast army. He was, moreover, a Pythagorean, not having tasted animal food since his boyhood, though the editor of the *Quarterly Review* once mischievously asserted that our humane friend was addicted to "gravy over his potatoes." We should add, that Mr. Burford's picture of Acre will not quicken the feelings as did M. Lejeune's collection: there is abundance in the picture besides war, much of the horrors of which are hidden by the smoke of the broadsides, and are like the fleet in *the Critic* —"seeing that they are not in sight, they cannot be seen."

The *Panorama of Damascus* nearly equals in interest that Jerusalem exhibited in Leicester-square, a few years since; and which, from the sacred interest of the subject, attracted thousands of visitors who were not profane enough to enjoy ordinary sights. Damascus is one of the most ancient, as well as one of the finest, of the cities of Syria. It stands conspicuously in Holy Writ, from the earliest periods: it has been consecrated by the presence of prophets and apostles, and is rendered of ceaseless renown, by having been the site of the miraculous conversion of one of the most violent of the persecutors of Christ and his church, into one of the most zealous advocates of the Christian faith. Damascus is likewise proverbial for the beauty of its situation: Jeremiah calls it "the city of praise, the city of my joy;" and, in the hyperbolical phrase of the East, it is described as a "mole of beauty on the face of nature;" "a pearl set round with emeralds." Its appearance, indeed, is almost unrivalled in Asia; standing 2000 feet above the sea, on an immense plain, nearly girt with picturesque mountains, rearing "its innumerable domes, cupolas, and lofty minarets, from the midst of highly cultivated gardens, orchards or rather forests of fruit-trees, and thick woods, clothed with luxuriant foliage, kept in perpetual freshness by the waters of the Barrada, the ancient Abana, and Parphar;" and nearly realising the exaggerated epithet of "Ede, or terrestrial paradise."

The Panorama is taken from the southern suburb, without the walls, and near a very extensive cemetery, which is sure to strike the attention of the spectator. Thence he commands the whole city, with its stately mosques, massive domes, graceful cupolas, and tasteful minarets, mostly of stone, light yellow brick, or gaily painted; and finely contrasted with the rich belt of foliage, throwing a delicious depth of shade over the whole scene. This contrast, too, is well kept up by the character of the distant scenery—of mountains bleached with snow, desolate rocks, and sandy deserts. The whole view is lit by a brilliant sun, and cloudless sky, and presents an extraordinary scene of beauty and grandeur. It has, however, the characteristic stillness and serenity of an Eastern city. Its antiquarian associations too carry us to the remotest periods. The place is traditionally stated to occupy the site of the Garden of Eden; and, it can be substantiated as one of the earliest cities that were erected after the Flood. It is also interesting to learn that "the dress, general manners, and customs of society, idioms of thought, and salutations of courtesy, in Damascus present living memorials of long past ages, being but little altered at the present day, from what they appear, by history, to have been in the most distant periods."

Fastidious People.—A fastidious taste is like a squeamish appetite: the one has its origin in some disease of the mind, as the other has in some ailment of the stomach.—*The Doctor.*

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New Books.

Night and Morning. By the Author of *Rienzi, Eugene Aram, &c.*

[Rather than, at this hour, attempt to unravel the "mingled yarn" of this fascinating novel, we shall detach a few of its quips of world-knowledge, its "wise saws and modern instances," a species of writing in which Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer is one of the most successful authors of his time. It may be observed that many of these passages are common truths set off by euphemism, and antitheses to set off the narrative, like poppies in a field of corn. Be this as it may, such passages in Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's works have ever been one of their main attractions; and they exhibit the exhaustless vivacity of this prolific writer with excellent effect. With this explanation we proceed to our agreeable labour.]

Equality.—The only friendships that are really with us in the hour of need, are those which are cemented by equality of circumstance. In the depth of home, in the hour of tribulation, by the bed of death, the rich and the poor are seldom found side by side.

Spoiled Children.—Both the boys had about them the air of those whom Fate ushers blandly into life—the air of wealth, and birth, and luxury, spoiled and pampered as if earth had no thorn for their feet, and Heaven not a wind to visit their young cheeks too roughly.

Physiognomy.—There was something of pride in the forehead; but of goodnature, not unmixed with irresolution and weakness, in the curves of the mouth.

Early Cruelty.—There is a wanton recklessness which belongs to a wild boy accustomed to gratify the impulse of the moment—the recklessness which is *not* cruelty in the boy, but which prosperity may pamper into cruelty in the man.

Life and Death.—The funeral was over; the dead shovelled away. What a strange thing it does seem, that the very form which we prized so charily, for which we prayed the winds to be gentle, which we lapped from the cold in our arms, from whose footstep we would have removed a stone, should be suddenly thrust out of sight—an abomination that the earth must not look upon—a despicable loathsomeness, to be concealed and to be forgotten. And this same composition of bone and muscle that was yesterday so strong—which men respected and women loved, and children clung to—to-day so lamentably powerless, unable to defend or protect those who lay nearest to its heart; its riches wrested from it, its wishes spat upon, its influence expiring with its last sigh! A breath from its lips making all that mighty difference between what it was and what it is! The shutters were half closed on the bright day—oh, what a mockery is there in the smile of the happy sun when it shines on the wretched!

A Man of the World.—His heart was a dial to which the world was the sun: when the great eye of the public fell on it, it answered every purpose that a heart could answer; but when that eye was invisible, the dial was mute—a piece of brass and nothing more.

"*Sufficient for the Day, &c.*"—Alas! how all of us, when happy, sleep secure in the dark shadows which ought to warn us of the sorrows that are to come.

A Practical Man.—A man who believed that law was always right, and that the improbable was never true.

Fondness.—There may be a great deal of fondness with very little feeling.

Sporting.—Somehow or other, men who live much with horses are always more lax in their notions than the rest of mankind.

Supper—That mighty and social meal which custom has banished from the more indolent tribes, who neither toil nor spin.

Middle Life.—Placed between the two extremes of life, the tradesman who ventures not beyond his means, and sees clear books and sure gains, with enough of occupation to give healthful excitement, enough of fortune to greet each new-born child without a sigh, might be envied alike by those above and those below his state—if the restless heart of man ever envied content!

The London Season.—It was that period of the year when, to those who look on the surface of society, London wears its most radiant smile; when shops are gayest, and trade most brisk; when down the thoroughfares roll and glitter the countless streams of indolent and voluptuous life; when the upper class spend, and the middle class make; when the ball-room is the Market of Beauty, and the club-house the School for Scandal; when the hells yawn for their prey, and opera-singers and fiddlers—creatures hatched from gold, as the dung-flies from the dung—swarm, and buzz, and fatten, round the hide of the gentle Public. In the cant phrase, it was "the London Season." And happy, take it altogether, happy above the rest of the year, even for the hapless, is that period of ferment and fever. It is not the season for duns, and the debtor glides about with a less anxious eye; and the weather is warm, and the vagrant sleeps, unfrozen, under the starlit portico; and the beggar thrives, and the thief rejoices,—for the rankness of the civilization has superfluities clutched by all. And out of the general corruption, things sordid and things miserable crawl forth to bask in the common sunshine—things that perish when the first autumn winds whistle along the melancholy city. It is the gay time for

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the heir and the beauty, and the statesman and the lawyer, and the mother with her young daughters, and the artist with his fresh pictures, and the poet with his new book. It is the gay time, too, for the starved journeyman, and the ragged outcast that with long strides and patient eyes follows for pence the equestrian, who bids him go and be hanged in vain. * * It is gay, in fine, as the fulness of a vast city is ever gay—for Vice as for Innocence, for Poverty as for Wealth.

Crabbed Temper.—He disliked youth; in his own youth he had enjoyed so much, that he grew sour when he saw the young.

"*Money.*"—On one side of our pieces of gold, we see the saint trampling down the dragon—false emblem! Reverse it on the coin! In the real use of the gold, it is the dragon who tramples down the saint.

Charity.—Ask the beggar whom he gets the most pence from—the fine lady in her carriage—the beau smelling of Eau de Cologne! Pish! the people nearest to being beggars themselves, keep the beggar alive.

Roving.—Who in his boyhood has not felt the delight of freedom and adventure? to have the world of woods and sward before him—to escape restriction—to lean, for the first time, on his own resources—to rejoice in the wild but manly luxury of independence—to act the Crusoe—and to fancy a Friday in every footprint—an island of his own in every field!

Earliest Friendship.—There is a certain age, before the love for the sex commences, when the feeling of friendship is almost a passion. You see it constantly in girls and boys at school. It is the first vague craving of the heart after the master food of human life—Love. It has its jealousies, and humours, and caprices, like love itself.

Roman Road.—The great broad thoroughfare, along which, since the day when the Roman carved it from the waste, Misery hath plodded, and Luxury rolled, their common way.

Grief.—Children have quick insight into the reality of grief in those not far removed from their own years.

Night and Morning.—O dark mystery of the Moral World! unlike the order of the External Universe, glide together, side by side, the shadowy steeds of NIGHT AND MORNING. Examine life in its own world; confound *not that* world, the inner one, the practical one, with the more visible, yet airier and less substantial system, doing homage to the sun, to whose throne, afar in the infinite space, the human heart has no wings to flee. In life, the mind and the circumstances give the true seasons, and regulate the darkness and the light. Of two men standing on the same foot of earth, the one revels in the joyous noon, the other shudders in the solitude of night. For Hope and Fortune the daystar is ever shining. The "Anmuth-Strahlendes" live ever in the Air. For Care and Penury, Night changes not with the ticking of the clock, or the shadow on the dial. Morning for the heir, Night for the houseless, and God's eye on both!

Romance and Reality.—Poverty by itself is no such great curse; that is, if it stops short of starving. And passion by itself is a noble thing; but poverty and passion top them—poverty and feeling—poverty and pride—the poverty, not of birth, but reverses; and the man who ousts you out of your easy chair, kicking you with every turn he takes, as he settles himself more comfortably—why there's no romance in that—hard every-day life!

A Suspicious Character.—His eye was less idle than his lips; it was not a bright eye, on the contrary, it was dull, and to the unobservant, lifeless, of a pale blue, with a dim film over it—the eye of a vulture; but it had in it a calm, heavy, stealthy watchfulness, which inspired great distrust and aversion. He not only spoke French like a native, but all his habits, his gestures, his tricks of manner, were French; not the French of good society, but more idiomatic, as it were, and popular. He was not exactly a vulgar person, too silent for that, but he was evidently of low extraction and coarse breeding; his accomplishments were of a mechanical nature; he was an extraordinary arithmetician, he was a very skilful chemist, and kept a laboratory at his lodgings; he mended his own clothes and linen with incomparable neatness. He was suspected of blacking his own shoes, but that was prejudice. His footstep was gliding, noiseless, and cat-like; he had no sociality in him—enjoyed nothing—drank hard—but was never drunk.

Bad Companion.—That *bizarre* mixture of knavery and feeling, drollery and sentiment, which made the dangerous charm of his society.

Paris is the atmosphere for adventurers—new faces and new men are so common here that they excite no impertinent inquiry, it is so usual to see fortunes made in a day, and spent in a month; except in certain circles, there is no walking round a man's character to spy out where it wants piecing. Some lean Greek poet put lead in his pockets, to prevent being blown away;—put gold in your pockets, and at Paris you may defy the sharpest wind in the world,—yea even the breath of that Æolus—Scandal! Certain coteries exist in all capitals, but mostly in France, where pleasure is the cement that joins many discordant atoms.

The Good-for-nothing.—I have never been a murderer, or a burglar, or a highway

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robber, or what the law calls a thief. I have lived upon my wits, and they have been a tolerable capital, on the whole. I have been an actor, a money-lender, a physician, a professor of animal magnetism, (*that* was lucrative till it went out of fashion, perhaps it will come in again;) I have been a lawyer, a house-agent, a dealer in curiosities and china; I have kept a hotel; I have set up a weekly newspaper; I have seen almost every city in Europe, and made acquaintance with some of its gaols: but a man who has plenty of brains generally falls on his legs.

Poems, by the Lady Flora Hastings. Edited by her Sister.

[In a Preface, full of modest feeling and amiable diffidence, we are told that the gifted authoress of these Poems, shrinking from the notoriety attendant on being a professed poetess, had long resisted the solicitation of her friends to publish the contents of the present volume. Lady Flora appears then to have partly resolved upon publishing, "with the view of dedicating whatever profits might be derived from the sale of the Poems, to the service of God, in the parish where her mother's family have long resided." Under this pious influence, however, Lady Flora is believed to have died without ever finally deciding. Her sister touchingly adds: "she never gave me any reason to think that she expected me to fulfil the intention, which the merciful wisdom of the Omnipotent decreed she should not live to carry into effect herself; but as, a few days before her death, she confided to my sole care the whole of her papers—(a trust which a memorandum, subsequently found, more strongly imposes on me)—I was thus left the unquestionable power of acting according to my sense of duty. And when I recal all that occurred while I was in attendance on her death-bed, there is *that* which makes me feel myself solemnly bound in the sight of God to fulfil her wish, and to lay the offering of her poetical talents on the altar of her Maker, as she would perhaps herself have done. It is under the influence of this feeling that I now send forth to the public this volume—the profits of which will be applied to aid in the erection of a chapel or school in the parish of Loudoun, as an evidence of her gratitude to Almighty God, and her goodwill to her fellow-creatures."

The Poems are upwards of seventy in number, and present many varieties of versification: among them are several sonnets of touching beauty, some fragmentary pieces, remarkably spirited and graphic, and many lyrical effusions of exquisite sweetness. A few of the pieces relate the simple incidents of childhood, and are full of graceful nature; and the gratulatory compositions soar far above the average of such complimentary measures. The following prayer is from some stanzas addressed to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, on her Birthday, August 17, 1834:]

"In simple phrase, with lips sincere for thee,
Lady, I breathe a blessing and a prayer:
Long be thy precious days vouchsafed to see
The bless'd results of thy maternal care.
Few be thy trials, and thy path to cheer
Be many a ray of gracious mercy given;
And earth, more happy each revolving year,
Be the bright earnest of a brighter heaven!"

[In a more lively vein, though yet tinged with the sufferings of sensibility, are the following lines from Fragments of a Tragedy, entitled Fiesco:]

"My peerless Genoa! my Ocean Queen!
Land of my earliest and my fondest love!
Oh, it is bliss, after long wanderings past,
After long years of travail and of pain,
To tread again thy soil, to hail thy skies,
To feel that thy material arms enfold me!
That earth, air, sky, and sea—all, all is Genoa!
Could but the spirit of my younger days
Return with me—that welling spring of gladness
Which water'd all the arid scenes of life,
And made the desert bloom a paradise—
Most fragrant incense which, unseen, and known
But by the bliss it scatter'd, gave the breeze
A fresher odour, and dispensed around
A charm to the whole atmosphere. Alas!
The radiancy of life outlives not youth;
The visionary bliss in which I moved
Has pass'd away, and even my loved Genoa
Is but the phantom of her former self.
A sad, a dim reality surrounds me;
Still in her port proudly the galleys throng,
Their white sails gleaming in the sunny ray,
And their broad pennants dancing on the breeze;
Still o'er her blue wave flits before the wind,
Her mimic fleet of butterfly-winged boats;
Still rise her palaces as fair, or fairer
Than when I view'd them last; and on the hills
Her dazzling villas, with their terraced gardens.
From granite columns, o'er the trellis'd walks,
There hangs the vine, bending beneath its load;
The roses bloom as brightly, and the gale,
Love-sick, bears on its mingling store of riches,—
Odour from flowers, that sigh themselves away,
Melting in sweetness—voices that, afar,
Or join the busy haunt of social men,
Or pour the chanted prayer and swelling hymn.
The distant tolling of the convent bell,
The nearer tinkling of the gay guitar,—
All to my heart speak of my early days.
The Alps as loftily their crested heads
Raise in the distance, as when I last view'd them,
Though many a lapsing year hath intervened;—
All is the same: I only—I am changed."

[The following lines, from a Vision of the Sun, abound with brilliant imagery:]

"The bright-hair'd maidens, in a flower-link'd band,—
The lovely daughters of that blissful land,—
Hymning the golden day, a beauteous choir,
In measured cadence seek the fount of fire.
'Tis theirs, deep bending o'er the hallow'd stream,
To fill their crystal vases in its beam,
And through the fields of æther bear afar
The dew of light, and brighten every star;
Or gem the flowers, whose stainless colours glow
With lustre all unknown in worlds below,
And teach the unfaded violets to shine
Like the pure sapphires of the Indian mine."

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We conclude, for the present, with the following Song:

"The wine shines bright
In the cup to-night
For hearts undimm'd by sorrow;
But who can tell
If this cup shall swell
For hearts as blithe to-morrow?
Twine, twine we then the fading rose,
The flow'r that but to perish blows;
Could poet's lay avert thy doom,
Thine were, O rose, immortal bloom!

Obituary.

SIR ASTLEY P. COOPER, BART.

DIED, on the 12th inst., in Conduit-street, in his 73rd year, *Sir Astley Paston Cooper*, Bart., G.C.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., Serjeant Surgeon to the Queen. Sir Astley Cooper was the fourth son of Dr. Samuel Cooper, Rector of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk; and was born at Brooke, in the same county, August 23rd, 1768. His mother, Maria Susanna, sprung from the ancient family of the Pastons, but was the daughter of James Bransby, Esq., of Shottisham, Norfolk, and was the authoress of a novel entitled *The Exemplary Mother*. In boyhood, Sir Astley is stated to have shewn a bold and enterprising spirit, conjoined with a social disposition, and remarkable decision of character for so early an age: so truly

"The childhood shews the man,
As morning shews the day."—*Milton*.

He received the common rudiments of his education from the village schoolmaster, Robert Larke; but his classical knowledge was derived from the instruction of his father, a good scholar, and the Rev. Joseph Harrison. At the age of fifteen, Sir Astley was placed with Mr. Turner, a surgeon and apothecary at Yarmouth, and was thus introduced to that profession of which he eventually became the brightest ornament. He, however, remained at Yarmouth but a few months, when he came to London, and was apprenticed to his uncle, Mr. William Cooper, one of the surgeons of Guy's Hospital; but with him he only remained three months, being then transferred, by his own desire, to Mr. Clive, the eminent surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital. Sir Astley's labours in the dissecting-room were incessant—his attendance at the hospital—his examination of accidents not less constant; and by this early zeal, united to his sound anatomical information, may be attributed the superiority he justly acquired in forming a diagnosis upon the nature of accidents or disease. In after life too, Sir Astley was wont to refer to this activity as an example of the habits of industry which he sought to impress upon thousands of pupils.

In 1787, Sir Astley visited Edinburgh for a short time, and though then scarcely of age, he honourably distinguished himself at the Royal Medical Society. Upon his return to London, his master, Mr. Clive, appointed him demonstrator of anatomy, and soon after gave to him a part of the anatomical lectures. Sir Astley also, with the consent of Mr. Clive and the other surgeons of St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals, gave a course of lectures on the principles and practice of surgery, which had previously only formed part of the anatomical course; and these lectures were really the foundation of his fame and fortune. It is true that this originality did not at first promise well, for his class consisted but of 50 students, though they eventually increased to 400, which was by far the largest number ever known in London. Of these lectures he gave a share to Mr. Travers, Mr. Henry Clive, and Mr. Joseph H. Green, consecutively. A little practice soon rendered him a popular teacher. He made no attempts at oratory; but was plain and practical in his details, and very successful in his illustrations; and he carefully avoided the introduction of controversial subjects connected with physiological science. At the expiration of his apprenticeship, in 1791, Sir Astley commenced as a lecturer. At the close of this year he married the daughter of Thomas Cock, Esq., of Tottenham, a distant relation of Mr. Clive; and, to shew how solicitous he was never to neglect the performance of any public professional duty, it may be told, that on the evening of his wedding-day he delivered his customary lecture, without any knowledge of his marriage having been communicated to his class.

In the year 1792, Sir Astley visited Paris, and made himself master of the theory and practice of French surgery. He used to relate that on August 10, whilst attending an operation, the fire of cannon announced the attack of the revolutionary mob upon the Tuileries, when he immediately ran upon the Pont Neuf, whence he could see the Swiss guards firing from the palace windows upon the people below. To reach home, he had to pass through the streets near the Palais Royal, amidst the roar of cannon, the firing of muskets, women bewailing the loss of their relatives, and crowds of men carrying upon pikes the heads or limbs of their victims. He several times heard Brissot, Marat, and Robespierre address the legislative assembly, and was once at the Jacobin Club. In later days, Sir Astley frequently visited Paris, and became acquainted with Dupuytren, the celebrated surgeon; by whom he was introduced to Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, who subsequently gave Sir Astley the Cross of the Legion of Honour. He was soon afterwards made an honorary member of the National Institute.

Upon his return to London, in 1792, Sir Astley commenced practice in Jeffrey-square, St. Mary Axe, where he lived six years; thence he removed to New Broad-street, where he remained until 1815; when, from the great extension of his practice among the circles of the aristocracy, he removed to Spring-gardens, and subsequently to Conduit-street. Sir Astley's practice was now at its zenith; and his annual receipt of fees far exceeded that of any other member of the profession. In one year, the last of his residence in Broad-street, he received no less than 21,000*l*. For many years after, his annual receipt was 15,000*l*. and upwards; his patients comprised all classes of society, and his attention was equally bestowed on the wealthy and the indigent.

In 1821, Sir Astley was created a Baronet. He continued to lecture at St. Thomas's Hospital until 1826, the period of his lectureship having thus extended to thirty-five years. He was elected President of the Royal College of Surgeons for the years 1836 and 1837. He also delivered a course of Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, at the College, of which he was likewise a member of the council and board of examiners.

In 1827, Sir Astley was appointed serjeant-surgeon, which office he held at the time of his death. He was also surgeon to George IV.; he attended William IV., when he was first Lord of the Admiralty; and the Earl of Munster, when he had a severe compound fracture of his leg. At the request of the Duke of Wellington, Sir Astley was made Grand Cross of the Guelphic Order. The University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law; and numerous foreign academies eagerly enrolled his name among their members. He was likewise a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of many scientific institutions in this country.

This accumulation of honours and fortune did not, however, induce Sir A. Cooper to relax in his practice, or in anatomical physiological inquiries; the results of which, to the astonishment of all acquainted with his daily labours, he has published upon a magnificent scale, but at a low price. The production of these works must have been very costly, for they abound with coloured engravings. But Sir Astley had a higher motive than pecuniary advantage in the publication of these works,

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namely, the mitigation of the sufferings of his fellow-creatures. In his admirable manly style, he said: "After having been for forty years placed in a situation of ample opportunity—after having been fostered by the profession and the public infinitely beyond my deserts—I feel that I only perform my duty in giving to my medical brethren, without any sordid views, the results of my experience." In a popular Miscellany, a list of these works will scarcely be looked for. An excellent *precis* of these invaluable labours, extending to twenty-nine volumes, or important contributions, will be found in a Memoir of Sir Astley Cooper, in the *Medical Portrait Gallery*,* Parts V. and VI.; whence the preceding details have been chiefly derived. Sir Astley's first compositions appear to have been two contributions to a volume of *Medical Researches*, published in 1798; his last published work, we believe to be the Second Part of *Illustrations of the Diseases of the Breast*, the first portion of which appeared in a handsome quarto volume, in 1829. Sir Astley Cooper, when most engaged in lectures and the practice of his profession, uniformly made it a rule to enter in his case-book all the interesting operations and cases which he witnessed; and these books have been regularly preserved from 1800, with occasionally some prior to that period, as far back as 1784.

For some few years past, Sir Astley Cooper had been anxious to relinquish a portion of his practice; but so eminent a practitioner could but ill be spared either by the public or the profession; and, by all ranks of society, his loss will be deeply lamented. Such retirement as Sir Astley could enjoy, he usually passed at a beautiful seat in the valley of the Gade, near Hemel-Hempstead, in Hertfordshire, at a short distance from the London and Birmingham Railway. Sir Astley had possessed this property for many years, and was otherwise a considerable landowner in the neighbourhood: here, as in public life, he was unsparing of his time and talents, for he was accessible by his neediest neighbour; and we believe that, for a long period, he was equally liberal to the poor of the metropolis. We have heard many traits of such benevolence related of Sir Astley at Hemel-Hempstead, upwards of five and twenty years since; and from our schooldom there, well do we remember the fine intellectual features of this excellent man, then in the prime of life, which the pencil of Lawrence has so happily transferred to canvas.† Sir Astley was much attached to farming pursuits; and, at the period we have just referred to, he indicated, personally, none of the cares of professional study; but was, on the contrary, the *beau ideal* of a country gentleman.

Sir Astley Cooper's last illness was but of short duration. His fine athletic figure, and his known temperate and careful habits, probably, led his friends to regard him but as in green old age. It appears that on Jan. 24, of the present year, from having taken a walk without any more than the ordinary precaution against the inclemency of the weather, Sir Astley was seized with difficulty of breathing, and pains about the chest. Dr. Bright and Mr. Bransby Cooper were in immediate attendance; but, notwithstanding the remedies administered, the disease continued to make further progress. On the Sunday following, Dr. Chambers was associated with the other medical attendants, and the report of the following day was much more favourable. This change was, however, but of short duration, and Sir Astley grew worse, until on Friday, the 12th inst., when, somewhat suddenly towards the termination, he sank.

By his marriage with Miss Cock, Sir A. Cooper had only one daughter, who died at the early age of two years. Lady Cooper died in June, 1827; and in July, 1828, Sir Astley again entered the married state with Catherine, daughter of John Jones, Esq., of Derry Ormond, Cardiganshire; by whom he had no issue. The Baronetcy, however, having been conferred, with remainder, in default of male issue, to Astley Paston, the fourth son of his second brother, the late Rev. S. L. Cooper, the title descends to that gentleman. Sir Astley is stated to have died worth upwards of half a million of money. His museum is, perhaps, the most valuable private collection in Europe, and contains almost all the specimens which have furnished the magnificent illustrations of his published works. Of Sir Astley Cooper's professional life are related many interesting anecdotes, which alike bespeak his admirable nature and consummate skill; and, in all the relations of life, he is known to have presented a rare combination of the excellences of head and heart.

* By T. E. Pettigrew, F.R.S., &c. Fisher and Co.

† Engraved in Mr. Pettigrew's Medical Portrait Gallery. This is, perhaps, one of Lawrence's most intellectual portraits.

The Gatherer.

Diffusion of Knowledge.—It does not require many words to determine that, taking human nature as it is actually found, and assuming that there is an art of life, to say that it consists, or in any essential manner is placed, in the cultivation of knowledge—that the mind is changed by a discovery, or saved by a diversion, or amused into immortality—that grief, anger, cowardice, self-conceit, pride, or passion, can be subdued by an examination of shells or grasses, or inhaling of gases, or a chipping of rocks, or observing the barometer, or calculating the longitude, is the veriest pretence which sophist or mountebank ever professed to a gaping auditory. If virtue be a mastery over the mind, if its end be action, if its perfection be inward order, harmony, and peace, we must seek it in graver and holier places than libraries and reading rooms.—*Corresp. Times.* (This is severe truth.)

Architecture.—We are happy to state that Mr. Philip Hardwick, the architect of Goldsmiths' Hall, the Euston terminus of the London and Birmingham Railway, &c., has been elected a Royal Academician.

New Ordnance Survey.—A Bill will shortly be introduced into Parliament for executing a new Ordnance Survey of England and Scotland, analogous to the Irish Ordnance Survey, which has been found exceedingly advantageous. The English Ordnance Survey was commenced in 1791, upon the scale of one inch to a mile; the Irish survey has six inches to the mile. The present English Survey is valuable in a military point of view; but, as a great national work, with reference to new lines of railways, roads, and canals, it is of little utility. By the way, now that these Ordnance Maps are getting "out of date," the price to the public has been reduced!

Sir Astley Cooper's Success in practice, it is supposed, consisted chiefly in his knowing how and when to operate; yet, on an important occasion, his courage had nearly forsaken him. George IV. having a small tumour in the scalp, after much consultation, an operation for its removal was resolved upon, and Sir Astley Cooper was selected to perform it. On the day appointed, Sir Astley waited upon his Majesty. Lord Liverpool and several of the Cabinet Ministers occupied a room adjoining that in which the King was. A short period before the operation was commenced, Sir Astley was noticed to be pale and nervous. Lord Liverpool observing his anxiety, and knowing how important it was that the operation should be performed with celerity and skill, approached Sir Astley, and taking hold of his hand, said, "You ought to recollect that this operation either makes or ruins you. Courage, Sir Astley." The timely rebuke of Lord Liverpool had the effect of recalling to Cooper's mind the responsible situation in which he was placed, and almost instantly every appearance of anxiety vanished from his countenance, and he performed the operation with his usual skill.

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Origin of a well-known Epitaph.—In 1774, John Upson, of Woodbridge, in Suffolk, glover, who was committed to the castle for felony a few days before, hanged himself in his own room with his garter. The following verses were written in a prayer-book lying by him :—

"Farewel, vain world, I've had enough of thee,
And now am careless what thou say'st of me.
Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear,
My cares are past, my heart lies easy here.
What faults they find in me take care to shun,
And look at home, enough is to be done.
Poor John the Glover, June 26, 1774."

Jerusalem.—The English have commenced building a Protestant church in this city.

Shyres of England.

"Essex ful of good hoswyfes,
Middlesex full of stryves,
Kentshire hot as fyre,
Sowseks ful of dyrte and myre."

Trenchers.—In the year 1452, two dozen wood trenchers could not be procured in so large and commercial a town as Norwich; for we find Margaret Paston writing to London for them.

The only Fee.—Of the clergy, Dr. Mead was never known, but in one instance, to take a fee. This was of a Mr. Robert Leake, who vexed the Doctor with his importunities to follow the regimen of Dr. Cheyne. Mead required of him ten guineas, but afterwards returned him six.—*Pettigrew.*

The Two Friends.—In 1723, Dr. Freind was confined in the Tower on suspicion of being concerned in a plot for the restoration of the Stuarts. Dr. Mead was incessant in his endeavours to obtain Freind's liberation, but could only with great difficulty gain access to him. At length, being called to attend Sir Robert Walpole, he absolutely refused to prescribe for him unless Freind was released, and he succeeded in obtaining his liberation. A large party was assembled at Mead's in the evening, to congratulate Freind; and upon his retiring with Arbuthnot, Mead took Freind into his closet, and there put into his hands a bag containing all the fees he had received from Freind's patients, during his confinement, amounting to no less than 5000 guineas.—*Pettigrew.*

The Counterpane of Queen Charlotte's State-Bed, which was composed entirely of lace, of inestimable workmanship, is stated to have cost 3780*l.*

Price of Fish.—On Thursday, the 11th instant, the price of a fine cod-fish, at a west-end fishmonger's, was 30*s.*!

George the Fourth.—The late Earl of Dudley observed of George IV.:—His manners, no doubt, are, when he pleases, very graceful and captivating. No man knows better how to add to an obligation by the way of conferring it. But, on the whole, he wants dignity, not only in the seclusion and familiarity of his more private life, but on public occasions. The secret of popularity in very high stations seems to consist in a somewhat reserved and lofty, but courteous and *uniform*, behaviour. Henry IV. is a dangerous example for sovereigns that are not, like him, splendid chevaliers and consummate captains. Louis XIV., who was never seen but in a full-bottomed wig, even by his valet-de-chambre, is a much safer model."

A Resemblance.—"Colonel W. is a fine-looking man, ain't he," said a friend of ours the other day. "Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once." "You! why you're as ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that; I was taken for him—I endorsed his note, and was taken for him—by the sheriff."—*American Paper.*

Richardson's Novels.—It is related that the grandson of Richardson would not suffer his grandfather's works within his house, because he looked on novels as improper reading; though no man, except Shakspeare, has entered more deeply into the workings of human nature, or contributed more largely to the spread of the fame of English literature over the face of Europe; while he was also lauded by Dr. Johnson, Hannah More, and other eminent persons, as the most moral and chaste writer of any age.

The Paston Family, whence the late Sir Astley Paston Cooper was descended, on the maternal side, lived in Norfolk in the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII. They left, for the gratification of posterity, the celebrated correspondence known as the *Paston Letters,* which present us with one of the earliest pictures of domestic life in England.

Emigration.—It appears that emigrants may be conveyed from this country to Quebec at the cost of about 3*l.* a head, taking them by families.

London.—Some one observing, in September, to the old Duke of Queensbury, that London was very empty—"Yes," replied his grace, "but it is fuller than the country."

Metropolitan Improvements.—At length, there seems to be a *prospect* of the removal of the unsightly stack of houses at the west end of Cheapside, between the Post Office and St. Paul's Cathedral.

ADDRESS.

THE Property of "THE MIRROR" having "changed hands," the new Proprietor takes this early opportunity of assuring the Reader that no industry shall be spared to maintain this Miscellany in its high position in popular estimation.

With this view, as well as with the object of carrying out such Improvements as the advancing taste and intelligence of the times suggest, the Proprietor has confided the Literary Department of the Work to Mr. JOHN TIMBS, favourably known to the public as "Eleven Years (1827—1838) Editor of 'THE MIRROR,'" and late Editor of "THE LITERARY WORLD;" and, whose best energies will be directed to his renewed undertaking.

Meanwhile, the Illustrative Department has been entrusted to Artists of acknowledged ability, so as to combine accuracy of detail with high pictorial merit, and thus materially improve the character of the Embellishments. And, by these and other exertions, the Proprietor trusts that "THE MIRROR" may be placed in advantageous comparison with other works of its class; whilst the gratification of the Reader is secured, and the expectations of all concerned in its management are realized.

*** It is particularly requested that, in future, all communications for the Editor, Books &c. for review, be addressed to the office of the Publisher, No. 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square.

Feb 17, 1841.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1048.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1841. [PRICE 2*d.*

THE ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S COTTAGE, ST. JAMES'S PARK.

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THE ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S COTTAGE,

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

THE Ornithological Society was formed in the metropolis, in the year 1837; having, to quote the original prospectus, "no privileges to claim or to offer, except those of rendering service to science, and contributing to the amusements and information of the public." It addressed itself to "all lovers of the beauty of nature, to all who can appreciate the charm which the feathered tribe —that most beautiful portion of the animal creation—are capable of lending to ornamental water." The object of the Society is, to obtain—to preserve, as far as possible, in a state of nature, and to bring under the notice of all classes and ages, on the waters of the Parks, (beginning with that of St. James's)—a complete collection of the British species of the genus *Anas* of Linnæus, from the swan, (who has held for ages this sole privilege,) to the smallest of the ducks, and ultimately to include specimens of every species of hardy aquatic birds; —Waders, Swimmers, and Divers. The idea was a most happy one; and has, we believe, been successfully carried out during the four years that have elapsed since the formation of the Society. It may, perhaps, be regarded as an offshoot of the Zoological Society, which, in its turn, had originated from the Linnæan Society. And we are disposed to consider this *subdivision of science*, such as is exemplified in the establishment of numerous societies devoted to an especial department, has materially contributed to its advancement and diffusion.*

The Ornithological Society now enjoys the honour of the patronage of H. R. H. Prince Albert; † and during the past year, the Council obtained permission to erect the Cottage represented in the prefixed engraving. It occupies the eastern extremity of the Island in St. James's Park, nearly opposite to the State Paper Office, and Treasury. The design, by John Burges Watson, Esq., presents a pleasing specimen of the Swiss style, or *cottage ornée*. It contains a Council room; apartments for the resident keeper; and a room fitted with steam apparatus for hatching eggs similar to that employed at the Eccaleobion Exhibition, in Pall Mall. Contiguous to the cottage are places for rearing the young birds; and feeding-places and decoys for catching surplus birds for distribution among the members of the Society, and their friends throughout the kingdom. The various aquatic fowl likewise breed on the island, making their own nests among the shrubs and grasses.

The prefixed Engraving has been copied, by permission, from a clever lithograph by Mr. Watson; which is appropriately dedicated to the noble President of the Society.

* We were among the earliest journalists to congratulate the public, in 1827, upon their boon of the hitherto private portion of St. James's Park. It now presents one of the best specimens of landscape gardening in or near the metropolis, especially when viewed from the windows of Buckingham Palace; and we can scarcely imagine a more gratifying sight than this scene of popular recreation, this "public walk" of the metropolis, must present to the royal residents.

† President of the Society, the Duke of Queensbury: Secretaries, H. Chester and W. Hall, Esqrs.

SLEEP AND DEATH,

BY SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

WE term Sleep a Death, and yet it is the waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. 'Tis, indeed, a part of life that best expresseth death; for every man truly lives so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself. Themistocles, therefore, that slew his soldier in his sleep, was a merciful executioner: 'tis a kind of punishment the mildness of no laws hath invented. I wonder the fancy of Lucan and Seneca did not discover it. It is that death by which we may be said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death; in fine, *so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers*, and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God:

The night is come like to the day;
Depart not thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
Keep still in my horizon, for to me
The sun makes not the day, but thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest my soul advance;
Make my sleep a holy trance;
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought.
And with as active vigour run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death, O make me try,
By sleeping what it is to die;
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as on my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again, at least with thee.
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely; or to wake or die.
These are my drowsie days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again:
O, come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.*

This is the dormative I take to bed-ward; I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep; after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the Resurrection.—*Religio Medici*, part ii. sect. xii. pp. 61, 62.

* Surely, "the Morning Hymn" of our Church service is a paraphrase of the latter portion of this beautiful prayer.—ED. M.

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BUSTS OF THE TWELVE CÆSARS.

About the year 1518, twelve busts of the Roman Emperors, executed in *terra cotta*, beautifully enamelled, and nearly the size of life, were forwarded to Cardinal Wolsey, to decorate his palace of Hampton-Court, by Pope Leo X.

Eight of these splendid works of art have always existed in the first and second courts at the palace; but not one of the remaining four to complete the valuable series could be found until within the last few months, although many years ago, strict search was made for them by the various authorities connected with Hampton-Court. In the reign of George IV., the search was again renewed, but with no better result than hitherto. A few months since, however, one of the missing busts was, by accident, discovered in fine preservation, in a back room in Hampton-Court Palace. Another of the series has also been recovered, by mere chance, in a cottage close to the stag-paddocks in Windsor Great Park. In some alterations, the workmen found this bust fixed in the wall, about ten feet from the floor. Within the last few days, the third of the missing busts has been discovered by Mr. Jesse, the surveyor of woods and works, at the World's-end Lodge, in the Great Park: it was found let into the external wall of the lodge, and was considered by the inmates to be a bust of Queen Anne! Of so little value was it supposed to be, that the boys of the neighbourhood, as they passed the cottage, have frequently amused themselves with pelting the assumed bust of Queen Anne with stones and clay; notwithstanding which it is very slightly injured, small portions of the enamel being chipped off. This bust, together with the two others recently found, will very shortly be removed to appropriate places in the first and second courts at Hampton-Court Palace. Still, the twelfth bust of the series remains to be discovered.—*Abridged from the Times.*

Mr. Jesse, in his popular account of Hampton Court Palace, makes but very slight mention of the above busts; beautiful as they may be, they are dispatched in three lines, thus: "On the turrets, on each side of the archways, (between the first and second courts,) there are busts of the Roman Emperors, which were sent to Wolsey by Pope Leo X., for the purpose of ornamenting his palace." This, it will be admitted, is but a very vague notice of these beautiful works of art: we are not even informed as to the number of the busts. The truth is, Mr. Jesse is an excellent hand at an anecdote; but when he attempts to describe Hampton-Court Palace architecturally, he fails altogether. Of his pleasing little volume some thousands have been sold, though more from the author's official standing, and the beautiful style in which the work has been produced, than from its literary merit. Neither, are these busts mentioned in *The Stranger's Guide*, sold to visitors, in the palace; though five whole pages are occupied with details of Wolsey's magnificent living at Hampton Court, quoted from Cavendish. This, by the way, is the besetting sin of our guide-books: they are ten times more communicative on the objects they describe as they existed centuries since, than as they now stand: the first information the authors find "cut and dry" to their hand, whilst they must record the other from their own observation, if they study the completeness of their work.

In *The Ambulator*, 12th edition, 1820, corrected by Mr. Brayley, we find it stated that the portal of the first quadrangle at Hampton Court is "decorated with the heads of four of the Cæsars; namely, Tiberius, Vitellius, Trajan, and Adrian." In the second quadrangle is a portal of brick, "adorned also with four heads of the Cæsars, without names."

The circumstance of the bust at the lodge in Windsor Great Park being mistaken for Queen Anne, reminds us of an ignorant engraver, who, having to "letter" two portraits—Julius Cæsar and Charlemagne—reversed the inscriptions; and his blunder passed muster!

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—III.

"Let philanthropic feelings rise
In every mortal human breast;
In union's bond true greatness lies,
When formed to succour the distress'd.
When blest with health, in time provide
For ills unseen, some prudent plan,
Where, in distress, we can confide:
Friendless, how impotent is man!"

One of the most general and pernicious errors connected with the management of Friendly Societies is, the insufficiency of their contributions for the benefits offered. However wise and prudent a Society may be conducted in other respects, however sober, temperate, and careful the members, and healthy the district in which they live, an error in the computations may overthrow all their plans, and bring upon them inevitable ruin. Habits of irregularity and dissipation may, fortunately, be eradicated; mismanagement and misapplication of funds corrected; but the evils entailed by too low a scale of payments for a few years, are of an irredeemable character, cannot possibly be overcome, subject the individuals to the worst privations, and like "all inadequate schemes, lay the foundation of present relief on future calamity; and afford assistance to a few by disappointing and distressing multitudes."

Attention to this feature of Friendly Societies is, therefore, of paramount importance, and merits the first and principal consi-

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deration. In the infancy of a Society the members are generally healthy and young, less subject to sickness and disease than in more advanced years; consequently, the liabilities must be much less, when the majority of its members are between 20 and 30 years of age, than when between 60 and 70. The average amount of sickness experienced by individuals, over the whole of the former period of ten years, is eight weeks; but over the latter period it is no less than 59 weeks. It then follows that the expenditure during those two periods of a Friendly Society, will be in the proportion of 8 to 59. Accordingly, the examination of plan A. in the second article on this subject, shews that the expenditure during the five years preceding 1800 was 997*l.*; while in the like period preceding 1840, when the society contained only about one-third of the former number of members, it amounted to the very great sum of 3144*l.* This must appear a somewhat remarkable circumstance to those who; for the first time, now look at the risks of a Society under a prospective view—its income reduced to *one-third* of its former amount, and its expenses increased nearly eight times. Nothing short, then, of an abundant provision in the early periods of a Society can be sufficient to meet the enormous expenditure of its advanced stages. It has frequently happened, that members, seeing the rapid increase of the funds of a Society when first established, not looking forward to their subsequent liabilities, have reduced their future contributions, or augmented their benefits; but in most cases in which so unfortunate an expedient has been adopted, insolvency and its harassing consequences have followed.

To many we are aware it must be a new idea, that the risks of a Society are susceptible of calculation, and at present we do not mean to shew how such computations are to be effected; that must form the theme of a future paper; all we wish to urge on the attention of those interested in the success of those benevolent institutions, is, that the existence of a large stock, or rapidly increasing fund, in the infancy of a Society, can be no evidence, in itself, of the security of the foundation on which it is built. That there is also a necessity for a very great surplus income in the first periods, in order to meet the future immense liabilities; and that the only means by which the stability of a Society can be proved, is an investigation of the contingencies of mortality and sickness; an inquiry, to which the education of most mechanics is unequal; therefore, in such a matter they ought not to depend entirely upon their own judgment, but consult some person whose qualifications enable him to give a sufficient opinion.

In order to point out the value of plan A. given in last article, in illustrating the nature and extent of the risks of Friendly Societies; and to show how parallel it is, in almost every feature, to the actual workings of real Societies, we subjoin the quinquennial report of one, since its establishment in the year 1805. This Society presents an example of great value to all Benefit Clubs. It is established in a most salubrious district; most of its members are engaged in healthy employments, and are remarkable for sobriety, and uniform good conduct; the strictest economy is exercised in conducting its business; and the bulk of its funds is so invested in household property as to realize from 8 to 9 per cent. per annum. If any Society should be prosperous, it might be thought this one must be; but there is, unfortunately, an error in the computations, and the symptoms of decay have become so evident to the members themselves, who know nothing of the mathematical principles on which their risks depend, that two years ago, the committee was obliged to suggest the necessity of a considerable reduction in the benefits, that its decline might be averted. Indeed, in three out of the last five years, its income was unable to meet the current expenditure. Another feature of this Society, and one of much interest on a very important question, is, that its contributions and benefits are so nearly graduated to the tables of the Highland Society, as to be almost coincident with them. In this we will find a valuable practical proof, to afterwards shew that the ratio of sickness given in these tables is too favourable for one of the most healthy and temperate class of workmen in a salubrious district.

PLAN B.—"PRACTICAL SOCIETY."

Date	Number of Members.	Stock.	Total amount saved in each Period.	Share each Member has in the Stock.	Amount Saved for each Member in each Period.
		£ s.	£ s.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1805					
10	208	282 13	282 13	1 7 2	1 7 2
15	225	506 0	223 7	2 5 0	0 19 10
20	186	650 12	144 12	3 10 0	0 15 6
25	260	823 8	172 8	3 3 0	0 13 3
30	282	1123 0	299 12	4 0 4	1 1 3
35	316	1356 0	233 0	4 5 6	0 14 8
1840	384	1413 0	57 0	3 13 3	0 2 11

In plan A. the share of each member when the Society was twenty-five years established, was 4*l.* 7s.; but in the "Practical Society" it was 4*l.* 4d. Again in plan A. when 30 years established, each member's share was 4*l.* 17s. 5d.; but in the "Practical" it was 4*l.* 5s. And lastly, in plan A. when 35 years in progress, the share was 4*l.* 8s. 9d.; while in the "Practical Society," when in operation for the same time, the share of each in the Society's funds was 3*l.* 13s. 3d. So that at all those periods of balancing, plan A. is more favourable to the members,

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and consequently to the stability of the Society, than the experience of the "Practical Society." But a very few years after the period now spoken of, it was found that the Society represented by plan A. became insolvent; and from this way of viewing the matter, it must follow that the "Practical Society" will also soon become insolvent. This will also appear from another method of inspecting plan B. Column 6th represents the amount saved, in each period of five years, for each member of the Society; and from the beginning that amount has decreased, and most remarkably so during the three last periods; so that in the next period, evidently nothing will be saved, but a considerable deficiency take place; and a like conclusion must be drawn from a proper inspection of any other column in table B. Another fact will shew how great the liabilities of the "Practical Society" are yearly becoming. In 1829, there was only one permanent member on the Society who received 7*l.* 16s. a year; but in 1837 there was thirteen such members, receiving 98*l.* 16s. per annum. The old age of Societies, like that of individuals, must be provided for in youth. In the "Practical Society" there are at present upwards of 100 members above 50 years of age, who 25 years since were all under that age; and although their contributions still remain the same as formerly, they now draw from the funds of the Society at least six times the amount of aliment that they then did. This of itself should be enough to caution the founders of Benefit Societies against holding promises which every experienced calculator declares them unable to fulfil. Workmen should have the same suspicion of too low-priced Friendly Societies, that the wealthier classes are now beginning to hold of too cheap Assurance Companies. Dr Price's advice should never be lost sight of in such matters: "they afford assistance to a few by disappointing and distressing multitudes."

In order that the "Practical Society" exhibited in plan B. might go on in its present scale of benefits, its members, besides returning to what, in the first instance, would have been a safe scale of contributions, would also need an immediate donation of 1467*l.* There is another provincial district, where out of a limited population there are nearly 4000 members of Friendly Societies; but upon so insecure a basis have they all been built, that it would require no less a sum than 15,000*l.*, now that they have gone on so long on inadequate contributions, to re-establish them on a safe foundation; and that supposing that the members would now return, to what, in the first instance, would have been a proper scale of payment, overlooking past deficiencies. It is lamentable that so many benevolent and highly provident Societies should fail from an error, so evident to every actuary and gentleman who has carefully studied the doctrines of contingencies, when applied to sickness and mortality. Hundreds fill the workhouses of the kingdom, and haunt the streets of our cities under the most severe privations of pauperism, and open to every temptation of vice and crime, who a few years ago were members of Friendly Societies, and would still have enjoyed their beneficent and fostering care, but for the neglect on the part of the founders of all just calculation of their risks. Mr. H. D. Morgan remarks, that, "It is plain that the labouring classes, (in the country, at least,) are not capable of making or appreciating the calculations which are necessary to expose the erroneous principles upon which these Societies are established, and to form the basis of a better system."

Let it still be borne in mind that the progress of these institutions, even with all their errors and ignorance of principles, has been regarded as one of the most striking manifestations of virtue that was ever made by any people. Those faults may be avoided. Science now speaks to the multitude, and Friendly Societies will become better understood and spread their blessings over the land: let every one, therefore, unite to assist his brother; for

"Two are better than one;
If they fall, the one will lift up his fellow;
But woe to him that is alone when he falleth,
For he hath not another to help him up."

N. P. G. F.

WEARING LEEKS ON ST. DAVID'S DAY.

THE adoption of the Leek as the national emblem of Wales, and the custom of wearing it on the 1st of March, are traditionally referred to the following story:—On the 1st of March, in the year 640, the Saxons being about to attack the Britons, put leeks in their caps, in order, if dispersed, to be known to each other; but the Britons having gained the victory, transferred the leeks to their own caps, as signals of triumph. Mr. Brand adds, that the General commanding the Britons was vulgarly named St. David. Sir Samuel Meyrick considers the above, "like many other traditions, to have been invented for the nonce;" and we incline to his opinion; more especially as there is nothing to warrant this belief in the high antiquity of the custom. Not one of the Welsh bards, though there exists a tolerable series of their compositions from the fifth century till the time of Elizabeth, has in any manner alluded to the leek as a national emblem. Even at the present day, the custom of wearing leeks on the 1st of March is confined to the members of modern clubs. But the, Harleian

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MS., No. 1977, written by a Welshman, of the time of James I., contains the following passage:—

'I like the leek above all herbs and flowers:
When *first we wore* the same, *the field* was ours.
The leek is *white* and *green*, whereby is meant,
That Britons are both stout and eminent:
Next to the lion and the unicorn,
The leek's the fairest emblem that is worn!'

"Now, the inference to be drawn from these lines is, that the leek was assumed upon, or immediately after, the battle of Bosworth-field, which was won by Henry VII., who had many Welshmen (his countrymen) in his army, and whose yeomen-guard was composed of Welshmen; and this inference is derived from the fact, that the *Tudor* colours were *white* and *green:* and, as may be seen in several heraldic MSS., formed the *field* on which the English, French, and Irish arms were placed. 'The field was ours,' alludes to the victory, of course, as well as to the heraldic field.

"This view of the case would account for the leek being only worn by Welshmen in England, and its having been a custom of comparatively modern origin in the time of Shakspere."*

Yet, this correction of a Popular Error may be, in some degree, invalidated by the leek being a native of Switzerland; and, according to the *Hortus Kewensis*, not introduced into England till about the year 1562. —*Popular Errors*, Part V.

THE LITERARY WORLD.—II.

THE LONDON LIBRARY.

As we were among the "foremost of the file" to notice the formation of this Subscription Library, in *the Literary World* Journal,† we have continued to regard the progress of the design with no common interest. There appear now to be upwards of 500 Subscribers enrolled, at 5*l.* each deposit; in November last, it was resolved that the Library should be opened, and Books issued, on the 1st of May next; when also, the first Annual Subscription of 2*l.* will be due. The entrance-money has already been raised to 6*l.*; and there will be a corresponding increase in the entrance-money after the numbers of 1000, 2000, and 3000 have been respectively attained. Meanwhile, the arrangements of the Committee have not been published; although, in two months, they propose to make a commencement: and, Mr. Christie, of the Inner Temple, a very efficient Member of the Committee, has published *An Explanation of the Scheme of the London Library, in a Letter addressed to the Earl of Clarendon;* in which the Author is anxious to have it understood that the plan he proposes is not "the scheme" of the Library.

This pamphlet is altogether so interesting a *brochure*, that we propose to glance at its contents, for the gratification of the readers of *the Mirror;* presuming them to be aware of the object of this Institution, namely, the establishment of a large Lending Library in the Metropolis. The writer first enumerates the principal lending libraries (i. e., from which books may be taken out,) which exist in almost all the capitals and large towns of continental Europe; this information having been chiefly derived from the communications received from her Majesty's Ministers abroad, in reply to a circular dispatch by Lord Palmerston, which enclosed a list of queries on the subject, supplied by Mr. Hawes, M. P. Reference is then made to the public libraries in Scotland; and to those in large towns of England; when it is clearly shewn that "in London there is no Library from which books can be taken out, worthy of the metropolis of the United Kingdom, or capable of satisfying the intellectual wants of its inhabitants." It is true that there are two Lending Libraries in London, namely, that of the Russell Institution, and Dr. Williams's Library, in Redcross-street; but neither of these contains more than "the miserable modicum of 20,000 volumes." Sixty years and more have passed since Gibbon reproached the Londoners in these emphatic words: "The greatest city in the world is destitute of that useful institution, a public library; and the writer who has undertaken to treat on any large historical subject is reduced to the necessity of purchasing for his private use a numerous and valuable collection of the books which must form the basis of his work."* This is the valuable experience of an author of very extensive reading, yet "not sufficiently extensive to give an accurate history of the world for thirteen centuries," the aim of the celebrated *Decline and Fall.*

Mr. Christie then shews the insufficiency of the vast Library of the British Museum for the intellectual demands of the metropolis:

* Communicated to the Pictorial Shakspere; Henry V., Illustrations of Act V., p. 384: "But why wear you your leek to-day? St. David's day is past."—Scene 1. Again, in Act IV., Scene 7, Fluellen says to the king, "If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which your majesty knows, to this hour, is an honourable padge of the service: and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek on Saint Tavy's Day."

† In reply to several kindly inquiries after the *Literary World*, we take this opportunity of explaining that Volumes, Parts, and Numbers of this Work, to complete Sets, may be had of the original Publisher; and that but for certain uncontrollable circumstances, due notice would have been given of the discontinuance of the publication.

* Gibbon's Vindication. Miscell. Works, vol. iv. p. 591. (London, 1814.) Quoted in the above *Explanation, &c.*

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notwithstanding its quarter of a million of volumes, and the cost of the establishment to the country of upwards of 20,000*l.* a year, its literary wealth is only available seven hours a-day.* It is needless to remark how this inadequacy must be felt "by inhabitants of London—by families, by individuals engaged in business during the day and unable to frequent the British Museum, by authors to whom reading in a public room between fixed hours is irksome, and reading only during the day insufficient, by all who, whether for self-culture or to increase the public stock of intellectual wealth, require more books than they can afford to purchase, and must now either purchase or go without them:" now, the supply of this want is the primary object of the London Library; the accommodation of which it is proposed to extend to residents in the country, whose acquaintance with the Museum Library can now only be obtained in their occasional visits to the metropolis. The Sion College Library, although it was until the year 1836, one of those included in the benefits of the Copyright Act, 8 Anne, c. 19, is not a whit more serviceable to the public than the Library of the British Museum.

And here we must observe that the claim of these two libraries to a copy of every published work, heavily as it falls upon authors and publishers, ought to have insured the fullest benefits to this class of contributors to the commonwealth of literature. These restrictions—this hiding of the light under a bushel—this bar to the diffusion of knowledge—are, doubtless, prejudicial to the character of Books produced in the present day, when nine valuable works out of ten are compilations, or enriched with quotation. If the paramount object be to raise this character and to insure the completeness of such works, let there be no *impediments* to authors obtaining free access to the national libraries; and, in common justice, let them enjoy the fullest benefit from that store to which they commercially as well as intellectually so largely contribute. This may be regarded as *making out a case* for Authors; but, when it is considered how materially they influence the purest enjoyments of the people, by giving a tone to public taste, any boon must be advantageously conferred upon our men of letters; the majority of whom, from the expensiveness of their pursuits, and from insatiate study to insure to their works the character of completeness, are poor even to a proverb, but are yet too highminded to seek a paltry pension. It is not too much to say that in no country of Europe is the literary character held in lighter estimation than in England; and its comparative position here and on the Continent reminds us of the emphatic experience of one who did more for the spread of knowledge than any writer of his time: "How superior is the profession of Letters in France to its condition in England—there it is for glory—here for pelf!" Again, we say, if you aim at advancing this condition, improve the management of the public libraries.

* We scarcely agree with the Author of this pamphlet as to the validity of the objections to allowing Books to be taken out of the British Museum. Why not make it a Lending Library, under regulations sufficiently stringent to insure their return? The chance of Fire by opening the Library at night is an unreasonable fear: as well might Covent Garden Theatre be closed at night, lest it should take fire. Are not watchmen and firemen provided in our theatres, and are not most of the public buildings now erected fire-proof? Besides, how many "fires" have occurred through *lighting?*—the cause being, in nine cases out of ten, from *heating*. We suspect the closing of the Museum Library in the evening to be referable to other causes than concern for the safety of "the national collection."

Arts and Sciences.

NOVEL EXPERIMENT.

In the *Times* of the 22nd inst. is detailed an extraordinary experiment with a new invention in the science of war, to which the above journal alluded last autumn. The trial took place on the 20th inst., in the grounds of Mr. Boyd, in the county of Essex, a few miles from town, in the presence of several gentlemen. A boat, twenty-three feet long, and seven broad, was placed in a large sheet of water; the boat having been the day before filled in with solid timber, four feet and a half in depth, crossed in every direction, and clamped together with eight-inch spike nails. This filling in was made under the inspection of Captain Britten, who stated that the inventor never went near the workmen employed, that no suspicion might be entertained of any combustible material being lodged in the hold of the vessel. When the different persons had taken up their positions, on a signal from the inventor, the boat was set in motion, and being struck just abaft her starboard bow, was instantaneously scattered into a thousand fragments. At the moment of collision, the water parted, and presented the appearance of a huge bowl, with a resemblance of forked lightning on its surface. A column of water was lifted to a great height in the air, from which were projected upwards, for many hundred feet, the shattered fragments of the vessel, which fell in the adjacent fields. The huge nails were found to be snapped like carrots; the mast resembled a tree riven by lightning, and the destruction appeared to have been as complete as it was sudden. How this mighty effect was produced was, of course, not disclosed to the numerous party; but two naval officers present were perfectly aware of the *modus operandi*, and the inventor offered to go into

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details confidentially with one or two of the distinguished officers present. In reply to a question from Sir Henry Hardinge, the inventor stated that without a battering train he could transport on a mule's back the means of destroying the strongest fortress in Europe. The instrument that, on the 20th, lifted into the air a boat weighing two tons and a half, filled in with five tons and a half of solid timber, and displacing, at least, fourteen or fifteen tons of water—was only eighteen pounds weight. It was handled, and kicked round a room, when charged with its deadly contents, so portable and safe was it—a point of vast importance, when we remember the accidents that are occurring daily from the detonating shells now used in our service. At Acre, most of the shells employed burst before they reached their object; and they are liable to explode when rolling about a ship's deck, as was proved by the fatal accidents on board H. M. S. Medea, off Alexandria; and the Excellent, at Portsmouth; there is also much danger in carrying these shells in a common ammunition-cart over a rough road. The existence of the above tremendous power is now placed beyond all doubt; and the inventor asserts that it is entirely under his control.

WALTON-ON-THAMES,

FROM COWAY STAKES.

About nineteen hundred years ago, or fifty-four years before Christ, local tradition tells us that Julius Cæsar crossed the Thames at the point from which the above little view is taken. Wishing to get north of the river, this was the first fordable place the invading army could find. Nineteen centuries, after all, do something for the world. Walton Bridge, or bridges, (for there are two of them,) would nowadays save the emperor of the world the inconvenience of wetting his feet. And between this point and the mouth of the Thames, Cæsar might make choice of eleven viaducts to spare him and his army a ducking. First, London, then Southwark, (the best central spot in the metropolis for a sight of it,) Blackfriars, Westminster, Vauxhall, Battersea, (dangerous to Cockney aquatics,) Putney, Hammersmith, Kew, Richmond, and lastly Kingston,—Bridges. The slight view above was sketched from the banks of the grounds of Lord Tankerville's villa, a graceful Italian edifice, with an elegant campanile, which serves as a beacon for several miles on the Thames; recently built by Mr. Barry, and probably facing the very spot where the Romans crossed the river. The wooden bridge in the foreground is used by the towing horses; and there are few things more pleasant than to lie on the banks of my lord's garden, in the shade of the willows, on a summer's day, and watch the sagacity of the horses following the twists of the path, tugging for their very lives against the stream. C.

New Books.

Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland. By Mrs. Bray.

[Three volumes of lively letters, descriptive of a tour in Switzerland and other parts of the Continent, by the accomplished author of *Trials of the Heart*, promised a rich fund of light, pleasant, jaunty, miscellaneous reading; and to a certain extent, we have not been disappointed. Still, the route is so beaten a track, that we find little novelty in the incidents of the journey; and it could be wished that in place of constant references to Mr. Murray's Guide-book, Mrs. Bray had given us her own experiences. The epistolary form of the work too, we are persuaded, will not add to its popularity; although we have much gratification in adding that the letters are models of that class of composition. They contain all kinds of information very pleasantly narrated, and especially an abundance of clever criticism of well-known objects in the route, which is a very useful as well as agreeable characteristic of the volumes before us. For, tourists are too apt to start with prejudices or prepossessions

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respecting certain matters. They make up their minds to depreciate some, and magnify others; and between these errors of judgment, they pick up but little in their travels that is worth bringing home. According to the old fable, that familiarity breeds contempt, we incline to think that continued intercourse with the Continent has tended to reduce a host of its wonders to mere common-places, and to teach Englishmen that they are constantly leaving "curiosities," natural and artificial, in their own country, to seek foreign objects far less worthy of their admiration. The Guide-book, we fear, is "the voice of the charmer" that gives our countrymen this locomotive propensity, of which nothing but experience of the inconveniences of travel will cure them, by teaching them to stay at home, or rather make themselves acquainted with the rarities of their own land before they fly off to other countries. But, we suspect they too much resemble the French encyclopædists, who actually overlooked their own metropolis.

It must not, however, be supposed that we wish to consider Mrs. Bray of this class of tourists; for too well do we remember her first work—*Letters from Normandy and Brittany*—full of clever, artistical criticism, graphic spirit, judicious estimation of antiquities, and agreeable impressions,—to expect otherwise than entertainment from her graceful hand. And these have been the characteristics of this delightful authoress from first to last—for, what reader does not remember the entertainment we culled for him from Mrs. Bray's recent work—*The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy?*

Our present space will allow us but to make a few flying extracts from the *Switzerland*, such as will justify our encomiums. Here, imprimis, is a sketch of

Beautiful Country.]

I told you but now that I could not describe scenery. It would be vain, therefore, did I dwell on that presented to us by this evening's drive. I rather mention the little I have noted down for my own sake, than for yours. To me such notes are hints to memory, to unfold and look upon the page in the mind's eye, in which I see scene after scene arise with all its particularity of detail. To you these accounts are but words; for what will you be the better when I say that the mountains of the Black Forest, with the intersections of their bold, abrupt, and beautiful forms and outlines, now seen of the deepest purple, or of a glowing gold, as they were, more or less, under the influence or the absence of the rays of the setting sun, formed pictures such as no art could portray with the full power and harmony of their effects.

The quiet, the repose of the evening was perfect. The villages already seemed to be sunk into their rest: there was no stir among them. The solitary toll of a bell from some church, whose spire pointed towards the heaven to which the house of prayer is the way, was often the only sound that met our ear. The valleys opened upon us; at almost every turn of the road we came upon new combinations of scenery, new outlets among the mountains. Yet we were on a road perfectly level, and these heights formed our side screen, and a beautiful one indeed. I was charmed by observing the effects of the clouds that floated around them, or rested on their summits, as the day drew nearer and nearer towards its close. Sometimes these veils of vapour dropped upon and wholly concealed them from our sight; then they shifted, rose gradually, or passed on, alternately discovering or concealing the sides and summits of the mountains, or now partially disclosing some beautiful valley, enriched with woods, that appeared of the deepest purple against a sky of liquid gold. Here and there might be seen some bright spot of verdure, that might not inaptly be compared to an emerald set in the diadem of the mountain's brow. Indeed, never, till I travelled in these elevated regions, more especially in Switzerland, did I see effects in nature equal in lustre and in the depth and richness of their colouring to the jewels and precious stones of the earth.

But, not to jewels alone might the glories produced by such a sunset as this be compared. The clouds shifted so continually, that there was no end to the fanciful effects they produced in combination with the deepening colours and the glittering rays of the last beams of the sun. Sometimes the vapour was so light, that it served only to produce that optic illusion of magnifying objects without wholly obscuring them: when seen through such a medium, the rocks of the Black Forest every here and there reared a phantom-like form, so that I could well conceive whence arose those wild legends and the blood-curdling horrors of the demon huntsman, and his train of spirits and evil things.

[Next is an amusing anecdote of the

Popularity of Queen Victoria.]

I cannot hope that a person so humble as myself will ever have the honour of approaching royalty, so that I shall have no means of informing her Majesty Queen Victoria in what high estimation she is held in the grand duchy of Baden, as we found by the very great admiration a shilling, possessing her remarkably fine profile for a coin, excited at the Zähringer Hotel; and we afterwards found the same feeling existed in other parts of the Continent: indeed, a commissionnare, whom I some time after detected in an attempt to cheat us in

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more ways than one at Cologne, thought most fully to disarm suspicion by giving me the assurance that Queen Victoria was his favourite, the sovereign prince he loved most in all the world. My nephew chanced to possess and to pull out, when about to pay the bill, a new-coined fresh and plump shilling from our mint, bearing upon it the impression of our young and lovely queen. On glancing his eye upon it, our Fribourg poet instantly exclaimed, "I will give money for that!" My nephew bestowed it upon him as a gift; but it was not destined to rest in his hands, for the master of the Zähringer, having also seen it, expressed so great a wish to be the possessor of it, that the poet gave it up to him, and Queen Victoria's "sweet favour" was passed from hand to hand, and admired by all the house.

Travelling Englishmen.

Some of the English, even at the fine hotel at Lucerne, were very sorry personages—poor examples of our country; and these, I remarked, gave themselves so many airs, that I suspected some of them to be of no higher grades than wealthy tailors and mantuamakers when at home—though of tailors let me speak reverently, for I have hitherto forgot to mention that in Baden we saw an elegant Gothic monument in cast-iron work, erected, in the open air, to the memory of Stultz, in the village where he was born. This celebrated person, who died *Baron Stultz*, deserved both his monument and his rank; not, however, for his skill in enabling old beaux to rival young ones by the grace and the inimitable cut of his coats, but for having devoted the greatest part of his riches during his lifetime to a truly noble and munificent purpose—that of founding and endowing an hospital in Germany for the old and the sick. All honour be paid to the memory of such a man.

[We suspect that a vast quantity of inflated nonsense has been written about the blessings of Switzerland, and that the Swiss have been set down as a much happier people than they really are; and Mrs. Bray is of this opinion: thus of—

Swiss Enjoyment.]

Switzerland is the most delightful country in the world for the tourist, the artist, and the poet. But the beauty which characterizes it is of little value to the people, who would gladly exchange some of those picturesque rocks and barren mountains, which we so much admire, for a richer soil, a like portion of earth, more capable of growing corn and other aliments of human sustenance and support. But, in some measure to obviate the evils to which they are exposed by causes of a physical nature, a good Providence has given them a spirit patient of toil, and necessity has added to it habits of frugality; so that the Swiss never spare labour and industry, and are content with the simplest and the hardest fare. Yet a people subject to such a fearful disease as that of goitre can hardly be said to thrive under it. Their cities being numerous and populous, and their ground capable but of small cultivation in proportion to the number of the inhabitants of the country at large, the Swiss are obliged to emigrate in vast bodies, and to seek their bread in other and more wealthy lands: and as they are naturally a brave and warlike race of men, the most honourable career open to them is that of arms. To seek such service was their practice for ages; and hence is it, that in the wars of Spain, Italy, France, and the Low Countries, we so constantly read of bands of Swiss soldiers being engaged in them as *mercenaries.*

[A vignette of poetic and historical interest follows:—]

We passed in our way the ruins of a feudal castle, said to be the scene of Byron's "Manfred." It is beautifully situated on an eminence below the mountains, and surrounded by woods. A tale of tradition attaches itself to this castle. It is highly romantic, quite in character with the scene. The castle is called *Unspunnen*, and was in former ages the residence of the lords of the *Oberland.* A certain Count Burkard, one of its masters, had a beautiful daughter, named Ina. She, like a second Juliet, fell in love with the dependent of her father's ancient enemy, Count Berchtold of Zähringen. Love laughs at the quarrels of princes, as much as he does at any other lets or hindrances, when he is determined to conquer. In the present instance (and it is not the only one of which I have heard), he shewed that he knew very well how to get over a wall; for love prompted the youthful lover, whose name was not Romeo, but Rudolph, to scale the castle walls by night, and bear off Ina, whom he soon after made his wife.

Many years of cruel strife followed this aggression; till at length Rudolph, taking his little son, the fruit of his marriage with Ina, in his hand, presented himself, unarmed and unattended, before the castle gates of his incensed father-in-law. Burkard was so much touched at the sight, that he relented, instantly pardoned him, and made the infant son heir to his castle and possessions. And that a perpetual rejoicing might mark the day of this happy reconciliation, to the latest times, he instituted rural games, which for ages after were, once a year, held on the spot. These games were revived (at the commencement of the present century), for athletic exercises, and speedily became frequented by the natives, far and near, of the different cantons.

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Manners and Customs of the Japanese.

[THE populous empire of Japan, it appears, remains as much a *terra incognita* now, as it was a hundred years ago. For two centuries, since the simultaneous expulsion of Christianity and the Portuguese, A.D. 1640, has this country been hermetically closed against foreigners of all climes, against Asiatics as against Europeans; with the exception of one Chinese and one Dutch factory, both established, and, indeed, imprisoned in one seaport-town. In short, we know less of Japan than of China; and we have as much to do with the Japanese as our tea-trays or Day and Martin's Japan Blacking! In the work before us, we learn that "the population of Japan is variously estimated by different writers, at from 15,000,000 to 40,000,000, or even 45,000,000 souls;" "or so," as the good people of Little Pedlington say. Then, in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, valuable for its geographical articles, we learn that the empire "consists of an unknown number of islands of different dimensions." Really, this ignorance of Japan *Proper* is very *improper*; and we are a very ungrateful people: we are kept from contagion, and revived from fever, by Japanese camphor; our ladies treasure Japanese china; we get from Japan the best soy, (the best sauce,) for our fish; and we admire the Japanese lacquered woodwork, unless eclipsed in the pride of our *papier-mâché* made by steam:—yet, we care not a jot about the domestic history of the imperious people whence we derive these luxuries and adjuncts to enjoyment. All this is very reprehensible, at first blush: but, we can scarcely help ourselves; for the Dutch traders are rarely allowed to visit the Japanese capital. It is true that now and then, "a physician, visiting the Dutch factory as its allowed medical attendant, has gleaned such scanty facts as his Japanese acquaintance ventured to impart, in violation of their solemn oaths to reveal nothing; and the relations published by these medical inquirers upon their return home, were necessarily such as stimulated rather than appeased the appetite of those Europeans who desired to be made acquainted with a country so remarkable for the originality of its political institutions, the peculiar and lofty character of its people, and a form of civilization neither European nor Asiatic, and apparently altogether indigenous."

Of late, however, Russia, America, and England have attempted to open a trade with Japan; but in vain. Still, the schoolmaster having been abroad in Holland, as elsewhere, some of "the traffic-trained members of the Dutch counting-house at Dezina," (two chiefs and a warehouse-keeper,) have published three several works upon Japan; besides which, several Japanese books have been brought home in translation or original; and Dr. von Siebold, a learned German, physician to the factory, has collected much valuable information on the empire. From these several contemporary sources, together with reference to older writers, little known in England, the present volume has been derived. It does not appear to be so well put together as could be wished; but the details are as interesting as they are miscellaneous; and our extracts must be chequered accordingly. First, we gather from a narrative by Dr. von Siebold, the following particulars of some shipwrecked

Japanese Sailors.]

They were quickly reconciled to their lot, seemed to relish their *sakee* and tobacco, and chatted away with great animation. They spread their mats on deck, each fetched his box, and a scene, novel to us, began—namely, a Japanese toilet. Above all, we admired their dexterity in shaving their own heads. The Japanese shaves his beard and the crown of his head, omitting so to do only in misfortune—as captivity, death of friends, and the like. In the appropriate *coiffure* of the Japanese, the newly-washed bristly hair left round the shaven crown gives him a wild aspect, which had here passed into the comic, every individual having cut off his *queue* as a sacrifice to his patron divinity, in acknowledgment of his deliverance from imminent danger—a Japanese seaman's vow.

[Next is described the first

Appearance of the Country.]

Hills clothed with fresh green, and cultivated to the very summit, adorn the foreground, behind which arise blue mountain peaks in sharp outlines. Dark rocks here and there break the glassy surface of the sea, and the precipitous wall of the adjacent coast glittered with ever-changing hues in the bright beams of the morning sun. The mountain side of the nearest island, cultivated in terraces; tall cedars, amongst which white houses shone, and insulated temple-roofs jutted magnificently out, with numerous dwellings and huts bordering the strand and the shores of the bay, afforded a really attractive sight. We neglected not the opportunity of obtaining explanations from our Japanese guests, and learned with surprise that the pretty white houses, which we had taken for the mansions of the grandees, were nothing more than store-houses, the walls of which are coated, as a precaution against fire, with mortar prepared from shell-chalk.

The bay becomes more animated as we approach the town, and offers on both sides the most delightful variety of objects. How inviting are the shores, with their cheerful dwellings! What fruitful hills, what majestic temple-groves! How picturesque

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those green mountain-tops, with their volcanic formation! How luxuriantly do those evergreen oaks, cedars, and laurels clothe the declivity! What activity, what industry does nature, thus tamed, as it were, by the hand of man, proclaim! As witness those precipitous walls of rock, at whose feet cornfield and cabbage-gardens are won in terraces from the steep; witness the coast, where cyclopean bulwarks set bounds to the arbitrary caprice of a hostile element!*

[*Smuggling.*]

Formerly, every captain of the annual ships was wont, whilst the bibles &c. were in process of packing, to clothe himself in loose attire, which was made to fit him, in external appearance, by internal waddings. Thus enlarged, he presented himself to the visiting Japanese officers. When about to land, he exchanged his waddings for the contraband articles intended to be introduced, wore his waddings during his stay, and repeated the former operation prior to re-embarking for departure. This practice has now been rendered impossible.

[*Dress—Swords—Shoes—Hair—Fans.*]

The constant criterion turns upon the wearing of swords. The higher orders wear two swords—on the same side, it should seem, and one above the other. The next in rank wear one; and, whether two or one, these are never, by any chance, laid aside. To the lower orders, a sword is strictly prohibited. Within doors, socks are the only covering of the feet. Abroad, shoes are worn, but of the most inconceivably inconvenient kind. They are represented as little more than soles, of straw, matting, or wood, mainly kept on by an upright pin, or button, held between the two principal toes, which, for this purpose, project through an appropriate aperture in the socks, or, according to some older writers, by a horn ring. The impossibility of lifting a foot thus shod in walking may amply account for the awkward gait ascribed to the Japanese. Upon entering any house, these shoes are taken off.

The head-dress constitutes the chief difference, in point of costume, between the sexes. The men shave the whole front and crown of the head; the rest of the hair, growing from the temples and back of the head, is carefully gathered together, drawn upwards and forwards, and so tied as to form a sort of tuft on the bald skull. Some professions, however, deviate from this general fashion; Budhist priests and physicians shaving off all the hair, while surgeons retain all theirs, gathered into a knot at the top of the head.

The abundant hair of the women is arranged into the form of a turban, and stuck full of pieces of fine tortoiseshell, fifteen inches long, of the thickness of a man's finger, highly wrought, and polished to look like gold. They are said to be extremely costly; and the more of them project from a lady's hair, the better she is dressed. They wear no jewellery or other trinkets. The face is painted red and white, to the utter destruction of the complexion; the lips purple, with a golden glow; in addition to this, the teeth of a Japanese married lady are blackened, and her eyebrows extirpated.

Neither men nor women wear hats, except as a protection against rain: the fan is deemed a sufficient guard from the sun; and, perhaps, nothing will more strike the newly-arrived European than this fan, which he will behold in the hand or the girdle of every human being. Soldiers and priests are no more to be seen without their fans than fine ladies, who make of theirs the use to which fans are put in other countries. Amongst the men of Japan, it serves a great variety of purposes; visitors receive the dainties offered them upon their fans; the beggar, imploring charity, holds out his fan for the alms his prayers may have obtained. The fan serves the dandy in lieu of their whalebone switch; the pedagogue, instead of a ferule for the offending schoolboy's knuckles; and, not to dwell too long upon the subject, a fan, presented upon a peculiar kind of salver to the high-born criminal, is said to be the form of announcing his death-doom: his head is struck off at the same moment as he stretches it towards the fan.

[We now pass to the middle of the volume for the annexed details of an impudent hoax, which was played off in England some eighteen years since; and which was figured, but suspected, in the second Number of *The Mirror:* we allude to the

Mermaid of 1822-3.]

A Japanese fisherman seems to have displayed ingenuity for the mere purpose of making money by his countrymen's passion for everything odd and strange. He contrived to unite the upper half of a monkey to the lower half of a fish, so neatly, as to defy ordinary inspection. He then gave out that he had caught the creature alive in his net, but that it had died shortly after being taken out of the water; and he derived considerable pecuniary profit from his cunning in more ways than one. The exhibition of the sea-monster to Japanese curiosity paid well; but yet more productive was the assertion that the half human fish, having spoken during the few minutes it existed out of its native element, had predicted a certain number of years of wonderful fertility, and a fatal epidemic, the only remedy for which would be possession of the marine prophet's likeness. The sale of these pic-

* Siebold.

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tured mermaids was immense. Either the composite animal, or another, the offspring of the success of the first, was sold to the Dutch factory, and transmitted to Batavia, where it fell into the hands of a speculating American, who brought it to Europe, and here, in the years 1822-3, exhibited his purchase, as a real mermaid, at every capital, to the admiration of the ignorant, the perplexity of the learned, and the filling of his own purse.

[The following is an interesting fact illustrating the longevity of trees:—

A Camphor-Tree.]

A camphor-tree, mentioned by Kæmpfer, A.D. 1691, as already celebrated for its size, hollow from age, and supposed to measure six fathoms in circumference, though from its standing on a hill it was not then actually measured, was visited by Siebold in 1826. He found it still healthy, and rich in foliage, though 135 years older. He and his pupils measured it, and he gives 16·884 metres (about fifty feet) as its circumference, adding, in confirmation of this enormous size, that fifteen men can stand in its inside.

[Subjoined are some curious details of the

Japanese Theatre.]

The most original point relative to the Japanese stage is, the mode, or rather the order, of performance. Three pieces are frequently represented the same day; not, as with us, successively, in wholes, but in portions or fragments—viz., first, the first act of one, then the first act of a second, then the first act of a third; then, returning to the first play, the second act of the first play, and, successively, the second acts of the second and third plays, and so on, till all three are completed. Thus any of the audience who wish only to see one of these pieces, or who dislike the confinement of sitting out the whole—it need hardly be said that the three tragi-comedies occupy great part of a day, from early in the afternoon to late in the evening—may withdraw to smoke, drink *sakee*, or attend to business, whilst the pieces they care not to see take their turn of representation, coming back refreshed to witness the next act of the favourite drama. The Japanese ladies, however, so far from objecting to the length of time to be spent in the theatre, appear to consider it as a peculiarly happy opportunity for displaying the stores of their respective wardrobes. They are attended to the theatre by their female servants, with an ample supply of dresses, and repeatedly change their attire in the course of the afternoon and evening. The theatre is said to be a very favourite amusement of the Japanese, but it is also very costly; and, in that country, few persons, at least of the higher classes, can afford to indulge in unnecessary expenses.

[*Fire-proof Houses.*]

The most remarkable part of a Japanese dwelling is the provision against fire. To each belongs a detached store-room, or warehouse, such as those which Siebold mistook at a distance for the mansions of nobility. In these, tradesmen keep their stock of goods, and private families their most valuable effects, as pictures, books, collections of rarities, &c. These store-rooms are built of the same materials as the houses; but the whole woodwork, doors and roof included, is covered with a foot-thick coating of clay; the apertures for windows are closed with copper shutters; and, for further security, a large vessel of liquid mud is always at hand, with which to smear over every part of the building in case of danger; that is to say, in case one of the conflagrations for ever occurring amidst such combustible houses should break out in the neighbourhood, or the wind drive the sparks and flames of a distant fire in a menacing direction. These fire-proof store-rooms answer their purpose so well, that President Doeff, in describing a conflagration, which spread into such fearful vicinity to the bridge between Nagasaki and Dezima, that the governor allowed the scared inhabitants of the factory general egress by the water-gate, and which consumed eleven whole streets of Nagasaki, partially destroying others, explicitly states that not one of the store-rooms was injured. Neither did Dezima suffer; the flames having, at length, been extinguished, before they crossed the bridge.

[*Religious Festivals.*]

In every month there are two, somewhat analogous to our Sunday: the grandest annual festival is New Year's-day, preceded by the imperative payment of every debt on New Year's-eve; and the prettiest is one in which lighted lanterns are launched at night upon the bay, to ascertain, by their fate, the destiny of the souls of deceased relatives and friends; the queerest, one in which men, holding high official situations, and of advanced years, busy themselves in flying kites, the strings being thickly covered with broken glass, and great interest attached to the cutting the string of a rival's kite; and the most absurd, one in which the foul fiend is simultaneously expelled from every house, by dint of pelting him with boiled peas, according to Meylan; with stones, according to Fischer.

The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art.—1841. By the Editor of the Arcana of Science.

THIS volume contains no fewer than 500 Abstracts of Inventions and Improvements, Discoveries and New Facts—the labours of

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the past year. Each page is as full as an egg of closely-packed materials, abridged, concentrated, or re-written, with the authority appended, so that the reader is not asked to rely on the Editor's *ipse dixit*: the sources, too, are so acknowledged, that they may readily be referred to in cases where the details are too numerous for entire quotation. The execution of the work we are content to leave to other critics, not one of whom, we predict, will be insensible to the time and labour requisite for its production: indeed, it is the most laborious volume of its series, but renewed health had fortified us for the task.

If requested to name the more striking contents of this Year-book, as denoting the active scientific spirit of 1841, we should refer to the numerous improvements in Steam Navigation, and in Civil Engineering, generally: the number of iron steamers built has been very great. Next is recorded the progress of terrestrial Magnetism; the first rate interest of the Electrical Researches, with the pictorial attractiveness of the Electrotype process; the number and variety of the New Facts in Chemical Science, not omitting the Experiments of the Year, on "Poisoning by Arsenic," or the advances to perfection made with the Daguerreotype; the novelties in Zoology and Botany; the Progress of Geology, rife with encouragement for the lover of science; the Astronomical and Meteorological Phenomena of a year unusually changeful; and the consummation of the North-west Passage; all which subjects occupy prominent positions in this volume. The principal illustrations are a view of the interior of the Polytechnic Institution, and a vignette of the Decomposition of Water, by a voltaic circle, under the Oxyhydrogen Microscope. The Index is as copious, as heretofore.

Poems and Songs. By John Imlah.

[A VOLUME of 115 lyrical pieces, all written with much vigour, and true poetic feeling, and some of them almost reaching the merit of the author's own countryman —Burns; whilst nearly every page breathes that fervent love of country—that delightful enthusiasm, which is so truly characteristic of Scottish songs; as in our poet's opening]

My Ain Countrie.

Land o' the North! my ain countrie,
My lay will be oft o' thine and thee,
And wake I ween but little skill:
Would it were worthier o' the will,
For what richer story—richer strand
For the poet's harp or the painter's hand,
Than thine in the clasp o' the circling sea
Land o' the North, my ain countrie!

[There is genuine humour in the following lines to a successor of Neil Gow, of high fame throughout Aberdeenshire, as a performer of reels and strathspays]—

Drumnagarrow.

Strachan! thou *ultimus Romanorum*,
That scrap'st in Scotia's quire and quorum,
Lang may ye push about the jorum
Wi' choicest chiels,
And drive them wud wi' "Tullochgorum,"
The reel o' reels!

Be life wi' thee a cloudless simmer,
Welcome to cronie and to kimmer;
Lang mayst thou mak' the tremlin' timmer
Thy music feel,
While sturdy loun and strappin' limmer
Loup, skip, and squeel!

In fame and favour mayst thou grow,
Shunning the *broadway* leading low,
Mid a' the fiddles in a row
That top the *narrow*,
Flourish, like Aaron's rod, the bow
O' Drumnagarrow!

Gude prosper a' that may concern
Thy hame an' haddin', board and bairn,
Be evergreen the bays ye earn,
Till full o' days
And lowly laid, a noble cairn
May Scotia raise.

On ilka Scot be dool and shame,
Upon his hame, upon his hame,
And a' the plagues that ever came,
Of old, on Pharaoh,
Wha scorns thy numbers and thy name,
O! Drumnagarrow!

[Here are two charming ballads—amatory and convivial:]

Auld Lowrie's Bonnie Mary.

O! there were wooers nine or ten,
Some down the burn—some up the glen,
Cam' courting daily, but an' ben,
Auld Lowrie's bonnie Mary.
Her fame—her name spread far an' near,
She kept the countrie in a steer,
An' monie cam' her price to spier,
Auld Lowrie's bonnie Mary.

The wealthy vowed to keep her grand,
As onie lady in the land,
Wad she but plight them heart an' hand,
Auld Lowrie's bonnie Mary.
An' ithers deaved her wi' their din,
O! gentle bluid an' muckle kin,
But little reck'd they how to win
Auld Lowrie's bonnie Mary.

At last our Jock gae'd oure the gate,
An' nae oure bauld, an' nae oure blate,
An' woo'd wi' love baith ear' an late,
Auld Lowrie's bonnie Mary.
An' wha could Jock an' love withstan'?
Sae he, wi' holy beuk an' bann,
Made her gudewife—whare's he's gudeman,
Auld Lowrie's bonnie Mary!

We've drunk to them that's here about.

We've drunk to them that's here about,
We've drunk to them that's far awa;
But fill again, there's ane, nae doubt,
We yet could drink abune them a',
Wha drinks—and deep—fair be his fa',
On him that winna, meikle shame,
As round and round the cup we ca'
A health to her—we need na name!

I gie you joy, wha hae found grace,
Wi' ane that's comely, kind, and true!
I feel for you—I ken the case—
Whom some fair thief o' hearts gars rue,
Though nocht you say, and swear, and do,
Can wauk in her's the *tender flame*,
Yet we're forgiving when we're fou—
Here's health to her—whate'er her name

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O! wearie fa' the womankind,
They've been, sin' first the warld began,
O' winning mien—and wayward mind,
The blessing or the bane o' man;
Yet after a', do what we can,
The bonnie dears we canna blame;
Sae a benison gae wi' our ban,
And the wish that some would bear our name!

Auld Adam led a wearie life
Till Eve, in Eden's bonnie bowers,
Was made the first o' men's gudewife—
The fairest o' the garden's flowers;
Though dearly bought, the social hours,
Wi' dool and death—wi' sin and shame—
We think them cheap, when pass we ours
Wi' her we'll drink—but daurna name.

The waukrife cock fu' loudly craws,
The merry morn begins to blink,
And troth, it's time to wear our wa's
When folk begin to lisp and wink;
Whate'er we thole, whate'er we think,
In this we'll do and say the same,
We'll brim the bowl, and deep we'll drink
A health to her—that each could name!

[Several of the pieces in the volume have been set to music, and have become, as they deserved, exceedingly popular.]

Obituary.

SIR ASTLEY P. COOPER, BART.

We select the following traits and anecdotes from that highly accredited publication, the *Medical Gazette.*

It has often been remarked that some circumstance, apparently accidental, has tended to influence the future career of those concerned; and an anecdote is told of Sir Astley which, if true, seems to bear out this idea. It is said that when a boy he saw a lad fall from a cart, and tear his thigh in such a manner as to wound the femoral artery; our young hero immediately took his handkerchief, applied it round the thigh, and twisted it so tightly as to control the bleeding till further assistance could be procured.

Sir Astley received some very large fees, among which not the least remarkable was that of a thousand guineas thrown at him in his night-cap by a patient whom he had cut for the stone—an anecdote which we heard the deceased tell with no small animation, on retiring from a patient upon whom he had just performed the same operation, and who had likewise in his agony flung his cap at the surgeon, but without its containing on this occasion the cheque which gave so much force to the original incident.

In 1815, when at the height of his reputation, he removed to Spring Gardens; and he was one of the few with whom the migration from the city to the west end has proved fully successful. A few years afterwards he was employed professionally by George IV. to remove a small tumor from the scalp—an operation which he performed with all his wonted coolness and dexterity.*

Till 1827 Sir Astley continued to enjoy an extensive practice, and to make a very large income. He then, in the full zenith of his fame, voluntarily retired into the country to enjoy the riches he had accumulated, and spend the remainder of his days in the dignified repose of a country gentleman. But Sir Astley was not made for the *otium cum dignitate*, and a very short time saw him back again in the metropolis, where, on more than one occasion, he publicly referred to the period of his seclusion, and declared that if he had remained idle he should certainly have hanged himself. His nephew, Mr. Bransby Cooper, having been installed in his old residence in New-street, Spring Gardens, Sir Astley took a house in Conduit-street, where he gave a series of *conversazioni*, which were attended by nearly all the medical world in London, and which were intended apparently to convince his brethren of the reality of his return. He brought with him his great name and unblemished reputation, but never had, and probably never desired to have, the same immense business as before his temporary retirement; others, of scarcely inferior note, had gained possession of, and retained, a considerable portion of what had before been almost exclusively his own.

As an operator we need scarcely say that he was bold, rapid, and skilful, almost without parallel—qualities which tended greatly to enhance his own reputation, and to heighten the character of English surgery. We well remember having been present at a conversazione at M. Maunoir's, in 1817, attended by most of the scientific men in Geneva, when the fact was communicated of Sir Astley having cut down upon and tied the aorta in the living subject; nor shall we readily forget the expressions of admiration, not quite unmingled with consternation, with which the announcement was received.

Probably, no surgeon of ancient or modern times has enjoyed a greater share of reputation during his life than has fallen to the lot of Sir Astley. The old and new world has alike rung with his fame; and, perhaps, we cannot give a better example of this than one to which we remember having alluded on a former occasion—we mean, the fact of his signature being received as a passport among the mountains of Biscay, by the wild followers of Don Carlos. A young English surgeon, seeking for employment, was carried as a prisoner before Zumalacarregui, who demanded what testimonials he had of his calling or his qualifications? Our countryman presented his diploma of the College of Surgeons; and the name of Astley Paston Cooper, which was attached to it, no sooner struck the eye of the Carlist leader, than he at once received his prisoner with friendship, and appointed him a surgeon in his army.

Sir Astley Cooper was a handsome man, and of striking appearance, well deserving the "*c'est un bel homme!*" which was often bestowed upon him as he walked round the Hôtel-Dieu with M. Dupuytren. His manner was open, free, and encouraging to his patients; altogether void of affectation, as well as of all excessive or artificial polish.

Sir Astley, as we have seen, long enjoyed a large share of public patronage; but we believe the actual amount of his fortune, when stated at half a million, is considerably over-rated. His personal expenses were not great; but he was very liberal to his relations, on whom, we have heard, on what we believe to be good authority, that he bestowed between two and three thousand pounds annually. He is also said to have spent 20,000*l.* in bringing his brother into Parliament.* Nor was his liberality confined to his own family:—when Dr. Baillie and some others made up a purse for Dr. Pemberton, in the difficulties brought upon him by his ill-health, Sir Astley contributed the munificent sum of 500*l.*

The leisure of his advanced age was not spent in idleness, but was devoted to scientific pursuits;—dissecting, making preparations, and other most industrious investigations of disease.

* There is no truth whatever in the story which appeared in the newspapers some days ago, in which it is stated that Sir Astley lost his presence of mind on this occasion, and was recalled to himself by an admonition from Lord Liverpool: his lordship was not even present.—Ed. Gaz.

* It is amusing to see Sir Astley's success attributed, in a memoir recently published, to his brother being in Parliament—just the converse being the fact—viz., that his previous success enabled him to make his brother an M.P.

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The Gatherer.

M. Guizot.—A deputation of American citizens have waited upon M. Guizot, "the historian of Washington," to solicit him to sit to an eminent artist for his portrait, in order that the United States may possess the likeness of him who has treated the life of the great American citizen with so much talent and effect.

Odd Comparison.—Mrs. Bray describes some of the foaming rivers of Switzerland as like nothing but *dirty soap-suds*, as if it had been washing-day with the mountains!

Women of Cadiz.—Les femmes, voila la beauté de Cadix. Nothing on earth is comparable to their figures, their soft glances, their large, warm, velvety eyes. And then, their feet; their delicious, darling little feet, shod in the prettiest satin shoes in the world! And withal, so soft and tender, (that is to say, when not jealous,) so affable and so *spirituelle*. The *pavé* of the place is delightful. It seems expressly made for the pretty feet, silk-stockinged, and satin-shod, which tread upon it, "from night to morn, from morn to dewy eve."—*Budget of a Blue Jacket; Times.*

The Fandango.—It is alone at Cadiz, that the fandango is properly danced. Everywhere else it is paltry, pitiful, shall I say, disgusting? At Cadiz alone, it is divine; the applause was almost frenzied. Soon, however, you could hear a pin drop. Every eye was fixed, every tongue was silent, every breath suppressed. Plunged in silent ecstasy, we all followed those alternately graceful, and magically rapid, *poses* of the *danseatrice.*—*Ibid.*

Cadiz.—The bay is a thing *unique*. The mouth, narrow at the entrance, is defended by the forts of Matagorda, so admirably placed, that the two points on which they are built seem to have jutted out from the sea designedly to receive them. In the distance, is seen the city itself, Cadiz, the beautiful Cadiz, with those white and beautiful-looking houses, as though they were built of alabaster. These very houses were the cradle and the rampart of Spanish independence.—*Ibid.*

Windsor Castle.—There is no halt in the literary run upon our Public Buildings; Mr. Ainsworth announces *Windsor Castle*, an historical romance, as a companion to the *Tower of London*.

Slavery in America.—The maintenance of this vile traffic has long been the foulest blot upon the American character; and, judging from the replies to questions transmitted to our Anti-slavery Society by the American Anti-slavery Society, the atrocities of the system are unabated: and mark, the evidence is American. In commenting upon the cruelties of the system, "fostered and firmly adhered to by the legislators of the great American nation!" the *Times* asks, with burning indignation: "Was there ever a more deplorable illustration of human weakness, inconsistency, and wickedness? A free people, people glorying in their freedom, and boasting of the rights of man, and yet keeping nearly *three millions* of their fellow-creatures in the most cruel bondage! A religious people, a people who send their missionaries to India, Tartary, and the farthest east; and who yet cherish among them a system which destroys their whole negro population, soul and body! A people, boasting of their literature and their taste, with whom the planter lays down a volume of the lofty romance of Scott, or the touching drama of Shakspeare, and takes up his gun, to ramble into the bush, and *shoot a woman!* A people, who tell us that they maintain more preachers of the gospel by voluntary efforts, than either England or Scotland by their church establishments, and whose preachers of the gospel 'flog a woman with their own hands before they go to chapel, and have her tied up to a post that they may flog her again when they return home.'"—(See the *Replies*, p. 139.)

The Tuileries.—There never was any palace so well lighted as the Tuileries at present. There are, at least, three to one more candles burnt now than at any former period.—*New Mon. Mag.*

Titled Persons.—Those who enjoy titles by courtesy are estimated at between 3000 and 4000 persons, whilst those whose titles are of right exceed 2000. The English, Irish, and Scottish peers are 557 in number, the baronets 905, the archbishops and bishops 58, the lords of session 11, the peeresses in their own right 13, dowagers belonging to extinct peerages 11, knights of the various civil and military orders 180; and the last class, the knights bachelors, comprising lawyers, physicians, naval and military knights, men of science, diplomatic and official persons, &c., amount to about 450.—*Dodd's New Peerage, &c.*

Receding of the Sea.—The *Phare de Rochelle* states, that the sea is receding so rapidly from the Bay of Bourg Neuf, that the remains of an English ship-of-war, mounting sixty-four guns, which was lost on an oyster-bank, called Les Retraits des Œuvres, whilst in pursuit of a French ship, in 1752, is now to be found in the midst of a cultivated plain. On comparing the depth of the water where this vessel struck with its present level, it will be found that the depth of the sea has diminished at least fifteen feet.

South Australia.—Within four or five years from its commencement, the population of this young Colony rose to from 14,000 or 15,000 persons, some of them wealthy. Adelaide was growing to a large and flourishing city, towns also springing up at Port Lincoln, and in other places, and agriculture commencing—large increasing numbers of cattle and flocks of sheep—a thriving whale fishery—our shipping interest greatly benefited—the overflowing needy part of our population finding a home, and immediate employment, with very high wages—such was the prosperity of South Australia, until a sudden stoppage took place, owing to financial difficulties.—*Times.*

New Zealand.—For fifty years after Cook planted the British flag upon this fine country, our intercourse with it was confined to the occasional visits of whaling ships.

Switzerland is a land which, when once visited, will ever after recur to the mind, like the feelings of a first and deep love. Others may be sweet, but none will ever rest so green in the memory, or will come back upon the heart with such momentary thrills of old feelings—such vividness of recollection—and such strong, though brief, yearnings of affection, amidst all the after waste of years, and all the coldness and tranquillity that change and the reality of things bring in their course, as time dissolves the dreams of our earlier years, and disenchants the spells of fancy and of hope.—*Mrs. Bray.*

Nations, like diamonds, are nowadays polished faster and otherwise than of yore. While men formerly could be smoothed and rounded only by long lapse of time, tediously, as of old the diamonds in the stream; now they may, like the diamond on diamond dust, by that which books hold before them—the past, or rather the presence of great men, as it were on their ashes,—attain to a purer shape.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Accepted: "*Reminiscences of Sterne: Tristram Shandy.*"—*Several others have been received.*

Ineligible: "*The Polish Exile,*" *by Mr. F.*—"*Letter on Henry Kirke White.*"—"*When I was a Child.*"—"*On History,*" *by a Perusor.*—"*On Beauty.*"—"*The Soldier's Return,*" *by William.*—"*Lines,*" *by Amor Fidelis.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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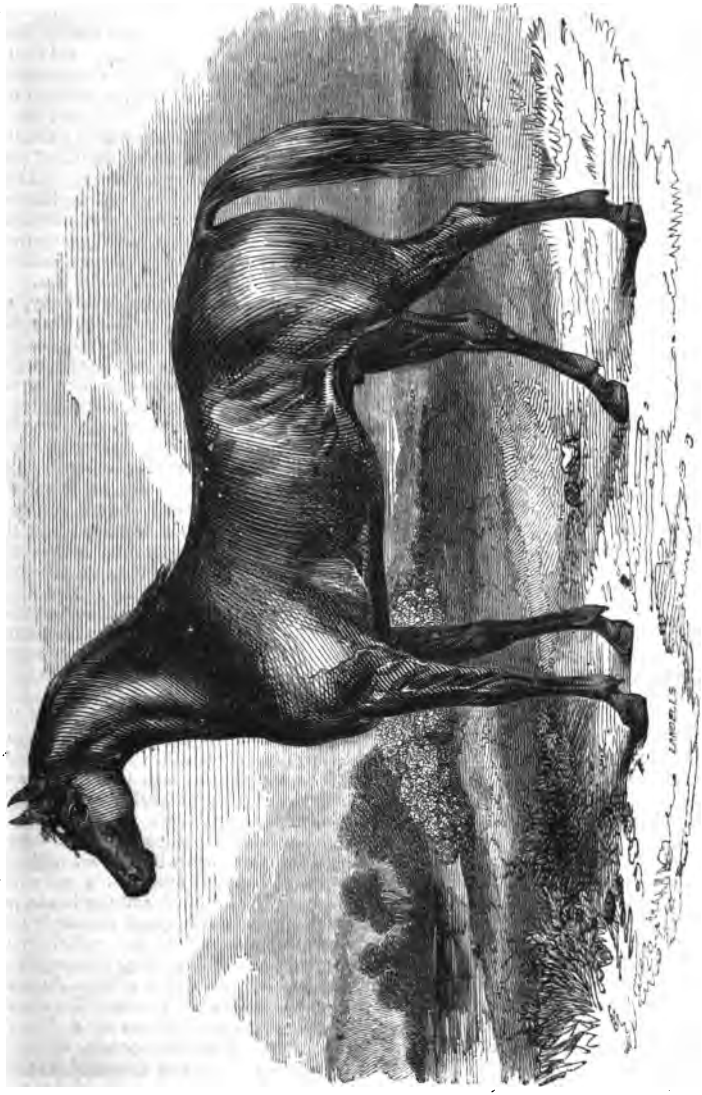

BARB, "BEAUTY."

HER MAJESTY'S

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HER MAJESTY'S BARB, "BEAUTY."

THIS fine specimen of the noble breed of horses, reared by the Moors of Barbary and Morocco, has been lately imported from Tripoli, for the especial use, and as the *private property*, of her Majesty. Even in Barbary this horse was remarkable for its symmetry of form; and bore, in Arabic, the name of "Beauty." "It is a fact," states the Editor of the *Court Journal*, "that we can vouch for, so desirous was the Emperor of Morocco to possess this horse, that he offered for it the weight it might be strong enough to carry in dollars! Even an English gentleman, then at Tripoli, aware of its value, had determined on obtaining it for her Majesty: he did so, though with difficulty, for his competitor was a sovereign. It was duly trained and forwarded to England; and the subsequent recompence has, as may be inferred, been ample." The colour of this beautiful animal is chesnut.

The prefixed Engraving* has been copied from one of a series of lithographic portraits of the Arabians belonging to the royal stud, published (by permission) by Mr. Cunningham, of St. Martin's-place. The remaining portraits comprise, 2. *The Grey Arab*, sent to her Majesty by the Sultan of Muscat. 3. *The Bay Arab*, imported from Bengal. 4. *The Chesnut and White Arabian*, sent to the Queen by the Sultan of Muscat.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT SCIENCE AND THE MOUNTEBANKS.

WE are, certainly, getting too refined to be jovial; and our increased education is gradually driving out of our hearts what little inclination to honest mirth the altered times have left us. All the sports that made old England "merrie" at that jocund period "once upon a time" are disappearing one by one; and Science has so startled our ancient pastimes, that few have had the good fortune to withstand her march, and assert their ancient powers of attraction for the citizens of London. Nor will they ever rise again; or, if they do, their re-appearance will be in some altered and deeply philosophical form; so that honest old Strutt himself would not recognise those games, whose principles and laws he has so fondly collected and chronicled. The turf of the tilt-yard would be supplanted by wooden blocks and asphalte; the boats of the players at the water-quintain would be propelled by the Archimedes screw, instead of the lusty arms of "the youthe of Finsburie and Chepe:" the marching watch of St. John's Eve in their bright armour, and with their blazing cressets, would give place to a procession of policemen in India-rubber cloaks, bearing a dazzling and bewildering galaxy of Bude lights: the Yule-log of Christmas would yield to a lump of anthracite coal in a Dr. Arnott's stove, or a Chunk, or a Harper and Joyce, or a Vesta, or some other uncomfortable-looking, black, cheerless substitute for a proper grate fire, of which every one knows half the pleasure is to look at and poke: the simple feats of the gleemen and joculators would be eclipsed by the more astounding illusions of Mr. Bachhoffner at the Polytechnic Institution: the garlands would revolve round the Maypole by voltaic electricity; and the "miracles, mysteries, and moralities" performed on carts during the season of Lent, would be supplanted by travelling lectures from scientific institutions, in perambulating vans driven by steam, or raised gently from one spot to another by numerous balloons guided by Mr. Green's new whirligigs.

We assert, firmly and deliberately, all these things would happen—nay, they will happen; and we are not far from the period of the crisis. The time is fast approaching when our very nurseries will be the schools for science; when our childrens' first books will be treatises on deeply scientific subjects; and when even their playthings will partake of the change. The Dutch toys will be thrown aside for the Daguerréotype: the doll's house will be a model of the Adelaide Gallery; and the nursery carpets and morning dresses will be burnt full of holes by the acid from the doll's galvanic trough or hydrogen apparatus. Cheap air-pumps will be imported from Holland in chip boxes, with barrels fitted up on the principle of the pop-gun; and dumps will be no longer cast in pipe-clay moulds, but turned out fresh and sharp by the electrotype—another type of the advancing age. Noah's arks will assume the form of chemical-experiment boxes: the beasts and birds will turn to rows of labelled reagents, and Noah and his family, sticks, little round hats and all, will be ranstormed into test-tubes and spirit-lamps. The magic lanthorn will be cast aside for the gas microscope; and our old and once-loved friends, the devil and the baker, the tiger that rolls his eyes, and the birds that fly out of the pie, will at last vanish away to nothing in reality, before the magnified attractions of the claws of the *Dytiscus Marginalis*, the wing of the *Libellula*, or the wriggling abominations of a drop of dirty water; of which horrors, collected from standing pools and crammed into the smallest possible quantity of fluid that will allow them to move, people go away from the exhibition firmly convinced that they

* By Mr. Landells, whose engravings of Animals are distinguished by their spirit and fidelity, and rank among the best performances of this successful artist.

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allow millions to pass down their *œsophagus*, (it used to be called gullet,) every time they take a draught of water, and they abandon it in consequence, and stick to Guinness and Whitbread. We do not think that any microscopic exhibitor has yet been rash enough to shew what species of monstrous animalculæ is found in a pot of stout or "half-and-half."

Amongst the changes and innovations made by what the advocates of education are pleased to call "an improved state of the mental condition of the people," we regret none more than that which has led to the gradual extinction of our ancient friends, the Mountebanks. We do not mean the peripatetic vendors of quack medicines—*they* had passed away long before we made our first debut upon the stage of the minor theatre of our existence; but we allude to the equestrian performers, who formerly pitched their ring, and delighted us for a summer's afternoon with their wonderful feats, on some waste piece of ground in our village! Alas! the waste pieces of ground are no longer to be discovered, for they have been enclosed and built upon; and cottages teeming with dirty squalid children have supplanted the glittering troop that were accustomed to perform their manœuvres on the same spot.

We well recollect the site of their most favourite *al fresco* theatre, when they paid us a visit. It was a smooth patch of grass, at the end of the village, surrounded by goodly horse-chesnut trees, that formed a pleasant shade from the sun, except where his beams fell in playful and quivering patches upon the arena. Part of this spot was bounded by one of our old abbey walls, and here was the gallery. How lucky did we think ourselves if we could procure a place on this favoured elevation, after clambering up the loose stones and rugged ivy that clung to it, and seat ourselves amidst the crowd of dirty little street boys who swarmed on its summit. And how well we were enabled to see the performance, without being expected to give anything to Mr. Merryman when he came round with the money-box for the young lady who danced the hornpipe upon a very small and dilapidated platform, that looked like a worn-out drawing-board. We have never felt the same pleasure since; not even in the curtained pigeon-holes of the Opera, or the private boxes of the great theatres. We enjoyed a faint reminiscence of bygone times one night in the gallery at Astley's, but this was far from our former sensations; for the tawdry ceiling was above us instead of the clear blue summer sky; the escaping gas supplied the place of the sweet country air, and the chirping of the birds in the old chesnut trees was but ill supplied by the occasional catcall of some restless spectator impatient for the commencement of even an Astley orchestra.

To our juvenile minds, the Mountebanks were beings of an elevated and barely comprehensible station. We knew them to be mortal, for they drank beer from pewter pots during the performances, and put on old great coats, which, tattered and buttonless, certainly partook of our own world,—after any very violent exertions. But then the merryman beat all our most acute conjectures as to his existence. Could he ever have been a baby? We thought not, but rather inclined to the idea that he was some wonderful creation that had dropped ready-made from the clouds, always happy and laughing, and possessing the mysterious power of throwing the same spell over his auditors. An ignorant companion once attempted to make us believe that a sallow-faced and melancholy-looking man whom we saw buying a loaf and a red herring in a chandler's shop the day after one of the performances, was the clown; but we did not credit his statement for an instant. No, no—the merryman would not have bought anything. He would have gone boldly into the shop, (probably he would have jumped through the door,) and having thrust a butter-firkin on the head of the man who kept it, would have filled his pockets with what he wanted, and then driven them off on a truck of his own impromptu construction, with a flitch of bacon for the body, and cheeses for wheels. We were half convinced that his life was a species of perpetual pantomime; that he threw somersets into bed when he retired for the night, if indeed, he ever slept; and that he rolled out in the morning with his head between his heels, crowing and laughing as we loved to hear him. The performances usually concluded by a lottery, which was conducted by the master of the ring, and to which a chance of participating in its prizes was obtained by the purchase of shilling tickets. Great inducements were held out to entice the rustics to risk their coin in the venture. A leg of mutton, a small pig—nay, a watch, was sometimes the chief prize; but we noticed that, somewhat singularly, these valuable articles were always gained by some stranger whom nobody knew. No suspicion was, however, excited, and we were perfectly content with the metal pencil-case, the painted tin waiter, or the pair of snuffers, with which the blind goddess favoured us.

When the Mountebanks disappeared, our greatest juvenile pleasure went with them. For months afterwards we looked with no common interest and veneration upon the scene of their performances, where the horses' feet had cut up a circle on the turf, and the holes in the ground which the stakes had made that enclosed the ring,

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seemed the links which bound us to our former pleasures.

At length, a summer passed away and the Mountebanks came not. We never saw them again. We thought we once recognised the merryman outside a show at Hampton races, and we grieved that he had descended to what we deemed the illegitimate drama. The piece of ground was dug and planted with potatoes; subsequently, it became a timber-yard, where the very trees were cut up that formerly enclosed it; and there is now some talk in our parish of purchasing the lease of the ground and erecting a Literary and Scientific Institution thereon by subscription, to distribute philosophical knowledge amongst the inhabitants of the village at a cheap rate, and to form a class for acquiring a perfect understanding of the properties of polarized light, chrystallography, and the condensation of carbonic acid gas. ALBERT.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

A secret many yeeres vnseene,
In play at chesse, who knowes the game,
First of the King, and then the Queene,
Knight, Bishop, Rooke, and so by name,
Of euerie Pawne I will descrie,
The nature with the qualitie.

The King.

The King himselfe is haughtie care,
Which ouerlooketh all his men,
And when he seeth how they fare
He steps among them now and then,
Whom, when his foe presumes to checke,
His seruants stand, to giue the necke.

The Queene.

The Queene is queint, and quicke conceit,
Which makes hir walke which way she list,
And rootes them vp, that lie in wait
To worke her treason, ere she wist:
Hir force is such against hir foes
That whom she meetes, she ouerthrowes.

The Knight.

The Knight is knowledge how to fight
Against his prince's enimies,
He neuer makes his walke outright,
But leaps and skips, in wilie wise,
To take by sleight a traitrous foe,
Might slilie seeke their ouerthrowe.

The Bishop.

The Bishop he is wittie braine,
That chooseth crossest pathes to pace,
And euermore he pries with paine,
To see who seekes him most disgrace:
Such straglers when he findes astraie
He takes them vp, and throwes awaie.

The Rookes.

The Rookes are reason on both sides,
Which keepe the corner houses still,
And warily stand to watch their tides,
By secret art to worke their will,
To take sometime a theefe vnseene,
Might mischiefe meane to King or Queene.

The Pawnes.

The Pawne before the King, is peace,
Which he desires to keepe at home,
Practise, the Queene's, which doth not cease
Amid the world abroad to roame,
To finde, and fall upon each foe,
Whereas his mistres meanes to goe.

Before the Knight, is perill plast,
Which he, by skipping ouergoes,
And yet that Pawne can worke a cast,
To ouerthrow his greatest foes;
The Bishop's prudence, prieng still
Which way to worke his master's will.

The Rooke's poore Pawnes, are sillie swaines,
Which seldome serue, except by hap,
And yet those Pawnes, can lay their traines,
To catch a great man, in a trap:
So that I see, sometime a groome
May not be spared from his roome.

The Nature of the Chesse Men.

The King is stately, looking hie;
The Queene doth beare like maiestie;
The Knight is hardie, valiant, wise:
The Bishop prudent and precise.
The Rookes no raungers out of raie,
The Pawnes the pages in the plaie.

Lenvoy.

Then rule with care, and quicke conceit,
And fight with knowledge, as with force;
So beare a braine, to dash deceit,
And worke with reason and remorse.
Forgive a fault when young men plaie,
So giue a mate, and go your way.

And when you plaie beware of checke,
Know how to saue and giue a necke:
And with a checke beware of mate;
But cheefe, ware had I wist too late:
Loose not the Queene, for ten to one,
If she be lost, the game is gone.

N. Breton, 1638.

REMINISCENCES OF STERNE:

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

THE first volume of this once far-famed work, which consists of nine volumes, contains the masterly dedication to the illustrious Pitt. The 7th chapter gives the interesting introduction of the widow (in great distress and *silence under it*) as the village midwife; which the wife of the parson, touched with pity, got her appointed to. Chap. 10 describes Sterne's own appearance when at Sutton "in the several sallies about his parish, and in the neighbouring visits to the gentry who lived around him." To speak the truth, he never could enter a village but he caught the attention of both old and young—labour stood still as he passed—the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well. His "meek-spirited jade of a broken-spirited horse was as good as the rider deserved, neither of them carrying one single ounce of flesh upon their bones." The 11th chapter convinces us that "he was not an unkind-hearted man, and that he felt for the many comfortless scenes he was hourly called forth to visit." Chap. 12 gives his celebrated anticipation of his own death when "Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips." Chap. 15 has his admirable dash at the extreme length of his mother's marriage settlement.

Rarely has any work of an obscure author produced such a sensation as did *Tristram Shandy* on its first appearance. Its success was brilliant and instantaneous. Though

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Sterne's wit and humour, and *gaité de cœur*, had been greatly admired in his neighbourhood of Sutton, where he resided nearly twenty years, yet his genius had never reached the metropolis till the first two volumes of Tristram made their appearance. They were soon in everybody's hands. His company was courted by the great, the literary, the witty, and the gay; and it was considered as a kind of honour to have passed an evening with him.

Vol. ii. chap. 12 has a fine sketch of the peaceful and placid nature of My Uncle Toby. When my father unintentionally insulted him, "it penetrated my father to his heart," and his frank and generous nature effected their reconciliation like that of Brutus and Cassius. This volume contains the celebrated sermon on Conscience; and from p. 128 was painted Hogarth's incomparable sketch. Voltaire says of this sermon: "Ce qu'on na peutêtre jamais dit de mieux sur ces questions importantes, se trouve dans le livre comique de Tristram Shandy, écrit par un curé nommé Sterne; il resemble a ces petits satyres de l'antiquitè, qui renfermaient des essences precieuses."

Vol. iii. chap. 12 gives the fine compliment to Garrick's eye, and his disgusting contempt at the cant of criticism. Chap. 19 thus discovers the ruling bias of his genius: "By the tombstone of Lucian—if it is in being—if not, why then by his ashes! by the ashes of my dear Rabelais, and dearer Cervantes." In his 9th volume this absorbing passion for humour, wit, and poignant satire, again breaks out in his invocation to the spirit of Cervantes. Some one has called Sterne the sarcastic and satiric Lucian. A masterly paper on Rabelais, in *Fraser's Magazine* of Feb. 1840, thus speaks of Tristram Shandy:—"Molière has had none to follow who can be said to bear to him even a faint resemblance. That comedy in which the heart of man is stripped bare to its most secret recesses,—in which there are passages, and scenes, and characters, wherein the shadowing is so deep, that it almost darkens into tragedy, exists only in the pages of him who wrote *Le Misanthrope* and *Tartuffe*. Of course, nothing like Tristram Shandy, *Don Quixote*, or *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, either has appeared, or ever will appear again." In the works of Rabelais there are passages, some of which might adorn a sermon of Bossuet; some add force to an harangue of Mirabeau:—"Molière, the first of all writers of comedy, is the literary descendant of Rabelais, at once in his exceedingly quaint drollery, as in his deep feeling, his solemn and fervent eloquence, his profound knowledge of the human heart and all its nicest springs of action—his wit, his humour, his fine sense of the beautiful, the noble, and the true—his intense hatred of all that is mean or base—and his resolute determination to fight to the utterance against hypocrisy and fraud." There is one trait in Rabelais, when curate of Meudon, which may well apply to Mr. Sterne, when residing at his curacies in Yorkshire:—"His house was always open to the poor and wretched, whom he assisted to the utmost of his means." Chap. 20 has his fine hit at Westminster Hall. Chap. 21 gives his remedy for the continual creaking of his parlour door hinge by "Three drops of oyl with a feather and a smart stroke of a hammer." In this same chapter he thus forcibly shews one what life is:—"Inconsistent soul that man is!—languishing under wounds which he has the power to heal!—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reason, that precious gift of God to him—(instead of pouring in oyl) serving but to sharpen his sensibilities,—to multiply his pains and render him more melancholy and uneasy under them!—Poor unhappy creature, that he should do so!—Are not the necessary causes of misery in this life enow, but he must add voluntary ones to his stock of sorrow;—struggle against evils which cannot be avoided, and submit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him would remove from his heart for ever?" Chap. 33 most admirably describes Mr. Shandy's mode of reluctantly paying one part of his great-grandmother's jointure. Chap. 34 contains the fine apostrophe to his Uncle.

Vol. iv. chap. 4 exhibits an animated picture of Toby's kind wishes to the Corporal. One meets with so many touches of nature in so many pages of this work, that they give to his writings a charm that is inexpressibly pleasing. Chap. 7 has a fine burst in praise of Garrick. Chap. 15 contains his thoughts on sleep, "the refuge of the unfortunate—the enfranchisement of the prisoner—the downy lap of the hopeless, the weary, and the broken-hearted." Chap. 26 has an admirable attack on learned sermons; on those of the head, not of the heart: "to preach, to shew the extent of our reading, to parade it in the eyes of the vulgar, with the beggarly accounts of a little learning; it is a dishonest use of the poor single half-hour which is put into our hands. 'Tis not preaching the gospel, but ourselves."

Vol. v.—in chap. 3 we have the sublime quotation from Cicero, and the celebrated letter of consolation to him, enriched with thoughts on life and death; but Sterne is partly indebted to Burton for these, as Dr. Ferrier has shewn us; and so has Jackson of Exeter in his admirable sportive chapter on "Literary Thieving." Chap. 12 informs us that Mr. Shandy, in a tide of heroic loftiness, had written the Life of Socrates the year before he left off trade in Coleman Street, which it was feared was

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the means of hastening him out of it; it was in manuscript, with some other tracts of his in the family, all or most of which, Mr. Sterne tells us, will be printed in due time. His attachment to Socrates is well painted in chap. 13 of this fifth volume. In vol. i. chap. 11, is a promise of another tract when he and his pupil were riding at a prodigious rate through most parts of Europe, and of which "a most delectable narration will be given in the course of this work;" and we are promised another tract of his, in chap. 26 of vol. viii.; and of a most rich ball in chap. 27 of vol. vii. Chap. 16 of this fifth volume gives us notice of another work in these words: "How far my father actually believed in the devil will be seen when I come to speak of my father's religious notions in the progress of this work." One may gather from chap. 11, vol. vi., that a funeral sermon upon poor Le Fevre had, or was intended to have been written. No doubt, these were all meant to have appeared in some future continuation of Tristram Shandy, had life been longer spared Sterne; and he would have written "that future and dreaded page," which he so eloquently anticipates in vol. vi. chap. 25. Chap. 15 has a handsome compliment to Mr. Garrick.

Vol. vi.—This volume has immortalized Sterne, by his story of Le Fevre, and his apostrophe to the Corporal in chap. 25, on his following the velvet pall of his master, laying his sword and scabbard with a trembling hand across his coffin; and when Mr. Shandy inspects the lacquered plate, "twice taking his spectacles off to wipe away the dew which nature shed upon them." For exquisite pathos, so peculiarly his own, Sterne certainly stands unrivalled. Dr. Ferrier says, his natural bias was the pathetic; and Sir Walter Scott justly remarks, "In the power of approaching and touching the fine feelings of the heart he has never been excelled, if, indeed, he has ever been equalled." In chap. 31 he thus reverts to one whose misfortunes have long caused Calais to be noticed:—"Calais itself left not a deeper scar in Mary's heart than Utrecht upon my uncle Toby." Though Sterne thus feelingly alludes to Mary, he little thought, when he twice passed through Moulins, that in this very town a letter was sent to the constable De Montmorency, and dated *Moulins, Oct.* 18, 1548, from the father of the Dauphin of France, who was afterwards Mary's husband, and which letter contains some interesting notices of this unfortunate queen. This autograph letter is preserved in No. 7 of Mr. Thorp's *Bibliotheca Selectissima;* and this same No. 7 has treasured up (some, perhaps, from entire oblivion,) no less than thirty-one other tracts on the agitated life and death of this queen, six of which relate to her marriage with the Dauphin. Sterne will always render Moulins interesting to most travellers. In a former number of *The Mirror*—viz. at p. 350 of No. 1034—I made an egregious blunder, for I have there applied to *Moulins* what belongs to *Montrieul.*

(To be continued.) F.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

So early abroad in the dew spangled morn!
Poor shepherd boy, why dost thou wander forlorn?
Thy shoes are worn out by the length of the way,
And all tatter'd and torn is thy doublet of gray!

Nor pity me, lady, though humble and poor;
I wander afar o'er the mountain and moor;
For I am a shepherd boy, careless and free;
No mortal on earth is so happy as me.

Though my shoes are worn out by the length of the way,
And all tatter'd and torn is my doublet of gray,
I whistle and sing as I journey along,
And echo replies to the voice of my song.

And, O, though it sometimes is rainy and cold;
When my flock o'er the wide waste is penn'd in their fold,
My labour is finish'd, my toil is forgot,
And gaily I speed to my dear shelter'd cot:

There the bright blazing hearth and affectionate smile
Might labour a thousand times greater beguile;
And methinks, while our lone roof re-echoes with glee,
No mortal on earth is so happy as me.

MARY ROBERTS.

THE HAUNTED BRIG.

(From an American Sailor's Journal of his First Cruise.)

IT was on a beautiful moonlight night when we were in the tropics, as I was hard and fast in the lee of the launch, very busy sleeping, that my person was saluted and my nap cut short by a kick from old Harry Wilson, one of our quartermasters. "Haul your wind out of this," said he, "you've watched the cable about long enough; heave and weigh: I don't care if I come to an anchor;" and so saying, he took possession of my moorings; but as he carried too many guns for *me*, there was nothing to be said, and I quietly submitted, and prevailed on him to spin a yarn.

The scene was in complete keeping with the subject: the full, beautiful, tropical moon, shone in unclouded splendour, and old Ocean lay outstretched basking in her effulgence, lulling himself to sleep with his own eternal anthem, "the moonlight music of the waves."

Our ship, as beautiful a sloop-of-war as ever carried the stars and stripes, to be worshipped and feared by distant lands, was quietly ploughing her way through the almost unruffled surface of the deep. The wind was fair, though light, and our immense folds of spotless canvas were spread before it, glistening in the moonbeams, and ever and anon, crimsoned with the phos-

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phoretic illumination of the ocean, so common in the tropics.

Our decks were nearly silent; the sailors lay around in groups, dreaming, either sleeping or waking, of that happy home and all its endearments, to which we were rapidly hastening; for, delightful truth, the sloop-of-war was "homeward bound." Those "who live at home at ease" can form no estimate of the delicious sensations caused by those two words, in the bosom of the poor sailor, far away on the deep. In cold or heat, in storm and tempest, "homeward bound" is the soother of all afflictions, the watchword of joy. The man at the wheel, when relieved, would say, "her course is north, Jack; homeward bound." Such was the state of things on our decks, when old Wilson, having taken a fresh quid, and worked up his reckoning, began his yarn.

"It's now going on thirty odd years since I one day drifted along down to Pine-street wharf, in New York, and saw there a Baltimore-built brig, called the 'Rising Sun.' She was as neat and pretty a craft as an old tar would wish to clap eyes on—clinker-built, black hull and painted ports, with long, heavy, raking masts and black yards—she looked like a real clipper: thinks I, that's the stuff for trousers, so I shipped aboard of her, and the next day we were at sea.

"For the first week we had fair winds, and everything went on regular, but after that, there began to be the deuce to pay, and no pitch hot. One night, when we were sailing along with just wind enough to give her steerage-way, *crash* went something aloft, and a man in the top hailed the first-mate; 'main-yard's carried away in the slings, sir.' 'Main-yard carried away?' growled the mate, 'why, hang it, there is not a cap-full of wind aloft.' 'Mainyard carried away?' said the old man, sticking his head up the companionway; 'why, the devil's in the brig!' He was right! the devil *was* in the brig, as we found to our sorrow.

"We turned-to and slung the yard again and got everything snug, and went on our course, but we didn't feel easy; and one fellow began to tell how he had heard in Philadelphia of a brig called the Rising Sun, which was *haunted;* but he didn't think, in New York, that this was the one, and so had said nothing. Well, we were talking and guessing about it, when this same fellow, Starboard Tom, sung out so sudden, that we all jumped up as if the brig was afire. 'I say, shipmates,' says he, 'I'll tell you how we'll know if this is the same craft. That Philadelphia brig had a red spot on the deck of her fo'castle as big as a man's head close by the stanchion, amidships.' We all run down into the fo'castle, and there, sure enough, at the foot of the amidships-stanchion, was a dark-red spot—a spot of *blood!* 'Tom,' says we, 'how came that there?' 'Why,' says he, 'I was told in Philadelphia that the crew mutinized at sea two or three years ago, and when the captain came down into the fo'castle to see a sick man, one of the ring-leaders killed him with an axe, and that spot is where his head struck when he fell. The crew robbed the brig and left her, and she was picked up by a States man-of-war and taken into Philadelphia, and lay a long time at the wharf, and nobody would ship in her. And, I 'spose, when the owners found they couldn't get any hands for her there, they sent her round to New York, to man her, and so we're all sucked in!' I shall never forget how I felt that night. I a'n't afraid of anything as long as I can *see* it; but to be aboard a vessel that's *haunted!* I can't stand that.

"We went on for two or three days, expecting that something more would happen, when one day, about dusk, carpenter went down into the fo'castle to get something out of his chest. He was a big, brave fellow, who didn't care for anything, and had said all along, that *he* did not believe the brig was haunted at all. He had not been down there but about five minutes, when we heard a little noise, as if a man was strangling, and trying to call for help; and the next thing, we heard a yell of agony, and carpenter burst up the hatch; his face all black, his throat black-and-blue, his mouth wide open, and his eyes starting out of his head; and looking back, as if something was chasing him, he screamed out—'Oh, Heavens! he's choking me,' and fell senseless on deck. Well, some run for one thing, and some for another, and after working at him a long time, he came to. When he was a little better, we asked him what was the matter. 'Why,' says he, trembling all over, 'when I had got what I wanted out of my chest, I turned into my berth, and, as I rolled over, I thought I heard something moving in the fo'castle, so I turned round to see who it was, when I was knocked back into my bunk, and I *felt* two hands choking me, though I could not *see* anything, and I tried to get away, but I could not stir; but, just as I begun to give up, I felt something on my cheek like a man's cold breath, and then the hands let go, and I sung out, and run on deck.' That was enough for us; we all felt as if we were in hell. That night no one went into the fo'castle, but we all lay on deck, in the lee of the long-boat. Starboard Tom had the first wheel in the mid-watch, and all the rest of us lay asleep forra'd. The second-mate had the deck, and was leaning over the weather-rail asleep, and the captain was below in the cabin. About three

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bells, Tom thought he saw something moving, on the weather-gangway, walking fore and aft, like a man on watch; but as it was dark, he could not make out what it was; so he stood watching it, and as it grew plainer, it looked like a man dressed in white, and he was so scared, that when it was four bells he did not dare to call his relief, but stood looking to see what would happen. About five bells, it disappeared, and Tom was getting ready to hail for his relief, when up came a man out of the cabin, dressed in white flannel drawers and shirt, and a white nightcap, and Tom thought it was the skipper. It went to the weather-rail, and looked into the face of the second-mate, who was leaning there asleep, and stood so for five minutes.

"'Now,' thought Tom, 'stand by for squalls; the old man is going to blow up the second-dickey for being asleep on watch.'

"Just as he thought so, the figure turned round and walked forra'd, and Tom stood looking after it, when suddenly the *real* captain stuck his head up the companion-way, and sung out,

"'Tom, how do you head there?'

"'Oh! the ghost!' cried Tom, and fell down in a fit; and we had to work at him a long time to bring him to. But things got quiet again, and the night passed off without any more disturbance.

"The next day, about four bells in the forenoon watch, the captain called for carpenter to bring a small chisel into the cabin, and ordered him to make two little holes in the panels over the head of his berth. Now, I believe, he had spoken to the ghost, and he had told him there was money hid there, and that was what he haunted the brig for. At any rate, we had no more trouble with the ghost; and as the captain was a wide-awake fellow for carrying sail, he cracked away on her, so that we made the river Plate in a fortnight. We discharged our cargo in Monte Video, and loaded again with hides and horns, and the fore-hold was stowed with horns.

"We had been at Monte about six weeks, and were to sail in a day or two, when one day, towards dusk, I was down in the fo'castle, and as I lay in my bunk, I heard the horns in the hold rattle as if some one was tossing them about at a great rate. Now we had stowed them as tight as they would wedge, and I thought the devil himself could not make them fetch away; so I determined to see what the matter was. The next morning, when the hatches were taken off, I looked into the fore-hold, and there the horns were wedged just as we left them!

"That was enough for me, and I run away that day, and went aboard a ship bound for New York. Two days after, the Rising Sun sailed, and in a week we followed her. We had been out to sea about three weeks, and were just north of the line, when, one morning, a lookout aloft sung out, 'Sail, ho!' We bore down on the craft, and about noon we got within speaking distance. She was a brig standing the same way we were, with all sail set, stun'-sails on both sides, and yet she did not make much way.

"We hailed her, but she said nothing; we hailed again, but still she said not a word; and we then saw that there were no men on her decks. So our captain spoke, says he, 'They are all fast, keeping watch below; we'll turn them out, before the brig falls overboard.' And he sent a boat to board her, and I was one of her crew. As soon as I got on her deck I knew her. She was the Rising Sun! Everything on deck looked right, and she was going regular enough before the wind, but there was no living thing to be seen. Jackets and shoes lay knocking about decks, as they always do. The people's chests were all in the fo'castle; and the captain's dunnage was in the cabin, as if he had just been writing. Nothing was taken away, nor anything left adrift; every rope was belayed right, and coiled up regular, and the decks were clear. The log-book lay open in the first-mate's state-room, and a pen, with ink in it, lay athwart it, and at the end of the last day's work (about a week before) was this—'A strange man seen on the forecastle'—and then a mark, as if he had begun to write something else.

"That was enough for us. We hauled off as quick as we could, and got aboard our own ship, and made sail to get away; when suddenly a tall black man appeared on the fo'castle of the Rising Sun, walked slowly aft, and then went down into the cabin. The brig gave a heavy lurch to port, and went down head-fo'most: and so ended the voyages of the Haunted Brig. What became of her men nobody knew; they were never heard of to this day."—*New York Mirror.*

HAYDN, MOZART, & BEETHOVEN.

(From the German.)

MOZART and Haydn, the creators of our present instrumental music, were the first that displayed this art in its full glory; he who then contemplated it with exceeding love, and penetrated its inmost nature, was Beethoven. The instrumental compositions of all these three masters breathe the same romantic spirit, which is founded upon the most profound conception of the peculiarities of this art; but the character of their compositions differs considerably.

In those of Haydn the expression of a child-like and serene mind predominates.

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His symphonies lead us through endless green groves, among a various crowd of jovial and happy mortals. Youths of both sexes pass by, gliding and winding in dances; smiling children, lurking behind trees and rosebushes, throw flowers at each other in sport. It is a life full of love and bliss, as before the fall of man, in eternal youth; no sufferings, no pains, but a sweet, wooing, longing for the beloved being, who glides away far in the radiance of sunset; but as long as she remains there, there is no night, it is she who makes hills and groves to glow.

Mozart introduces us into the depths of the world of spirits. Fear surrounds us, but without anguish, we feel rather a sensation of the infinite. Love and mournful tender feelings sound through the sweet voices of spirits; the night approaches in radiant glistening purple; and, with an inexpressible attraction, we are drawn among these apparitions, which, kindly inviting us to join their circles, fly in eternal mazy dances through the clouds.

Beethoven's instrumental music opens for us the regions of the awful and immeasurable. Glowing beams shoot through the dark night, and we perceive gigantic shadows waving up and down, encircling us closer and closer, annihilating ourselves, but not the sweet pain of infinite longing, in which those raptures, which rose with sounds of triumph, sink and dissolve. In this pain of love, hope, and joy, consuming itself, but not oppressing our breast under the weight of this full-toned harmony of passions, we continue to live, and become enraptured visionaries!

Romantic taste is very rare, but still rarer is romantic talent; therefore there are so few who are able to strike that lyre, whose sounds unclose the wonderful regions of the romantic world.

Haydn represents the world and human nature romantically, he is therefore more tangible and more intelligible to the majority of mankind.

Mozart delights in the superhuman and wonderful, which dwell in the inmost depths of the human mind.

Beethoven's music sets in motion the lever of fear, horror, terror, and pain, and creates that infinite longing which characterizes romantic art, he therefore is a pure romantic composer. This accounts perhaps for his not succeeding in vocal compositions, which exclude the character of this infinite longing, but require a clear representation of feelings expressed by words, and which breathe a sensation of the influence of the infinite regions.

FAVERSHAM CHURCH.

The county of Kent abounds in architectural antiquities of the earliest date, and most picturesque character; of which the annexed vignette presents an interesting specimen.

The town of Faversham is a member of the Cinque Port of Dover, and is situate on a navigable inlet of the River Thames, called the Swale, which forms the southern boundary of the Isle of Sheppy. It was a place of importance in the Saxon times; and was anciently a part of the royal demesnes, as is evident from a grant made to the See of Canterbury, by Cenulph, King of Mercia,

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in 812, wherein it is styled "the King's little town of *Faversham*." Here, about the year 930, King Athelstan assembled "a Wittanegemot, or Council of the Wise Men," "to enact laws and constitute methods for the future observance of them." We find the subject of the Engraving thus neatly described by Mr. Brayley, in his beautiful little work, entitled *Thanet and the Cinque Ports*, vol. ii. p. 126.

"Faversham *Church* is dedicated to St. Mary of Charity; or, as some writers record it, to the Assumption of Our Lady of Faversham. At what period it was originally built, is unknown; but it was certainly prior to the Norman times, when it was given by the Conqueror to St. Augustin's Abbey, at Canterbury; together with all the tythes of the manor, excepting those of honey, and rent paid in coin. The present Church is a spacious and handsome fabric, built principally of flints and chalk, with stone quoins. It is in the form of a cross, and has a light tower at the west end, terminated by an octagonal spire, upwards of seventy feet high. The outer walls are supported by strong buttresses, and appear of the time of Edward the Second or Third; but the interior parts of the nave were rebuilt about the year 1755, from the designs, and under the direction of George Dance, Esq., at an expense of nearly 2500*l*. The tower and spire, which have an airy effect, have been erected since that period. The length of this fabric is 160 feet, and its breadth, sixty-five: the extent of the transept is 124 feet. At the west-end of the south aisle, to which it formerly opened by semi-circular arches, is a large apartment, now used as a school; and beneath it is a *Crypt*, or Chapel, divided in the centre by three columns sustaining circular arches. Adjoining to the north side of the tower, also, is a square apartment fitted up with strong timbers, and otherwise secured: this is supposed to have been the treasury, or place where the rich altar vessels, priests' vestments, &c., were anciently deposited.

The Sepulchral memorials in this Church are very numerous, yet not many of them are particularly remarkable. On slabs in the chancel are *Brasses* of two Vicars of Faversham, one of whom, *William Thornby*, is represented in the dress of a Doctor of Laws, standing under a screen, with a Latin inscription, in Leonine verse, beneath his feet; he died in the year 1408: the other displays the figure of *John Redborne*, who died in February, 1531, and is depicted holding a chalice, with the consecrated wafer over his breast. Many other ancient Brasses remain in different parts of this fabric; several of which, in the south aisle, record the memory of various Civil officers of Faversham; the oldest is that for *Semanus Tong*, who was twice Mayor, and who died in 1404.

For a short period subsequent to the Dissolution, this Church had the privilege of *Sanctuary*, which had been previously attached to the Abbey."

Faversham is popularly known by its having been the scene of the murder of Thomas Ardern, by the contrivance of his wife Alice, on Feb. 15, 1550. This wanton was afterwards burnt at Canterbury for the crime; six of her accomplices, including two females, were also punished with death for the same offence; but two others, one of whom had been purposely brought from Calais to execute the murder, escaped. Ardern was Mayor of Faversham in 1548. On his murder, Lillo founded the tragedy of *Ardern of Faversham*, first printed in 1592. There was formerly an extensive Abbey at Faversham, in the church of which were interred King Stephen; Maud, his Queen; and Eustace, their eldest son. Gunpowder has been manufactured at Faversham, it is stated, from before the reign of Queen Elizabeth: and the Oyster Fishery, granted by King John to the Abbey, is very extensive; although it is difficult to obtain real Faversham oysters in the town itself.

THE LITERARY WORLD.—III.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

"I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day."—*Shakspeare.*

MARCH is a stirring month in the great world of letters: a punster would say its very name implies advancement; and a would-be wit once said on a batch of dull periodicals, "Beware of the Ide(a)s of March." This caveat must not, however, be extended to the literature for the present month; for it is mostly light, sparkling, and pleasant reading, such as befits this youth of the year, this season of new life, and beautiful hope. Still the "seried" plan of publication has become so popular—so favoured by the public—that we can scarcely notice a tithe of the works that lie on our table, or stand in the advertisement columns. We must, therefore, adjust our focus to the leading Magazines—

"That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

Blackwood's Magazine is so various that we can scarcely find room for its epitome. It opens with a flying view of the great Dourrannee kingdom—*i. e.*, the Affghan territory, which is a much more interesting paper than the reader may expect: its descriptive details are excellent. Next is "A Lounge on the Sea," a very charming paper—one of "Never-dying Kit's" inimitable roulades on Angling—a ramble in May to Amwell Hill, full of fresh fancies and think-coming thoughts that must gladden the heart of every reader: here is a delightful burst of humour and sentiment: "Go forth into the country for physic, and also for feed—food for the mind and heart—spiritual food—food for meditation! The contemplation of Nature is not merely a luxury, it is a lesson; Nature is not a penny magazine, nor even a penny halfpenny magazine, embellished with cuts, and unfolded for the entertainment of ignorant little boys and men; she is a vast volume of divinity, adorned with every grace that style, and argument, and lucid order can give; but not setting forth her own adornment—not prating of herself, but continually appealing *upwards*, continually drawing up the heart in one outpouring song of thankfulness—'not loud, but deep,'—until it loses sight of earth, and catches above the clouds glimpses

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of the purity and celestial calm of an eternal heaven!" But to proceed. "Miss Biddy Whelan's Business" is an affair of Irish humour. The "Hints to Authors" is broken off by the following piece of *badinage*: "Friday night, 5th February, 1841, —I've this moment come out of the House of Commons, where Macaulay has shewn his infernal spite against authors sure of immortality, by getting the Copyright Bill rejected. Too bad in a set of fellows like these, to take the whole value from my writings, by hindering me from doing the public out of two or three prices for my books—one during my own life, and another *in sæcula sæculorum*. Not that I would give two-pence for my chance of an additional guinea from the bookseller; but the look of the thing! think of the look of the thing! Doesn't it make you blush to see Shakspeare selling for five shillings, and all Milton for half-a-crown? If they had retained their copyrights, or even if a bookseller had bought them, they would have brought a very different price, and added proportionately to the dignity of literature. Don't publish a line of my *Predestined Thief* till you have asked Mr. Blackwood the difference in value between my copyright now and if it had been for ever; I hold you responsible if you do. The public must be punished for its meanness. I have great thoughts of not writing another line. All the authors in the House voted on our side. Nothing could be more disinterested. I was offered *Pelham* as I came here for eighteen-pence, the binding was worth two shillings. See how literature is fallen even now! I expect people will offer us *De Lorme* for nothing, or perhaps give us a shilling or two to the bargain." "The Margate Voyage," "on board of the Adelaide steamer," occurs to us to be a sad wishy-washy waste of two pages; it lacks the salt of wit, though the writer is strangely at sea, and, we should say, fresh in verse. "Wordsworth" is a clever critique on that "heaven-born poet's" writings, doubtless, suggested to the author by the recent reaction in favour of Wordsworth's muse. The critic protests against the exceeding homeliness of phrase and puerility of subject which deface the Lyrical Ballads, and which occasionally deform Wordsworth's more elaborate productions; and it is maintained that the poet has mistaken affectation for simplicity: perhaps our critic is right: he does ample justice to the reflective cast of Wordsworth's poet, in a masterly analysis of the spirit of the man. But the jewel of the Number is the continuation of "Ten Thousand a Year," with Titmouse in Parliament, under "the Bill for giving Everybody Everything"—the Yatton Petition, and some very sly shafts at the Collective Wisdom; to which succeeds an aristocratic marriage. Altogether this is a capital Number.—Ebony, at CCCV., is in a green, vigorous old age.

The Metropolitan is a Number of average merit in tale and travel. Mrs. Trollope proceeds with her Blue Belles of England; and Lord Killi-Kelly is finished. The Baths of Lucca, the Jews, and Gibraltar, and "Mr. Jeremy Maule and the Quakeress," are the other principal contents. Mrs. Trollope's paper is life-like and easy, and displays much of her knowledge of character, or rather of the crooked ways of life: she decidedly bears away the *bell* in the Number. The "Memoirs of an Italian Exile" have more of the romantic realities than are to be found elsewhere in the pages before us. In the Notices of Books, extraordinary pains have been taken with a few—perhaps, more than they deserve: the philosophic finery of Guizot's *Washington* is treated with more regard to its actual merit here than in most other reviews.

The New Monthly Magazine maintains its 'vantage ground, and numbers among its contributors the Editor, Mrs. Trollope, and Thomas Hood. The latter appears with "A Friend in Need, an extravaganza *after* Sterne." It is, of course, well spiced with pun and patter: thus, Schneiderius, a poor tailor, finding himself, on Michaelmas-day, without a farthing, to buy a goose—to go without which is considered in his trade equivalent to a fraudulent failure—in this dilemma, happened to raise his hand to his head, as men do in any perplexity, when he knocked off his silver-mounted "glasses." A blessed accident! for it made Schneiderius a happy man. The object was obtained—it was chosen, haggled for, bought, picked, trussed, stuffed, basted, roasted, dished, carved, eaten, and digested. The next day Schneiderius told Hans, in confidence, that "his spectacles had furnished his Michaelmas-day's dinner!" Hans enclosed the story, *verbatim*, to Kohlkopf, of Dusseldorf, who told Nadel, who told Faden, who told Knopf, who told De Lobel, the Fleming, who told it in print to Izaak Walton, and he told his disciples that—*Barnacles produce geese.* "Pellets for Prosers" is scarcely a fair specimen of the wits of the Athenæum Club, whence it is dated: still it is a smart satire upon our prosy times, sung in a ramble upon earth by Apollo and Momus:—

"One day, when the fêtes of Parnassus were ended,
And Helicon dull for the rest of the year,
Like other gay tourists, Apollo descended
With Momus, to visit his votaries here!
For whoever the other Gods took to amuse them,
They found them so learned, or so dull, or so prim,
That sometimes they'd leave them—sometimes they'd lose them;—
So he always took Folly to travel with him

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Having lasso'd two Pegasus ponies, they bound them
With sunbeams for traces,—took stars for their seat,
And thus at each step flinging rainbows around them,
They alighted, like sunset, in Marlborough-street!"

Fortunately, the rovers "scape whipping," and are allowed to "sit in the shop for the night:"

"So they got through the night; and next morning they wander'd
Through all the new streets and new squares they could find;
And though Momus his whole stock of sympathy squander'd,
Apollo could scarce find a spot to his mind!
There were altars to REASON, and temples to SCIENCE,
But POESY's minarets nowhere arose;
And go where they would, still a look of defiance
Glared on them from some hideous statue of—PROSE!"

Here is the epigrammatic close:—

"When they heard in Olympus, on what sort of diet
The party had lived—and our state here on earth,—
'But how,' cried they all, 'were their women so quiet,
Sustain'd but on love and on song—since their birth?'
But they told them—tho' PROSE's attorneys were bringing
Their actions by dozens,—to stop every ear,
That one of the SHERIDAN SWANS was still singing
And THAT was the cause of our quiet down here!"

Nimrod's "Foreign Sporting" shews us General Washington in the field—of peace, and in his hunting establishment at *Mount* Vernon: the anecdotes are told in Nimrod's usual rattling manner. "The French Press" is a shrewd glance at the Parisian newspapers, which, by the way, differ from those of London just as French soup differs from English: for example, *Morning Chronicle* and Mock Turtle; *Courrier Français* and *Potage Jullien*: the majority of the Parisian journals are mere paper pellets, wherewith to pelt public men, and have "a shy" at the ministry. Galignani's little folio may suit the English in Paris, sipping coffee and *liqueur* in the *café* or the *jardin;* but such condensation would not satisfy the Londoner, who must have his forty-eight columns a day. "Don't you wish you may get it?" is a sly thrust at our national follies; the writer arguing that this slang principle is sufficient to rule the world: he contends again and again, "that whatever occasional exceptions may arise in the application of 'Don't you wish you may get it?' if properly estimated, they will only serve to prove the rule." As a contrast to this bagatelle, we have "Maria Louisa, as Duchess of Parma," and "Might against Right," a romance of the Tyrolese war, by the Hon. E. Phipps. In the latter, the Archduke John, Hofer, and Spechbacher, are the chief actors. The former paper is very readably written, in a kind of keep-moving style—very French. We cannot follow "Fathers and Sons," or "Charles Chesterfield;" both which *nouvellettes* are, doubtless, eagerly looked for by the *New Monthly* readers. In the former, we find a popular folly thus aimed at: "Scarcely any man, (and still more rarely any woman,) is professedly and avowedly, even to himself, wicked. In early youth, when young gentlemen consider profligacy a feather in their caps, they talk much of proceedings in which they take a much smaller share than they would have it understood they do. They like the credit of dissipation, and so, to maintain their characters, actually give in to it to a certain extent. This is vanity, coxcombry, or what you please; but it is not wickedness." Again, how true is this remark: persons "commit crimes, but then they have such a multitude of excuses and qualifications for what they have done, that the crimes become in their own minds—and that seriously and conscientiously too—not only no crimes at all, but rather actions the result of oppression, of cruelty, neglect, or some such sort of thing." Circumstance we suspect to be the progenitor of the majority of misdeeds; and the world is a very old sinner, whose life, according to some men's shewing, has been one *round* of evil, never-ending, never-mending; so wags, or rather, rolls, the world.

Meanwhile, good reader, the sand of the glass has run out, so that we must cut our mingled yarn of March novelties, and leave you in strong suspense for a week.

New Books.

The Spas of England. By A. B. Granville, M.D., F.R.S.

[Of all our writing physicians, (i. e. physicians who write otherwise than commencing B.,) Dr. Granville is, perhaps, the best fitted to do justice to the health-giving properties of our much-neglected Spas, and the restorative effects of our principal Sea-bathing places. He not only enters into the medicinal properties of "the waters," but into the *rationale* of recovery in all the above cases; and the present volume is a capital specimen of this popular *ad captandum* style of book-writing. We who have entered Brighton with our head and feet almost at right angles to each other, and in four days have paced the esplanade there in as vertical a position as Nature ever intended, are in gratitude bound to respect our "Sea-bathing places," and to receive readily any information respecting them; and even had we not this experience to relate, Dr. Granville's book would be acceptable as one of pleasant yet profitable gossip, and technology, diluted to the average

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intellect of the frequenters of our Spas and Sea-bathing places. The Doctor is so agreeable a companion, so lively and intelligent a Cicerone, that his volume will do more than the whole pharmacopœia and all its supplements, to the recovery of patients; and soon lead them to cry "Dyspepsia, avaunt!" and, "throw physic to the dogs!"

The design of the author, our "London physician of twenty-three years' standing," is to comprise a tour of the Spas and Sea-bathing places of England, in two volumes; the first of which, before us, includes the Northern Spas from Harrogate to Leeds, in twenty-five chapters, full of professional tact, chemical analysis, political economy, antiquities, and topography, anecdotes *pour passer le temps*, pleasantries *pour rire*, evils of railway travelling; in short, "*de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.*" Still, the whole we take to be a veritable tour, not a fireside excursion, nor a Piccadilly pedestrianism: it has all the experience, if not the consolations, of travel, and is as minute as would be Mrs. Starke in the same district; though, perhaps, taking our lady tourist from the Continent to our Spas might place her out of her element.

We have only space for quoting two specimens of the very entertaining, vivacious style of Dr. Granville's book. First, of

St. Robert's Cave.—Eugene Aram.]

At present one object alone gives an all-absorbing interest to Knaresborough, and attracts thither, at some time or other, all the visiters at Harrogate, who care little or nothing for all the natural and artificial wonders just enumerated. A common occurrence, culled out of the Knaresborough Newgate Calendar, has, of late years, given a degree of celebrity to that place which it hardly enjoyed before the fervid imagination of the author of "Eugene Aram" clothed the life and death of a scamp, better educated than the commonalty of rogues are in this country, with the charms of his inventive pen. The cave, the cave, "St. Robert's Cave," is the watchword of the idle visiters at Harrogate, as they sit devising the operations for the following day, over the last bowl of punch at the supper-table in the long-room of the Crown or the Dragon. And to Knaresborough all the disposable conveyances of Harrogate are ordered for the morrow.

Thither my merry friends, who had patiently witnessed my operations and inquiries at the Starbeck Spa, and whose company would have given interest to the intended expedition, had none belonged to it, drove me in their carriage. In this we followed the example of the many; but not, I trust, without being duly impressed with the wholesome reflections which a vist to the scene of a deliberate, artfully managed, yet, after all, detected homicide, is apt to suggest; especially when that foul act has been perpetrated by an individual who, if knowledge made men virtuous, ought to have been the last person in the world to have committed such a deed.

Crossing the bridge over the Nidd, which, for a minor river, narrow and not over limpid, presents some characters of beauty as you look down upon it, and follow its tortuous stream until it is lost round the castle cliff; a short carriage drive brought us to a small wicker-gate, kept by an old dame, who readily extended her palms to receive whatever contribution the visiters felt disposed to drop into them.

She has her story quite pat. A few ruinous steps, without a railing or a parapet, lead down to a platform a small terrace in front of the famous Cave, which is small, not deep, and hollowed out of the rock. The river runs a little way below the terrace, on the margin of which a dwarf stone-wall, supported by the sloping green bank, has been erected. By this contrivance, no access can now be had to the Cave by the river side; nor is the spot liable to the inundations to which it was previously subject.

About the middle of this terrace, chance, a short time back, brought to light an excavation two feet deep, and in shape like the inside of a stone coffin, made in the solid rock, with hollows at the bottom to receive certain projecting parts of a human body—such a one having been found in it in a state of decay at the time of the discovery. In tossing up the earth, by which this tomb was encumbered, a small silver coin was brought to light, which the good old dame exhibited, but which none of our party could decipher, as the inscription is not very legible. The coin would probably have informed us respecting the age of this sepulture, and the name of its inmate.

Had such mortal remains been discovered at the period when Eugene stood arraigned of murder,—no doubt he would have made good use of the circumstance in his extraordinary and very clever defence, by practically exemplifying his line of argument, that the bones found in St. Robert's Cave need not have been those of the murdered Clark, but rather might have been those of some recluse anchoret who there perished in due course. But "blood will have blood;" and Providence willed it that the discovery which would have supplied an argument to the arraigned schoolmaster too strong even for the law to withstand (when circumstantial evidence alone directed the jury), and which would have snatched guilt from condign punishment, should not have taken place until long after that punishment had been inflicted, and, it is hoped, after it had time to operate salutarily by its example.

Ever since the appearance of Bulwer's interesting novel bearing the name of the culprit, public sympathy has been attempted to be excited in behalf of his memory. The most successful, clever, and highly interesting effort made to that effect, is that of Norrison Scatcherd, Esq., who, in two well written little works, full of curious details, the one entitled, "Memoirs of the celebrated Eugene Aram," and the other "Gleanings after Eugene Aram," has endeavoured to place the history of that extraordinary character (for extraordinary he certainly was in many respects) in its proper light, and to enlist the kindly feelings of his readers in behalf of his hero.

His remarks on that interesting girl "Sally Aram," the favourite and only affectionate child of Eugene, who followed him to Lynn, and clung to him in York Castle, whither, with a devotion and fidelity, characteristic of her sex where a beloved object is concerned, Sally had attended her father, are replete with pathetic feelings. The composition does great credit, not only to the author's head, but to his heart; for he concludes with a "moral" deduced from the sad lesson he has composed, and does not, like a certain learned physician at one of the meetings of the medical section of the British Association, exclaim against the injustice of a sentence contended, by the latter, to have been little short of a legal murder.

And why so? because upon a skull deemed to be that of Eugene Aram, upon no *direct* evidence whatever*—upon evidence, indeed, which Dr. Fife,

* Dr. James Inglis, who so ingeniously brought forward the subject of Eugene Aram at the meeting in question, has since published a small pamphlet in corroboration of his previous statements; in which, however, he only reiterates the same indirect (and certainly in a court of law insufficient) evidence, to prove the identity of the skull exhibited at the meeting.

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of Newcastle, said to be an able supporter of phrenology, considered to be "neither moral nor legal"—certain particular manifestations were found present, and others wanting! The latter reasons, which I perfectly well recollect being adduced emphatically at the time, it is but justice to add, the learned author has disclaimed in his subsequent publication. But assuming even that the skull is genuine, and taking its phrenological developments to be as there stated, no ruffian was ever more deservedly hung than Eugene Aram.

[We perceive that Dr. Granville exposes the far-famed wonder of "the Dropping Well at Knaresborough," as "the paltry farce of water, highly impregnated with earthly particles, transmitted by means of concealed pipes, across a chasm left by the detaching of a bulky rock from the cliff; from the upper surface of which rock it is suffered to trickle down in an expanded sheet of perpendicular drops, depositing in its fall on various objects exposed to its action, calcareous sediments, which have been called petrifactions."

Next is a piquant page on the author's approach to

Brougham Hall.]

Penrith was perceived, seated down in a richly cultivated plain, with Brougham Hall a little way beyond that small and neat town, and the larger mass of modern Gothic embattled structures, called Lowther Castle, standing in the midst of an extensive park, watered by the river Lowther.

My desire to pay a visit to the Hall, which bears the name of the first orator of our days, was anticipated by the usual practice of the Penrith post-boys who conduct travellers southwards, and who naturally, it seems, inquire of them whether they will not make a short deviation to the left of the road, to see the venerable fabric, the work of various ages, in which occasionally resides the "great Chancellor!"

Arthur's round table (one of those natural features, by-the-by, which, like Robin Hood's cave, one meets everywhere in the north) stands not far removed from the Hall, to add to the temptation.

The Hall, however, will not need such or any other adventitious allurement, in future ages, to become an object of pilgrimage. Like the Château de Vernet, BROUGHAM HALL, when the grave shall have swept away prejudices and political animosities, will be visited by thousands eager to behold the château of the English Voltaire; he who, to the encyclopedic knowledge and pungent wit of the French philosopher, joined the impassioned and flowing eloquence of Mirabeau.

On this occasion I felt satisfied with approaching the building, and enjoying the prospect from its terrace. The venerable mother of the noble statesman, whose loss he has since had to deplore, was then lying indisposed at the Hall; and to have pushed mere curiosity further at such a moment would have been an impertinence. The noble host, besides, was not in the county at the time, or to his lordship, as no stranger, I should have paid my respects; nor did he reach the Hall until some days after, when that unfortunate accident occurred which had nigh deprived the senate of one of its most splendid ornaments.

At an arrow's-shot length from the modern hall stands Brougham Castle. Placed near the confluence of two slender river-streams, one of which gives a title to the wealthy lord of Lowther Castle,—and occupying a prominent station on a gentle eminence above those waters,—these vestiges of the feudal possession of *John de Veteripont*, form a group of some interest.

[Appended to the volume is "the first part of a chemico-pneumatic and thermometrical table of thirty-six mineral springs visited by the author, exhibiting at one view the chemical composition of the waters, their different degrees of heat, and quantity of free gaseous principles." By the way, although the publication of this work has been delayed, it has been advantageously so; for the present state of the Continent will, doubtless, send home, or keep at home, thousands of tourists during the ensuing summer and autumn, when Dr. Granville's guide-book will be put into pretty general requisition.

The work is embellished with several spirited sketches, engraved on wood by Mr. Orrin Smith; in which the artist has been admirably seconded by the printer, who is, indeed, a much more important co-operator in producing an effective representation on wood than the public generally imagine. The *Spas of England* has likewise an useful skeleton map, printed on linen.]

Obituary.

THE REV. JAMES MACKINLAY, D.D.

*The last Clergyman contemporary with Burns.**

THE Rev. James Mackinlay, D.D., was born on 22nd December, 1756, in the parish of Douglas, Lanarkshire. At a very early period of his life, he came under the influence of serious impressions, and devoted himself to the work of the ministry. He entered the College of Glasgow in 1773, where he studied under some of the most celebrated men in their day: Professors Moir, Jardine, Reid, and Anderson. In 1782, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Ayr to preach the Gospel. On the 6th of April, 1786, he was ordained to the second charge of the parish of Kilmarnock; and in 1809 he was promoted to the first charge. Few settlements have ever taken place in which the voice of the people has been more decidedly expressed in favour of the presenter. In 1810, he received the degree of D.D. from the Marischal College, Aberdeen. During the long period of nearly 55 years, to which his ministry extended, he was most assiduous and faithful in the discharge of his sacred duties. Few divines have ever united the same simple, unassuming manners to an earnest, energetic, and highly animated style of delivery in preaching. Every discourse shewed the deep reverential feeling, the fervent piety, that was so strong a component part in his mental constitution. He loved to exhibit the gentler aspect of the Gospel—to paint the beauties of holiness, rather than the terrors of the law—and frequently his appeals were of so pathetic a nature, and often so enthusiastic, as to leave few dry eyes among his audience, and take the mind captive, and carry it whithersoever he listed. Here he shewed that the elements of the orator were born with him; and this was, in no small degree, the means by which he sustained so very high a degree of popularity as a preacher through more than half a century. The poet Burns's boisterous satire of the *Ordination* was written on the admission of the Rev. Dr. Mackinlay as one of the ministers of the Laigh or Parochial Kirk in Kilmarnock. At that time, Calvinism was agitated with great warmth among its professors. The parties were designated Old Light and New Light. The Old Light aspired to rank

* From a Correspondent.

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with the purest of the Covenanters, and insisted upon austerity of manners and humility of dress. The New Light, on the other hand, countenanced no such self-denial, and recognised those religious opinions so strenuously defended by Dr. Taylor of Norwich. Dr. Mackinlay's discourses were always distinguished by strict Calvinism; his mind was "mighty in the scriptures," being a laborious student of the sacred volume. His sermons abounded with anecdote powerfully calculated to illustrate the subject; and by the felicitous use he made of highly beautiful and poetical comparisons and similes, combined with an earnest, fervent, and animated delivery, his addresses from the pulpit became at once eloquent and popular, and rendered him the grand protector of Calvinistic doctrines in the west of Scotland; hence the bitter ironical strain of the severe satire of the *Ordination*. The poet also refers to this worthy father of the church in another of his lampoons, called the *Kirk's Alarm*; but, in both instances, he evidently looks upon the divine as being possessed of much power and eloquence. There is little doubt that the reverend Doctor had long since forgiven those poetical sallies, and regarded them as the public do—mere literary curiosities. Dr. Mackinlay was the intimate friend of Burns's "Daddy Auld," the minister of Manchline; and it is said to have been his practice, when he called at his reverend brother's house, to shake hands, kneel down, and unite in asking a blessing from above on their ministry, and on the flocks committed to their charge. Such was the truly Christian, primitive, and apostolic-like practice of this good and venerable man. On Sunday, the 7th of last month, he preached with his usual pathos and earnestness, from Psalm xciv. 19—"In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." He was slightly indisposed for a few days; and was able to attend a funeral on the 9th. On the afternoon of the same day, he became suddenly unwell, and on the morning of the 10th, it was evident that his end was approaching; and, without a struggle or a sigh, about half-past eleven o'clock, he fell asleep in Jesus. No individual's decease was ever more universally regretted by his congregation, or has called forth stronger manifestations of sorrow from all classes in the neighbourhood. On the day of interment, the 16th, it appeared as if the entire population of the district had assembled to lament the loss of one, to whose instructions they looked up as to those of a father. A considerable number of the public works were stopped on the day of the funeral, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased; and it is computed that the assemblage of people present could be no less than ten thousand; while the number of mourners, in their sable attire, was at least fifteen hundred. The effect was most imposing, and formed a well-merited tribute to the memory of this distinguished ornament of the church, who for the long period of fifty-five years was engaged with unwearied zeal in the service of his Master. On the present mournful bereavement, the following elegant and eloquent elegiac has been written by a young lady of great poetical talent:

THE PASTOR'S DEATH.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—Rev. xiv. 13.

SERVANT of God!—thy warfare's o'er—well done!
Now wear the crown of bliss supreme for aye;
The strife is o'er—the glorious victory won!
A dimless star, though systems, suns decay,
Thy soul shall shine through endless, eveless day!
No more thy hand shall aid the poor oppress—
"Allure to brighter worlds—and lead the way;"
Or pour the balm into the wounded breast:
Thy work is done, and thou hast entered into rest.

Vicegerent of the Cross!—In battle strong
To wield the spirit-sword, and buffet sin—
On Zion's tower a faithful watcher long;
No more thou'lt teach the soul her lamp to trim,
When waning life's faint taper flickers dim;
Or fledge it on the wings of faith to fly,
Or point from Pisgah's top to Jordan's brim—
And clear the lens of faith, for Hope's weak eye
To gaze where Canaan blooms with flowers that never die.

No more thou, Patriarch Shepherd, lead'st thy flock
To living waters—as the prophet led
The desert pilgrims to the stricken rock;
Nor feed'st them—as on Etham's plain he fed
With manna showers of consecrated bread,
And nursed, with richest dew, his chosen vine.
Thy works will follow,—blessed are the dead
Who sleep in Jesus;—conquering death and time,
They, as the noontide sun, in glory ever shine.

The many weeping hearts that mourn for thee
Embalm thy living memory with tears—
And thou art better from this cloud-land free,
Where being's ageless rose no autumn sears,
But fadeless garlands crown thy fruitful years,
Where Sharon's rose exhales eternal bloom;
Bearing a seven-fold weight of golden ears,
Thy shock of corn fell ripe into the tomb;
And God's pure lamp has lit death's shadowy gloom.

Though secret rest thy deeds of mercy now,
That day may gem thy crown with many a soul,
When awe-struck worlds shall bend their quailing brow,
And stars in darkness from their circles roll—
And earth's proud fabrics blaze from pole to pole,
And on her tottering throne creation reels,
The heavens shall shrivel like a parched scroll;
And nature poise no more her myriad wheels,
Till powers and principalities before Jehovah kneel.

Kilmarnock, Feb. 1841. M. A.

For several years Dr. Mackinlay was the only surviving clergyman of the West, of whom the Poet Burns makes mention in his poems, which circumstance frequently attracted strangers to his church; to whom he was always certain to convey the highest ideas of the great, responsible, and important purposes of his mission.

The Gatherer.

Japanese Pocket Handkerchiefs are neat squares of white paper, which, when used, are dropped into the sleeve, until an opportunity offers of throwing them away, without soiling the house.

Road-books, containing every species of information important to travellers, down to a very minutely accurate table of rates, charges, and prices, for bearers, at inns, ferries, &c., abound in Japan.

Japanese State.—Attached to the bed-room of a reigning prince in Japan is a large closet, more resembling a cage, formed out of a corner of the ante-room, in which the chamberlain in attendance is condemned habitually to pass his hours alone—there, unseen and unobtrusive, waiting and watching for his highness' commands.

Metallurgy.—The Japanese do not understand the art of separating gold dust from sand; a strange piece of ignorance in a nation whose skill in metallurgy is highly praised!

A dear "Ice."—In Japan, when persons go to see the volcano of Foeri, a peasant hospitably offers the traveller an entertainment, the principal dish of which is a preparation of *saikee*, with snow from the mountain, having some resemblance to the ice-creams of Europe. The peasant's hospitality is rewarded by the present of a Japanese gold coin, called a *Koban*, and worth 26*s.* 6*d.*—*Man. and Cust. Japanese.*

Gauging.—On the occasion of Kepler's second marriage, he found it necessary to stock his cellar with a few casks of wine. When the wine merchant came to measure the casks, Kepler objected to his method, as he made no allowance for the

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different sizes of the bulging parts of the cask. From this accident, Kepler was led to study the subject of gauging, and to write a treatise on it, published at Linz, in 1615, and which contains the earliest specimens of the modern analysis.—*Martyrs of Science.*

The Great Western Railway, it is stated by Mr. Brunel, the engineer, will be opened on the 1st of June the whole distance. The receipts during the last half-year have been 153,912*l.* 19*s.* 8*d.* The number of passengers conveyed has been 645,481, and taking the aggregate mileage travelled, 113,851,974, there has been a daily average of 1,064 persons travelling the whole distance. The sum of 16,500*l.* was paid during the last half-year for coke, alone.

A Common Error.—We are too apt to condemn others for their apparent dulness in understanding any new position in advance of their previous intelligence, as the conviction of an error. Sir David Brewster felicitously observes, that "men are not necessarily obstinate because they choose to display rooted and venerable errors, nor are they absolutely dull when they are long in understanding, and slow in embracing, newly discovered truths."

Stammering.—Mr. Bennett Lucas has performed at the Hospital, in Carey-street, an operation for the cure of this defect: the patient was a man aged 30; and after the operation, which consisted in dividing some of the muscles of the tongue, he was able to pronounce with great accuracy and distinctness many words, which before the operation he could not do! This operation, which has been performed in France and Germany, is said to be the first of the kind performed in this country.—*Times.*

Galileo's House, at Arcetri, still remains. In 1821, it belonged to one Signor Alimari, having been preserved in the state in which it was left by Galileo, in 1703.

Rum and Sugar.—In the manufacture of sugar, the "skimmings," or "scummings," as they are commonly called, are the impurities of the cane-juice, which rise to the surface, after the introduction of the temper-lime, which is thrown in to neutralize the acid found, more or less, in the cane-juice, according to the quality of the land upon which the plant has been grown. The "skimmings" are not only used in the manufacture of rum, but they serve as food for the horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and pigs on a sugar estate. Molasses, on the other hand, is the thick and syrupy substance which drains from the "new sugar," after it is "potted," or put into hogsheads. This substance is also given to the stock, but it is more profitable to distil rum from it.—*The Alligator.*

Galileo.—A Dominican friar, in a furious attack upon the Italian philosopher, cried out sarcastically, "Ye men of *Galilee*, why stand ye here looking up into heaven?" It is related of Galileo, that having vowed before the Inquisition that he would never again teach the doctrine of the earth's motion, when he rose from his knees, he said in a whisper to one of his friends, "It *does* move, though." In personal appearance Galileo was about the middle size, and of a square-built, but well-proportioned frame. His complexion was fair, his eyes penetrating, and his hair of a reddish hue.

Discouragement of Science.—The meanness of Governments in availing themselves of the researches of men of science, and leaving them unrewarded, is a common occurrence in our times; but it will excite even less surprise than it does, if we glance at the fortunes of illustrious men in past ages. We find that on the reformation of the Kalendar, Kepler was summoned to the Diet at Ratisbon, to give his opinion on the subject, upon which also he published a short essay; but, though the Government did not scruple to avail themselves of his services, yet his pension was allowed to fall in arrear, and in order to support his family, he was compelled to publish an Almanac, suited to the taste of the age. "In order," says he, "to defray the expense of the Ephemeris for two years, I have been obliged to compose a *vile prophesying Almanac*, which is scarcely more *respectable than begging*, unless from its saving the Emperor's credit, who abandons me entirely, and would suffer me to perish with hunger." Has this fact escaped the notice of certain well-intentioned persons, who, of late years, have laboured to expose the absurdities of the early Almanacs? If so, it should be immediately appended to every exposition of the matter, so as to inform the reader with whom rests the blame.

Mr. Wyatt's Statue of the Duke of Wellington, it is stated in *The Times*, will be the largest known work of the kind, and is expected to weigh about 50 tons, and to stand about 32 feet from the pedestal. If possible, it is to be formed entirely of the cannon taken by his Grace. The model of the horse, which is about half finished, is very fine: with eyes extended, and nostrils inflated, it breathes with animation and vigour. The head and boots of the Duke are already cast: the face is an admirable likeness. These parts of the figure have taken the metal of a single cannon. The lower extremities of the figure will be of solid bronze, the thickness gradually diminishing in the upper parts. During his labours, Mr. Wyatt has acquired much valuable experience in the art of casting in metal; among which are a method for testing the tubes which supply the metal, to ascertain that they are perfectly clear; and a plan with the air-tubes that causes them not only to expel the air, but also to operate as suction-tubes to the metal, and promote its distribution.

A Dutchman's Testimony to Shakspeer.—"I will tell you, such is de powers of de Shakspeer, that I vunce saw de plays arcted in Anglish languish, in Holland, where der was not vun persons in all de house but myself could understond it; yet dare was not a persons in all dat house but vat vas in tears, dat is, all crying, blowing de nose, and veep very mouch—couldn't onderstond vun vurd of the play, yet all veeping. Such was de powers of de Shakspeer."—*Mrs. Bray's Switzerland.*

French Theatres.—The irreligion and indecency of the French theatres is becoming intolerable. The new favourite dance at the Theatre de Renaissance transcends all that has preceded it. The title of this dance is "*Galop infernal du dernier Jugement!*" The costumes of the dancers and their postures are copied from Michael Angelo's picture of "The Last Judgment."—*Times.* (This is love of art, with a vengeance.).

Antarctic Discovery.—We have the gratification to announce that Mr. Charles Enderby has been unanimously elected an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Society, as a distinguished mark of the high estimation in which that illustrious body regard Mr. Enderby's eminent aid to South Sea Discovery.

Royal Society.—The noble President, the Marquis of Northampton, held his first *Soirée* for the season, on Saturday evening, the 27th ult. The company included the *elite* of the scientific world; and among the novelties exhibited, were some of the finest Daguerréotypes yet seen in this country.

English Prejudice.—There is one thing in which foreigners must yield the palm to us; and that is, that some of us English beat them hollow in undervaluing the good things that are our own, and by giving foreign countries and manners the preference to those which are natural to us.—*Mrs. Bray.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—IV. in our next.

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The Mirror

OF

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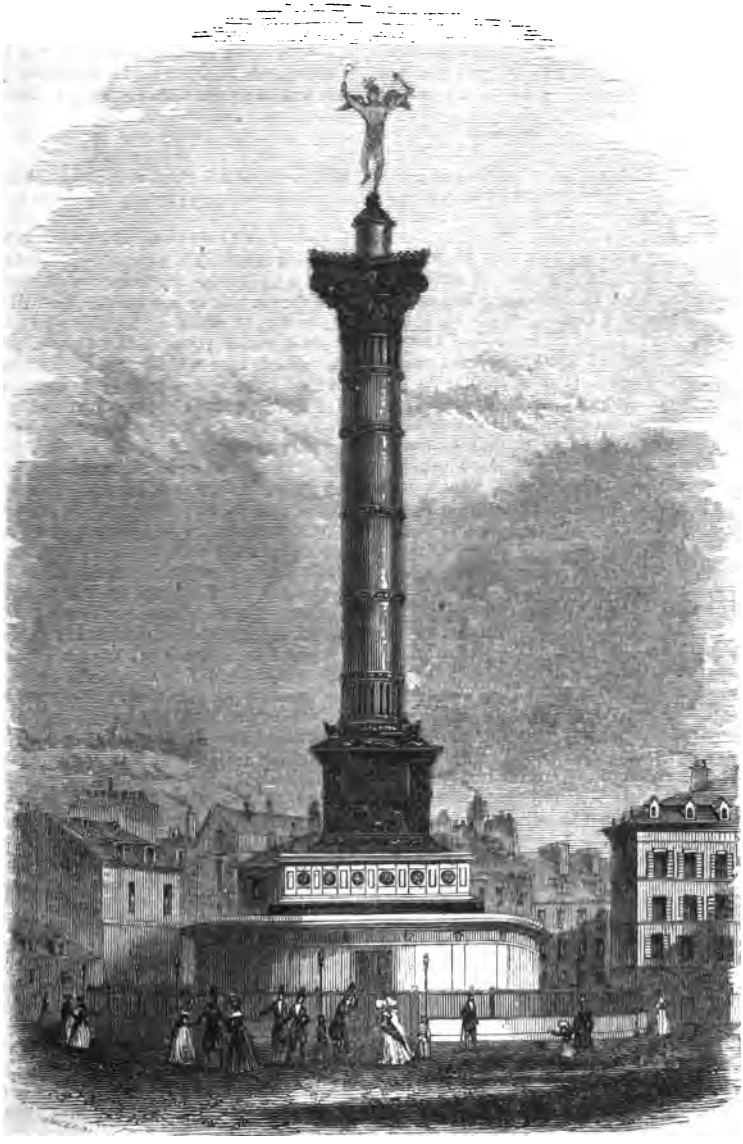

THE JULY COLUMN, AT PARIS.

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THE JULY COLUMN, AT PARIS.

By one of those strange turns of the wheel of vicissitude,—by looking at which too steadfastly men become giddy,—the French people have raised a memorial of one Revolution upon the most celebrated site of another. "The July Column," erected to perpetuate the memory of the events of July, 1830, occupies the site of the Bastille, which was taken and demolished by the Parisian populace on 14th July, 1789. To this spot also, was shifted the guillotine, from the Place Louis XV.

The *Colonne de Juillet* consists of a bronze column and stone pedestal; beneath the latter are four vaults, wherein are placed the remains of 504 persons, who fell in the revolution of 1830; the foundation spanning the canal of St. Martin. The erection of this monument originated with M. Bavoux; the design with M. Alavoine, in 1833, after whose death the execution was entrusted to MM. Lenoir and Duc.

The total height of the July Column is 154 feet, being 13 feet loftier than that of the Place Vendôme: it is similar in character, yet different in construction, the bronze exterior of the shaft consisting of 20 cylindrical bands or rings, not attached by cramps, but fitted into each other by grooves. The capital is cast in one mass. The whole of the casting is by MM. Ingé and Soyer.

The general design is of ornamental character, except the shaft, which, in its plainness, presents a remarkable contrast with the scenes of victory perpetuated upon the Vendôme Column; the Parisians wisely judging the triumphs of the Barricades at home to be of inferior interest to the conquests of Napoleon abroad. The principal front of the pedestal, towards the Rue St. Antoine, is decorated with a lion; upon the three others are inscribed the dates "Juillet 27, 28, et 29, 1830," and the following: "Loi du 13 Decembre, 1830. Un monument sera élevé à la mémoire des événemens de Juillet." "Loi du 9 Mars, 1833. Ce monument sera élevé sur la place de la Bastille." "A la gloire des citoyens Français, qui s'armèrent et combatirent pour le défense des libertés publiques dans le memorables journées des 27, 28, et 29 Juillet, 1830." The lion and the pedestal are by M. Barye; and the palms and garlands, with which it is also embellished, are by M. Marbœuf. Upon the shaft of the column are inscribed, in gold, the names of the 504 "victims," whose remains are placed in the vaults beneath. The base of the column is a massive palm-wreath. Around the abacus are four children, bearing wreaths of triumph. Upon the outer line of the abacus is fixed an elegant balustrade; and in its centre is constructed the acroter, which at once forms a roof, or covering, to the column and a pedestal for the ball and statue; the latter representing the Genius of Liberty breaking her fetters; this statue, of gilt bronze, is by M. Dumont. Within the pedestal and shaft of the column is a spiral staircase to the abacus and gallery. The total cost of the Column is stated at 1,172,000 francs, about 47,000*l.*; or upwards of three times the cost of the York Column, in St. James's Park, which is 17 feet less in height than the July Column.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S LOVE OF MUSIC.

I am naturally amorous of all that is beautiful. I can look a whole day with delight upon a handsome picture, though it be but of a horse. It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony; and sure there is music even in the beauty, and in the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion: and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres; for all those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note more full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed, delights in harmony; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church music. For myself, not only from my obedience but my particular genius, I do embrace it: for even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes me into a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and creatures of God; such a melody to the ear, as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of harmony, which intellectually sounds in the ear of God. I will not say, with Plato, the soul is an harmony, but harmonical, and hath its nearest sympathy unto music. Thus some, whose temper of body agrees, and humours the constitution of their souls, are born poets; though, indeed, all are naturally inclined unto rhythme. This made Tacitus, in the very first line of his story, fall upon a verse; and Cicero, the worst of poets, but declaiming for a poet, falls, in the very first sentence, upon a perfect hexameter.—*Religio Medici*, Part II. Sect. 9, p. 57.

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THE SCIENCE OF HOSPITALITY.

"*Sosia.* 'C'est le vrai Amphytrion où l'on dine.'" *Molière.*

I WAS much entertained, a few evenings since, with the perusal of a French work, lately published, on the *Devoirs de l'Amphytrion*, or, as it may be rendered in English, the *Science of Hospitality*. Although every trade and occupation, in these days of improvement and grandiloquence, has been dignified with the appellation of a science, and those who follow it with the titles of artists and professors; this is not an invention of modern times, but owes its origin to remote antiquity. Though now revived and cultivated with care by the highly imaginative and polite nation whose culinary skill far exceeds the perfection of Roman epicurism, it will be long before they can equal their models in the science of hospitality; indeed, as yet they have done nothing more than to copy after them. Who can, for a moment, compare the splendour of the most expensive fêtes of modern times, with the unbounded profusion and lavish prodigality of the ancients; or contrast the paltry ten thousand pounds, which is the maximum outlay of the costliest banquets, with the hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, expended at repasts in the times of the Roman emperors? when the difficulty lay in the concentration of sufficient expense in the smallest compass, and the remotest regions and the rarest specimens of the animal and vegetable world were joined in heterogeneous union; when a thousand peacocks died to furnish one small dish of their tongues, and pearls of immense value were dissolved and drank in acid; and many other elements of expense entered into the computation, and swelled the amount, till we are tempted to refuse belief, and are almost incredulous of the statements even of standard historians.

Lord Lyttleton, in his *Dialogues of the Dead*, has a humorous interview between Apicius and Dartineuf, celebrated gourmands of ancient and modern times, wherein the Frenchman, after telling the cause of his own death by a surfeit, is amazed to hear from the Roman that he hung himself in despair, upon his steward's informing him that he had but four-score thousand pounds left in his coffers. "Alas!" said the distracted Apicius, "it is not enough for a supper!" and so he hanged himself to avoid starvation. "Why, man!" cries the Parisian, "with us you might have lived twenty years on it, and died in clover after all. Eighty thousand pounds! *Sacre Dieu!*" The application is plain—that the luxury of the ancients far outstripped that of our times, and that the more equal distribution of property has taken away first the means, and then the inclination, to indulge in such limitless profusion. Besides, the superior facilities of commerce, and the improvements in the production of the gifts of nature and art, by increasing the quantity, necessarily cause greater cheapness; and a piece of the finest silk is now produced with less expense than the external roll of coarse linen that envelopes the Egyptian mummy.

But the invention of the ancients was not confined alone to the composition of new dishes, and devising new modes of expense in the viands to be consumed; manner, elegance, and taste in arrangement, had for them an engrossing charm, and everything that could delight the ear or eye was joined to the gratifications of the palate. They ushered a favourite dish into the banquet-hall with music and dancing, and prolonged the repast with interludes of pantomime and dramatic representations, mixed with choruses of singers and dancers.

The vegetable and animal kingdom were ransacked for stimulants to excite a jaded appetite, and the numerous courses were always accompanied with a description of each remarkable dish by the host, who usually had some interesting anecdote or amusing remark in connexion with each. As luxury increased, new and indispensable ceremonial rules were introduced for the conduct of the guest and host, and finally a regular code was made of the scattered precepts, and parasites were feasted with every party to keep a strict watch and detect any breach of the important observances among the guests; and whosoever was reported to the master of the house in private for any delinquency, was thenceforward excluded from any future participation, and lost caste among all his dining acquaintance.

With the fall of the empire, and the irruption of the successive hordes of barbarians with unpronounceable names and undisciplined appetites, whose only care was what and not how to eat, the science of good living vanished with the other sciences, and the world existed for centuries upon the simple elements of food, in deplorable ignorance of the various modes of permutation and combination. In such degenerate days was it that King Stephen used to sit in the chimney corner at Woodstock, and scorch venison cutlets on the end of his sword, and King Arthur carve pudding to his knights of the round table with "trusty Escalibar;" or, as the ballad hath it,

> "The king then drew his shining sword,
> Most like a trencher-man,
> And in he plunged it to the hilt,
> When out the gravy ran."

Then was it that princesses made pasties and princes cheesecakes, and captive knights were solaced in their prisons by angels of light in the shape of noble maidens bearing viands, prepared by their own hands, to the

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objects of their sympathy. But those times of nature and barbarism have past; now, a high-born young lady, if there be such, would shudder at the vulgarity of being seen in the apartment devoted to culinary operations, to use a delicate circumlocution, much less to contaminate her reputation and hands by the vile contact of substances utterly unmentionable, and too gross for ethereal natures. Nay more, such is the perfection that many in modern times have attained, that eating itself is entirely dispensed with; and the philosophical observer, if he can for a moment intermit the motion of knife and fork, will often be edified by the spectacle of a row of young ladies amusing themselves with turning over the dainty tid-bits on their respective plates, with a curious eye, as if to investigate the nature of the unknown substance before them; then sip a little water, nibble a little bread, assume an air of surpassing dignity, and look things unutterable upon the carnivorous assemblage; who, poor souls, all unaware of the intense wonder and horror caused by their portentous deeds, are rapidly reducing the hills of vegetable and animal matter to a mathematical level. But the wonder of such a philosopher will be somewhat abated, should he, by any chance, behold the previous secret noon-lunch, which enables them to support ethereality, and recals to mind the well-known verses beginning,

"Violante, in the pantry," &c.;

he would then appreciate the witty saying of a friend, who compared a fashionable lady, in a changeable silk dress, to a chameleon, an animal which was long reported to feed on air, because he was too cunning to allow people to see him eat.

"Mercy on us!" as Tristram Shandy says, "how I have digressed before beginning my subject!"

To commence: the French and Italians were the first nations who made any progress in the culinary art in the middle ages, and they, at that early period, furnished cooks to the rest of the civilized world. By degrees the French have taken the lead, and now no establishment in Europe is perfect without a French cook. In the code of regulations, recently compiled by a celebrated "gastronome," we see the minute perfection to which everything connected with the science of good living has been carried, and are at a loss which to admire most, the art or nature displayed in them; so true it is, that the most refined manners are those which approximate nearest to the natural; and in the "science of hospitality" the great object of the numerous and seemingly unimportant rules is to secure the greatest amount of personal comfort to all, and render a man as much at ease and as well served in a party of a hundred, as though he were sitting alone at the table.

The attainment of this desirable object will depend upon the amphytrion, the fashionable title of the host, taken from Molière's admirable play of the same name, and especially from the line selected to head this loose sketch. The amphytrion should be acquainted with the particular tastes and predilections of his guests, keep an anxious watch over their diminishing appetites, and solicit them with graceful and earnest, yet not importunate and burdensome, pressing; and, above all, be careful that each one receive directly from him their intended portion. He can thus calculate upon the known tastes of the guests, and insure himself and them a double portion of pleasure. The observance of this rule is all-important, and "a neglect of it," as the French writer observes, "leads often to deplorable consequences."

What bitter, secret animosities, what quantities of latent bile, are engendered by a few accidents, *mal-à-propos*, which will completely destroy all convivial delight, and invest the countenances of the guests with a grim, wrathful look of sullenness, ominous of future enmities and unappeasable hatred. In the mean time, the host, all unconscious of the storm his imprudence has set a-brewing, continues his efforts to please those to whom even courtesy is disagreeable, till the gloom of the company, by a sympathetic influence, is diffused over his own face, and the repast, which began under the most cheering auspices, ends in mutual discontent and ill-suppressed dissatisfaction. The gentlemen depart grumbling; the ladies retreat with hearts ready to burst with spite, and lips trembling with scandal, to be poured forth in a torrent with the tea, and the luckless amphytrion himself retires with a sigh, as he looks at the scene of his mishaps, and pathetically discusses with his moping partner the reason "why every thing went wrong;" but either is unable to divine the cause, and the whole is laid to the account of fortune, who, if she be indeed, as the Romans represented her, a *bonâ fide* personage, suffers oftener for the mistakes of mankind than for her own. The day, in fact, becomes such a one as the ancients would have marked with a black stone in their Fasti, and the wiser old ladies of the present age cross with a pen in their almanacs, and hold in worse estimation than a sailor's Friday, placing it on a par with the day on which James drowned himself, Augustus broke the gig and his neck, or Charles ran off with the actress.

All this complication of evils may be avoided, as the work referred to proves, by the slightest care on the part of the amphytrion. Whatever comes from his end of

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the table should be entrusted to a servant, with special directions; and each of the guests thus suited in their several tastes, will assume a look of heavenly benevolence, and overwhelm with flattering encomiums the fortunate giver of the feast, who, if any spark of human kindness remain in his bosom, will be supremely happy in beholding the cheerful hilarity he has diffused around, and feel, for the moment at least, as if praise were a sufficient counterpoise to pudding. Such a sight would prove, conclusively, that the stomach, and not the heart, is the citadel of the kindly affections, and how much more man enjoys himself as a gregarious animal than when he sits apart, like the wretches in Byron's "Darkness,"

"Gorging himself in gloom."

M.

THE POET'S BRIDE.

BY SOLYMAN BROWN.

The bard had been roaming
A wide world of sorrow,
Nor dream'd there was coming
So bright a to-morrow;
For hope had been blighted,
And friendship mistaken,
And love fondly plighted
Unkindly forsaken,
Till mem'ry was sad at the scenes of the past;
But Beauty befriended,
And kindly descended,
In sunshine and joy, to his bosom at last.

The roses were flushing
In fragrance and blossom,
When, bright in her blushing,
She came to his bosom;
With balm in her breathing,
And flowers in her tresses,
In fondness bequeathing
Her virgin caresses,
She comes like a vision of hope to his bower:
An angel of gladness,
To banish his sadness,
She comes like the rainbow that follows the shower.

With throbbing emotion,
She brought to her poet
Her young heart's devotion,
Resolved to bestow it;
For long had he woo'd her
By streamlet and fountain,
And often pursued her
O'er meadow and mountain,
Repeating his songs to the shades of the grove;
At first, if she spurn'd them,
Young Echo return'd them,
Entrancing her heart with the music of love.

She sought in the wild-wood
A garland of flowers,
Where oft, in her childhood,
The light-footed hours,
With music advancing,
And joy beyond measure,
Around her were dancing
In innocent pleasure,
As blithe as the chorusing minstrels of air;
And oft, in her vision
Of pleasures elysian,
The song of the poet enraptures her there.

With chaplets of roses,
Her fingers have bound him,
And while he reposes,
Her white arm is round him;
And oft in her slumbers
When dreams have alarm'd her,
She echoes the numbers
With which he has charm'd her,
A talisman sure for the ills that molest;
And while he is keeping
His watch o'er her sleeping,
She smiles in the love-dream that hallows her rest.

The bride in her beauty
Will never forsake him,
Nor shrink from her duty
Whatever o'ertake him;
In sorrow and weeping
What kind words are spoken!
His heart's in her keeping
And cannot be broken;
The heart of the minstrel is safe with his bride:
Then, poet! awaken;
Thou art not forsaken,
An angel is with thee, thy pleasure and pride.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—IV.

The principal risks of Friendly Societies depend on the prevalence of sickness and the extent of mortality among their members. It is evident, from the last article on this subject, that an error in calculating these risks may be, and often has been, followed by the most pernicious consequences. Very extensive and most accurate information is required to place them on so stable a basis as to afford security to the plan of a Society built on such calculated results. Observations made on a single locality, or at a very remote period, would be entirely inapplicable to the guidance of any Society whatever. In one division of London, twenty-one females die annually out of every thousand; and no one would think of applying a table of mortality formed on observations made on that district to lives in another part of the metropolis, where, out of the same number, thirty-three die annually. Neither could observations made on the first arrondissement of Paris be applied with safety to lives in the twelfth, where double the deaths take place out of the same amount of inhabitants. Considerable caution ought, therefore, to be exercised in the selection of the tables upon which the calculation of the risks are to be made.

The Northampton table is, by most persons, regarded as inaccurate; the Carlisle table was formed on observations made upwards of fifty years since, on a very limited population—it corresponds very closely with the Equitable table, which was formed on very select lives among the upper classes; the Government Annuitant's table presents too favourable a rate for the classes composing Benefit Societies; the Swedish table was founded on official returns of mortality among the whole population of Sweden and Finland, from the year 1755 to 1776. This, and many other of the best-known tables, being based upon the ratio of mortality in mixed classes of society, are quite inapplicable to any individual class.

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Dr. Mitchell was of opinion that the Swedish table was the best calculated to represent the chances of mortality among the labouring population. It gives the probability of life more favourable than the Northampton, and less favourable than the Carlisle table. In the First Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed in 1825 to inquire into the state of Friendly Societies, it is said that, "It must be owned that no extensive information has hitherto been collected as to the duration of life among the lower orders; and it is obvious, that neither experience drawn from the higher and middling classes, nor results taken from the army, or from the London hospitals, can be depended upon in reference to the general mass of the manufacturing population." But since the above opinions were given, a table has been formed upon the actual mortality of the persons composing Friendly Societies; and, as Dr. Mitchell anticipated, the Swedish table agrees more nearly with it than any other. By the exertions of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, whose labours do so much to afford to all classes of society substantial information in the higher walks of literature, and whose existence may now be regarded an essential element in the republic of letters, returns were obtained from different Friendly Societies in England, for the term of five years, from 1823 to 1828, and in the aggregate including 24·323 years of life. The following will help to shew the relation of the table formed from these returns to other tables of mortality extant.

At the Age of	Number out of which one dies annually, by the		
	Swedish table.	Mean of four tables: the Carlisle, Government-Annuitants, Chester (male), and Swedish (male).	Table by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.
25	96·8	92·8	105·7
35	79·1	81·6	74·1
45	51·0	58·5	51·6
55	33·6	41·1	34·1
65	18·6	23·2	20·6
75	9·0	10·3	10·4
85	4·0	5·1	5·4

The difference between the table of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge and the others is nothing more than might be expected from observations made upon one class of the community, while all classes were mixed in the communities which formed the basis of the other tables. In an article on this subject, in the *Westminster Review*, for April, 1828, it is said that "The mean chances between classes who differ widely in their circumstances, or the averages formed from mortality which obtains in large classes, are obviously inapplicable for the safe guidance of any but institutions of great magnitude." Even among the working classes themselves, particular trades and avocations have a great influence over their mortality. M. Villermé found that, of the workmen who enter the hospitals of Paris, one in eleven dies among the jewellers and compositors; one in seven among shoemakers and brickmakers; one in six among stonemasons; one in five among common labourers; and one in four among the poorest class of all, the porters, rag-merchants, and the like.

The table of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge is under greater risks from mortality than any other referred to, save the Northampton table; but still there is reason to believe that in many districts in which Benefit Societies exist, the mortality is even higher than that table represents. In 1837-8, the mortality of Edinburgh and suburbs was *one* in thirty, but in the city it was *one* in twenty-five. In Glasgow, the average mortality, since 1820, has been *one* in thirty; in 1832, *one* in thirty-two; and in 1837, *one* in twenty-five. The average mortality in Dundee, during the last seven years, was *one* in thirty-two annually; whilst the average annual mortality of England and Wales, was *one* in forty-seven; over all Scotland, *one* in forty-five; and in the healthiest and best conditioned districts, so low as *one* in fifty-one and fifty-five. Here, then, in these cities referred to, the mortality is, at least, *one-fourth* more than over the kingdom generally. It may be safely affirmed, that in these, and many other of the manufacturing cities of the empire, the absolute mortality of the working classes is greater than that represented by the tables of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; and that any attempt at conducting a Benefit Club on a more favourable ratio would be extremely imprudent, can only end in the ruin of the Society, and in the disappointment and destitution of its members.

The reasons now assigned for giving preference to the Mortality table of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, may also be adduced in favour of the Sickness table got up under the superintendence of the same body. For the construction of both tables, we are indebted to that able and accurate calculator, Mr. Ansell, of the Atlas Assurance Office. The only other sickness tables of any importance are, that drawn up under the Highland Society, that resulting from the sickness of the labourers in the service of the East India Company, and that given by the Factory Commissioners. With respect to the first of these tables, it was formed on returns procured from seventy-nine Benefit Societies

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in Scotland, and in some instances extended so far back as the year 1750. This table, although got up with considerable care, cannot be depended upon as exhibiting the true amount of sickness experienced at the present time. Society is more complex in its character than formerly; and observations made in the agricultural and country districts can never be safely applied to the guidance of societies in urban and manufacturing communities. Mr. Gale remarks upon the same table, that "it could not be relied upon, even for ordinary purposes, with safety." Again, the Select Committee of the House of Commons, before referred to, could place no confidence in the Highland Society's table, and, on mere hypothesis, adopted one which gave a much higher amount of sickness. As to the two remaining tables, they were formed on such classes, and in peculiar circumstances, as to be inapplicable to general use. But, in order to convey an idea of the relation of these tables to each other with respect to the amount of sickness, we present the following form:—

Name of the Table.	Period of Life extending from the Age of	Average Amount of Sickness experienced during that Period.		Average Yearly Sickness in the same Period.
		Mon.	Days.	Days.
Highland Society.	20 to 60	12	17	9
East India Company	,, ,	7	10	5½
Factory Commissioners	,, ,,	9	7	7
Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge	,, ,,	13	18	10

From the above it appears that the amount of sickness given in the tables of the Highland Society comes closer to that in the table of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, than either of the others; and that between the ages of twenty and sixty, the average annual sickness differs by only one day.

The "Practical Society," of which the last article on this subject contained a plan, or record, of its actual experience over a period of thirty-five years, had its contributions and benefits graduated to the table of the Highland Society. But what was the result of that experience? Its funds had become inadequate to meet all the benefits offered—its members were impelled to propose a reduction in the scale of aliment; or, in other words, the Society experienced a greater amount of sickness than that table indicates; shewing the greater security which must result to Benefit Clubs, by being founded on the tables of higher risks, given by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Another important feature in these tables is, the distribution of the sickness: for example, two different tables may exhibit the same amount of sickness over a given period of years, and still require very different contributions to provide against the risks attendant on that sickness. Suppose one of the tables to have a greater quantity of sickness in the latter period of life, but less in the earlier stages; then, this table would require smaller payments than the other; because, few demands will be made upon it in the early stages of life, and accumulations from interest would of themselves form a capital to meet a large amount of subsequent risks. But if, as in the other table, the amount of sickness were more equally distributed over the given period of life, these accumulations would be lost; its funds, in consequence, diminished; its risks augmented; and that it might be equally secure with the other, it must proceed upon a higher graduation of contributions. Now, the tables of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge and of the Highland Society, as well as differing in amount, also differ in the distribution of the sickness. The latter has its sickness graduated more to the advanced periods of life. It consequently follows, that any Society based upon this table would suffer from two causes,—too low an amount of sickness, and deferring that sickness to too distant a period of life.

The founders of Friendly Societies ought to keep in view another circumstance of great moment: their members are frequently very great sufferers in epidemic seasons. "The mortality of fever is most frequent where it is most injurious—in men advanced in life, the heads and supports of families." In such calamitous seasons, although the absolute mortality of a whole community be very little increased, the deaths in the ranks of Benefit Societies may be unusually great. It is not to be thought, that the tables given by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge represent the true ratio of sickness and mortality: much additional information is still needed; but there is every reason to believe that, in the manufacturing districts, at least, sickness is experienced to fully as great an extent; and under present circumstances, security is to be expected for those Societies only which have their contributions and benefits not below the scale, to which those tables are graduated.

Friendly Societies stand to the mass of the labouring classes in the same relation that the learned Societies do to the reading community. The diffusion of wealth, the effect of artificial wants, and the taste for the elegances of life among the ranks of Benefit

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Societies, resulting from habits of frugality, will gradually extend to the whole of the lower orders of the community. The continual effort of a large portion of the people to add to their capital and better their condition, will do much to alter the habits of the country. From those principles of prudence and foresight being transmitted to their children; those views of life which lead to more rational sources of enjoyment; those desires for the comforts and luxuries which habitual industry affords; and from those feelings of independence and superiority, inseparable from a well-regulated life, engrafted on the succeeding generations,—will arise a structure of universal and progressive improvement.

N. P. G. F.

LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

The Parliamentary Return of the Number of Newspaper Stamps issued from the 1st of October to the 31st of December, 1840, is as follows:—

The Times	1,310,000
The Morning Chronicle . .	522,000
The Morning Herald . . .	421,000
The Morning Post	280,000

The above period includes 92 days, from which deduct 13 (Sundays), and the number of week-days will be 79, giving to each paper the following daily circulation:—

The Times	16,582
The Morning Chronicle . . .	6,607
The Morning Herald	5,329
The Morning Post	3,544
Total circulation of four Morning Papers . . .	32,062

JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

By aid of the very miscellaneous and entertaining work, just published, entitled the *Manners and Customs of the Japanese*, we are enabled to present the reader with the following traits of one of the most interesting yet least-known people in the world.

It is singular to find that the Japanese priests bury the Dutch residents with the same rites as their own countrymen; and take the same care of his grave and monument as though he had been their fellow-religionist. This is a trait of toleration, which is worthy of imitation in more refined countries than Japan.

At Yedo, the capital, resides a rich silk-mercer, who has shops in all the great towns of the empire. During Deoff's stay at Yedo, there occurred a tremendous fire, which lay everything in ashes over an area of about 3½ leagues by 1½. This wealthy merchant lost his whole shop, and a warehouse containing upwards of 100,000 lbs. of spun silk, which loss fell altogether upon himself, the Japanese knowing nothing of insurance. Notwithstanding this, he sent *forty* of his servants to assist during the fire; and the second day after, he began rebuilding his premises, and paying the carpenters at the rate of 10*s.* (English) a-day. This will doubtless astonish the London "warehousemen." Yet, fires are so common at Yedo, that a fine night never passes without one; and as they are less frequent during rain, a lowering evening is a subject of mutual congratulation to the Yedoites. What a treat would be to them an English April or July!

The court of Yedo has many odd ceremonies. The *Zigoon*, or emperor, dresses precisely like one of his subjects; one of the state-councillors shouts out the name of the introduced person, and a pull of the cloak denotes the audience to be over, the whole ceremony not occupying a minute: meanwhile, the strangers touch the floor with their heads, and nothing is heard but the buzzing sound used by the Japanese to express profound veneration.

Visitors are usually received by a secretary, and entertained with tea and confectionary. The latter is set down in wooden trays, but not touched; it is neatly folded up in paper, secured with gold or silver cord, and carried in lackered bowls to the visitors' lodgings. The Dutch deputation had the irksome task of writing with red lead upon several sheets of paper, which, after the fatigues of the day, together with the inconvenience of sitting on the ground, became almost intolerable. The Dutch president gave each bearer of gifts a present of sweetmeats, a paper of Dutch tobacco, and two gilt pipes.

The *mikado*, or supreme sovereign of Japan, claims to reign by right divine, being descended in a direct line from the gods, and being still identified with them, the spirit of the sun goddess, the deity who rules over the universe. This dignity is made a plea for depriving the autocrat of his power. Worldly affairs are represented to be so wholly undeserving the attention of this successor of the gods, that his bestowing a thought on them would degrade him, even were it not actual profanation. Accordingly, no act of business is submitted to him, no act of sovereignty is performed by him, that has not a religious character. He deifies or canonizes men after death—the *ziogoon*, or vicegerent, pointing out the dead who are worthy of apotheosis. He determines the days on which certain moveable religious festivals are to be celebrated, and he settles the colours appropriate to evil spirits. "And one other governing act, if act it may be called, he daily performs, which should prove him to be, in virtue of his partial identification with the

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sun goddess, quite as much the patron of divinity as the sovereign of Japan. He every day passes a certain number of hours upon his throne, immovable, lest by turning his head he should bring down ruin upon that part of the empire to or from which he should look; by this immobility maintaining the whole realm's tranquillity and stability. When he has sat the requisite number of hours, he resigns his place to his crown, which continues upon the throne as his substitute during the remainder of the day and night." Nothing can exceed the care taken of the *mikado's* person: that his sacred foot may not touch the ground, he never moves but borne upon men's shoulders. That unhallowed eyes may not pollute him with a glance, he never quits the precincts of his palace. According to most reports, neither his hair, beard, nor nails are ever cut, that his sacred person may not be mutilated; though Klaproth informs us that the above offices are performed during the *mikado's* sleep, and are called "stealing his nails and hair." Everything about him must be incessantly new! he never wears an article of dress a second time; and the plates and dishes, cups and bowls, are new at every meal, as are the saucepans, &c.; and to wear or use these articles would call down the vengeance of Heaven: to prevent all risk, they are torn, broken, or otherwise destroyed. He is, accordingly, an expensive officer to maintain; though the Japanese economize the matter by supplying their *mikado* (? make-it-do) with articles of the very cheapest and coarsest description. When the *mikado* dies, he is said to have vanished: "indeed, in what other terms could the decease of so divine a person be mentioned?" He has twelve lawful wives, and is the only individual indulged, if indulgence it be, with polygamy.

A Japanese theatre has a pit, and three tiers of seats, like the boxes of European theatres. The pieces are mostly historical and traditional, with few love-adventures. They "get up" plays very accurately: one of their representations of punishment by torture is described as "astoundingly cruel" —terrific enough for our Surrey or Victoria audiences. More than two persons are seldom seen upon the stage at once: Hamlet's advice is altogether scorned; the best actors ranting for half an hour together: but the chief perfection is, that one actor should perform several different characters in the same piece. There are no actresses in Japan; the female characters being performed by boys. Actors, although extravagantly remunerated, are held in utter contempt, from the idea that "the man who will temporarily renounce his own character, and assume one foreign to his nature for the amusement of others, can have no sense of honour; and, as a common consequence of being despised, the Japanese actors are said to be notoriously immoral and licentious.

THE LITERARY WORLD.—IV.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

Revenir à nos moutons, let us take a peep at *the Blackwood* of the West, with its vignette of Queen Elizabeth, its emblematic harps, and wreaths of shamrock—the *Dublin University Magazine*—XCIX. It opens with a masterly analysis of Guizot's *Washington*, "a work which, while it reviews the principles and opinions of the great leader of the American Revolution, makes known" those of Guizot himself: "a subject so large—embracing a retrospect of such influential times—is well calculated to exhibit the peculiar characters of M. Guizot's mind,—his remarkable powers of generalization and arrangement,—the industry which makes him master of a subject, and the skill which, avoiding all detail, enables him to present in bold relief everything that appears to be worth remembering." This we take to be the characteristic faculty of a first-rate mind. In the Portrait-gallery hangs a capital whole-length of Mr. O'Connell: the slouched hat, the curly wig, and leer of conviction, are admirably given in this etching, sparkling and spirited as it is, although the great Original eschews certain creature comforts. We have not time to take up the thread of "The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan," and so pass on to "Dramatic Doings," a sort of medley of theatrical anecdotes, by no means remarkable for their novelty or truth: they require passing through the editorial sieve; the story of Maurice Barnett and Bunn is a very stale affair, and the narrator has not hit the point, which is, that Barnett never mistook himself for a general actor, but studied for "Frenchmen," in which line he has no rival on the stage. The scandal about the *Literary Gazette*, though contradicted by the Editor, ought not to have appeared in print: it is one of the "weak inventions" of a day long past. Yet, the writer has considerable graphic power, as in the following sketch: "How mistaken had I been. I had always imagined the *Green-room* was a luxurious chamber, adapted by every luxury of furniture and taste to receive the gay and gaudily-dressed beings who here resort. It is in this room alone that the clown shakes hands with the Queen, and his satanic majesty is graciously pleased to flirt with "angels robed in white:" the lord, in every-day costume, is snubbed by his coachman's daughter, bedizened in all the glory of a ballet-girl, and the pale

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ghost of Hamlet's royal father starts back with affright at the chance entrance of some heavy creditor. In Drury-lane there are two green-rooms; the right to enter which is the line of aristocracy strictly drawn according to the salary of the performer. A husband and wife are sometimes thus divided, and compelled to move in different circles. (We suspect this to be not so general a grievance as the writer seems to imagine.) The first of these chambers is a large bare place, something like a billiard-room without a table; a row of benches running around, on which the actresses sit, stuck up in all the fears of gown-spoiling, either by sitting down on their splendid stage-dresses, or injuring them by coming in contact with the green-washed walls, or dusty denuded floors. The shabbiness of the *locale*, the dull air which reigned, and the extraordinary contrast between the plain-coated lounger, the ill-dressed duennas, and the gaudy performers of the night, struck me as the strangest *ensemble* I had ever met with." In the review of Taylor's *Natural History of Society* are some very fair remarks, shewing that Ireland contributes something more lasting than linens, clothes, or agitation—namely, literature: "from Moore to Maginn, from Croly to Croker, they are all, in their various ways and callings, calculated to do credit to the home-growth. The part of the 'Irishman in London' has been respectably performed by them all." But, the "great gun" of this Magazine is Harry Lorrequer, with his "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," which is of such attractive merit as to make our best *nouvellette* writers look to their laurels.

The Gentleman's Magazine pursues its long-beaten track, without being jostled by its livelier contemporaries; and Sylvanus Urban is as verdant as ever, whilst London has lost many a sweet shady side. The most striking papers in this Number are on the pamphlet recently discovered in the British Museum, which throws some light upon the authorship of *Junius's Letters*: i. e., although it does not settle the identity, it gets rid of the claims of Sir Philip Junius and Lord George Sackville; and the writer of this paper is of opinion that "Junius" must not be sought among the practical statesmen of the time; in short, that he is by no means so great a person as the world have held him to be. Thus, vulgar wonders disappear one by one. "A Visit to Conway Castle," in this Number, is a good specimen of a style much in requisition in this matter-of-fact age: it is accurate without being dry; and amusing, but not superficial. As an instance of the variety of pursuits which may be termed recreation, we notice among the correspondence, a Solicitor, in the country, writing on the Seventh Year of Antoninus, as a relief to the dry dust of Coke upon Littleton. Surely Roman roads can be but a slight change from the labour of Conveyancing.

The Monthly Chronicle is more literary than usual. "The Unactable Drama" is a clever title for a review of two dramatic poems, *Vivia Perpetua* and the *Hungarian Daughter*, and an attempt to pick the Bramah lock of theatrical monopoly. The fight appears to be a very unprofitable one: the *antis* have it all their own way, yet nothing comes of their victory, except a piece of plate presented by a clown to a senator, who is as pleasant in St. Stephen's as in the Green-room. The reviewer deplores the loss of "the old English drama," yet, surely, we are falling back upon it with some success; for there has been as much money made of late at Covent-Garden as in the Haymarket. There may be good in this agitation of the unacted and the unactable; but, the horse and the water, the play and the people—one man may write a play, but one hundred cannot compel persons to go and see it. "Sketches of Spanish Generals"—Mina is very life-like and clever. "National Education" is brief and pithy. The tales are, "The Careless Word," and "The Wager." From the poetry we select the following:—

"BLESSED BE GOD FOR FLOWERS!"

(*Suggested by seeing my youngest child asleep with wild flowers grasped in its hand.* By Mrs Charles Tinsley.)

Blessed be God for flowers!
For the bright, gentle, holy thoughts, that breathe
From out their odorous beauty, like a wreath
Of sunshine on life's hours!

Lightly upon thine eye
Hath fallen the noontide sleep, my joyous bird;
And through thy parted lips the breath, scarce heard,
Comes like a summer sigh.

Of the flowers:

——— Prize them well, my child—
The bright, young, blooming things that never die,
Pointing our hopes to happier worlds, that lie
Far o'er this earthly wild!"

This is, altogether, a well-sustained number.

We have glanced at No. I. of the work somewhat mystically entitled *London*, which appears to be of the *omniana* interest promised by the prospectus. This section is devoted to "The *Silent* Highway," i. e., the Thames; although this is not a very felicitous name for the most crowded river in the world—from its 40,000 watermen of old to its fleet of little steam-boats in our own time. It is true that in past ages the Thames was the highway of the metropolis; but we know not at what period of its history it could have been *silent*. However, this title may be a poetical licence. The present Number is a pleasant description of the Thames, commencing with the meeting of Richard II. and Gower, and the origin of the *Confessio Amantis*, and ending

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with London and Westminster steamers at Hungerford Stairs. The interval is occupied with amusing anecdotes of the early river-sports, as the quintain and tournament, from Fitz-Stephen; then Fabyan's chronicle of Norman, the first Lord Mayor that was "rowed to Westminster by water;" and a variety of graphic anecdotes of the use of the river as the common highway of London, from Stow, Hall, Howel, Taylor (the Water-poet), and other popular antiquarian writers; and from D'Avenant and other agreeable gossips; concluding with the Editor's own description of a steamboat trip from London Bridge to Hungerford Stairs. The reader will perceive that the present work will not be a history of London: still, confusion of dates should be avoided; for example, at p. 3 we are told that Fitz-Stephen died in 1191; and, in the same page, 150 years after 1052, i. e., 1202, is referred to as "the time of Fitz-Stephen." The use of "antiquarians" for antiquaries, or antiquarian writers, in the above page is a common error of the day. The present number is embellished with six engravings; the least praiseworthy of which is "Hungerford Stairs," which wants identity: "Richard II. and Gower," with the reputed oldest view of London, on the other hand, merits high commendation for its picturesqueness and accuracy.

Sir Astley Cooper has left ample materials for a Memoir of his important life, which will be speedily arranged for publication.

THE ROYAL STUD.

(Abridged from the Sporting Review.)

ALTHOUGH this phrase is certainly not technically appropriate to the sense in which it is here used, it is the most concise and suitable form of words which our language affords to signify the equestrian establishment devoted to the private purposes and state occasions of the sovereign. From the earliest ages of society, chariots and horses have formed the most striking *matériel* in the pomp and circumstance of king and princes. In the present day, England is the source whence the four quarters of the world are supplied with these hereditary appliances of royal pageantry. Where, then, should we look for them in the most entire and faultless perfection, but in the train of a monarch of this land? For a long period, previous to the improvements in the vicinity of Charing Cross, the horses used on state occasions occupied the building known as the Royal Mews, which covered a portion of the site of the present Trafalgar-square. The whole of the royal stud and equipages are now concentrated in the splendid pile of equestrian offices attached to Buckingham Palace. The gleanings of a leisure hour passed, a few days since, in that princely establishment, will not be inappropriate to the design of these pages.

A ticket from the Master of the Horse (which, I believe, may be obtained without difficulty) is essential to entitle the visitor to admission: the entrance is in Queen's-row, Pimlico, at the rear of the Palace. On presenting my credentials there, the gates were opened by the porter (I presume), dressed in a groom's suit of scarlet and gold, who, pointing out the Master of the Horse's office, requested me to make my wishes known there, in a brogue as racy and sonorous as if it had escaped from the bosom of a bog, in the kingdom of Connemara. In the office, to which my directions carried me, there was a most formidable deposit of new top-boots, and a very obliging official, who, having inquired, in a Christian Ionic, if I were capable of acting as my own guide, and receiving a reply in the negative, forthwith proceeded to shew the way. We first entered the riding-school, of which I can only convey an idea to those accustomed to the ordinary buildings so called, by stating that it is a sort of slated line of country that a man might hunt in. At the first sight, the extravagant length gives it the appearance of being narrow, but the effect soon wears off. What a blessed thing it is to be born with a silver spoon; .... but I bargained for impressions, not digressions. There were two horses in the vast expanse, one waiting for his turn; the other, a young bay Arab, receiving his lesson from a foreigner, who, I understood, was "gentleman rider." The dress of the party thus engaged could not fail to attract an English eye. It consisted of a blue semi-uniform coat, buttoned up to the throat, leathers, and jack-boots.

Leaving the riding-school, we entered stable No. 1; which, with No. 2 adjoining it, contained ten ladies' saddle-horses, six of which have been ridden by Her Majesty. Here and there a promising young one mingled with the aged favourites, who exhibited the never-failing tokens of years, despite the *otium cum dignitate* in which they reposed. The rose of the wreath was the Queen's present favourite grey—certainly a noble sample of the English riding-horses. He had just returned from exercise in the school, and looked brilliantly, though somewhat corpulent. Notwithstanding the frosty air from which we had passed into these stables, there was no apparent *heat* felt in entering them. The temperature was very moderate, compared with that common to stables where horses are required to be kept in condition for the eye. I inquired of the groom who appeared to have the management, what might be the degree at which

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it was regulated: to my surprise, he told me they had no thermometer, but opened or shut the windows as they deemed it convenient to make it warmer or colder. Stables Nos. 3 and 4 were occupied by gentlemen's saddle-horses and hacks, and there were some clever animals among them, looking fit for use. In No. 5 were several servants' hacks, and in No. 6 the grey phaeton ponies, eight altogether; the team of four skew-balds being at Windsor. These were a beautiful lot, matched in size, tint, and character, as if they had been made to order, and all over stamped with the certificate of pace and style. Few people but have seen them in the royal cortège at Ascot race-course, and none can have seen and not admired.

The road-teams, appropriated to the Master of the Horse, stood in No. 7, a fine slashing lot, every one over sixteen hands, and with substance to suit. They certainly looked more like work than any I saw in the royal stables; but truth compels me to say, they would not bear comparison with the celebrated road-horses of George IV.

The state harness-room was a right royal spectacle; on the left, as you enter, is the state-harness made for her present Majesty. It is of red morocco, for eight horses, and magnificently mounted with massive gilt furniture. The prodigality of the mounting, indeed, may be gathered from the fact, that the harness for each horse weighs a hundred weight. Beyond it hangs the state-harness made for George IV., when Regent. It is of purple morocco, of more subdued splendour than the modern set, but, in my mind, certainly not less elegant. Of course, from the purpose for which it was designed, the ornamenting is profuse and gorgeous, but the colour is in good keeping, and, notwithstanding the finery, one can reconcile it with one's prejudices better than the flaunting red. In this room was harness for sixty horses, including all the sets used on state occasions. The arrangement of the whole was simple and unostentatious, but scrupulously neat and orderly.

The stables for the state-horses contained twenty; viz., eleven dun and nine black Hanoverians. Of the former, four were bred at Hampton Court, and they have in no way departed from the remarkable characteristics of the native race. They have the same exuberance of crest, and grotesque custard-coloured eyes, that distinguish their progenitors of the Electorate. It is impossible to look at these animals without being struck with the identity of characteristic they display with the horses of remote antiquity, represented on the Grecian friezes and *alto relievos*. The *unde derivatur* we will not stop to investigate, but offer another proof of their affinity to the coursers of the classic ages. The Grecian youths, we are told, were a match for the best of their steeds in speed; there is hardly a boy in the metropolis, in the full enjoyment of his faculties, that I would not back against the pick of the Hanoverians, from Buckingham Palace to the Horse Guards. The condition of the dun horses was as perfect as could be, for their design. They were fat and sleek, and evidently in excellent health. Not so, however, their black compatriots: in many instances these were affected with cracked heels and swollen legs, and looked in every way below the mark. It is not my business to offer any observations on this fact. The attendants told me they were infinitely more prone to affections of the extremities than those of a lighter colour; had they been in my stables, with all appliances of leisure, means, and convenience for promoting health and condition, I think I would have contrived that it should have been ordered otherwise. Some of the royal carriage-horses are gigantic. I measured one of the blacks, who stood seventeen hands one inch and a quarter; and they have a rat-tailed bay who is upwards of eighteen hands.

In the carriage department everything was perfect. The general strength is forty carriages of every description; but there were not so many in the Royal Mews when I inspected them. There were two belonging to the King of the Belgians, built abroad, and if the manufacturers had been present, I should have asked them what they thought of our way of doing things in the "tight little island." After the state-coach (to which we shall come presently) the most elegant of the parade coaches were four, launched on the coronation of Queen Victoria. They are all by different builders, and were turned out in the space of forty-one days from the orders being issued for their construction. But among all this brilliant display of sumptuous equipage, there was nothing that pleased me half so much as her Majesty's private travelling barouche. Nothing could be more plain, and yet nothing that decoration could effect would have produced a more perfect *ensemble*. I believe it was built for his late Majesty: it is fit to bear a race of monarchs. The Queen is fond of fast road-work, and often gives her commands to the postilions to "go quicker." Long may she live to countenance one of the noblest of her country's social institutions, and, letting well alone, eschew the filthy facilities and ruinous convenience of the railroad.

To leave these precincts without a description of the great coach-of-state would be something too atrocious for contemplation. Haply here my labours are greatly lightened, by means of a document placed in my hands by the attendant in waiting, for a very modest consideration; according

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to this official paper, "Her Majesty's state-coach,* the most superb carriage ever built," was designed by, and executed under the superintendence of, Sir William Chambers, in 1762; the paintings being the production of the celebrated Cypriani. We will not venture upon the heraldic details and emblazonment of each panel and door; the whole are decorated with an elaborate splendour, to which description could do little justice.

New Books.

The Martyrs of Science. By Sir David Brewster.

[This long-looked-for volume contains the lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler, three illustrious philosophers, who probably endured more persecutions in the cause of science than any other three men whose lives are emblazoned on the splendid roll of biography. To say that Sir David Brewster's new lives of these "Martyrs" will be read with interest would be but mean praise of the present work; written as it is, with peculiar neatness, excellent feeling, and a like regard to the scientific details and popular object of the work. We subjoin a few extracts from the anecdotic portion:—

Blindness of Galileo.]

* * * * * The discovery of the moon's libration was the result of the last telescopic observations of Galileo. Although his right eye had for some years lost its power, yet his general vision was sufficiently perfect to enable him to carry on his usual researches. In 1636, however, this affection of his eye became more serious; and, in 1637, his left eye was attacked with the same disease. His medical friends at first supposed that cataracts were formed in the crystalline lens, and anticipated a cure from the operation of couching. These hopes were fallacious. The disease turned out to be in the cornea, and every attempt to restore its transparency was fruitless. In a few months, the white cloud covered the whole aperture of the pupil, and Galileo became totally blind. This sudden and unexpected calamity had almost overwhelmed Galileo and his friends. In writing to a correspondent he exclaims, "Alas! your dear friend and servant has become totally and irreparably blind. These heavens, this earth, this universe, which by wonderful observation I had enlarged a thousand times beyond the belief of past ages, are henceforth shrunk into the narrow space which I myself occupy. So it pleases God; it shall, therefore, please me also." His friend, Father Castelli, deplores the calamity in the same tone of pathetic sublimity:—"The noblest eye," says he, "which nature ever made is darkened; an eye so privileged, and gifted with such rare powers, that it may truly be said to have seen more than the eyes of all that are gone, and to have opened the eyes of all that are to come."

Tycho Brahe's Love of the Marvellous.

The same disposition of mind which made Tycho an astrologer and an alchemist, inspired him with a singular love of the marvellous. He had various automata with which he delighted to astonish the peasants; and by means of invisible bells, which communicated with every part of his establishment, and which rung with the gentlest touch, he had great pleasure in bringing any of his pupils suddenly before strangers, muttering at a particular time the words "Come hither, Peter," as if he had commanded their presence by some supernatural agency. If, on leaving home, he met with an old woman or a hare, he returned immediately to his house. But the most extraordinary of all his peculiarities remains to be noticed. When he lived at Uraniburg he maintained an idiot of the name of Lep, who lay at his feet whenever he sat down to dinner, and whom he fed with his own hand. Persuaded that his mind, when moved, was capable of foretelling future events, Tycho carefully marked everything he said. Lest it should be supposed that this was done to no purpose, Longomontanus relates that when any person in the island was sick, Lep never, when interrogated, failed to predict whether the patient would live or die. It is stated also in the letters of Wormius, both to Gassendi and Peyter, that when Tycho was absent, and his pupils became very noisy and merry in consequence of not expecting him soon home, the idiot, who was present, exclaimed, *Juncher xaa laudit*, "Your master has arrived." On another occasion, when Tycho had sent two of his pupils to Copenhagen on business, and had fixed the day of their return, Lep surprised him on that day while he was at dinner, by exclaiming, "Behold, your pupils are bathing in the sea." Tycho, suspecting that they were shipwrecked, sent some person to the observatory to look for their boat. The messenger brought back word that he saw some persons wet on the shore, and in distress, with a boat upset at a great distance. These stories have been given by Gassendi, and may be viewed as specimens of the superstition of the age.

[We conclude with the following very judicious remarks on

The Progress of Science.]

[In the infancy of a science, there is no speculation so absurd as not to merit examination. The most remote and fanciful explanations of facts have often been found the true ones; and opinions which have in one-

* An Engraving and Description of this Coach will be found in *The Mirror*, No. 709.

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century been objects of ridicule, have in the next been admitted among the elements of our knowledge. The physical world teems with wonders, and the various forms of matter exhibit to us properties and relations far more extraordinary than the wildest fancy could have conceived. Human reason stands appalled before this magnificent display of creative power, and they who have drunk deepest of its wisdom will be the least disposed to limit the excursions of physical speculation. The influence of the imagination, as an instrument of research, has, we think, been much overlooked by those who have ventured to give laws to philosophy. This faculty is of the greatest value in physical inquiries. If we use it as a guide, and confide in its indications, it will infallibly deceive us; but if we employ it as an auxiliary, it will afford us the most invaluable aid. Its operation is like that of the light troops which are sent out to ascertain the strength and position of an enemy. When the struggle commences, their services terminate; and it is by the solid phalanx of the judgment that the battle must be fought and won.

The New Tale of a Tub. By F. W. N. Bayley.

[It is somewhat late to broach this "Adventure in Verse;" but there is a *never*-to-be forgotten proverb; and so, to our pleasant task. The Tale is soon told—in prose. Two Bengalese, while enjoying a *tiffin*, or lunch, on their native plains, behind the shelter of a tub, are surprised or "dodged" by a royal Tiger, who, leaping on the tub, falls into it; and being thus under cover, the Bengalese draw the Tiger's tail through the bunghole, and tie a knot in it—and so ends the *Tale*.

The poet has fitted each of the illustrations separately. Thus, from the first—Opening of the Question:]

The orient day was fresh and fair,
A breeze sang soft in the ambient air,
Men almost wondered to find it there
Blooming so near Bengal,
Where waters bubble as boiled in a pot,
And the gold of the sun spreads melting hot,
And there's hardly a breath of wind to be got
At any price at all!
Unless, indeed, when the great Simoom
Gets up from his bed with the voice of doom;
And deserts no rains e'er drench,
Rise up and roar with a dreadful gust,
Pillars of sand and clouds of dust,
Rushing unsifted, and rapid to burst,
And filling all India's throat with a thirst,
That its Ganges couldn't quench.

No great Simoom rose up to-day,
But only a gentle beeeze,
And that of such silent and voiceless play,
That a lady's bustle
Had made more rustle
Than it did among the trees!
'Twere not like the breath of a British vale,
Where each Green acre is blest with a Gale,
Whenever the natives please;
But it was of that soft inviting sort,
That it tempted to revel in pic-nic sport
A couple of Bengalese!

[There is an atmosphere of humour about this "opening," which is truly delicious: The "very magnificent Tiger" is thus introduced, "superb in his slumber."]

There he lay, in his skin so gay,
His passions at rest, and his appetite curbed;
A Minister Prime,
In his proudest time,
Asleep, was never less undisturbed,
For who would come to shake him;
Not more certain sure in his dream demure,
That none would dare to wake him.
Oh, the royal snore is the only thing
That's entitled to rouse up a Tiger king!

[The Tiger is waked by one of the very thirsty Bengalese drawing a cork of Hodgson's "genuine pale."]

Blustering and spurting!
List! O List!
Perhaps the tiger thinks he is hiss'd!
Effervescing and whizzed and phizzed!
Perhaps his majesty thinks he is quizzed,
Or haply deems,
As he's roused from his dreams,
That his visions have come to a thirsty stop,
And resolves to moisten his throat with a drop.

At all events, with body and soul,
He gives in his jungle a stretch and a roll,
Then regally rises to go for a stroll,
With a temperate mind,
For a beast of his kind,
And a tail uncommonly long behind
He knows of no water
By field or by flood;
And he does not seek slaughter,
He does not scent blood;
No! the utmost scope
Of his limited hope,
Is, that as the Bengalese find he arrives
They'll not rise from their pic-nic, and run for their lives,
But simply bow from that beautiful plain,
And offer Sir Tiger a glass of champagne!
"From my jungle it true is
They woke me, I think,
So the least they can do is
To give me a drink."

[The Bengalese, at the Tiger's approach, are thus sketched:]

"Short and Stout," with his hair all grey,
Has a rattling note in his jolly old throat:
If he had chok'd his laugh with a truss of hay,
He couldn't more surely have stifled the gay.
While "Tall and Thin," with his hair all carroty,
Looks thrice as red, with fright, as his head,
And his face bounds plump, at a single jump,
Into horror, and out of hilarity!

["The Dodge" follows:]

There's no time to be lost,
Down the glasses are tost;
The Bengalese have abandoned their grub,
And they're dodging their gentleman round the Tub!
Active and earnest, they nowhere lodge,
And he can't get at them because of their dodge;
"Short and Stout" and "Tall and Thin"
Never before such a scrape were in;
Nor ever yet used—can you well have a doubt of it?
So uncommonly artful a dodge to get out of it.

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[The Tiger having leaped on the Tub,]

——— "Short and Stout," in a state of doubt,
Keeps on his belly a sharp look-out;
And "Tall and Thin," with an impudent grin,
Exults in his way,
As much as to say
I only wish you may get it!
But much as I *may* respect your agility,
I don't see at present the great probability!

[The trapping of the Tiger:]

Not weighing so much as his head and his legs,
And having no hand in
A pure understandin'
Of the just equilibrium of casks, and of kegs;
Nor bred up in attics,
And taught mathematics,
To work out the problems of Euclid with pegs!
He has plunged, with the impetus wild of a lover,
And the Tub has loomed large, balanced, paused,
and turned over!

[But the Bengalese having drawn the tail through the bung-hole of the Tub, here's the rub:]

Oh dear! oh dear! it's very clear
They can't live so—but they darn't let go,
Fate for a pitying world to wail,
Starving behind a tiger's tail.

[At length, they hit upon "the new device:"]

They've TIED A KNOT IN THE TIGER'S TAIL,
AND HE CARRIES THE TUB ALONG WITH HIM;
He's a freehold for life with a tail out of joint,
And has made his last
CLIMAX A TRUE KNOTTY POINT.

[Of the humorous incidents, tact in narrating them, and that without the digression so common in story-telling in prose and verse, we need scarcely speak; for the dullest of the dull can scarcely fail to appreciate their merit. In short, nothing so racy, and so rich in humour, as this "Adventure in Verse" has appeared since the palmy days of "the Colman Family."

The illustrations, designed by Lieutenant J. S. Cotton, and lithographed by Aubrey, are alike admirable: the drawings are worthy of the tale, and the tale of the drawings, which is a rare accordance in these pictorial days. "Opening the Question"—the Tiger asleep, with the Tub and the Bengalese in the plain, thrown afar by the palms—is beautifully drawn, and full of quiet picturesqueness.]

Obituary.

MR. RICHARD PAGE.

DIED lately, *Mr. Richard Page*, the "Daniel Hardcastle" of *The Times* journal, a celebrated writer on the Currency Question. Mr. Page was born at Brighton, in the year 1773. At the age of 16 or 17, he obtained a situation as clerk in a large mercantile house in Holland, where he remained eight years; during this time he acquired a perfect knowledge of the French and Dutch languages, both of this he afterwards spoke and wrote with the facility of a native. In 1798, he returned to England, and established himself in business in London, chiefly in the Dutch and foreign-corn trade; in which he continued, with various alterations of fortune, till 1815, when the firm of which he was a partner was suddenly compelled to stop, principally from the very heavy balances due to the concern from houses abroad, which became involved in ruin by the sudden political changes on the Continent, after the battle of Waterloo. In 1822, Mr. Page commenced business as a broker in foreign funds, and was one of the original members on the formation of the Foreign Stock Exchange. Subsequently, he also became a member of the English Stock Exchange. He was not generally successful in his private speculations, partly from his habit of looking too far in advance for circumstances likely to affect them; so that it may be said of him, that while intently watching the appearance of a star on the horizon, he sometimes stumbled at a straw which lay at his feet.

From the great insight Mr. Page had acquired in the theory and practice of the foreign trade of this country, and his own dear-bought experience of the private ruin produced by the derangement of the Currency, it was natural that a man of his inquiring mind should early have given deep consideration to subjects connected with Trade and Money. In 1818, to divert his mind from painful recollections in a domestic calamity, he began writing on the Currency; and in December, this year, appeared the first of the well-known letters of "Daniel Hardcastle," in *The Times* newspaper; and the series, nine in number, was collected and published in a small volume, towards the close of 1819. About the same period, he published in the same paper some other letters, under the name of "Abraham Tudela," and "Nicholas Durham," chiefly on similar subjects. In December, 1824, appeared the first letter of a second series of "Daniel Hardcastle," in which was clearly pointed out the inevitable tendency of the conduct of the Government and Bank at that period. This letter, together with some others, up to the 5th of December, 1825, are remarkable for the accuracy of their predictions of the disasters in 1826. The letters, eighteen in number, were published in a separate form in 1826. In 1834, Mr. Page was examined before the committee of the House of Commons on the Sale of Corn. In 1839 were published his remarks on the West-India Compensation Loan, with general observations on financial operations and public annuities. Mr. Page's last labour was on the affairs of the Bank, in 1840; the fatigue of which operating on a constitution never naturally strong, seems to have worn him out, as he soon afterwards became ill, and he never entirely rallied. His death was very sudden.

Mr. Page was the consistent advocate of the stability of a Metallic Currency, and a repeal of the Corn Laws. From his extensive acquaintance with the literature of several European languages, his retentive memory, and aptness of quotation, he contrived to enliven a subject which is, in itself, repulsive to the general reader; and the clearness of his arrangement and strictness of reasoning have been very generally admitted by those who have taken the trouble to study his writings. Yet, Mr. Page was never a party writer, and his works scarcely shew a trace of his political opinions on general subjects.—*Abridged from The Times.*

HENRY COWPER, ESQ.

Lately, *Mr. Henry Cowper*, son of General Cowper, and nephew of Major Cowper, of Hertingfordbury Park, Herts. He was educated at Charterhouse School, and afterwards went to Exeter College, Oxford. He practised as a barrister very successfully, and his Reports are held in high estimation by the profession. Among his early friends were the late Lord Eldon and Lord Erskine. He was lineally descended from Judge Cowper, the ancestor of the present Earl. He married the daughter of his uncle, Major Cowper, by whom he had no issue.

The office of Assistant Clerk of Parliament becoming vacant, it was offered to William Cowper, the poet; and, upon his declining it, Mr. H. Cowper was appointed to the situation: he filled it

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during the long and protracted trial of Warren Hastings, the whole of which he took down in short-hand. He resided in the county of Hertford for about 60 years, and was a munificent benefactor to its institutions. He gave upwards of 12,000*l.* towards the Herts General Infirmary. No less a sum than 1100*l.* has been subscribed towards erecting a testimonial to his character; and this money will be appropriated towards the building of schools at Hertford for the education of 160 boys and 100 girls.

Mr. Henry Cowper was first cousin to the Poet Cowper, and there was a degree of assimilation in their respective minds. Mr. H. Cowper resembled the Poet in his devotional spirit; but, as his constitution was remarkably strong and vigorous, and his disposition lively and rather impetuous than timid, religion produced in him its natural fruits of cheerfulness and contentment. He was strongly attached to the Established Church, and was munificent to her ministers, her buildings, her endowments, her schools. In short, benevolence in him appeared a ruling passion; and what Newton said of the Poet may truly be said of him: "Cowper loved the poor: he often visited them in their cottages, conversed with them in the most condescending manner, sympathized with them in their sorrows, and counselled and comforted them in their distresses." In the fulness of his gratitude to God, and his overflowing love to man, the lamented subject of this memoir has been heard to say: "Heaven has blessed me with an abundance of this world's goods, that I might dispense them to others." "It is required of stewards that a man be found faithful."—*Abridged from the Christian Observer.*

M. CHAUVEAU LAGARDE.

At Paris, on Feb. 20, the celebrated lawyer, *Chauveau Lagarde*, in the 76th year of his age. During the Reign of Terror, he was the courageous antagonist of Fouquier-Tinville, and defended, before the Revolutionary Tribunal, General Miranda, Brissot de Warville, Charlotte Corday, and Queen Marie Antoinette. Imprisoned shortly before the trial of this unfortunate Princess, he only recovered his liberty after the downfall of Robespierre. Napoleon appointed him legal adviser of the Council of State; and, subsequently to the second Restoration, he pleaded the cause of General Bonnaire, and the other victims of the Royalist reaction, and that of the free-coloured people of Martinique. Louis XVIII. granted him letters of nobility, and the decoration of the Legion of Honour; and in 1828, he was appointed Counsellor of the Court of Cassation, which post he retained and filled until his death.—*Times.*

The Gatherer.

The Thames Tunnel is now complete within twelve yards of the foot passengers' shaft, on the Middlesex side of the river; by about the middle of the year, the footway descents to the horizontal roadway will be finished; and within the year, it is expected that tolls will be taken. The Tunnel is now 1138 feet 8 inches in length: during the past year, there has been received from visitors, 1705*l.*; the total outlay, including the Government loans, will be about 400,000*l.*

Wynyard House, the property of the Marquess of Londonderry, lately destroyed by fire, was one of the most magnificent seats in the North. The picture-gallery was 145 feet long, 60 in breadth, and upwards of 40 feet in height. The principal dining-room was 54 feet in length, 25 in breadth, and 30 in height; the large drawing-room was 60 feet long, 36 in breadth, and 28 feet wide.

Prudent Choice.—Shortly after the battle of Waterloo, it was proposed to make some changes in the uniform of the Life Guards, and George IV. ordered one of the soldiers to be sent for, who was said to have slain six or seven French officers in single combat. He was asked a variety of questions, to each of which he assented; until the King, perceiving that the soldier's opinion was biassed by the presence of royalty, and his own officers, said to him, "Well, if you were going to have such another day's work as at Waterloo, how would you like to be dressed?" "Please your Majesty," he replied, "*in that case I had rather be in my shirt sleeves.*"—*Sporting Review.*

A Closer.—"As somebody was saying yesterday at White's," observed a man at the capital table of the late Lord S——, and was about to relate some thrice-told tale, when Lord —— interrupted him with, "If I wanted to know what any one said at 'White's,' I would go there, and hear it. I prefer something which you both think and say yourself, or, at all events, something new and original."—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Her Majesty is stated in the *Court Journal* to be four feet eight inches in height; and *Prince Albert* five feet eleven inches. The infant Princess Royal is of fair complexion, with intelligent, clear, blue eyes.

Royal Match-Making.—When the present King of the Belgians, after an absence of some years, paid a visit to his former friend, the Duke of Orleans, (now Louis Philip,) his majesty of the French said to him, "Well, now, you will want a wife. I have three charming girls. My Louisa is fair and flaxen; my Marie is brown, and black-haired; my Clementine is, perhaps, too young for you: but you shall see them all, and it is a hard thing indeed if *one* will not please you." He was not long before he made his choice, and fair and sweet Louisa soon became the Queen of the Belgians.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

French Revolutionary Chorus.

"When at the guillotine my head off goes,
I shan't be troubled more to blow my nose."

"Limited" Monarchy.—The Queen of the French, on being asked some favour, replied, "You little know how small is the influence I possess; all, you know, is done by *ministers*. The King would do much more than he does, if he could; but you know, under constitutional monarchies, all is done by ministers."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Moon.—The very irregularities of the moon were, in Galileo's opinion, a proof of divine wisdom; and had its surface been absolutely smooth, it would have been "but a vast and unblessed solitude, void of animals, of plants, of cities, and of men—the abode of silence and inaction—senseless, lifeless, soulless, and stripped of all those ornaments which now render it so varied and so beautiful."—*Sir D. Brewster.*

Errors, boldly assailed, speedily entrench themselves in general feelings, and become embalmed in the virulence of the passions.—*Ibid.*

The late George Colman.—On the first appearance of Colman at Court, as Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard, George IV. turned to the Duke of Wellington, gold stick in waiting, and remarked, "George Colman puts me in mind of Pam." "If that is the case," exclaimed Colman, "the only difference between the Duke of Wellington and me is, that I am the hero of Loo—he of Water-loo."—*Peake's Colman Family.*

Chinese Gourmand.—A Chinese mandarin, weighing upwards of thirty stone, acknowledged to our admiral at Chusan, that a sheep was his ordinary allowance for three days!

Errata.—At page 154, col. 2, for "seried" read *serial.*—At p. 155, c. 1, for "Wordsworth's poet" read Wordsworth's *poetry.*

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The Mirror

OF

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HARBOUR OF CHUSAN.

[*Copied, by permission, from* LORD JOCELYN'S "*Campaign in China.*"]

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HARBOUR OF CHUSAN.

A BRIEF but interesting Narrative of the British Campaign in China has just appeared from the pen of Lord Jocelyn, late Military Secretary to the Mission. It is modestly entitled, *Six Months with the Chinese Expedition; or Leaves from a Soldier's Note-book*; and, although it fills scarcely more than 150 pages, its contents are satisfactory as regards the progress of the Expedition during the above period. From this accredited source, (by courtesy of the publisher, Mr. Murray,) we are enabled to present our readers with the annexed Engraving and descriptive details.

The island of Chusan, from its situation at the mouth of the Yeang-tse-Kiang river, and its consequent mercantile importance, appears to have been fixed upon as a better position than Canton, from which the British might carry on operations. "This great river," observes Lord Jocelyn, "may be called the main artery of the Chinese empire, and the source of its interior wealth: in extent and navigable facilities it is not surpassed by any in the world; whilst from its bosom, not only the central part of China draws its existence and riches, but the traffic of the northern provinces likewise. It is connected with the Peiho by means of a canal, called the Imperial, which wonderful work thus leads the central trade, and even the southern commerce, to the very north of China, pouring it into the navigable waters of that river at a town called Teon-sing, not more than forty miles distant from Pekin; whilst its southern mouth meets the Yeang-tse-Kiang, fifty miles below Nanking. The advantage of having a position at its very mouth was evident; Chusan was therefore decided upon as the head-quarters of our military force."

Lord Jocelyn's "Journal" opens with the sailing of the Expedition from Calcutta, on 8th May, 1840, and the voyage thence, by the coast of Malacca to Singapore, which island was made on May 27th. The fleet sailed again on the 30th, and on June 2 came to anchor off the entrance of Chusan, or rather amongst a group of highly-cultivated islands. Next morning, Captain Bethune went into the inner harbour in a steamer, to examine the passage; he returned the same afternoon, and on the following day the fleet advanced.

"Entering this beautiful harbour," continues the Journal,—"for beautiful it is, whatever those who are disgusted with it may affirm—the beach and heights appeared covered with a dense population. The suburbs run parallel to the water's edge, and form a wharf, along which was seen a forest of merchant-craft. On entering the harbour, eleven junks bore down to us; but as we advanced, they receded, taking up different positions, and finally formed a line in front of the merchant junks to protect the shore from invasion. These rude vessels of war are easily distinguishable by their flaunting streamers, red-muzzled guns, and painted poops, and carry about fifty men each." The soldiers, about 800 in number, appear to have taken up their position on a hill to the right, 200 feet in height; where were six guns so laid that they could neither train nor level them. Along the wharfs in front of the suburb were thirty other pieces of the same material, and a small martello tower on the left centre, mounting eight more.

On the afternoon of the 4th, a parley was entered into with the Chinese Chumpin, or admiral; and the British commander, Sir Gordon Bremer, gave him until the following morning, to confer and think the matter over. Of this, however, the Chinese did not avail themselves; "and the morning of the 5th of July, 1840, was the day fated for her Majesty's flag to wave over the most beautiful island appertaining to the Celestial Empire, the first European banner that has floated as conqueror over the '*Flowery Land.*'"

"The dawn of day brought much the same spectacle as the preceding, except that a few guns were mounted on the Jos-house hill, and the mandarins were seen actively employed running about along the wharf." They then took up their stands with the troops, one being in the martello tower; and the war junks were drawn up and crowded with men.

It is now time to explain the Engraving, representing Chusan Harbour from the engineer's camp. To the left are seen the suburbs of Chusan, with the British men-of-war lying at a short distance from the wharf and foot of the hill. They consist of the *Wellesley*, 74; *Conway* and *Alligator*, 28; *Cruiser* and *Algerine*, 18; and ten gun-brigs. Opposite are the merchant junks, before mentioned; in the centre are seen the *Queen* and *Atalanta* steamers; and to the left lies the fleet of transports.

"At eight o'clock, the signal was hoisted to prepare for action; still, however, time was given by the Commodore, hoping to the last they would repent, and it was not until two o'clock that the troops left the transports in the boats of the squadron, and took up their position in two lines in rear of the men-of-war, to land under cover of the fire. At half-past two, the *Wellesley* fired a gun at the martello tower; this was immediately returned by the whole line of junks, and the guns on the causeway and the hill; then the shipping opened their broadsides upon the town, and the crashing of timber, falling houses, and groans of men resounded from the shore. The firing lasted, on our side, for nine minutes, but even after it had

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ceased, a few shots were heard from the unscathed junks.

"When the smoke cleared away, a mass of ruin presented itself to the eye, and on the place lately alive with men, none save a few wounded were to be seen; but crowds were visible in the distance, flying in all directions." The Chumpin was seen borne from his vessel by a faithful few, having lost his leg in the action by a round shot; and he survived but a few days.

"Before the last shot was fired, the General and his staff left the *Wellesley*, the boats with the troops following in their wake, cheering the men-of-war as they passed through, the sailors returning the hurrahs through the ports.

"We landed on a deserted beach; a few dead bodies, bows and arrows, broken spears and guns, remaining the sole occupants of the field.

"The men arriving from the boats formed along the causeway in line, and the 18th advanced up the hill; and on reaching the summit, they distinguished the inner town, which had not been visible from the shipping: it was situated in a hollow in rear of the mount, and the bird's-eye view was very picturesque. On the walls were seen the banners of the Chinese soldiery, whilst the men crowded along the ramparts beating their tomtoms and gongs, beckoning with their hands to the attack as the troops became visible to them on the hill." They then opened their wretched wall-pieces, with no damage to our force.

Within two hours from leaving the ships, the Madras artillery had four guns in position, and fired a few shells into the town; the advanced picquets were posted, and the Chinese fired upon the reconnoitering parties wherever they became visible. "The evening began to close in, and the commanding officers were desired to seek covering for the men, as Brig.-Gen. Burrell had determined not to attack the town before the following morning. Until ten o'clock that night, the Chinese kept up a dropping fire, under cover of which they afterwards appeared to have deserted the town.

"During the evening, the civil magistrate and some of his officers were killed by our shells, and the governor drowned himself in a tank, when accused of cowardice by his people."

Here we halt, for the present; hoping to return to Lord Jocelyn's very interesting and opportune "Journal" in our next.

THE LAST OF THE LINE.

My prayer is heard—once more 'tis mine to roam
Through unforgotten scenes of childhood's home;—
Once more to view, before I sleep in death,
This long-loved spot where first I drew my breath;—
Each well-known room with thrilling gaze to scan,
And close my days where first those days began.
Yet as I look around, above, below,
The anguish'd bosom owns a deeper throe—
Voices long silent hail the listening ears,
And forms are traced by eyes brimful of tears—
The hands are stretch'd in vain those forms to clasp,
The fleeting phantoms yield no answering grasp—
The tones of welcome sink, grow faint, and die,
And the lone wind returns me sigh for sigh.

How strange the echoes of the bell!—but stay,
An aged servant waits to lead the way—
My alter'd features—ah! he knows them not,
But coldly points each well-remember'd spot;
And shews me, as a visitor alone,
The grounds and mansion that are all my own!

How throbs my heart! I pace the nursery floor,
And view its hallow'd precincts o'er and o'er:
Here stood my cot—here first a mother's love
Led me to kneel and look to Heaven above—
Breath'd her own blessing on my pillow'd head,
Hush'd me to rest, and smooth'd my fever'd bed.
That angel mother! now a saint indeed,—
Why was I born to make that bosom bleed?—
Oft have I sat within this old arm-chair,
Link'd hand in hand with one with golden hair—
My bending neck encircled by his arm,
One seat could hold us, and one book could charm—
Crusoe, or Robin Hood, or Philip Quarll,
Or Fairy Tales, we knew and lov'd them all—
Or turn'd with reverend hand that Holy Tome
That taught us even *this* was not our *home*.
His bright and merry eye—his sunny brow—
His fair soft cheek—where is that brother now?
From the 'ppress'd heart a bitterer pang is wrung—
That brother died!—oh! had *I* died as young!—
And *he* been left!—then had no dark disgrace
Blotted the scutcheon of our ancient race—
Then should the TACHE SANS TACHE* unchalleng'd twine
The Leopard's gorge, badge of our honour'd line.

Through this long gallery, where tall portraits hang,
How oft our boyish shouts and laughter rang!
When yoked in mimic harness side by side,
We drew our sister, throned in mimic pride,
A birthday queen!—her car a chair turn'd down,
Her sceptre lilies, and a wreath her crown;—
Those happy days! when from the earliest spring
We emulously ran a gift to bring;
Ransack'd our little gardens o'er and o'er,
Pluck'd our first flowers and eager sought for more;—
Radiant with joy, with footsteps light and fleet,
We laid our offering at EDITH'S feet:
Herself a fairer flower—cut down by death;
When AYMER sank, she sigh'd away her breath;—
Then I alone was left—and I—long fled
To foreign climes—would she had mourn'd me dead!

How drear the silence of this lofty hall!
How gaunt and grim those carvings on the wall!
How faint the rays through cobwebb'd windows stream!
I feel as though I wander'd in a dream.
Our father died ere we could miss his care,
His portrait hangs in faded splendour there;
There hangs his belt, and there his rusted sword,
And his crush'd helm, his widow's mournful hoard.
Early we learnt to lisp that father's name,
And emulate in sport a soldier's fame—
Yet when our mother wept to view our play,
Then, oh! how hush'd!—we kiss'd her tears away.

How oft beneath this arch at early dawn
The bold, bluff huntsman wound his echoing horn!
How oft would I, a stripling, head the train,
And spur Grey Lincoln on with slacken'd rein,

* Literally, a spot without a stain.

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And whoop and halloo through the forest glade,
Where the fierce dogs the stag at distance bay'd.
The ample court with grass is all o'erspread,
My old retainers all are gone or dead;
The coach-house doors for ever stand ajar,
The empty stables need no closing bar;
No silver dove within the cote is seen,
The lucid pond is now a rushy green;
There stands the kennel of old surly Dane,
But death has loos'd him from his irksome chain.
Within this arching window deep and wide
Hung the caged blackbird, once the butler's pride,
A sweetheart's gift—so would the maidens say,
And seek to wile his faithful heart away,
And whisper of a lock of raven hair—
Those idle jests!—blank silence now is there.

Rank moss and poisonous fungi now deface
The broad stone steps that front the mouldering place;
Thick litter'd leaves and ragged weeds are seen
Where busy hands once swept the velvet green.
Here, on this bank, beneath this aged tree,
We nurs'd the dying kitten on our knee,
And watch'd with beating heart and heavy sigh,
It's gasping breath—its fix'd and glassy eye—
And when no care its little life could save,
Here the old gardener dug its tiny grave:
Old WILLIAM RAYNE, methinks I see him now—
His mild blue eye, his calm and thoughtful brow—
His curly hair, with silvery grey besprent;
His stalwart frame by toil and sorrow bent.
I panse, and seem to hear his cheerful tone
And steady step, where long that step was known;—
That kind old man! how oft we saw him stand
To watch the labours of our infant hand!
Still prompt, with ready smile and generous aid,
To help the feeble efforts that we made
To rear *our* seedling plants or train *our* shoot,
And from *our* currants pluck the luscious fruit;
Or proudly show *our* cress, his praise to claim,
Grown in th' initial letters of our name.
Now all is changed—those beamy days are gone—
The very sun shines not as then he shone:
Bright, happy days! gone like the early dew,
Then this sear'd heart was pure and guileless too:
Ay! all is changed!—my loved companions sleep
Their dreamless slumbers—*I* am left to weep.

"Tell me, I prithee, friend, why there I see
A stone and mound beneath that chesnut-tree,
It was not so when I" . . . . he answers not;
But silent leads me to the turfy spot—
"My young Lord's spaniel this—we laid him here,
And my dear Lady wept with many a tear,
And set this rose-tree with her dying hand:
'Oh, if my boy,' she said, 'from that far land
Should come, a mother's love'" . . . . "Oh, say no more,
My good old friend—my banishment is o'er;
My cup is drain'd—my chain is snapp'd—yet I,
Though home return'd, have but return'd *to die*."

REINELM.

"THE BOUNDARY STATES."

As these territories have been urged as one of the causes of a war with the United States of North America, the following information may be well-timed and acceptable.

The boundary between Maine and Lower Canada has been, for some years, a subject of dispute between the American and British Governments. In the treaty of peace which closed the war of the Revolution, the northern boundary of Maine is described in these words: "From the north-west angle of Nova Scotia—viz., that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north of St. Croix river to the highlands, along the said highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence from those that fall into the Atlantic Ocean to the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut river, &c." This line had always been understood as running north of the river St. John, and carrying the northern boundary of Maine to the 48th degree of latitude; but, some years since, the British set up a claim to one-third part of the whole state, by contending that the boundary-line ran to the south of the St. John. Agreeably to the treaty of Ghent, the subject was referred to the King of the Netherlands for arbitration, who decided that "it would be proper to adopt for the boundary of the two States a line drawn due north from the source of the river St. Croix, to the point where it strikes the middle of the channel of the river St. John; thence the middle of the channel of that river, ascending it to the point where the river St. Francis falls into the St. John; thence to the middle of the river St. Francis, ascending it to the source of the most south-westerly branch," &c. By this decision, about two-sevenths of the territory in dispute was awarded to the British, amounting to about two millions of acres.—*Goodrich's Universal Geography*, Boston, 1832.

NONSENSE VERSES:

THE MAN OF DOLE.

He was a man of doubt and dole!
I know not how it came about:
(Perhaps his pocket had a hole,)
But all his money had *run out*.

Thenceforth one plainly might remark,
(It needs no sages nor diviners,)
His way was somewhat in the dark,
Because he hadn't got the "*shiners*."

Then came the duns and claimed their due:
Those creditors are boring fellows:
The man might very well *look blue*,
Because he hadn't got the "*yellows*."

They came together all, and spilt
Abuse upon him, young and old:
They seemed to think he must have *guilt*,
Because he hadn't any *gold*.

And when they thus did on him fall
He hid away, and that was right:
He couldn't stand against them all,
Because he hadn't any *mite*.

He hid away like any mouse,
And feared, for fear a dun should join,
To *turn the corner* of his house,
Because he hadn't any *coign*.

And so he kept within his house,
Obliged to poke, and mope, and blink;
But not *exactly* like a mouse,
Because he hadn't any "*chink*."

P'rhaps like a hermit, who from sight
And hearing of the world has got:
And yet not like a hermit quite,
Because he hadn't got a *groat*.

But still in peace he could not dwell,
At night he could not sleep a wink:
He could not bear to hear the bell,
Whilst *he* had never got "the *chink*."

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But soon his creditors forbore
To touch the bell, or knock, or tap;
'Twas vain to beat against his door,
Because *he* never had a "*rap*."

If now he put his boat about,
And steered a little off from shore,
He always kept the *stern look out*,
Because he hadn't any *ore*.

He'd better yet have stayed behind,
'Tis wiser not to dare the torrent:
Perhaps he thought to raise the wind,
Not having any of "the *current*."

But here and there he steered about,
And led his creditors a hunt;
And still he kept the sharp look out,
Because he hadn't got "the *blunt*."

Wherever yet he turned his head,
He feared some bill he could not settle:
Poor man, he always was in dread,
Because he hadn't any *metal*.

I would not be in such a taking
For all the money in the town:
In heart he was for ever *a-king*,
And yet he never had a *crown*.

If he to tailors went or wrote,
He only put them in a huff:
They wouldn't make him any coat,
Because he hadn't got the "*stuff*."

Those snips so saucy grow and bold
Whene'er they know that money flags:
They wouldn't even mend an old,
Because he hadn't got the "*rags*."

His shirt betrayed his lack of pelf;
His shoes at heel were trodden down;
His hat was very like himself,
Because it hadn't *half a crown*.

He had a stable, which was good
For putting cattle safe and sound;
But couldn't *keep them without food*,
Because he hadn't got a *pound*.

His garden was of roses bare;
No stocks or lilies yielded honey;
And no *anemonies* were there,
Because he hadn't *any money*.

He could not buy a stack of flagon,
Whene'er he wished to drink or gorge,
And so his life had still a *drag on*,
Because he hadn't got a "*George*."

At any time, in any place,
If he a creditor should pass,
He couldn't look him in the face,
Because he hadn't got the "*brass*."

But what avails to make a fuss,
Or further let our history range?—
His course of life was ever thus,
Because he hadn't any *change*.

Ho, ho!

S.

THE WAR WITH CHINA:

(OUR OWN NOTIONS OF IT.)

We are not about to enter into a political controversy. We leave that exciting task to the wrangling editors of newspapers, the writers of stitched pamphlets without covers, and the race of quarrelsome gentlemen who squabble after dinner during that very bearish time which custom has appropriated to such verbal engagements, when Tours' plums, dogs and horses, Lord Melbourne, the Duke of Wellington, sponge cake, cut glass and claret, are presumed to be proper and equivalent substitutes for the presence of the fairer portion of the creation. We are not going to bring forward any statistics of tea, rhubarb, and opium; neither can we give the reader any information upon the state of the workhouses, or names of the board of guardians in various parishes pertaining to the Canton, Macao, or Chusan unions; but we do not see why we should not say *our* few words upon the Chinese Question, which seems so troublesome to answer, the more so as we are an ardent admirer of the refreshing beverage (not, however, a perfect teetotaller, for we occasionally incline to "half-and-half"); in addition that we adore little feet and ivory carvings, and that we especially lean to the old blue-pattern plates and dishes.

Talking of that same old blue pattern, we believe it is but lately that anything has been discovered authentically connected with its origin. It appears, from the information of an ancient document, found in the great library of Long Man, an eminent Chinese bibliopolist, that the original design appeared in an early edition of the Pekin Picturesque Porcelain Annual, where it was inserted by the great artist Fin Den, who dedicated the plate to the Mandarin Twing, whose palace without the city walls it was intended to describe; and who, it was moreover hoped, would pay all expenses incidental to the bringing out of the plate, in consideration of the honour pertaining to the dedication. The Mandarin, however, did not take the hint, and when the Annual went into other hands, the original design was purchased by a great crockery founder, who reproduced the view in a plate of different construction. Twing, incensed that any one who did not wear red shoes, or whose nails were not more than an inch in length, should even look upon a representation of his summer retreat, obtained an injunction to restrain the production of any more pieces. The remaining few were rapidly bought up, and kept in secret cabinets; until Twing died, from standing upon his head one day upwards of two hours in the broiling sun, the tenure by which he held the high employment of cutting the Emperor's corns, and the plates and dishes being again published, derived additional interest from the circumstance, and by degrees were exported all over the world. We should like to know the house which does not possess one.

When we first heard there was a prospect of a war with China, we regarded it as a rumour of extreme eccentricity—a piece of exquisite humour, replete with droll actions and engagements. The impressions of our childhood are composed of the same elements in the ideas of the man, although circumstance exerts a slight alter-

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ation in their affinity; and we could not entirely divest ourselves of the thoughts we were accustomed to link with "China and the Chinese," when the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, every word of whose gorgeous illusions we received as gospel, ranked far above the productions of Shakspeare, Byron, or Scott, in our immature conception. Nor was the picture we formed of China conjured up by our own minds alone. We had the opportunity of referring to a valuable series of tea-canisters on the shelves of a neighbouring grocer, who opened his shop as the "China Tea Company," hung balloons in his windows, japanned his drawers, sold tea-chests for rabbit-hutches, and had a strange squat figure seated in the centre of the four shilling Bohea compartment, who wagged its head and tongue all day long, at the gazers that its antics attracted to flatten their noses against his panes of glass. From the aforesaid canisters we were enabled to glean much valuable pictorial information respecting the domestic manners of the Chinese. Probably, we might have studied the subject more deeply, but fate willed otherwise. The concern failed, the shop was closed, and the "Company" ran off in the middle of the night: no one knew whither, and we believe no one cared, except those who had demands upon the establishment. We only wondered what effect the defalcation had upon the funds of the Celestial Empire.

We were a long time bringing ourselves to think that the Chinese were a nation of men and women; in fact, human beings, who thought, moved, and acted in a manner similar to ourselves. We much more readily inclined to the opinion that they were a race of supernaturally animated ornaments, who wore inverted basins for head-dresses, and kept odd-shaped dragons and monsters, all claws and crockery, for their domestic animals. We pictured to ourselves their abodes, made of porcelain painted all sorts of colours, and thatched with rice paper. Their cities we conjured up as lighted by millions of isinglass lanterns, which kept perpetually turning round. Their vegetation we confined to curious strange arborescent productions, with large round vermilion balls for fruit, growing naturally in a state of the highest varnish; and we could almost see their public roads, buildings, and fortifications, all constructed of *papier-mâché* gaily japanned. If war had been declared at that period, we should not have been much astonished to have found some morning that all the China ornaments in England had walked off spontaneously to take up the cause of their country, and fight in its defence. These ideas continued in full force with us for some long period, until a series of Eastern spectacles, which it was our luck to witness at the theatres, turned the current of our minds into another channel. For the first time, we then became aware that real living beings formed the population of the country belonging to the Sun's intimate connexion; but even these differed from other people. They wore odd six-angled hats, a species of painted convolvulus-shaped gossamer, with bells hung round them; they danced strange figures, with the forefingers of each hand elevated to the level of their ears; they allowed their mustachios to grow until they trailed upon the ground; and in their stage encounters, one English sailor generally fought twelve at once, all of whom he finally put to flight, having cut off their pigtails, or whirled them round by these appendages, like horizontal bandalores, until they were choked. And is it true, we asked ourselves, that the Government is seriously thinking of going to war with these grotesque beings? What huge fun we immediately foresaw in the encounter—what a realization of the scenes in *Aladdin* and the *Bronze Horse*, to say nothing of *The Illustrious Stranger*, and *Zazezizozu*. And our great men-of-war were sailing out, actually and literally sailing out to engage with their junks—those odd constructions of thin painted laths, strips of red cloth, and reed masts with tea-leaf sails, that we could almost have built from imagination! Why, we should have thought that one small cannon-ball would have crashed through twenty of them at once, splintering and smashing them in all directions. It appeared perfectly cowardly in our nation to think for an instant of attacking in reality a set of poor scaramouches, who resided in inverted tea-cups on a large scale, lived on paper-shavings and fried silkworms, built pagodas like magnified cardhouses, and whose most inspiring war-music was comprised in a band of copper stewpans and instruments formed by bits of tendons stretching over inflated bladders. At length, we heard that there really had been a skirmish, and that one of their great people, who rejoiced in the high-sounding and aristocratic appellation of Lin, had written a letter, or published a document, or something of the kind. We should very much like to have seen that document. We will be bound it was something exquisitely comic, written with various inks, commencing at the bottom, and filled with characters from the endless alphabet which adorns the invoices of tea-chests and cakes of Indian ink. But—ha! ha! ha!—you can scarcely help smiling at the bare idea, the mere fact of their even daring to expostulate—they, of whom we should have conceived one halfpenny squib would have put to flight an army; they, whose cannon we thought must be var-

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nished pasteboard, and whose fortifications carved ivory; they, whose only commerce consisted, independently of their tea, in pearl card-counters and books of gaudy birds and flowers, or ornaments like miniature trunks of trees with distorted spines, carved into human heads at the top. And these odd creatures had remonstrated with England. How very ridiculous!

Why it is that the whole empire has not, long before this, been blown entirely to atoms by our guns, we are at a loss to conceive. British humanity must be the only obstacle to such a performance. But if they are still insolent, we counsel instant and unmitigated annihilation of the whole of them; for what would all our former glories avail us, in the page of history, if we were finally jockeyed by a tribe of nodding mandarins, crockery-baking savages, painters of rice paper, and manufacturers of chopsticks and feather fans?

ALBERT.

LOVE AND CARE.

Love sat in his bower one summer day—
And Care, with his train, came to drive him away:
"I will not depart," said Love;
And, seizing his lute—with silvery words,
He ran his bright fingers along the chords,
And play'd so sweet, so entrancing an air,
That a grim smile lit up the face of Care.
"*Away—away!*" said Love.

"Nay, nay! I have friends!" grim Care replied;
"Behold, here is one—and his name is *Pride!*"
"I care not for Pride," said Love.
Then touching the strings of his light guitar,
Pride soon forgot his lofty air;
And seizing the hand of a rustic queen,
Laugh'd, gamboll'd, and tripped it o'er the green.
"*Aha, aha!*" said Love.

"Away with your jeers!" cried Care, "if you please,
Here's another—lank, haggard and pale *Disease!*"
"I care not for him," said Love.
Then touch'd a strain so plaintive and weak,
That a flush pass'd over his pallid cheek;
And Disease leap'd up from his couch of pain,
And smiled, and re-echoed the healing strain.
"*Well done for Disease!*" said Love.

"Pshaw! pshaw!" cried Care—"this squalid one, see!
How lik'st thou the gaunt look of *Poverty?*"
"I care not for him," said Love.
Then struck such a sound from his viol's string,
That Poverty shouted aloud, "*I'm king!*
The jewell'd wreaths round my temples shall twine,
For the sparkling gems of Golconda are mine!"
"*Ay, ay—very true!*" said Love.

"*Nay boast not,*" said Care—"There is fretful *Old Age,*
Beware of his crutches, and tempt not his rage!"
"I care not for Age!" said Love.
Then swept the strings of his magic lyre,
Till the glazed eye sparkled with youthful fire;
And Age dropp'd his crutches, and, light as a fay,
Laugh'd, caper'd and danced, like a child at play!
"*Bravo, Sir Eld!*" said Love.

"A truce," cried wrinkled Care, "with thy glee!
Now, look on this last one—'tis *Jealousy!*"
"Ah me! ah me!" said Love.
"Her green eye burns with quenchless fire—
"I die! I die!" Then, dropping his lyre,
Love flew far away from his cherish'd bower,
And never return'd from that fatal hour!

Alas, for thee, blighted Love!

Southern Literary Messenger.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COLD WINTER.

I AM not philosopher enough to comprehend fully the curious and sudden changes of temperature incidental to almost every climate; and there is something particularly unaccountable in the extraordinary severity by which the seasons are occasionally characterized. The winter of 18— was one of these, and will remain indelibly impressed upon the memory. One week especially was intensely cold; the sky was clear and blue, the air had a delusive calmness that beguiled some victims forth to death. A walk across the street affected us with acute pain in the temples; a moist hand would freeze instantly to the iron baluster of the steps—stage-drivers and hackney-coachmen were found stiff and dead upon their boxes. The student's ink congealed by the fire; the affluent, with all the appliances of wealth, could not keep themselves comfortable; and the heart aches to recal the condition of the poor, shivering and trembling around the cheerless fireplaces of their dilapidated dwellings, half naked, hungry and destitute—it was, indeed, a dreadful winter for them. Many perished; some directly from the cold, while, although others lingered till the weather moderated, yet sickness and exposure had broken down their constitutions, and the soft breath of spring blew over their graves.

The snow in the street had a granite consistency, sparkling like diamonds in the brilliant sunshine, which shone all day with the ineffectual fervour of the moon upon its unmelted wreaths and rocky banks. Those who could, kept in doors. Those whom business called abroad could scarcely be recognised through the multiplicity of garments. Over-shoes and moccasons, buffalo-skins and blankets, shawls, fur gloves and caps, and voluminous cloaks over great cloaks, every where met such eyes as could penetrate through the rich and curious frost-work which accumulated with every breath upon the window-panes.

Of course the city was locked up in ice. Canals and rivers all over the country were closed. A silent bleakness and desolation reigned on land and water worthy of the polar regions. The Hudson spread out a solid field, and even the bay—a very unusual event—presented to the eye one vast mass of motionless ridges, interspersed with plains of glassy smoothness; broken masses of ice, which the tide, in the act of congelation, had forced up in heaps; and hills of

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snow, the remnants of a heavy storm by which this extraordinary period of cold weather had been preceded. The southern mails were conveyed from the Jersey side in sleighs instead of boats, and the papers mentioned, as a curious fact, that a pedestrian had crossed to the city from Staten-Island with only the loss of one of his ears.

This excessive cold terminated as suddenly as it had commenced. A southern wind one morning blew over the city with a more moderate breath, the sun regained its warmth, and, in a few days, the eaves of the houses began to drip, and ponderous masses of snow to slide from the slanting roofs to the imminent danger of the foot-passengers below; the wooden sheds and house-tops reeked with the steaming evaporation—the streets grew wet and sloppy, and all things relaxed under the influence of a general thaw; still, however, although the bay began to discover indications of a breaking up, under the combined power of the sun and those rapid tides which rush, in opposing currents, from the East-river and the Hudson, yet the latter remained bound in its bright prison, affording a strong temptation to persons fond of skating—an amusement which the mud-gutters and mill-ponds render almost peculiar to boys, yet which, in the present instance, was found irresistible to large numbers of our population of all ages.

I was at that period a stripling of twenty, of rather a solitary turn of mind, though not averse to sport, of which skating must ever be considered one of the most agreeable varieties. It is an exercise full of fiery excitement and exhilaration. Distance is traversed with a velocity incredible—every muscle of the form seems laid out with unaccustomed force upon the power of motion—you glide, you float, you fly—you pass through space with a thought—wheeling, circling, darting—and rivaling the swallow in its airy gambols. The bosom rejoices as if in the possession of newly-discovered power.

The sun was about an hour above the horizon, when, after a light dinner, I took a pair of skates under my arm, and bent my way down to one of the wharfs on the western side of the town. The cold had now, in a great measure, abated, and I found thousands of men and boys enjoying themselves upon the ice, darting by each other in every direction, wheeling and flying with ceaseless velocity and various motions which resembled the play of a swarm of insects in the summer air. Here a troop of little fellows limped along on one skate, there another glided with both feet equipped for the sport, at one moment approaching within a few yards of the land, and again hurrying away off till they lost themselves amid the busy multitude.

Every boy bred in New York knew how to skate; but the facilities for practising this inspiring sport are passing away so effectually and rapidly under the jurisdiction of our street-cutting, house-shifting, hill-levelling, pond-filling corporation, that I fear the time is nigh at hand when the art will be almost extinct. The very climate itself is growing more even and insipid, as if a member of the conspiracy to exterminate our ancient favourite amusement. Be that as it may, on this memorable occasion I entered into the enjoyment with all my soul. The ice presented a great variety of surface on the part selected by the skaters as the most convenient for their purpose. Between the rough cakes and hills which sometimes obstructed our career there wound little narrow passages of silver smoothness, which again expanded into fields frozen in furrows and ridges, as if the congelation had arrested the water in the act of lifting its waves. I skated leisurely along, musing upon the peculiarities of the scene, till at length I wandered far from the shore, anxious at once to escape the riot, jostle, boisterous laughter and shouts of the crowd, and to reach newer ice, that upon which I had been skating being much cut up by the innumerable tracks, and also a little wet and sloppy. On, therefore, I went, finding ample companionship in my own thoughts and observations, till at length I awoke to the sudden consciousness that the sun had set, the night-shades were gathering around, and nearly every individual of the vast numbers who, when last I looked toward the shore, were swarming around me, had disappeared. I myself had been lured on by a sheet of ice unmarked by a single track, and shining with the perfect, unbroken beauty of a mirror, much farther than I intended.

"By my faith," I thought, as I aroused myself for a hasty return, "this would be a rare place to spend the night in, truly, and I away down the bay, full three miles from the shore. I have been over-venturous here."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

ELIZABETHAN ARCHITECTURE.

Burghley House, Northamptonshire, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter, is one of the most celebrated structures in Europe, and a magnificent exemplar of the architecture of the reign of Elizabeth. It has, accordingly, been selected by Mr. C. J. Richardson for illustration, in his superb work, *Architectural Remains of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.* Burghley was finished about the year 1587; and it is generally allowed that John Thorpe was the architect employed upon it. "The appearance of the building is extremely imposing: on approaching it from Stamford, after winding through a

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noble park, it suddenly opens upon the visitor from the north-west; where its singular chimneys, the variety of its turrets, towers, and cupolas, and the steeple of the chapel rising in the centre, give it the appearance more of a small city than a single building."

The original of the annexed Engraving is one of Mr. Richardson's minor illustrations, and represents a summer-house in the "plaisance" at Burghley. The intricacy of outline, and the quaint and fantastic taste displayed in the pierced parapet and twisted spires of this building will be much admired. It was, doubtless, a main feature of the architectural garden which always accompanied the Elizabethan style of mansion, and is not the least pleasing part of it. "We delight in its wide and level terraces, decorated with rich stone balustrades, and these again with vases and statues, and connected by broad flights of stone steps—its clipped evergreen hedges—its embowered alleys—its formal yet intricate parterres, full of curious knots of flowers—its lively and musical fountains—its steep slopes of velvet turf—its trim bowling green—and the labyrinth and wilderness which form its appropriate termination, and connect it with the ruder scenery without."

SUMMER-HOUSE AT BURGHLEY.

THE LITERARY WORLD.—V.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

The London and Edinburgh Magazine, No. 1. —seventy-two well-filled pages, with a portrait of the Queen, for One Shilling! Cheaply done, Edinburgh. The plan appears to be semi-political—an admixture of literature and the politics of the day: Australia, Russia, and the Church of Scotland alternate with Poetry transplanted from America, Sculptors of Britain, a Life of Wicliff, the Second Funeral of Napoleon, and a Tale by Miss Burdon, authoress of *The Thirst for Gold*. The contents, it will be guessed, are stirling and heavy: they are, indeed, dry subjects drily treated; they have pith and point, but too much in one vein; and some are, moreover, too long. "The Australian Emigrant," for example, has neither novelty of matter nor manner. The Passage Home—Napoleon's Grave—is better, but is not *in tempore*: the author notes that, judging from those ships of war which he had the opportunity of examining, the vessels of the French navy appear to be

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built on a finer model than those in the British service; but they are assuredly not so strong, nor so capable of standing "the battle and the breeze" as the wooden walls of Old England. The following details relate the conduct of the crew of La Favorite, on reaching the grave of Napoleon:—

"Such a scene of excitement I never witnessed! Some of them shed tears, while others smote their brows and their hearts, and nothing but the iron bars that protected the grave prevented them from throwing themselves on the three large flat stones which covered the mortal remains of their great Emperor! After a while, they, at first singly and separately, and then altogether, began to pull up the shrubs, and whatever else they could lay their hands on in the vicinity, to bear away as memorials of the scene and the occasion. Even the favourite willow of Napoleon was not spared, —branch by branch was torn away, and carried off to form trophies—the trunk was cut by innumerable knives, and little was left for the men of La Belle Poule, who, next day, were in their turn marched up, under the direction of their officers; and who, after displaying similar manifestations of sorrow, proceeded to the same acts of securing for themselves tokens of remembrance. What remained of the Willow Tree became *their* spoil. Trunk and branch it was carried off—not a vestige of it remained—it disappeared, as if by magic, off the face of the earth, and I question if the root remains to tell the tale of where it stood."

In the paper on "The Living Sculptors of Great Britain" we are assured, upon the authority of an artist who saw it at Rome, that Thorwaldsen's statue of Lord Byron, which has lain for five years buried in sawdust, in a box in the Custom House, is decidedly no honour to the sculptor. "Thorwaldsen, usually so much alive to character, totally misconceived the characteristics of the noble author of *Childe Harold*. As a portrait, this statue bears little resemblance to Byron; and as an historical piece, it is a complete failure." The Reviews of New Books evince activity and acumen; though we were surprised to read in one of them that Dickens's writings are immoral and injurious.

The Sporting Review may, at first, be considered somewhat out of our pale; but we think otherwise; for its Editor, "Craven," has succeeded in giving to his work a tone and character which leave some of his contemporaries far afield. In his pages, Sporting is unassociated with vulgarity, manly tastes are advocated with energy and polish, whilst there is a classic feeling on sporting subjects, which is very agreeable. The Editor's "History of the Turf" has so pleased us with its poetic treatment that we are almost tempted to put on our Chesterfield and follow the hunt:

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

This Number is full of gay, yet useful reading — sporting in all quarters of the world! In our last Number, we quoted a paper by the Editor, describing a visit to the Royal Mews at Pimlico; which is written throughout *con amore*—the surest passport to success. The Engravings are truly Embellishments: among them is one of a series of Plans of Race-courses, which appears to have suggested the maps of the dioceses in the *British Magazine*: we speak seriously.

Bentley's Miscellany is even more lively than usual; and although its essays at humour may be of various grades, "chequered in bulk as in brains," all are very acceptable. The Editor leaves his reader in delightful suspense: thus, "The fifth of November was now at hand, and the clock of the adjoining abbey had scarcely ceased tolling the hour that proclaimed its arrival, when Fawkes, somewhat wearied with his solitary watching, determined to repair, for a short space, to the adjoining houses. He, accordingly, quitted the cellar, leaving his lantern lighted within it in one corner. Opening the door, he gazed cautiously around; but perceiving nothing, after a few seconds, he proceeded to lock the door. While thus employed, he thought he heard a noise behind him, and turning suddenly, he beheld through the gloom several persons rushing towards him, evidently with hostile intent. His first impulse was to draw a petronel, and grasp a sword. But, before he could effect his purpose, his arms were pinioned by a powerful grasp from behind, while the light of a lantern thrown full in his face, revealed the barrel of a petronel levelled at his head, and an authoritative voice commanded him in the king's name to surrender." This is the subject of the illustration, in which Cruikshank is scarcely so effective as usual. "Wanted a Widow" is from a hint by a newspaper incident of last month. Of the remaining papers we can only notice "Horæ Offleanæ," by a Man about Town—a kind of anecdotic reverie on Offley's Tavern, in bygone days, or rather nights and mornings, which would have furnished Bulwer with many an episode for his last novel. This paper, making due allowance for the breadth of the subject, is cleverly written, or rather painted; the author excelling in that *chia-oscuro* style, which so well depicts the lights and shades of London life. The writer must be an old frequenter of Offley's (Frawley's) large and well-proportioned room, to our mind, the best apartment of the kind in the town: no pictures, placards, paper-hanging, or other vulgar coffee-room finery, to disturb one's relish of the good things there provided. The writer

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thinks that the old scythe-bearer rarely makes any perceptible change in waiters: "they acquire, prematurely, in their youth, the appearance of a certain age, and for at least a generation, they look no older. You par-boil salmon to make it keep. The waiter seems to have undergone a similar process at the outset of his career, and in its course to exemplify the conservative effects. The French are right; the proper appellation for them, from the knife-board to the grave, is *garçon*." But surely, our Man about Town makes Frawley too ugly: "he was lame, his hands were like the claws of a bear (?) he squinted awfully, all the features were irregular. The face was entirely, as artists say, out of drawing; the head was on one side, like that of a magpie peeping into a marrow-bone; yet there was an air of *bonhomie* and good fellowship about the expression of the countenance that courted your laugh rather than gave rise to any averse or unpleasant feeling." Many dozens of chops as we have eaten, dressed by Frawley's own hands, we were not before aware that he was originally a waiter at Bellamy's, and, "as such, was privileged to watch, and occasionally admitted to assist, the presiding priestess of the gridiron at the exercise of her mysteries." Frawley's chop was thick and substantial; the House of Commons chop is small and thin, and honourable members sometimes eat a dozen at a sitting: commend us to the former (not forgetting the shalot), and a nip of Burton ale, notwithstanding the blundering zeal with which this Staffordshire nectar was assailed by the Useful Knowledge Society some years since. But reader, there are no such doings at Frawley's at this time of day, as the writer of this paper relates: his reverie is on "the light of other days;" time has thinned the ranks and groups of the bright and buoyant; and the "large and well-proportioned room" is now frequented by quiet, staid, and orderly people. Is the writer aware that soon after the departure of the last of "the old hosts" of the metropolis, "it was proposed to have his portrait painted;" but the picture, we believe, fell to the ground before it was hung up. In conclusion, this paper overflows with the *esprit de table*, and is "witty, well-informed, and right joyously convivial."

The Colonial Magazine contains a description of British Guiana, illustrated with several large engravings on wood, which are calculated to impress the reader with an idea of the luxuriance of this fine country. The Histories of Money and the East India Company appear to be stock papers wanting that freshness of interest which should characterize a journal of new countries.

The Polytechnic Journal, in its sixty-four solid pages, comprises a paper on Cold, by Mr. Forbes Winslow, full of valuable facts and experience: however, we scarcely agree with the author, that Brighton is desirable as a winter residence for invalids who are suffering from diseases which are aggravated by the cold. To this article succeeds a review on Mr. Mushet's Papers on Iron and Steel, which is full of principles and operations, such as constitute accurate knowledge. Iron, by the way, has done more towards promoting civilization than all the other metals; its "peculiar properties reside in its being magnetic, and being capable of becoming permanently magnetic, in its uniting to itself by welding, in its forming steel when associated with carbon, and in its having a greater tension than any other metal whatever; that is, a rod of iron of any given diameter will support a greater weight than a rod of any other metal of the same diameter." The salts derived from iron are used for various processes in the arts, and in medicine; therefore, from the great utility of iron to mankind, it will not be exaggeration to state, "that were it possible that we could be deprived of it, or of the means of extracting it from its ores, the whole civilized world would at once sink into a comparative state of barbarism, there being no other metal that could supply its place." The next paper treats of "the Probable Duration of the Present Supply of Coal," shewing that for many centuries to come the supply will be equal to the demand; and, after England and Scotland are exhausted, the coal strata of Wales will last for 2000 years. This was shewn by Bakewell, several years since! so, away with the idle fears of exhaustion; poke the fire, and "sing old Rose, and burn the bellows." Next is a stringent critique on the present exhibition of the British Institution, which it is almost unanimously agreed "falls many degrees below the average." A charming paper follows on Schindler's Life of Beethoven, edited by Moscheles, full of characteristic anecdote: and, of the remainder, we can only notice that Potts's Patent Picture-rail Moulding appears to have been anticipated by Dr. Kitchiner, who describes such a contrivance in one of his eccentric books; and many years since he filled with it the rooms of his house in Warren Street.

There is but a niche left, and that shall be well filled with *the Pictorial Shakspere*: the Winter's Tale, "that delicious play," that takes us out of the empire of the real, "to wander in some poetical sphere, where Bohemia is but a name for a wild country upon the sea, and the oracular voices of the Pagan world are heard amidst the merriment of 'Whitsun pastorals,' and the solemnities of 'Christian burial;' where the 'Emperor of Russia' represents some dim conception of a mighty monarch of far-off lands; and 'that rare Italian master, Julio

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Romano,' stands as the abstract personification of excellence in art." This is criticism that burns, and is worth a bushel of sifted, word-quibbling. The Illustrations, from Mr. Harvey's graceful pencil, are admirably engraved: the frail flower and the ruthless storm; the majesty of sculpture and the familiar group of domestic life, come alike to the accomplished artist.

By the way, Walpole says the intervals in *The Winter's Tale* are so long that there is time to go to Italy and back between each act.

Arts and Sciences.

IMMENSE ARTESIAN WELL.

At the sitting of the Académie des Sciences, at Paris, on the 1st instant, M. Arago made a Report on the Artesian Well at Grenelle, detailing the difficulties of the undertaking. The first time the borer fell into the cavity was in 1834, when the perforation had been made to the depth of 115 metres—377 feet; it was, however, soon recovered, and the operation proceeded. The length of the bars united measured 384 metres—1,260 feet: not only these broke, but the enormous metal spoon used to bring the materials to the surface, also fell to the bottom of the cavity, from a height of 80 metres—262 feet, and it required extraordinary exertions to recover it, and draw it out again; this was done by means of a windlass, worked at the surface by horse-power, and occupied from May, 1837, to August, 1838. The immensity of this labour may be conceived, when it is reflected that it was carried on at a depth of 460 metres—upwards of 2,000 feet. This difficulty being overcome, the works were continued, without any fresh misfortune, until April 8, 1840, when the *alesoir*, another part of the borer, fell from a considerable height with such force that it penetrated the chalk below to the depth of 26 metres — 83 feet. This created great delay. In fine, a fourth accident occurred shortly before the successful termination, when the metal spoon again fell to the bottom of the bore, having nearly attained its extreme depth. This time, M. Mulot thought it better not to attempt to draw it out, but to put it on one side by forcing it horizontally into the earth, so as not to obstruct the passage.—*Times; abridged.*

LIGHTING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Gurney's mode of lighting the House of Commons has been found very economical. The expense of wax-lights, the old method of lighting, amounted in the course of the session to 1,300*l.*, and the nightly cost of illuminating the House of Commons alone was 5*l.* Under Mr. Gurney's contract, the charge per annum for lighting the House is 100*l.*, whilst that for lighting the committee-rooms, library, &c., is 130*l.* The nightly cost in the House of Commons itself is only 12s. Thus, by Mr. Gurney's new method, there accrues to the country an annual saving of 1,030*l.* This is, perhaps, the most profitable *new light* of the day.

New Books.

Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections. By Lady Chatterton.

[All who have read Lady Chatterton's charming *Rambles in the South of Ireland*, will expect in the present work a rich and racy *mélange*; and they will not be disappointed. The *Sketches and Recollections* is indeed the most fascinating book that we have enjoyed for many a long day: it is so full of exquisite sentiments, and amiable common sense; so picturesquely graphic; and so animated with a love of the beautiful and the pure—that we scarcely know how to convey to the reader an idea of the treasurable variety contained in these volumes. Home and foreign tours, or visits to sites consecrated as the abodes of genius, or dearly associated with history—form the staple. Ireland is not forgotten, and the accomplished authoress ventures to hope, that of the many who kindly followed her guidance in the "Green Island," a few at least will be found willing to accompany her through some of the fair scenes of her native country, and to touch once more upon Irish ground, in their flight to other lands. The work contains two or three *nouvellettes*; but, brief as these are, they exceed our limits, so that we must quote from the more detached portion.

English and French Women.]

A French gentleman said to-day he thought the generality of English women more frivolous, more devoted to the world and dissipation, than the French. I have often heard it asserted, that the conversation of French women is more intellectual, that they are more accustomed to converse on interesting and important subjects than the English. This is very natural in a country where conversational powers and agreeability in society are so much esteemed. But the imputation of the frivolity of English women excited to-day great indignation among the Englishmen present. My idea is that we are more frivolous than we used to be—more than the last generation. There is a passion for society now afloat which destroys our old genuine domestic feelings. Our homes, our country places, are deserted, and I never can forgive us for this.

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The Battle of the Boyne.

We drove along the banks of the Boyne, and rambled over the site of that battle which is so celebrated and important in Irish, and indeed in English history. It has been sung by the poet and the beggar in the halls of the great, and in the abodes of wretchedness. The Boyne is still a watch-word of party-spirit; and I am glad to have seen the place which excites so many interesting recollections, and sketched the obelisk which has been raised to the memory of King William. The clump of trees on the opposite height is the spot from whence poor King James beheld the defeat of his army.

Not far from the obelisk there is a very pretty glen, where a profusion of wild honeysuckles and roses, growing among the rocks, and perfuming the air with their sweetness, are wreathed into such a variety of fantastic forms, that they look as if twined by the graceful hands of fairies. This glen runs up from the broader valley where the battle was fought, and on the height to the right we were shewn the spot where King William's artillery was planted. Down this sweet and peaceful-looking glen, the roar of cannon must then have been heard; the wounded and the dying must have lain among these rocks. I hope the woodbines and roses grew there then, and that their sweet perfume, which seems to me always to breathe hope and confidence in the goodness of God, may, even amid the tumult of battle, have soothed their sufferings, and spoken peace to them in their last hours.

Rosstrevor.

The scenery of Rosstrevor is celebrated, but its beauty far exceeds my expectations; and then there is no appearance of squalid misery to mar the effect, as is too frequently the case in Ireland; here the people look happy, and the cottages are comfortable, as well as pretty.

The women indeed often wear no shoes or stockings; but they have such pretty feet, and the other parts of their dress look so neat and clean, the bright-coloured handkerchief is so well arranged over their shoulders, and the little plaited white caps so becoming, that one cannot help fancying the foot is left uncovered, more to shew its beauty than from poverty.

Tuesday.—The weather would not allow us to ascend the highest mountain near this place, which we had intended to do to-day. So we strolled about between the showers, and passed many pleasant hours in the lovely gardens belonging to different villas, which the owners most kindly allow strangers to enjoy.

Each of these abodes seems to vie with the others in loveliness; good taste is shewn in the architecture of the dwellings, as well as in the arrangement of the garden walks, the green-houses, and the rustic bridges which are thrown over mountain torrents. Flowers bloom in the greatest profusion. I remarked great varieties of geraniums and roses, growing apparently wild under the wide-spreading trees which separate the hay and corn fields. Everything is perfect—every inch of ground is adorned and made useful. The troughs which the cattle drink out of are carved and ornamented, as well as the gates to the fields and farm-yards. The village church and school are beautiful; then the children seem so well educated—smiles and bows greet one on all sides, from rosy faces. The girls' hair well combed and arranged, and their dresses and white aprons scrupulously clean; and even the boys' coats, those usually most dilapidated parts of the human attire, appear well brushed and mended. I have not seen a rag, a broken window, or a miserable face in the whole place.

Scenery of the Elbe.

Such a day—I cannot describe it. Went to the beautiful Kuhstall, Prebicsthor, and Winterburg. The sunset, on our return by the Elbe, was more lovely than anything I ever beheld. The Lilienstein, a mass of rock which resembles a gigantic shaft and capital of an inverted Corinthian column, rising abruptly out of the high woody bank which overhangs the Elbe, formed to-night the centre of the beautiful picture. The sky, as we slowly rowed along the smooth stream, changed from the soft blue of brilliant sunshine to the fiery red of sunset; against this, the rocky banks, with their towering forests above, assumed a dark purple hue; and lower down, that blue vapory tint which served to bring out in strong relief the little town of Schandau, with its high pinnacled dome, Swiss-like cottages, and crowd of masts. All these objects, even the feathery pines which stood like graceful fairies on the distant Lilienstein, were reflected on the majestic river. I tried to make a sketch of the view, which is here given.

In such scenes as these no wonder that the poor Träger should exclaim, with unostentatious, yet unshrinking devotion, when he came to the end of his labours, "Let us be thankful to God for the safe and pleasant excursion we have had."

It was a most delightful expedition—twelve hours of perfect enjoyment!"

A beautiful Girl.

At the table-d'hôte to-day, at Dresden, there was a beautiful girl, a good likeness of Malibran. There was an air of originality in her dress and manner, which rivetted my gaze during the whole dinner. She was

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at too great a distance for the sound of her voice to be heard; but there was a look of quiet intelligence in her eye, and of persuasive power in her lip, which made me feel sure that her thoughts and words did not fall short of the promise of wit which was stamped on her smooth high brow. The dark auburn air, divided into four plaits, descended low on her delicate cheeks, and then falling on her slender throat, the ends were looped behind her ear; a bow of crimson velvet was placed at the back of her head. Her dress was black; and, unlike that of the German girls, it was made low and with short sleeves; but a large transparent veil of the same sombre hue was thrown over her shoulders, the folds of which were gathered up, and rested gracefully on her round and snowy arms. No ornament of any kind interfered with the lovely simplicity of her appearance: the idea that probably I shall never see that radiant creature again makes me quite melancholy.

German and Italian Music.

I traced in the wild melody a strong resemblance to the national character. Deep, full of feeling, imaginative, and intellectual; yet occasionally a shade of northern barbarism seemed to break out in the sudden startling discords. How different I thought them from the soft, voluptuous, graceful strains of a luxurious people who have attained and *passed* their meridian of civilization. In the music of Italy (of a country which has been) there is very little of that energy which must create a feeling of power, and inspire strength and vigour. When listening to German music, I feel capable of doing all things. When listening to Italian, alas!' I can only feel regrets, enervating, useless, yet perhaps delightful regrets. It puts me in a delicious frame of mind, but incapacitates me for any vigorous employment.

Jews' Street, Francfort.

All, from the old woman selling apples at a common stall, to the jewelled head of a young beauty leaning out of the window above—from the man in a ragged coat, drawing a wheelbarrow, to the two usurers gravely discussing some money transaction —all seemed to belong to one family. Indeed, the members of few Christian families resemble each other so closely as the Jews do each other. The words, "Come out, and be ye separate, and marry not the daughters of the land," were plainly engraven on the countenances of all. Here, in their own home, they sought not either to disguise their names or appearances, or to imitate the habits of others.

There was something to me inexpressibly awful in thus finding myself among those living witnesses of the truth of our religion, of the fulfilment of prophecy; in seeing over the door of a common eating-house, those same characters in which the commandments were inscribed, by the finger of God, on the tables of stone—in which was written the most ancient history that has been transmitted to us; in hearing from the lips of a dealer and his customer that language in which the Creator of all things, the great Jehovah, spoke to the father of his people.

In this lugubrious region, where the very smell and the atmosphere seemed different from the rest of the world, old Mrs. Rothschild still lives; she is the mother of that powerful family whose very name expresses riches — who possess places in almost all the capitals of Europe, and hold in their hands the destiny of nations. Yet this ancient dame still resides in a house undistinguished from any of its sombre and dingy companions. It is said the motive which induces her to do so is a superstitious one, in some way connected with the prosperity of her descendants. Poor woman! it seems rather hard, that when one of her sons possesses in this very town such a residence as might excite the envy of a monarch, she should be doomed, by superstition and prejudice, to this gloomy abode.

It is probable, however, that the interior of the houses are better—their appearance indicates that it is still the failing or habit of that cautious people to appear wretched and mean. This part of the town is still as it existed in the fifteenth century, and is very well described in Spindler's novel of Der Jude.

The Tuilleries at Paris.

We took a very beautiful walk yesterday through the Tuilleries, along the river side, and over the Pont Royale. The view from this point each way is charming; we then returned to the gardens of the Tuilleries, and watched the raising of the obelisk, from Luxor, in the Place Louis XVI. Mrs. Trollope is certainly right; the Tuilleries gardens are delightful; as a promenade it is perhaps unequalled. And then if we are fond of observing character and countenance, here is the place; if we like to see the graceful gambols of children, of tracing the artless dawning of character in their looks and gestures, here is the place; if we wish to find indications of party spirit and political rancour, or like to study the last invention of Herbault or Palmyre to adorn or torture the human form, this garden is still the place.

I was much amused yesterday at the number of black-looking men sitting and standing about, reading the newspapers; their shrivelled forms resembled those of the half-dead autumnal flies which were

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strewed about them; but to judge by the eager avidity with which they devoured their sous-worth of politics, their minds were by no means in a harmless or quiescent state. The countenances of some looked as if they had been born and nurtured in political dissension, and their hard features seemed cast in the mould of discontent; and the expressions which at times varied their stern harshness, were not like the indications of common passion, but faint gleamy sparks of the volcano of political violence which burnt within.

[The volumes are liberally illustrated with clever lithographs, from sketches by the highly-gifted authoress.]

Portraits of Children of the Mobility.

"DRAWN from Nature, by J. Leech. With Memoirs and Characteristic Sketches, by the Author of the 'Comic English Grammar':" thus runs the title-page, but rather say, "Comic *Latin* Grammar," for that is unquestionably the Author's best production. The illustrations are eight large quarto lithographed groupes, whole-length, but sadly "tattered and torn" are the majority. The Frontispiece, an Irish group, the Flinns, O'Shaughnessy, and Donovan, is excellent: Miss Margaret Flinn is decidedly prepossessing, notwithstanding her livery of poverty: in short, "these young persons are the children of a Mobility said to be the finest in the universe." Pl. 2.—Masters Jim Curtis, Mike Waters, and Bill Sims, are specimens of the tribe "varlet," or "young dogs," meeting at the turning of a corner in a place called Bloomsbury Square. Waters is a news-boy; Sims, a "page;" and Curtis, a muffin-boy, who is a first-rate performer on that classical instrument, the Jew's-harp. "Among his compeers, he is considered a peculiarly accomplished lad. He is always sure to be acquainted with the last new songs; for shocking as the idea appears, there are 'last new songs' in streets as well as in drawing-rooms. We are informed that the present popular favourite is 'Happy Land;' it having succeeded 'Sitch a gitten' up Stairs;' previously to which the alleys were taught by our young Mobility to echo the atrocious 'Jim Crow.'" Pl. 3.—Young Spicy and Master Tater Sam, engaged in an affair of honour, is an admirable burlesque of Wilkie's "I will fight." Sam is backed by Lanky Tim, a student attached to a parochial seminary, vulgo, a "charity-boy." Pl. 4.—The family of Mr. and Mrs. Blenkinsops, three children in the very livery of woe,

> ——— "so lean, that blasts of January
> Would blow them through and through."

The coroneted carriage and the pair of footmen in the back-ground make up a capital group of contrast. The Blenkinsops, by the way, are what in the more elevated ranks would be termed *parvenus*, ruined by the failure of Messrs. Fly Kite and Co. The episode of Sir William Grindham, "connected with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," defining Beggars to be Living Scarecrows, is a new illustration of the *Habits of Birds*.

Pl. 5, Jew-boy, Pot-boy, Baker's boy, and Tiger, is good; especially the Israelite physiognomy. The Tiger is admirable, save in the letter-press, where he wants life. The *streetisms* of "Pawrts!" and "Chawley" are accurate; or classical, as small critics say. Pl. 6.—Masters Bob White and Nick Baggs are two chimney-sweeps in the snow. Here is a sly shaft: "Whatever may be the similarity of their external circumstances, there is always an essential difference, which we flatter ourselves we can instantly detect, between patricians and plebeians, Cholmondeleys and Chummies." Pl. 7.—Miss Moody and her infant sister, Master George Dummer, and the Misses Anne and Sarah Grigg, honouring an Italian instrumentalist with their presence. Dummer, the schoolboy,

> ——— "creeping like snail
> Unwillingly to school,"

seems to say, as he contemplates the Italian's hat, "My eye! what a rummy tile!" Pl. 8.—Master Tom Scales and Ben Potts (Gallipots?) are a brace of doctors' boys, vulgo "Quacks"—the subordinate assistants, respectively, of Mr. Graves and Mr. Slaymore.

The following passage from the Introduction is smart: "The difference between the words Mobility and Nobility is merely a letter. So, between individuals belonging to the two classes, a single letter may constitute a distinction. There are some names peculiar to the Nobility, and some to the Mobility. Jenkins, for example, is one of the names of the Mobility, but it assumes an aristocratic character by being spelt Jenkyns." Persons who have acquired their property by dealing in cheese and so forth, appreciate these changes; thus, the Gubbynses and Chubbes enrich the aristocracy of Tooting.

The following illustration of *persiflage*, or chaffing, we recommend to the annotators of our great Dramatic Poet: "Chaffing is a very venerable recreation. Shakspere represents it as practised among the ancient Romans. Witness his *Antony and Cleopatra*, act ii. sc. 7: '*Lepidus*, (supposed to be in a state of wine.) What manner of thing is your crocodile?' *Antony*. 'It is shaped, sir, like itself: it is just as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.'"

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The Gatherer.

Oysters suffered much during the late severe winter, when millions in shallow water were frozen. It is stated, that in the winter of 1829-30, on one Danish bank alone, there were more than 10,000 tons of oysters, or about eight millions of individuals, destroyed by frost.

Affectation, in the present day, is decidedly out of fashion; yet, so great is our fear of being affected, that many people affect nature.—*Lady Chatterton.*

Invention of the Telescope.—Galileo appears to be justly entitled to the honour of having invented that form of Telescope which still bears his name; whilst we must accord to John Lippershey, the spectacle-maker, of Middleburg, the honour of having previously invented the astronomical telescope. The interest excited at Venice by Galileo's invention amounted almost to frenzy. On ascending the tower of St. Mark, that he might use one of his telescopes without molestation, Galileo was recognised by a crowd in the street, who took possession of the wondrous tube, and detained the impatient philosopher for several hours, till they had successively witnessed its effects. These instruments were soon manufactured in great numbers, but were purchased merely as philosophical toys, and were carried by travellers into every corner of Europe.

Cost of a Picture.—It is said that Marshal Soult, on being asked one day how much his best picture had cost, replied, "One Monk." The meaning of this was, that the picture was given in exchange for an unfortunate monk who had been taken prisoner during Soult's campaign in Spain, and condemned to death.—*Lady Chatterton.*

Recovery from Intoxication.—Dr. Petier, a German physician, states that he has found the spirit of hartshorn (in the dose of a tea-spoonful in a glass of water,) to counteract the inebriating effects of strong fermented liquors and spirits, and to recover a person from an apparently lifeless state, from an excess of wine, in an hour or two.

Compound Interest.—A Correspondent has sent us the following:—If an English penny had been placed out at compound interest at 5 per cent. in the year one, it would this present Christmas, 1840, have produced the enormous sum of £4,047,455,811,126,677,845,110,703,917,430,411,562, which, laid down edgeways, would measure the immense length of 54,292,888,880,329,484,980,173,837,118,308 miles, and make 1,529,862,220 of our earths in solid gold. At simple interest it would have produced only 7s. 9d.—*Gloucestershire Chronicle.*

The British Association have determined that the meeting which is to take place at Plymouth, shall commence on the 12th of July, and terminate on the 17th.—*Gloucestershire Chronicle.*

Fine Compliments.—Galileo, on reading Dr. Gilbert's celebrated work, *De Magnete*, said, "I extremely praise, admire, and envy this author."

Changeable Flower.—On the island of Loocheu, says Mr. M'Leod, is found a remarkable production, about the size of a cherry-tree, bearing flowers, which alternately, on the same day, assume the tint of the rose or lily, as they are exposed to the sunshine or the shade. The bark of this tree is of a dark-green, and the flowers bear a resemblance to our common roses. Some of our party, whose powers of vision were strong (assisted by vigorous imagination), fancied that, by attentive watching, the change of hue from white to red, under the sun's rays, was actually perceptible to the eye: that, however, they altered their colour in the course of a few hours was very obvious.

Bacon and Beans.—Mrs. Fox, (the wife of the great statesman,) was remarkable for being agreeable and easy. The Prince Regent used often to surprise them at dinner, at St. Anne's Hill. Upon one occasion, Mrs. Fox said, "Why, Sir, we have only for dinner a little bacon and beans." And so it literally was. The Prince, however, sat down and dined most heartily.

Popularity.—So numerously attended were the lectures of Galileo, in the year 1606, that although his lecture-room would contain 1,000 persons, he was frequently compelled to adjourn to the open air.

The Best Education.—We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Authors in Society.—We find the following shrewd remarks in Lady Chatterton's *Home Sketches*: "An author generally receives but little praise from his own relations and those who have lived much with him, because they have generally been deceived in his character. The most common motive which actuates amateur writers is a desire for sympathy—a longing to be more fully understood. The very circumstance of writing shews that the person who does so has something within him which cannot manifest itself in other ways."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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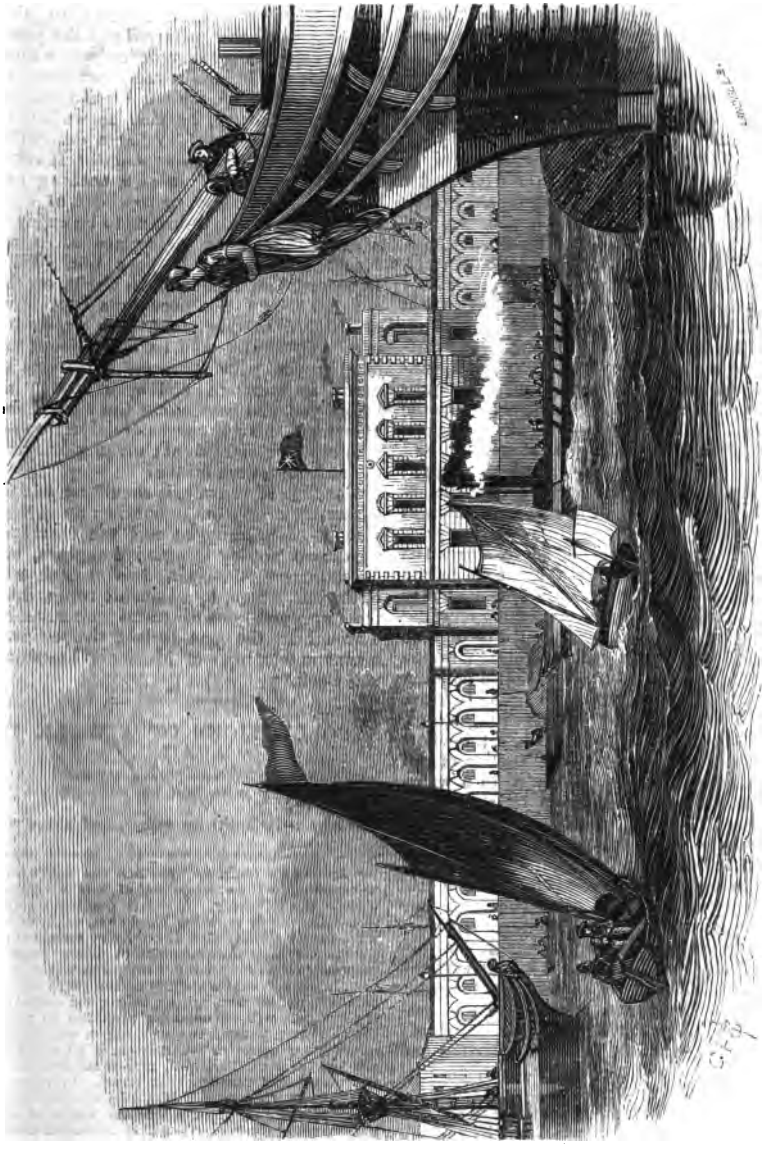

THE RAILWAY TERMINUS AT BLACKWALL.

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THE LONDON AND BLACKWALL RAILWAY.

BLACKWALL TERMINUS.

THIS line of railway, at present, commences at a temporary station in the Minories, and extends to the Brunswick Wharf, at Blackwall, a distance of three miles and a half; thus saving four miles by the river Thames, besides the difficulties of navigating the Pool. When completed, the line will be continued across the Minories. The London terminus will be in Fenchurch-street: and the works of this extension are now in rapid progress.

The Engraving shews the terminus at Blackwall, as seen from the river. Its general arrangement is pleasing, and highly creditable to the taste of the designer, Mr. Tite, architect of the New Royal Exchange, and of this Railway. The elevation consists of a rusticated basement, and an upper floor with five windows; and is crowned by a bold block cornice, of Roman Doric character. The basement has square-headed compartments, which are entirely filled with windows resembling Venetian ones, the spandrels within the heads being glazed like the rest. The upper windows have triangular and segmental pediments, alternately, and also rustic blocks on their jamb-mouldings; besides which, they rest here immediately upon the plinth over the cornice-mouldings of the basement. In addition to this principal centre structure, (which measures 105 feet in length, by 45 in height, and is chiefly executed in Portland stone,) there are wings on each side of it, and considerably receding from it; and each wing consists of nine arches, making the entire frontage to the river about 400 feet. The centre building contains, on the ground-floor, a spacious pay-office, besides convenient waiting-rooms, and others for the police; while the whole of the upper floor, with the exception of two waiting-rooms, is appropriated to a warehouse for the examination of steam-boat goods. The wings contain the arrival and departure sheds, comprising three lines of rails, and covered by a light iron roof; the arches are filled with doors of imitative oak, with upper panels of plate-glass, and they communicate with the adjoining wharf.

The Brunswick Wharf, or Pier, is a substantial and handsome embankment, with two large flights of stairs descending to the river, at which steam-boats receive and land passengers. Already steamers run every half hour between this pier and Charlton and Woolwich; and, in a few days, an iron steam-boat will regularly leave here for Gravesend. Hereafter, we hope to see this system of steam communication, by railway and boat, extended to other places on the river and coast, so as to avoid the delay in the Pool, which is, at present, the very *ennui* of a steam-trip from the metropolis.

Nor must we omit to notice the contiguity of the Brunswick Wharf to the celebrated tavern of the same name, "a locality of high repute among the city Apicii and connoisseurs in gastronomy," says the *Companion to the Almanac*; to which we may add, that such repute extends far west of Temple-bar, and alike attracts to this neighbourhood the *gourmand* and the *gourmet*, to enjoy its peculiar delicacy of white-bait, with the luxurious accompaniment of cold punch. And thither, by aid of the Blackwall Railway, he may be wafted in less than ten minutes! What a delightful association of *otium cum rapiditate!* Having arrived at the wharf, or pier, nothing can be more invigorating, or repellent of dyspepsia, than the river-breeze to be enjoyed in a few turns along the esplanade. *Quocunque aspicias*, all is busy life. With London, the metropolis of the world, on the one hand, and the dockyards that have contributed to this proud position, on the other; Greenwich and its magnificent palace hospital; the Thames, its forests of masts, its steamers, and small craft; all before you, and bespeaking the wealth and industry of this great commercial nation;—who can lack enjoyment; or, in glorifying the end, forget the means?

The line of railway, it should be added, is carried, nearly throughout, on an arched viaduct of brickwork; and the carriages are drawn, not by locomotive engines, but by stationary ones—viz., two at each end of the line, which, by means of ropes, drag the up and down trains alternately. Throughout the line is laid the electro-magnetic telegraph of Messrs. Wheatstone and Cook.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WALK IN APRIL.

'Twas a fair April morn—I wander'd on
Through lonely ways and old field-paths—the breeze
Just stirr'd the hawthorn sprays, and kissed the flowers

* Among the facilities by which the public will be benefited by the employment of this telegraph, will be the following. A vessel coming up the river can, before reaching Woolwich, easily communicate by signals with the railway terminus at Blackwall; and the information being instantaneously conveyed to the Fenchurch-street station, in the immediate vicinity of the great seat of business, parties who are expecting the arrival of their friends will at once be prepared to meet them in town, without the necessity of waiting for hours about docks or wharfs; or, if so inclined, can join them at Blackwall, almost as soon as if the vessel had reached that point. In case of steam-boats, especially, this will be of advantage; as there can be no doubt that the whole of the passengers by these vessels will at once avail themselves of the railway, to avoid the tedious, and sometimes dangerous, navigation of the Pool.—*Railway Times.*

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With soft and balmy breath, the while there fell
The sunlit rain-drops, bright as childhood's tears,
That as it weeps smiles through its little griefs.
In happy idleness I linger'd on—
The tinkling team and ploughman's measured chant,
And that first myst'ry of the wandering boy,
The startling cuckoo and the thrush's song
Blended in soothing harmony;—young lambs
Were blithely sporting in old pasture meads—
And one, the first gold-spotted butterfly,
Rested a moment on a sunny bank,
And spread his new-born wings on blue-starr'd flowers
And violets laden with perfume.

Still on
I loiter'd till I cross'd a rugged stile,
Carv'd deep with names and dates by rustic hands,
Long dropp'd to dust and lôst in nothingness.
So *dreams* the unbeliever, so the fool
Would vainly *hope*—but e'en the humblest Christian
Knows that each atom has been register'd
By One whose word fails not—bone knit to bone,
Sinew to sinew strung, re-form'd, recloth'd,
In His good time shall rise.

'Twas a still spot—
Rows of young foliaged elms and sycamores
Hung o'er the turf within—a burial-ground—
Whole generations there lay side by side,
And jealous care held each peculiar tract
Where all might tell their own—where lingering friends
On each church-going day would stay and muse,
And point the grassy mounds each one by name.
Low hung the branches of an aged yew
In solemn shades—yet the bright-feather'd goldfinch
There dwelt secure—unharm'd, unfearing harm,
Like hope triumphant 'mid the gloom of death.
Deep, dull and heavy fell the stroke of tools
That wrought untravell'd earth; and moving on,
I saw beyond the church an ancient man,
Time-worn and bent, he was digging a grave;
And as he dug, his eyes fill'd fast with tears,
The which he brush'd away.

"Good morrow, friend,
Yours is a heavy task—indeed, a sad one,
Beyond your seeming strength."—He scarce look'd up,
But leaned him on his mattock.—

"I'd be 'shamed
To drop a tear for labour—'tis my lot,
Time past it was my pride.—No truly, sir,
'Tis that I'm stretching out a narrow bed
For a dear friend—my only one save God."—
And here he reverently touch'd his brow,
And dash'd away a full and brimming tear
That fell, and sparkled on a blade of grass—
And gathering up his utmost strength again
He stoop'd and toil'd to form the deep'ning grave.

His task was strange—"A friend? hadst thou *a friend?*"
I heedless thought aloud.—He rais'd his head
And gazed on me with a lack-lustre eye.—
"Ay, sir, you gentles little know the poor
To think a friend is nothing but a name:
A true warm heart was his—that only friend—
But he is gone! God's will be done!—is gone!
The mattock's stroke cleaves through my very heart:
For forty years I've toll'd and 'tended here—
For forty years I've turn'd this burial ground,
And many and many a grave I've hollow'd out
For old and young, gentle as well as simple,
And none could give my work a sloven's name,
'Twas done and finish'd as it should—but *now* . . ."

"Friend, thou art faint"—said I—"my younger arm
May ease thy toil—here sit and rest awhile—
Fain would I share thy work of Christian love
For very friendship's sake."

He shook his head—
"Were it *another's*, gladly would I rest,
And thank you for it too—but *this*—ah! me!
This I must hew myself, and turn the mould,
Each shovel full unhelp'd;—'tis the last kindness—
So will I smooth his lonely pillow down.
To-morrow's awful bell wakes him no more—
God rest his soul! his body will sleep sound
Where I have fix'd his bed—no careless foot
Treads on this quiet spot—this sapling tree
Will mark his head far better than a stone.
The morning's sun will touch his grave betimes;
He loved the morning's light—up with the lark—
Out with the earliest bee—wise as the ant—
A son of labour—happier than a king—
We two work'd side by side for many a year
In those broad fields you see."

He turn'd abrupt
As loth to parley further, and I left him.
Yet lingering homewards, oft I paus'd to hear
The mattock's stroke, and watch that lonely man
At friendship's latest office—many a time,
When bitter griefs are mock'd by seeming friends
That wear a mask as hollow as their hearts,
Empty and glittering, like a painted bubble
That at a breath will vanish, do those words
Of the old man recur in simple truth:
"Ay, Sir, you gentles little know the poor,
To think a friend is nothing but a name."

F.

CHUSAN.

(*Continued from page* 179.)

On the morning after the attack by the British, the desertion of the place became visible from the heights; and through the long vistas of the valleys, thousands of persons were seen flying, carrying their goods and chattels along with them. The bridge across the outer ditch having been demolished the previous evening, the troops were brought to a momentary halt; the great gate of the town, too, was found to be barricaded, and the wall which surrounded the city to be of great strength. It was, however, soon scaled, and in a few minutes the banner of England was floating over the Chinese city of Tinghai; the ramparts were found strewed with pikes, matchlocks, and arrow-headed fire-rockets; and on the parapets were also found packets of quicklime, prepared by the Chinese to throw into the eyes of the enemy in their attempt to mount the walls.

On entering the town, the main street was nearly deserted, except where the affrighted people were performing the Kowtow (a salute); on most of the houses was placarded, "Spare our lives;" and in the joss-house were seen men, women, and children burning incense to the gods.

At length, the British (a few of the staff, with an interpreter,) reached the Chumpin's house: here, in the room of justice, thumb-screws and rattans were seen lying about; around an open court were the offices of the government clerks, some letters and papers half-finished, shewing the haste in which the town had been evacuated. Beyond this court, a guard-house and a trellised walk, was the Hall of Ancestors, wherein lay on the couches, pipes half-

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smoked, little cups filled with untasted tea, cloaks, mandarins' caps, and swords. Adjoining the Hall were the ladies' apartments, strewed with silks, fans, china, little shoes, crutches, and paint-pots—the articles of a Chinese lady's toilette; and many of these fairy shoes were appropriated by the officers as lawful *loot*, or plunder.

Before sunrise, next morning, a fire broke out in the suburbs, in some large warehouses stored with samshee, a spirit resembling whisky, extracted from rice: it burst out in a sudden flame, and soon communicated with some tubs of ammunition, which went off in loud explosions; the whole place became flooded with the spirit, which blazed out in volumes of light.

On board the Champin's junk were found five wounded men, who had been unable to escape; the decks were covered with clotted blood, and the Admiral's papers, bowls, and chopsticks, were found in the cabin, where he had taken his last meal.

The town of Tinghai, or Tinghai-een, lies at the mouth of a valley, or rather gorge, embosomed in luxuriant paddy, except towards the rear, where is a beautiful hill. The whole place is encircled with fortifications, and the neighbouring heights are clothed with wild shrubs, most of which are tea-plants. The wall is about 16 feet in thickness, and 20 feet in height, and has four gates; and surrounding it, except at the north-west angle, is a canal, which serves as a ditch to the fortification. Two powder-magazines were found neatly packed and filled with ammunition, and with implements for the manufacture of powder: on the walls were mounted gingalls and cannon of various calibres, but none exceeding a nine-pounder; and wall-pieces with shifting breeches, each having eight or nine spare breeches attached to it, ready loaded.

"The streets are narrow, and many of the houses dry-rubbed, and polished outside; but the roofs are the most picturesque part of the buildings. Many of the respectable houses have pretty gardens attached to them, with a high wall shutting them out entirely from the town. The interior of some of the houses were found beautifully furnished and carved; one that is now inhabited by the governor, and believed to be the property of a literary character, was, when first opened, the wonder and admiration of all. The different apartments opened round the centre court, which is neatly tiled; the doors, window-frames, and pillars that support the pent-roof, are carved in the most chaste and delicate style, and the interior of the ceiling and wainscot are lined with fret-work, which it must have required the greatest nicety and care to have executed. The furniture was in the same keeping, denoting a degree of taste the Chinese have not in general credit for with us. The bedplaces in the sleeping apartments of the ladies were large dormitories, for they can hardly be called beds: at one corner of the room is a separate chamber, about eight feet square and the same in height; the exterior of this is usually painted red, carved, and gilt; the entrance is through a circular aperture three feet in diameter, with sliding panels; in the interior is a couch of large proportions covered with a soft mat and thick curtains of mandarin silk: the inside of the bed is polished and painted, and a little chair and table are the remaining furniture of this extraordinary dormitory. Many of the public buildings excited great astonishment among those who fancied they were in a half-barbarous country. Their public arsenals were found stocked with weapons of every description, placed with the greatest neatness and regularity in their different compartments; the clothes for the soldiers were likewise ticketed, labelled, and packed in large presses; and the arrows, which from their size and strength drew particular attention, were carefully and separately arranged. To each arsenal is attached a fire-engine, similar to those used in our own country. The government pawnbroker's shop was also a source of interest; in it were found dresses and articles of every kind, evidently things belonging to the upper as well as to the lower classes, for many of the furs here taken were of valuable descriptions; each article had the owner's name attached, and the date of its being pawned: this is another of the plans of the local government for raising their supplies."

The town is intersected with canals, which run at the back of many of the principal streets, and communicate with the suburbs and port. Lord Jocelyn considers the jos-houses of Tinghai to be surpassed by none in China. In the great temples, some of the figures are upwards of 15 feet high: one of the smaller images was the figure of a woman, with glory round her head, and a child at her breast, which Lord Jocelyn conjectures may have been taken from pictures of the Virgin, which the Chinese formerly obtained from the Jesuit missionaries. A white elephant was likewise much noticed, it being hitherto known only as a figure of worship in Birmah and Siam.

Very few women were found in any of the houses; although, as it afterwards appeared, whole families of Chinese were then residing in the town, locked up in their dwellings; and were not discovered until the ulterior occupation of the city by the troops for winter quarters. All the women seen here had the little feet, which, to the south, characterize the higher orders;

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and they made use of a crutch when walking. Many of the silks taken in the houses of mandarins and persons of wealth were magnificently embroidered.

We have but space to refer briefly to the further proceedings of the Expedition. It appears that on July 8th, Admiral Elliot placed a close blockade upon the harbour of Ningpo, a city of great wealth and trade, situated on the main land opposite the island of Chusan. Captain Boucher had been previously dispatched in the Blonde, 46, to Amoy, a flourishing city further south, on the Fokeen coast; where, from the great strength of the masonry, the British were unable totally to dismantle the fortifications, although they severely chastised the Chinese for firing on their boat, bearing a flag of truce. "The Chinese are described by those engaged here to have shewn no want of personal courage; nor did it appear that any imputation could be cast upon them at Chusan, where our force was so infinitely superior, and their defences so utterly puerile."

The Ningpo harbour was much admired for its natural strength. The entrance lies between two hills, three or four hundred feet high: on the summit of the left was a small tower, and on the slope of the other were the tents of the soldiery. The town of Ching-hai is surrounded by a strong wall, but no advantage has been taken of the position.

On the 18th, Lord Jocelyn accompanied a party into the interior of the island, to recover a native compradore, (purveyor,) attached to our commissary's department, who had been carried away by the country people. After traversing for some miles a luxuriant sea of paddy-fields, the way wound up the side of the mountains, through a lonely pass: the path was here cut into easy flights of steps, and such passages are numerous throughout the island. The surrounding hills were covered with the tea-plant, cotton, dwarf-oak, and a species of arbutus, rich with its red fruits; whilst their lofty summits were clad in bright green pasture. The long valleys seen from the ascent stretched from the mouths of the different ravines, some lost in the many windings in the hills, whilst others again swept down to the sea-shore, laden with luxuriant crops of rice, bending to the morning breeze; and far away, over the curious buildings of Tinghai, the British fleet lay anchored on the sleeping water. The sides of the hills were dotted with clumps of trees, whence peeped the roofs of houses and temples. "Amongst many of the beautiful groves of trees which here invite the wanderer to repose, spots are selected as the resting-places of mortality; and gazing on these tranquil scenes, where the sweet clematis and fragrant flowers help to decorate the last home of man, the most careless eye cannot fail to mark the beauties of the grave."

LOVE AND AMBITION.

Love built a fair bower the blue sea a-nigh,
Ambition, a tower that soar'd to the sky;
The bower was of roses, the tower was of stone,
And Fancy supposes each lived there alone.

The waves rose in anger, resistless their power,
They wash'd down the castle, they swept off the bower;
But the roses danced lightly the broad billows o'er,
While the battlements sunk, and were never seen more.

Love laughed at the wreck of that tempest so wild;
'Twas not the first ruin o'er which he had smiled:
"Behold us both houseless, good neighbour!" he cried,
"Thus time mocks the work of man's pleasure or pride."

But over the waters for many a day
The relics of love ever honour'd will stray;
While little the stranger shall care or shall know
What heaps of ambition lie buried below.

American Journal.

LITERARY WORLD.—VI.

MR. THOMAS HILL'S AUTOGRAPHS.

A FEW days ere the year 1840 was consigned to the grave of time, the town lost one of its choicest spirits, and humanity one of her kindest-hearted sons—in the death of Thomas Hill, Esq.—"Tom Hill," as he was called by all who loved and knew him. His life exemplified one venerable proverb, and disproved another: he was born in May, 1760, and was, consequently, in his 81st year, and "as old as the Hills;" having led a *long* life and a merry one. How he attained this longevity is hard to tell; but we are informed that his hospitality was well-regulated, that he did not, like Bannister, sit up at nights to watch his constitution, but that he was a remarkably early riser; "and, perhaps, to this cause may be attributed the cheerful and green old age that he enjoyed." So speculates his biographer in *Bentley's Miscellany*; but we incline rather to attribute this rare instance of convivial long life to Hill's *gaiété de cœur*, to his healthy mind, and to the current of benevolence that constituted his life-blood, and the genial warmth of sentiment that shone round his very heart. He enjoyed the appellation of "the Merry Bachelor;" but he was merry and wise. Yet his life was chequered with adversity: it had its cares and crosses: he was, for many years, extensively engaged in business; but, about the year 1810, having sustained a severe loss by a speculation in indigo, he retired upon the remains of his property to his chambers in the Adelphi,

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where he died on December 20, it is stated, from a severe cold taken in a damp bed at Rouen, during the autumn, from which he never rallied. "He died without a struggle, breathing his last as if falling in a tranquil slumber. His death was but the quiet repose of exhausted nature, her works were worn out, and ceased to act. His physician's remark to him was, 'I can do no more for you—I have done all I can. I cannot cure age.'"*

We need scarcely remind the readers of *The Mirror* that Mr. Hill was the *Hull* of his friend, Mr. Theodore Hook's clever novel of *Gilbert Gurney*, beyond comparison the best book of its class produced in our time. It is also related that Hill furnished Mr. Poole with the original of his humorous character, Paul Pry; but this statement is very doubtful, for Paul Pry; if we mistake not, is of French extraction. It is, however, more certain that "pooh! pooh!" and other habitual expressions of Mr. Hill's, may have been introduced by Mr. Poole into the character. "Mr. Hill," it may here be added, "had the *entrée* to both Houses of Parliament, the theatres, and almost all places of public resort. He was to be met with at the private view of the Royal Academy, and every kind of exhibition. So especially was he favoured, that it was recorded by a wag that, when asked whether he had seen the new comet, he replied, 'Pooh! pooh!' I was present at the private view!'"†

Mr. Hill, to borrow from Mr. Hook's portrait, "happened to know everything that was going forward in all circles—mercantile, political, fashionable, literary, or theatrical; in addition to all matters connected with military and naval affairs, agriculture, finance, art, and science—everything came alike to him." Such a man was, of course, sure of success as a "collector" of literary curiosities: even while in business as a drysalter at the unlettered Queenhithe, he found leisure to accumulate a fine collection of old books, chiefly old poetry, which afterwards, when misfortunes overtook him, was valued at six thousand pounds! Hill was likewise a Mecænas: he patronized two friendless poets—Bloomfield and Kirke White. *The Farmer's Boy* of the former was read and admired by him in manuscript, and was recommended to a publisher; after which Hill rendered very essential service to its success by talking in society of its merits. Mr. Hill established also *The Monthly Mirror*, which brought him much into connexion with dramatic poets, actors, and managers. To this periodical work, Kirke White became a contributor, and this encouragement induced him, about the close of the year 1802, to commit a little volume of poetry to the press. Mr. Southey, in his *Life of Kirke White*, refers to Mr. Hill as possessing one of the most copious collections of English poetry in existence.

The *penchant* for collecting curiosities, when once imbibed, rarely leaves a man: he collects and disperses, and collects and disperses again; and so he reads the full page of human intellect to the end of the chapter: thus was it with Hill; and, although his first collection may have been scattered by the winds of adversity, he left an assemblage of literary rarities, which it occupied Evans, of Pall Mall, a clear week to sell by auction. The following details are selected from a few of the most conspicuous lots disposed of, with the names of the purchasers:—

(1516.) Theatrical.—Cook's Memoranda of the leading events of his own life, in his own handwriting, very curious. Tate Wilkinson: letter, giving an account of Mathews's acting at his theatre at Hull, curious, dated December 24, 1798, and giving to Mr. Hill a scene from the pen of Foote, the authenticity of which he guarantees. Letters of Lewis; Edwin, a very angry letter respecting a letter concerning him in the *Monthly Mirror*. Mrs. Gibbs, Liston, Mrs. Jordan, Kean, H. Johnstone, Miss Duncan, &c.—*7l.* 5s.

(1536.) Sheridan (Right Hon. R. B.) Letter to Ward, of Drury-lane Theatre, very characteristic, "Beg, borrow, steal, forge 10*l.* for me, and send by return of post." Letter to Ward, "Thou art a trusty man," &c. "As I have replaced the 10*l.*, you may reputably renew the theft," and two more of Sheridan.—*3l.* 18s. *Young.*

(1537.) Sheridan (Right Hon. R. B.) An afflicting letter on his "desperate situation." "I must render myself to-night," &c. Letter on the Speaker's interrupting him, but "I will take an opportunity to make the Speaker remember this," &c., and two more.—*3l.*

(1538.) Letter of James Heath to Sheridan, threatening to sell the portrait of St. Cecilia (Mrs. Sheridan) if the money were not paid, no matter what might be the consequences legally—a letter, (said Mr. Evans,) that was supposed to have affected Mr. Sheridan more acutely than any one he ever received.—*2l.* 7s. *Lumley.*

(1558.) Moore (T.) Letter to Perry, stating Lord Byron had just called on him to request him to use his influence with Mr. Perry to get a report of his speech in the House of Lords, as written out by himself, inserted in the *Chronicle*.—*2l. Hodgson and Graves.*

(1559.) Moore (T.) A very interesting Letter respecting Lord Moira's conduct when employed by the Regent to form a new Administration in 1812. Letter regretting the divisions among the Catholics on the Veto.—*1l.* 15s. *Lumley.*

(1561.) Coleridge (I. T.) A most interesting Letter to Perry—"Alas! dear Sir, how adversity tames us," his abhorrence of party trammels, and very spirited exposition of his feelings on the then passing political events. "It was in your paper that my first poetic efforts were brought before the public."—*2l.* 1s. *Pickering.*

(1564.) Harris (proprietor of Covent-garden Theatre) respecting the private boxes. O. Smith, the actor,—an admirable letter of remonstrance to the manager on being always placed in the character of a devil, demon, &c.; it preys on his spirits: "My infernal reputation follows me everywhere. No one will receive the devil into his society," &c. Sola, (the harp player;) a most whimsical letter to Mr. Hill respecting Paganini, in broken English and French.—*2l. Bentley.*

* Memoir in *Bentley's Miscellany*, January 1841; with a Portrait, from an original Miniature, an admirable likeness.

† Ibid.

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(1580.) Shenstone's Letters to Jago, the poet Graves, (author of the *Spiritual Quixote,*) to Dodsley, Davenport, Whistler, to Bishop Percy, respecting the poetical translation of parts of *Ovid*, which he had sent to Shenstone for his opinion: "I have also read the *Essay on the present State of Learning*, by a Dr. Goldsmith, whom you know, and such as read it will desire to know," &c., upwards of 20 letters.—*7l. 7s.*

(1595.) Miss Farren (afterwards Countess of Derby), four letters, one an interesting letter in reply to an application for materials for a life of her. A second containing corrections of errors in the *Monthly Mirror's* account of her life: "her first appearance was in Miss Hardcastle when she was 14." One as Countess of Derby.—*1l. 9s. Holloway.*

(1598) Porson. *Out of the Frying Pan into the Fire, a Tragi-Comi-Operatical Farce, by R.P.*" A great literary curiosity. This very humorous and whimsical drama was written by Porson, when a scholar at Eton. It was "presented to the late Mr. Hill by Miss Lunan, daughter of Professor Porson's wife by her first husband and niece of Mr. Perry." It was acted at Eton by himself and his schoolfellows, Dr. Goodall, Chafie, &c., Porson himself performing Punch. The existence of this drama was known, but it had hitherto escaped the public eye. "At this time (says Kidd, in his *Life of Porson*) R. P. was deeply smitten with a predilection for scenic exhibitions; and a sort of drama, composed by R. P. while at Eton, is still in the possession of certain ladies" (*id est*, the Misses Lunan). A letter of Mr. G. H. Barnett, which accompanies this, gives the names of the performers. *The Bishop of Durham*, who was at Eton with Porson.—*10l.* 15s.

(1599.) *Porson's Drama.* A letter from Mr. F. Broderip, informing Mr. Hill he had obtained information of the performers in *Porson's Drama* from Mr. Richards, an old Etonian, in a letter which he encloses. The letter consists of four quarto pages, and gives very curious biographical notices of all the performers. This letter of Mr. Richards is, in reality, the composition of Mr. Theodore Hook. It is an admirable specimen of grave irony, and would have been worthy of a place in one of his most celebrated novels. A second letter of Mr. Broderip apologizes for the hoax practised on Mr. Hill, and confesses the letter of Mr. Richards to be the production of Mr. Hook's creative imagination.—*1l.* 11s.

(1602.) Porson. A very singular letter to Porson from an anonymous correspondent, "begging he will wear the two waistcoats which accompany this note." Theodore Hook inviting Mr. Hill to Richmond: "Please to recollect that tide waits for no man, and time for no man but you, do not say pooh, pooh, but come," a playful letter. Kemble, "Stevens always seemed to be like the air, everywhere to be sure, but it cannot be said that anybody ever saw him." Mrs. Davison; a very playful letter.—*1l.* 10s.

(1610.) Mozart.—A letter of extraordinary interest, dated Vienna, Sept. 1791, entirely in his own handwriting: in it he mentions his conviction of his approaching death, and that he is engaged in composing his own funeral dirge; he sees the Unknown Figure constantly before him. The autograph of Mozart is extremely rare, and this is perhaps the most interesting document in existence relating to this great composer and his last composition: he died Dec. 5, 1792. A translation and transcript of the letter were sold with it.—*5l.* 15s. 6d. *Mr. J. Young.*

(1624.) Shakspeare Cup. Garrick's celebrated cup formed from the mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare, and used by our modern Roscius at the representation of the Shakspeare Jubilee at Drury-lane Theatre; with an inscription on the stem from Garrick's Ode. This cup is constructed from the mulberry-tree planted by the hand of Shakspeare; from it Garrick drank at the Jubilee, and Porson, Kemble, and other eminent men, have humbly bent the knee before this relic of genius. It produced 42*l.*, and was purchased by Mr. Jolly.

(1625.) Shakspeare.—A small vase mounted on a pedestal carved from the mulberry tree planted by Shakspeare; with a medallion of Shakspeare, and an inscription. Presented to Garrick by Mr. James Wickins of Lichfield. With a coloured drawing of it on vellum.—*10l.* 10s. *Meek.*

(1626.) Pope's Willow.—A block of wood cut from the celebrated willow planted by Pope at his villa at Twickenham. Pope's celebrated weeping willow came originally from Spain, enclosing a present to Lady Suffolk, who came over with George II. and Queen Caroline, and was a favourite of both—particularly so of the King. Mr. Pope was in company when the covering was taken off the present; he observed the pieces of sticks appeared as if there were some vegetation, and added, "Perhaps they may produce something we have not in England." Under this idea he planted it in his garden, and it produced the willow-tree that has given birth to so many others. When Lord Mendip purchased Pope's villa at Twickenham, he made various alterations in the grounds, and ordered the willow to be cut down. It was then that the present block was obtained.—*1l.* 1s.*

Such are but a few of the relics assembled by "Tom Hill;" and now:

THOMA! VALE!—VALE! THOMA!

TO THE ANGELS.

BRIGHT beings that kneel, in your vesture resplendent,
By day and by night in the presence of God,
With your falchions of flame at his footstool attendant,
To guard the approach to Jehovah's abode:

Can I tell of your beauty, bright beings?—O never,
Such glory would 'wilder terrestrial speech;
Can I sing the loud song ye are singing for ever?
Alas! where is man can such harmony reach?

Nay, first must the vision of Jacob be given—
An army of angels descending by night,
Coming down to the earth, mounting up to the heaven,
And scatt'ring the gloom with their pinions of light.

And first must I hear, as was heard at Creation,
The songs of the seraphs, the sons of the morn,
When man, ere he fell from the pride of his station,
From earth, in the form of his Maker was born.

Or the strain that was sweeter, the song that was louder,
By shepherds once heard, and but once upon earth;
When hosannas resounded, whose triumph was prouder—
The Saviour incarnate was come to his birth!

Then, then, might I tell how your glory could darken
The orbs that are walking in brightness above,
And would summon the earth's distant nations to hearken
To tales of your beauty, your might, and your love.

For we know, gentle spirits, we know that ye love us,
Unworthy, and wretched, and vile, tho' we be,
We know ye are faithfully watching above us,
In sorrow or joy, as our fortunes decree.

And methinks, tho' we see not your forms o'er us hov'ring,
Ofttimes when the Tempter would lead us astray,
There's a voice, "still and small," your kind presence discov'ring,
That bids us beware of the broad, trodden way.

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* These details have been abridged from *The Times*, March 18, 1841.

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And how sad were our lot, if, so frail and degraded,
No guardian watch'd o'er us by night and by day,
Were the valley of life to be trodden unaided,
The pilgrim unguided to grope on his way.

But thanks to the God who hath made and defended,
Whose mercies extend to the meanest of things,
We are guarded by spirits, by angels attended,
And sit in the shadow of cherubim's wings.

E. M.

M. CAZOTTE'S PROPHECIES.

CAZOTTE was distinguished in his day for the grace and ease of his poems. The facility with which he wrote was incredible. One day his brother was praising a new *opera buffa*, when he cried, "Only give me one word as a subject, and I'll engage to have such an opera ready by to-morrow." This was in the country, and a peasant happened to come in wearing his *sabots*. "Take *sabots* for the word," said his brother. Cazotte made all the company leave the room except young Rameau, the musician, and the next morning the popular opera of *Les Sabots* was finished, both words and music.

About the same time, Voltaire published his poem of the "Genevese War." A friend shewed him a manuscript copy. "Oh," said he, "you are behindhand: I have another canto at home, which I will bring you to-night." He sat down, and in the evening produced the additional canto, so perfectly in Voltaire's style, that everybody was deceived by it.

The most singular circumstance in his life is, that he was the first to announce the terrors of the French revolution, and the death of its principal victims. How this strange second-sight is to be accounted for we are unable to say, but that he did foretel events which nobody dreamed would ever come to pass we have abundant evidence.

The last time Cazotte came up to Paris, he was invited to dinner at M. Chamfort's. All the distinguished men of letters of the day were present. Among them were Condorcet, Vicq d'Azyr, de Nicolai, Bailly, de Malesherbes, Roucher, La Harpe, the Duchess of Grammont, and other ladies. The dinner was a gay one, and the dessert still more lively. The guests talked of everything, politics, religion, philosophy, and even the Deity. Of course his name was introduced only to express a doubt as to his existence. In those days, the philosophy of Voltaire carried everything before it. The party hailed with delight the progress of liberal ideas, and began to calculate the time when the great social revolution might be expected to take place. There were some, like Bailly, who expressed a fear that, from their advanced age, they could not hope to witness it. One only of the guests remained sad and silent amid the general festivity. It was Cazotte.

"Yes, gentlemen," he broke silence at last, "we shall all witness it—the great and sublime revolution you anticipate; the decrees of Providence are immutable. The spirit teaches me that you will all witness it." And he fell back into a gloomy reverie. "To be sure, we all hope to witness, to take a part in that great deliverance," cried all the guests, "a man need not be a prophet to tell us that."

"A prophet! yes, I am one," replied Cazotte, aroused by the word. "I have witnessed within my mind the great tragedy of the revolution: I know everything that will happen. Do you wish, gentlemen, to be told what your share in it is to be, whether as actors or spectators?"

"Come," said Condorcet, with his usual sneering smile, "attention, Habakkuk is going to speak."

"As for you, M. de Condorcet," continued Cazotte, "you will die on the floor of a dungeon, maddened with the thought of having surrendered your country to the tyranny of brutal ignorance: you will die by poison, which you will take to avoid falling into the hands of the executioner."

The whole company was struck dumb. Cazotte turned to Champfort.

"As for you, M. de Champfort, you will open your veins in two-and-twenty places with a razor, and yet you will survive your two-and-twenty wounds two months."

Here Vicq d'Azyr began to chant the *De Profundis*.

"That is right, Vicq d'Azyr, it is time for you to sing your own funeral hymn. You will not open your own veins, for you will be afraid of your hand's trembling. You will ask a friend to do you that kindness in order to make sure, and you will die in the middle of the night in a fit of the gout, and bathed in your blood. Stop, look at that clock, it is going soon to strike the hour of your death."

The clock stood at a quarter to one. All the guests rose in their places by an involuntary movement. As they got up, Cazotte counted his victims, like a shepherd telling off his flock. "You will die on the scaffold," he said to M. de Nicolai, "and you too, M. Bailly, and you, M. de Malesherbes, and you, M. Roucher. The scaffold or suicide—such is your fate! and six years will not pass over our heads before everything I have said shall come to pass."

"Upon my word, you are dealing in miracles to-night," said La Harpe, "and you don't mean to let me have any share in them."

"You will be the subject of a miracle to the full as extraordinary. I see you beat-

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ing your breast and kneeling humbly before the altar; I see you kissing the hand of one of those priests whom you now scoff at; I see you seeking for peace of mind in the shade of a cloister, and asking pardon of your sins at the confessional."

"Ah, I am easy now," cried Champfort, "if we are none of us to perish till La Harpe turns Christian!"

"We ladies shall be lucky then," observed the Duchess de Grammont, "in having no share in this revolution. Of course we shall take an interest in it, but it is understood that we are to be spared, and our sex will protect us, of course."

"It may be so; but one thing is certain, that your grace will be led to the scaffold, you and many other ladies with you, in a cart, and with your hands tied."

"I hope that in that case they will give me a carriage lined with black, at any rate."

"No, no, ladies; and greater ladies than even you will go there in the same way, in a cart, and with their hands tied."

"Only hear him!" said the duchess, turning to Champfort, "I suppose he won't even let me have a confessor."

"No, madam," replied the inexorable soothsayer; "you will not have a confessor; neither you nor any one else. The last person executed, who will be allowed one, as a special favour, will be——." Here he paused.

"Well, who is the happy mortal who is to enjoy this distinguished privilege?"

"It is the only one that will be left to the King of France."

After this prediction, since become so famous, adds his biographer, inasmuch as fate seemed to take a pleasure in fulfilling every word of it, Cazotte took his leave, and quitted the room, leaving the guests silent and awe-struck.

It may be interesting to know the end of this modern prophet.

When the revolution broke out, Cazotte opposed it strenuously: he endeavoured to check its progress by his writings, but he was unsuccessful. His correspondence with a royalist agent having been seized on the 10th of August, 1792, he was arrested and confined in the Abbaye. After an examination, which lasted thirty-six hours, he was condemned to death. It is said that the public accuser could not refrain from paying a tribute of praise to the man whose life he sought to take. "Why," he said to Cazotte, "why am I forced to find you guilty after seventy-two years of virtue?" The judge who pronounced his sentence considered him an extraordinary man, and told him, "Look death in the face without fear; remember that it has nothing to astonish or grieve you. There is nothing in the prospect of death to alarm a man like you." He died courageously on the 25th of September, saying, "My dear wife, my dear children, do not weep; do not forget me, but above all, remember never to offend God."—*From the French.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COLD WINTER.

(*Concluded from page* 184.)

THE last glimmer of day faded from the sky, which had stretched in broad yellow radiance above the dimly-seen hills of New-Jersey, but the night being without a moon, the stars crowded out in soft rich clusters, beaming and sparkling above my head with beautiful and unwonted splendour. As I gazed up, a sensation of weariness came over me. I had exerted myself much beyond my strength, and now that the evening breeze blew upon me, I felt chilled, tired, and exhausted. Anxious to reach home, however, I called up all my strength, and made the best of my way towards the city, which lay far before me, the countless lights flashing out from its dark heavy mass. But the maxim of the inspired Roman poet, however oft quoted, I found again sadly applicable to my present condition. *Facilis descensus Averni*, &c. I recalled my steps with great difficulty, and, among many obstructions, I found it a laborious task to gain a way with my feet through the icy masses which now appeared to lie around me in greater numbers. I sometimes had to pick my steps with toil and awkwardness, where my skates were rather an incumbrance than an assistance, and, at length, in climbing over a line of confused broken pieces of ice, a strap which bound the skate to my right foot snapped asunder, and I found every endeavour to repair it fruitless. I was compelled then to disembarass both my feet, with the agreeable prospect of finishing my expedition by walking—an exercise which, even on *terra firma*, I did not care to have thus unceremoniously thrust upon me, but which now, hungry, faint, fatigued, far from home and on ice, was a peculiarly unpleasant mode of conveyance. My chagrin was considerably enhanced too, and some serious fears flashed across my mind with a force which rendered all my previous troubles comparatively insignificant, on finding that the ice was evidently undergoing a thaw—its surface being half an inch under water, which, in some places, appeared of a much greater depth. "Good heavens?" I exclaimed aloud, now truly and justly alarmed, "the ice is breaking up!"

I looked anxiously around. Not a being was to be seen. No boat, of course, of any description could penetrate here—no vessel was in my neighbourhood—and if there had been, of what use would she be to me, if, as

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I now feared, the ice was melting. I examined the surface around me. It was evidently yielding to the influence of the warmth of a remarkably mild evening, and perhaps the restless and powerful tides. In many places more elevated it was still wet and soft, and, at length, to my unutterable horror and despair, I perceived that I stood upon a mass which was almost detached from that above me, and swayed around with a heavy, slow motion—a mere island—about to float off to sea. I shuddered with cold horror. My heart beat quick. My eyes glanced wildly around in fruitless search of some means of escape. I could not swim, and not even a plank appeared in sight. "Is it possible?" at length I thought. "Has my time at length arrived? Shall I cease to exist before the morning? Shall I never see the sun again? Those dear friends who are waiting for me now at home, can it be that I have parted from them for ever—for ever and ever?" These thoughts rolled tumultuously through my mind, while I was striving continually to dash through the little sea which began already to encompass me. I tried in twenty places to regain the main fields, which I hoped might be yet attached to the shore; but wherever I advanced, the water spread around me, baffling my endeavours, and, in several places, the unstable material on which I stood, bent fearfully beneath my tread. Once my foot broke through, and the cold element chilled me with a feeling of approaching death. Wet, exhausted, hopeless and desperate, I felt that it became me to collect my energies and perish—if I must perish—with the composure and dignity of an honest man and a Christian. I addressed a prayer, therefore, to the merciful Power which had called me into being, and then climbed up on a hill of wet ice, several pieces of which crumbled at my touch. With the blood curdling in my veins, I here saw the piece upon which I had been encompassed, gradually and with a heavy crash disjoined from the rest, so that the flood of the river, swollen by a long restrained current, gushed up upon the fragment and almost flowed to my feet.

"Heaven receive me," I murmured, closing my eyes and clasping my hands convulsively together, as I felt myself in motion, and saw the clear cold water, now on every side of me, washing against my frail bark, and sparkling in the dim star-light. I was aroused by a voice. A rush of tumultuous hope poured in upon my soul. I sprang up and shouted; the voice replied,

"For God's sake, who is there? I am in danger of my life. Can you aid me?"

"Gracious Heaven!" I exclaimed, tears of anguish bursting from my eyes at this cruel disappointment. "We are both lost, then. I am drowning. We must perish together!"

I heard a groan of horror, and then dimly through the dark shadows I could discover a horseman dismounted.

"You have a horse," I said, a hope of life again shooting through my heart.

"I thought," replied the stranger, "that I could cross the river on horseback, but I am adrift."

"Leap into the water with your horse," I said; "he can carry us both to the shore."

"He is already spent," replied the man, "and I dare not leap into the cold water; I should freeze to death or drown. May Heaven have mercy on our souls! for this is our last night."

"Do not die," shouted I, "without an effort; your horse will carry us safely across. Try him, if you would ever see daylight again?"

My words aroused him. I saw him mount the animal, who started, as if himself fully sensible of his danger.

"I will take the leap, friend," he cried; "but, should I perish, promise me, in case of your escape, to go to ———, and inform my wife and children that I blessed them in my last moments. I have seen many nights of peril, but never before one like this."

After giving to me a promise of a nature similar to that which he had exacted, he dashed the rowels into the flanks of his affrighted steed, who reared again, and started back from the brink. At length, however, a deep heavy plunge announced that they were committed to the flood. A groan and shriek rose above the rush of the water, then for a moment all was still. I listened, in an agony of suspense. There was again a splashing, and smothered screams, bubbling, as the waters died around their victim. I heard no more, except the measured strokes of the steed, and a snorting and peculiar neighing, singularly expressive of terror. In a little while this, too, ceased, and everything was silent. I flung myself down, and buried my face in my hands, stunned. It was a blessing that my senses left me.

* * * * *

I awoke with my dear mother's hand upon my forehead. I had been discovered at daybreak upon the fragment of ice, which had lodged near Governor's Island, and a small boat had taken me off. For a week I had been raving, and my life nearly given over. I heard, with curious feelings, my mother subsequently remark upon my good fortune, in having escaped, as she had learned from the papers, that a man, on the same night, had perished in an attempt to cross the river with a horse.

SEDLEY.

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MR. PERCIVAL JENKS AND HIS BLIGHTED ATTACHMENT.

THE ballet had concluded; the lustres of the chandelier had ceased to vibrate with the last plaudits; the men had already appeared in the slips to shroud the fronts of the boxes with their dingy canvas; and the people in the dress-circle, who commenced getting up and looking after their gloves and boas when the blue fire of the last scene was ignited by the men with the lucifer-matches behind the wings, had already gained the lobby. The fall of the drop-curtain had dispelled the charm. The bright eyes of the *coryphées* were veiled, and the last glimpse of their satin-shod and twinkling feet, had been snatched away; in fact, sylphs had yielded to everyday mortals, and the Danube's flowery banks to Brydges-street and Vinegar-yard; when Mr. Percival Jenks elbowed his way out of the pit, and marched, with excited feelings and romantic thoughts, in the direction of the Strand. We wish we could tell what Mr. Percival Jenks was; but *that* was never known to a soul except his employer—not even to the landlady of the tenement, in whose apartments he occupied a second-floor back bedroom. The good lady knew he was "something in a house in the city;" but her information extended no further. What were his favourite pursuits, however, and his usual habits—his instinctive economy, we were about to say, in compliance with the scientific taste of the age—was less occult. In winter he led a chrysalis kind of life—not exactly buried in dirt, with his arms and legs tucked up against his ribs, but wrapped up within himself, as it were, (for his duffel dressing-gown, which he delighted to indulge in when at home, was his own epitome,) and seldom stirring out beyond his usual compulsory attendance at his situation, except on an occasional pantomimical excursion, or shilling's-worth of harmony and "hot with" at the Eagle. But at the first approach of Spring, Mr. Percival Jenks followed up his entomological analogy, and burst forth into light and life, in company with everything else around him; from the black-laden aspirants to vegetation in the squares, to the solitary hyacinth, that bloomed from a craeked water-caraft on his mantelpiece. The first gleam of a sunny afternoon was celebrated by the investment of a certain sum in a bottle of reviver, for the improvement of his frock-coat; and having well humoured his hat with a wet brush, and inked the edges, carefully pasting pieces of card inside, to act as splints to the fractured tissues of the crown, he washed his silk gloves, bought a light-blue, figured satin stock, allowed his hair to grow somewhat longer than ordinary, and studiously dressing himself every day on his return from the city, would then turn out in all the pride of his appearance, and believe himself a man about town—one of that lonely, unknown class, the sole end of whose existence appears to be the accomplishment of a certain number of turns up and down Regent-street, unrecognising and unrecognised, with the idea that they hold their unheeded station in society by this diurnal labour.

Perhaps it was Mr. Percival Jenks's extreme susceptibility that drove him to become a *flâneur*—a word of our neighbours which expresses so well the idle loiterer of a fashionable promenade. Beauty was the sole idea of his life. His bed-room was adorned with all sorts of coloured lithographed ladies with large curls and eyes; and it is probable that his daily walks were to the intent of meeting, or attracting the passing attention of, some realization of his ideal divinities. His promenade was not often varied. He had a great regard for Hanway-street, in which little thoroughfare he affirmed you met more nice women than anywhere else in London; and then walking along Oxford-street, he visited the Pantheon, for the sake of smiling blandly, as he passed, upon a very pretty girl who kept a stall there, and with whom he would fain have laid out some money, for the sake of an instant's conversation, only, in the first place, he had none to spare, and next, baby-linen and worked aprons were not much in his line. After having gazed at the gold fish and cockatoos in the conservatory, with as much interest as if he had never seen them before, he rested for a few minutes in the cigar-divan-looking room at the Marlborough-street door, and thence descending to the Quadrant, returned home by Piccadilly and the Burlington Arcade. This route he would occasionally vary; but it was his most general circuit, and at last he got upon the free list of the street sweepers, who gave him up for a bad job, seeing that he never responded to their solicitations, and so they never wasted their petitions when they came to know him. When he had walked himself weary, and the streets began to thin, he dined at a modest eating-house in Long Acre, and then generally concluded the evening at some place of public amusement.

It was coming from Drury-Lane Theatre that we first presented him to the reader; and, like Romeo, we introduced him sighing and in love, for his heart had been that night suddenly taken by storm. The third ballet-girl from the left-hand stage-box, with the golden belt and green wreath, in the Pas de Guirlands, or lyres, or umbrellas, or something of the kind, had enslaved his susceptible affections. He mechanically wandered to a neighbouring tavern, and bespoke his supper; but the beautiful *danseuse* still haunted him, and the harmony of that con-

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vivial resort of play-goers fell unheeded on his ear. He thought of naught but *her*. Now her image dwindled to fairy dimensions, stood poised on the top of his roast potatoe, now she laughingly skimmed the frothy surface of his pint of stout, and anon, rose playfully bewitching amidst the smoke of his cigar.

When a man is at all in love, a glass of brandy-and-water wonderfully deepens his affections, and throws a romantic halo round the beloved object. Matchmaking people who give evening parties know this axiom well; or they would not be so lavish of their iced punch and champagne, to whose combined influence so many proposals are in debt. *Par consequence*, Mr Jenks, having slightly indulged, arrived at home in a state bordering on delirium, his thoughts being wildly thrown about in his brain; but amidst the confusion of ideas the ballet-girl was still floating uppermost, like a nut tossed about in the middle gutter of Botolph-lane. The lodgers who resided in the same house were alarmed at the frequent sounds of ten fantastic toes falling anything but lightly on the floor of Mr Jenks's room for half-an-hour after he went up stairs with his candle; and one of those who had the curiosity to look through the keyhole of his room, reported that he saw Percival, in an aerial ballet-dress, composed of a red pocket-handkerchief, girding his blue-striped night-shirt round the waist, throwing himself into strange pantomimic attitudes before the looking-glass, chiefly expressive of eternal love, which he several times performed in the most approved fashion, by rapping his chest violently and rapidly with his right hand, and then raising it towards the skies, or rather, where they were supposed to be. At last, he got tired, and putting out his candle bounded into bed, after missing his aim and springing against the post; for mankind had not yet arrived at the luxury of a self-extinguisher—a dreadful little instrument, that embraces the wick with a *pop!* which frightens you to death for the first three months you use it. But even in the dark his thoughts still wandered to the beautiful dancer, and he pictured her, all smiles and attitudes, hovering about his French bed, and dancing a *pas seul* upon the wash-hand-stand, until he went to sleep, when he dreamt he was a young Arcadian bacchanal, with roses in his hair, receiving wine from his goddess, who stood on the toe of one foot as she poured it out, while she flung the other several inches higher than her own head.

He awoke in the morning from his blissful slumbers, feverish and unsettled. The head clerk at his "house in the city" discovered him drawing little opera-dancers all over his blotting-paper, and his accounts were so very unsatisfactory that he was obliged to stay two hours after-time to make them up. At half-price, nevertheless, he was at the play again: his whole existence centred in an airy compound of clear muslin and white satin that was twirling about the stage. The play-bill afforded him no clue to her name, or he would have called for her when the curtain fell. In vain he looked upon the long list of Misses Farebrother, Lane, Griffiths, Sutton, Payne, Marshall, Valenduke, and company. These he knew, but the other's appellation still remained a mystery. He went again the next night, and the next, and the next. But at length, he began to find his exchequer would not stand this continued run of dissipation. The pit had already given way to the two-shilling gallery, and the two-shilling gallery in turn had yielded to the celestial portion of the house above it. Mr Percival Jenks had much internal combating before he could descend to this elevation, if we may express the change thus paradoxically; but love overcame all his other senses. As the money fell short, even this was given up, and he had now no other alternative but to wait at the stage door for the chance of seeing the lady of his heart.

Here, then, for several nights did he take his stand amongst the crowd of shabby idlers who loiter about the avenues of a theatre. How anxiously he counted out the house! First came the orchestra, then the peasants and villagers, then the second-rate actors, next the stars, and finally, the scene-shifters; but no vision of the ballet-girl greeted his vision. Sometimes he imagined that such an aerial creature disdained the earth, and evaporated through the chandelier, or left the house by some equally strange manœuvre—so fair a creation could never belong to the faded cloaks and drabby bonnets that issued from the theatrical sanctum.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Arts and Sciences.

ANTARCTIC DISCOVERY.

It may be recollected that the *Erebus* and *Terror* discovery ships sailed from England about eighteen months ago, under the command of Captain James Clark Ross, R. N., and Commander Crozier; their main object being to ascertain the true position of the South Magnetic Pole, and to make a series of magnetic observations on their route; the first station being at Madeira, where they put in and stopped several days. Thence they proceeded to St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope, at which places they fitted up observatories, and left officers of sufficient scientific attainments to superintend them. Kerguelen's Land was next

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visited, where, and at Sabrina Land, further observations on the magnet were made; and they arrived safe at Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, about the middle of last August. There Captain Ross met his old friend, Sir John Franklin, the governor, from whom he received every possible attention and assistance; and there also, having fitted up an observatory, the explorers proceeded on their voyage about the 26th of October, that being the date of their last letters, at which time they were on the eve of their departure. Captain Ross, the nephew of Sir John Ross, is the same officer who, in June, 1831, planted the British flag at the North Magnetic Pole, and has, in his voyages to the Arctic Seas with his uncle and Sir Edward Parry, passed eight winters and fourteen summers in those dreary regions. It appears that on Captain Ross' arrival at Hobart Town, as above stated, he learned that since he had quitted England, two expeditions had been fitted out, one by the French, the other by the Americans, for the apparent purpose of anticipating the objects of discovery in the South; but the ships being ill-suited to encounter the icebergs, and their commanders never, it is believed, having seen any before, they gave up the pursuit, to be accomplished, it is hoped, by our own intrepid countrymen. It is known to be Captain Ross' intention to go direct to the South Pole, which he expects, from calculations made before he left England, to find about south latitude 68°, east longitude 144°; and it is believed that observations since made nearer the spot tend to confirm him in the same opinion.—*Abridged from the Times.*

New Books.

A Summer's Day at Windsor, and a Visit to Eton. By Edward Jesse.

THE very favourable reception by the public of Mr Jesse's account of Hampton Court, has induced him to undertake the present volume—a similar notice of Windsor and its localities. The book is altogether neatly put together: it is more gossiping than Mr. Charles Knight's accurate *Windsor Guide:* and occasionally we find information such as may be expected from Mr. Jesse, as Surveyor of Her Majesty's Parks and Palaces. Of course, any person seeking the architectural history of Windsor Castle, will prefer the elaborate work in progress from the materials assembled by the late Sir Jeffry Wyatville; whilst to the visitor, Mr. Jesse's volume will be much more acceptable.

Eton College.

From Eton College, the author tells us, have issued some of our greatest statesmen, philosophers and poets. "Here, amongst other great men, Sir Robert Walpole, Harley, Earl of Oxford, Lord Bolingbroke, Earl Camden, the celebrated Earl of Chatham, Oughtred the mathematician, Boyle the philosopher, Lord Lyttleton, Gray, Horace Walpole, West, Waller, Fox, Canning, the great and learned Marquis Wellesley, the historian Hallam, and though last, by no means least, the Duke of Wellington, were educated. Here probably the impulses of ambition were first excited in their breasts, and they were warmed with the flush of those glorious feelings, the outbreaking of which has made their names an honour to their country. Of the numerous great and good men who have been educated at Eton, how many, perhaps, in the zenith of their fame, have revisited its classic shades, and acknowledged how far more preferable was the freshness of heart which accompanied the thoughtless schoolboy, to all the laurels which they had since reaped! How many, perhaps, beneath its venerable elms, have wept over their early friendships, and breathed a sigh at the recollection of the day when they were launched from the sunny stream of childhood into the stormy ocean of public life."

The stranger "must not forget to visit the interior of the upper and lower schools, on the walls of which he will discover the names of many celebrated men who have been educated at Eton, and which Pepys tells us, in his Memoirs, they were in the habit of carving on the shutters of the windows in his time."

Windsor Castle

is described as it existed under each sovereign, through nearly eight centuries, the most important epoch being the reign of Edward III., when no part of William the Norman's castle was preserved, except three towers at the west-end of the lower ward. The tower in which William of Wykeham resided, (as clerk of the works, with a shilling a day,) is still called after him, Winchester Tower. It is a singular fact that this also was the residence of Sir Jeffry Wyatville. Every endeavour has been made to discover the stone whereon Wykeham cut

"HOC FECIT WYKEHAM,"

but without finding it. It certainly was in existence before the extensive alterations of the Castle in the reign of George IV.

In an extract from the diary of a foreigner who visited Windsor Castle in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we are told that, among other things, was then shewn at the Castle, "the horn of a unicorn, of above 8½ spans in length, valued at above 10,000*l.*"

An old writer thus describes Cromwell at Windsor: "A coat of mail concealed beneath his dress—his steps slow as he sauntered along the terrace of the Castle—and his mind apparently abstracted in thought—

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while he occasionally threw furtive glances on each side of him, as if in perpetual dread of the stroke or bullet of the assassin."

In the reign of Charles II., "the beautiful Nell Gwyn had for some time a house in the vicinity of Windsor, and here the royal voluptuary often passed the night in company with her and those choice spirits whom wit or profligacy had recommended to his favour. When, at a later period, he became less awed at the remonstrances of the few wise men who surrounded him, the fair actress became an inmate of the castle itself, and the most luxurious apartments were set apart for her use." Nell Gwyn's pair of bellows is in the plate-room of Windsor Castle. Her bed, which was removed from her house at Bray, may now be seen at the Castle Inn, Windsor.

The Disinterment of Charles I.

is minutely related; and in a note, Mr. Jesse relates that one of the present attendants in the chapel informed him that he was present at the exposure of the head of Charles I., and that he immediately knew it from the strong resemblance it bore to the pictures of that king by Vandyke.

St. George's Chapel,

with its interesting tombs and relics, is well described; and we are glad to perceive that Mr. Jesse does not spare the Chapter for their parsimony, in his expression of regret at seeing the very dirty and dilapidated state of this beautiful chapel. The west window is in a dangerous condition, and liable to be blown in during any violent gale of wind. Some external parts of the chapel have been repaired with cement instead of stone! The interior stonework, and some of the emblazoned arms on the ceiling, have been white-washed, and other cheap recourses for repairs have been resorted to. A chapter with a revenue of 21,000*l.* a-year should have been less economical. We might mention the Horse-shoe Cloisters, the Bell-tower, and the vile *brickwork* adjoining the Deanery, and refer also to the sacred altar, which, on week-days, looks like a bookstall; but enough has been said.

The Round Tower,

with the fates of its royal and noble captives, is the text for a very attractive chapter. It is illustrated with a clever view of the entrance; and a *fac-simile* of the names and coats of arms which were cut by some of the prisoners on the stones in their places of confinement, and which have been carefully preserved in that part of the prison-house now occupied by the housekeeper of the Castle, the Lady Mary Fox.

The Terrace,

originally raised by Queen Elizabeth, on the north side of the Castle, and afterwards extended by Charles II. along the east and south sides, measured 1876 feet. We quite agree with Mr. Jesse, that the statues and vases in the new garden are perfectly out of character with the place. "Gladiators, nymphs, and Cibber's vases, have nothing in common with a Gothic castle." Besides, they are most ineffectively placed; and the sooner they are restored to their old pedestals at Hampton-court, the better. It should be added that a new garden is projected for the Castle, which shall be a more worthy appendage to this truly regal pile.*

Internal Improvements.

The new Corridor is, perhaps, the finest part of the Castle. The ceiling is richly embellished, while on each side are bronzes, marbles, busts, pictures, (an almost unequalled collection of Canalettis,) the finest cabinets, &c.

The other apartments which have been constructed for the use of the Royal Family and household, are 369 on the east and south sides alone. The ground floor, a part of which was inhabited by George III., is now set apart for the officers of the establishment. In the same room, both George IV. and William IV. breathed their last. It is not only one of the most cheerful rooms in the Castle, but certainly one of the most beautiful.

The Queen's Library, comprising a part of "Queen Elizabeth's Apartments," consists of three rooms, filled with books, some of them extremely rare and curious. At a short distance is a Print-room, said to contain a collection of drawings and engravings worth 30,000*l.*

The magnificent statue of George IV., by Chantrey, is perhaps his finest work. The marble is said to have cost 700*l.* in the quarry in Italy. It is, however, ill-placed.

The Parks.

Mr. Jesse relates that the Long Walk was once continued up to the present grand entrance into the Castle. There are likewise some interesting accounts of old trees, the best views of the Castle, and bits of the picturesque, the result of Mr. Jesse's long acquaintance with the localities.

It should be added that the work is profusely embellished; the architectural subjects being from drawings by Mr. Shaw, which is a sufficient guarantee for their accuracy. They are beautifully executed. The Frontispiece is a folding plan of the Castle, from a drawing by Sir Jeffry Wyatville.

* It is somewhat unreasonable in Mr. Jesse to laud, in the same page, Sir Jeffry Wyatville, for his work of renovation and reconciliation, and to regret that specimens of the architecture of different ages have not been handed down unimpaired to posterity. Such incongruities were unworthy of preservation; and the formation of one grand whole was far more desirable.

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Public Exhibitions.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE private view of the Society's Exhibition took place on Saturday last, previous to its being opened to the public on the following Monday. The rooms were crowded throughout the day with titled and opulent patrons, distinguished artists, and other visitors of discrimination. The collection of pictures, as a whole, certainly does not rise in merit above that of last year: there are upwards of eight hundred paintings and water-colour subjects: portraits are scarcely so numerous as usual; of historical there is but a slight sprinkling; but of landscape an abundance, such as well befits an Exhibition of British art; for what country in the world affords more pleasing scenes for this school than our own loved land. In this collection, the home counties have yielded some exquisite cabinet pictures: from Surrey, for example, there are many charming *bits* of picturesque.

The most important contributions to the collection are, unquestionably, those by Mr Hurlstone, President of the Society. The first of these is No. 21, *The Convent of St, Isidoro, a group near the Convent door, the Monks giving away provisions.* The grouping of this picture is strikingly artistical; in colouring it approaches Murillo; the distance is the least meritorious portion: it is, however, "the picture" of the Exhibition. No. 90, *A Mariner Boy of the Levant,* is a truly picturesque portrait. No. 119, *Portrait of T. Gladstone,* Esq., is an admirable likeness. No. 292, *The Guardians of the Flock,* represents two shepherd boys, embryo brigands, the one asleep, and the other awake; and their two "famous wolf dogs," Lion and Justice of the Peace. The distance is an exquisite landscape of Calabria: the design of this picture is admirable; and the colouring is almost indescribably rich; the painter having evidently caught the brilliancy and mellow light of the old masters, which he has blended with extraordinary skill. Mr. Hurlstone's other pictures are portraits, the most pleasing of which is No. 64, *A Lady and Child.*

No. 28, *The Opening of the Sixth Seal,* J. Gray, is an indifferent specimen of an indifferent class. No. 56, *A Day's Pleasure,* is a scene of familiar life, by E. Prentis; it represents what Rabelais called "the worst half-hour in life," calling for the reckoning, and paying it. A jovial party are seen around a table in a tavern parlour, and the emptied decanters, and nearly emptied claret-jugs denote their potations deep: the "chairman" is scrutinizing the bill, the waiter submissively stands by; some of the *bon-vivans* are *fumeurs:* in short, they are in various stages of repletion—we hope

"implentur veteris Bacchi."

The sash of the window is thrown up, and a charming country is seen in the distance, which, in its freshness, contrasts well with the sickly sentimentality of the party indoors: the upset chair at the waiter's feet is a licence; an attentive "fellow" would instantly have picked it up. Perhaps the scrutiny of the bill is best depicted: the *tipsiness* of the *ensemble* may be objected to even by the admirers of "Dutch boors," and other pictorial sensualities. At all events, there is little or none of the *caricatura* style in this painting: indeed, its truth may, with some persons, be its demerit: it appears likely to be a very attractive picture in the exhibition-room.

Mr. Hofland has contributed three pictures—*the Forum, Pompeii; a Scene in the grounds of the Village Borghese, Rome; and Ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, at Rome;* the latter, a sketch painted on the spot. These are the first-fruits of the painter's recent sojourn in Italy; and more important labours will, doubtless, follow.

(To be continued.)

Obituary.

MR. JAMES O'CONNOR.

DIED, on the 4th inst., at Brompton, in his 49th year, *Mr. James O'Connor,* a landscape painter of deservedly high reputation. His rocky woodlands and his deep-embosomed lakes have made their own impression on the visitors to the Royal Academy and the principal exhibitions. He brooded, like the genius of Ireland, over the most romantic and beautiful of her scenes; and he afterwards thought those snatches of natural and legendary interest into painted poems, as they exist in his pictures. With a free, bold hand, he piled up Salvator-like masses of dark rock; and, as a Ruysdael, poured the foaming torrent over their broken and precipitous sides. Mr. O'Connor was born in Dublin, and was early trained to imitative art by his father, an engraver, whose profession he embraced and followed for a time, but afterwards devoted himself exclusively to landscape painting. Deep feeling for nature distinguished all his works, and their sentiment struck the spectator even before he had time to admire the breadth and freedom of their execution. They will, alas for the cause! rise in value now.—*The Atlas.*

News for the Fair.—In no part of her Majesty's dominions is there so great a deficiency of females as in the island of Singapore.—*Lord Jocelyn.*

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The Gatherer.

Talking to Foreign Strangers is like writing down our thoughts in a book which is never to be read.—*Lady Chatterton.*

Dresden continually reminds me of London; the dark, smoky-looking buildings, with their small, narrow windows, which, unlike those in most German houses, are even with the outer wall, and not sunk deeply into it. This gives a cold, thin, and comfortless appearance to the houses, like those in the old streets of London, as Conduit-street, Jermyn-street, &c.—*Ibid.*

"German is the language of melancholy, Italian of love, French of wit, English of sense, Spanish of gallantry," said, I think, Charles V.—*Ibid.*

The Library at Dresden, according to Lady Chatterton, is conducted on a most liberal plan: any one, on a guarantee which is easily obtained, is allowed not only to read, but to take the books away. Why should London be behind Dresden in the literary luxury of a lending library?

German Bed.—To look at a German bed, one would say that it was destined for a dwarf with an enormous head, for the pillows are always half as large as the entire bed. Among travellers, remedies for the discomfort of German beds are as numerous, and alas! as ineffectual, as recipes for seasickness; yet every one has his own favourite means of trying to procure a night's rest. Some tie the bed-clothes upon them; but I am too light to try this plan, for as I generally find my *decke* (quilt) on the floor, if I were tied to it I should certainly accompany it in its descent.—*Lady Chatterton.*

German Stoves.—I like these hard, dismal-looking things better every day. But they would never do in our beloved land of fire-side enjoyment. The English have not, by nature, sufficient sociability in their dispositions to do without a visible fire. A cheerful blaze is necessary to them, their innate shyness and reserve, and to form a central point of union.—*Ibid.*

A Truth.—An extreme thirst for knowledge seldom belongs to a very happy disposition, nor indeed is it conducive to happiness.

A Hint.—Might not much good be done in education by a greater attention to the importance of association of ideas. Might not darkness be deprived of its terrors, and even bodily suffering or pain be made to produce in after-life some benefit?—*Lady Chatterton.*

British Museum.—The Queen has lately presented to the Museum several specimens of the ingenuity of aboriginal inhabitants of New Caledonia, Isle of Pines, &c. These articles have been deposited in cases 33 and 34, in a spacious apartment at the top of the principal staircase: they comprise costume, furniture, spears, hatchets, and other implements of war. Among them, too, is a lady's bonnet from Navigator's Island, exquisitely formed of small pieces of tortoise-shell.—*Observer.*

French Revolution, 1830.—The names of those who fell in this Revolution are engraved in gold letters on bronze tablets round the piers in the centre of the Pantheon, at Paris, but blank spaces are left, which, Lady Chatterton shrewdly supposes, are reserved to immortalize those who should happen to fall in the next successful revolution.

The Chinese.—The representations of these remarkable people and their country upon porcelain, or "china," have been usually condemned as ill-drawn and faithless, but unworthily so. Lord Jocelyn, in his account of the Chinese Expedition, observes: "Since I have seen many of the houses and temples of the Chinese, the paintings on the old china imported into England struck me as the best delineation of the buildings and figures of these extraordinary people; and it is wonderful how correct they are in the main features."

Opium-street.—One of the streets in the centre of the town of Singapore is wholly devoted to shops for the sale of opium; and here in the evening may be seen, after the labours of the day are over, crowds of Chinese, who seek these places to satisfy their depraved appetites.—*Lord Jocelyn.*

Pine-apples, at Singapore, although not equal to those of the English hot-house, bear no comparison, from their superior flavour, with the same fruit of either East or West Indian growth. Here they are in such abundance that captains of ships frequently purchase them by boat-loads to scour their decks; which, from the acidity they possess, they have the property of whitening.—*Ibid.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thanks to L. P. S. The "Bird's Nest" has, we think, appeared before.

The Scraps sent by Stephen have already been printed many times.

Is not the "Sleepy Partner" C—ll?

Ineligible: "To S. T.," by A. G.—"Lines on Netley Abbey," by L.—"On Time."—"Sea-shore Hymn," and "Reminiscences of Dreams," by H. G. —"An Hour among the Trees," by C.

At the Publisher's are Communications for W.G.C. —E. T. C.—Laura Cecilia—and G. (Engravings.)

Accepted: "Tears."—"Song of Youth."—"Lines on a Lady Smiling."—"Duelling"—perhaps.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1053.] SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1841. [PRICE 2*d.*

LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.

ELIZABETHAN SHOP FRONT,

CORNER OF OXFORD-STREET AND BERNERS-STREET.

THE improved taste displayed in fitting up shop-fronts in the metropolis, in the present day, must have struck even the most listless passenger through its crowded streets. Several designs of this class are in the Renaissance or Elizabethan style, and present excellent architectural compositions; and from their tasteful details they must prove attractive, and consequently beneficial, in a commercial view, to the parties at whose expense these improvements have been executed.

The shop-front of Messrs. Battam, Craske, and Colby, above represented, is rich in well-executed details; though, as a whole, it is scarcely so successful as other designs of the same class. Messrs. Jackson and Co., of Rathbone-place, are, we believe, the

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artists. It consists of a shop-front and mezzanine story; the ground being of wood, the trusses and window-dressings of cement, and the rest of paste composition. "The enrichments of the entablature, mouldings, modillions, block-dressings, heads, &c., are of paste; part of the lower dressings in deal, and the figures cast in Atkinson's cement." Instead of columns, we have ornamental supports, of peculiar richness and variety,—viz., a low pedestal, a deep console, a second pedestal, a *terminal*, or semi-caryatic figure, a block, a reversed console, and another block immediately beneath the architrave: the upper supports are, a pedestal, a reversed console, and a block, with a rich finial.

It should be added that, to render the Elizabethan designs complete, they should be *picked out* with various colours and gilding, so as almost to resemble illuminated work. This has been done only to a small extent, in the facia of the front in Oxford-street; but, hereafter, the proprietors may be induced to perfect this elaborate specimen of decorative art.

THE DESERTERS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

IN THREE PARTS—PART THE FIRST.

It was in the month of November, 1761. The Austrians, under Marshal Daun, had marched from Dresden to the heights of Siptitz and the town of Torgau, a camp hitherto deemed impregnable; and Frederick, the great monarch of Prussia, had united his battered forces, as if misfortune had disturbed his reason, and resolved to trust his fate to the chances of a single battle. Five years of the terrible contest known as the "Seven Years' War" had passed, and although he was yet in the field at the head of an army, it seemed impossible that he could much longer oppose the formidable alliance against him. Austria and Russia, France and Sweden, with half the German empire, were leagued for his overthrow, with the determination of personal hatred and envy joined to political interest. The ancient houses of Europe regarded him but as a royal *parvenu*, and their united exertions had reduced him so low that he had balanced in his mind (a mind, alas! amid its brilliant attributes destitute of the infinitely more valuable sense of religion), whether to end, with his own hand, an existence which seemed deprived of happiness and glory, or make this last struggle against his triumphant foes.

His fortunes indeed were at a low ebb. Even Berlin, the metropolis, was in the hands of his enemies. It was at this period that he quoted to his friend le Marquis d'Argens those two lines, melancholy and beautiful, but unworthy a great mind—

"Quand on a tout perdu, quand on n'a plus d'espoir,
La vie est un opprobre, et la mort un devoir." *

A deep interest pervaded the ranks of the Prussian army, from the highest officers to the lowest man, to know what their sovereign meant by disposing his forces in the order of battle, before an army already flushed with conquest, and so greatly superior in numbers as well as in the formidable strength of their position. The common soldiers in such a situation, although counted by the great ones of the earth as no more than so many cattle, have the natural thoughts and feelings of men. They canvass secretly the wisdom and plans of their leaders, to whose prudence and skill their lives and fortunes are committed, and, in the present instance, the long train of reverses which had driven the Prussian king to the brink of ruin, had not only deprived him of the *prestige* of victory, so necessary to a general on the eve of a battle, but had diminished the confidence of the troops, not only in his chances of success, but even in the soundness of his reason. There were some among those stern and gloomy troops, encamped at Torgau beneath the dismal forebodings of approaching winter, and the yet more lowering shadows of their own prospects, who, in the passive patience which habit, education, and hard necessity impart to the mass of mankind, gave themselves up for lost, and looked to find the end of their toils and sufferings in the unequal contest of the succeeding day, should their desperate leader persist in his present apparent determination to stand the hazard of one. There were some who thought of their distant cottages, their aged parents, dependent upon them for support, the harvest fields now wasted with war and famine, and almost doubted the existence of a benevolent Providence, while reflecting on the recklessness with which they were to be driven to the field like beasts to the shambles, and there slaughtered, to gratify the womanly vengeance of the Czarine Elizabeth and the haughty Marie Therese, or the ambition and jealousy of half a dozen other individuals, at whose nod the fiends of war were thus unloosed to prey upon poor and defenceless millions.

But these thoughts, which spite of himself would struggle up in the soldier's breast, as the various indications around gave token of the approaching shock, were kept carefully to himself, and even endeavoured to be banished as a kind of crime—for it is one of the characteristics of war, that while its illusive glory gilds the most monstrous

* When one has lost everything, when there is no more hope, life is a disgrace, and death a duty.

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vices with the hue of heroic virtue, the most natural and just sentiments of reason and humanity are branded with infamy.

"What has come over old Fritz?" said Karl Schultz, an old soldier who had served during the whole war, but who began to think it was all in vain.

"Come over him!" echoed Adolph Arndt, one of his companions in arms. "He's mad!"

"I think so too!" said Karl. "The old chap is mad. I have heard others say so who ought to know better than we."

"I don't care for death more than another," rejoined Adolph; "but, *Blitz und Granaten!* one likes to see *some* chance. Here it's just as sure as fate that we are all blown to atoms. There wont be so much as a drum left in the whole army."

"Ah, Adolph!" said Karl, after a short pause, "do you remember our pretty little village of Rathenau?"

"Don't I?" said Adolph; "and your and my cottages on the Havel, and the fruit orchard between them, and the dear fields we used to cultivate together! When did you hear from your wife?"

"Not since a year, and then she was very ill since the death of my poor daughter. Sweet child! only fourteen years old! How little I thought when I kissed her rosy mouth and wiped away the tears from her cheeks — and — from my own — that — that—."

"Ah, bah!" said Adolph. "We mustn't think of those things. You know my poor wife herself is dead, and has left a house full of young brats. One of them—ha! ha! ha!—one of them I have never seen myself. She was born just after we left; and my poor Karline!—she died in giving it birth."

As he spoke, and even while the smile lingered on his face, the old soldier pulled down his cap and turned aside, as if to arrange it on his head, but in fact to dash off a tear.

"Ah, I wish this war was over. I want peace," cried Karl. "I am tired. I must have repose. I'm getting old and melancholy. Long ago, if it had not been for my family, I should have taken a sound sleep on the field of battle. I'm sick of drums and trumpets, of commands and menaces, of death and glory. It costs too much. Our old Fritz is crazy! and we suffer for it; but whom have we here?"

"Ha, what! Frederick! the son of my neighbour Frumm? How now, my lad! What makes you turn soldier?"

And the two old veterans embraced the young stranger, pressing him warmly to their hearts, and kissing him through their rough moustaches, first on one cheek, then on the other, and lastly on the lips.

"Yes, they've got me at last," said Frederick: "but I'm content. I have been unfortunate at home—so has everybody else, I believe."

"How so?"

"My father was killed in battle. My mother died of grief. The farm has gone to ruin. My sweetheart has run off with a bragging lieutenant; and—but I am very selfish. I am giving you all my affairs, when you doubtless would rather hear your own."

"Well! what is the news for us? Have you brought any letters?"

"Yes. Here's a letter for Adolph from his daughter."

"Give it me?"

"And here's one for Karl—from—"

"My wife!" said Karl.

"No—your daughter."

"My daughter?"

"Even so."

"And why does not—my—from my daughter? and nothing from my wife?"

"No."

The old soldier cast a scrutinizing look upon this messenger of woe, and then threw down the letter.

"I cannot read it."

"Pooh! pooh! Here, take it again. What, man! every one must die!" said Frederick.

"She *is* dead, then!"

"Yes, two months ago!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the sturdy soldier, sitting down upon a rock, and covering his face with his hands. "I thought so; I knew so. I had always a presentiment we should never meet again. Oh my wife! my wife! my good, faithful, beloved — oh! oh! oh!"

"Come, come," said Frederick, "cheer up, and read your letter."

"I cannot, I cannot—read it you. I cannot see. These tears blind my eyes. Oh, cursed be these wars. They found me a happy, rich farmer—surrounded by a family of affectionate and contented children, and blessed with the best of wives. They have made me lonely and desolate. My little property gone, my time wasted, my fields sterile, my house in ruins, my child, whose innocent face I never saw, came to the earth and departed; and now my wife, who has known nothing but suffering since I left her—my wife dead! and I not there to close her eyes—to wipe away her tears—to—to receive her cold form in my arms—on my bosom. A thousand million curses on these wars! Well, read the letter."

"Here it is," said Frederick, tearing open the seal.

"'MY DEAR AND HONOURED FATHER,—Our blessed mother is dead. She suffered a great deal. She was seven months sick. We had no doctor, and sometimes no covering and no food. Our dear mother might have got well, they say, if we could have

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made a little money, but we could not. She always loved and prayed for you. She pronounced your name the last time she spoke, and prayed you might come home and take care of your children. She is buried in the little grave-yard by the river. There is no tomb, but we shall never forget where she lies. The village is in ruins. They have taken our cottage for a debt. We have no home now. God, who cares for the ravens, only can take care of us. Oh! dear beloved father! when, when will you come home? Brother Albert is not in good health, and sister is wasting her time in idleness. Your affectionate daughter, LOUISE.'"

While this scene was taking place, Adolph had read the letter directed to him. It was from his second daughter, and ran thus:—

"MY BELOVED FATHER,—You must come home. I cannot explain; but I fear Marie is not the same girl she was when you left. A gentleman has proposed to marry her, but everybody says he never will. She believes he will, and loves him, and says she is going away with him to Amsterdam. We are all well, but very unhappy, and long to see you. Dearly beloved father, your affectionate daughter,

"THERESE."

LINES,

ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL SMILING.

SURELY there's no sin or sorrow
In so fair a form enshrined!
Sure, those looks their radiance borrow
From the sunshine of the mind!

Can a breast of snowy whiteness
Harbour guile, or guilt conceal?
Do not eyes of sunny brightness
Pure and pleasant thoughts reveal?

But can e'er so rich a treasure
In this lower world be found
As a heart that beats for pleasure,
And has all its wishes crown'd?

No—that brow must soon be clouded,
Now so innocent and fair;
And that loveliness be shrouded
In a world of change and care.

Doncaster. L.

HONEY OF THE HYMETTUS.

HYMETTUS was certainly, at one time, more abundantly supplied with flowers than at present; these, too, so strongly scented that hounds, on that account, frequently lost trace of the game when hunting on these regions. But there is no land like Greece, in which, for centuries, the works, not only of men, but of nature also, have been, as far as possible, destroyed. Trees and shrubs were cut down, in the continued wars, without any thought of the consequence; and what the axe spared, the shepherds burned, in order to raise from the ashes, during the first year, a few blades of grass for their goats. Were not the Grecian climate so favourable, the greatest part of the country must, long since, have become a bare, stony, and rocky wilderness.

The Hymettus has now no better vegetation than the mountains of Attica. The honey of the Laurion mountains was much prized. (*Erica Mediterranea* grows there in abundance.) Throughout Greece, honey is more agreeable and aromatic than in other lands, owing to the heat being moderate, for which reason the juices of the plants are in a more concentrated state. But that the honey of the Hymettus was anciently esteemed the best in Greece may, in a great measure, proceed from this: that its situation was in the neighbourhood of the capital, where every thing must be of the best: its fame seems partly to have been identified with the sweetness of ruling Athens; now, at least, the honey of the Hymettus no longer possesses its superiority: it is, in other neighbourhoods, finer and more aromatic, *e. g.* in many of the Cyclades, especially in Sekino.

The greatest quantity of honey is obtained from the monastery of Syrian, to the north-east of the city, and is delivered to the local archbishop. The shepherds at the other parts of the Hymettus have also, most probably, bee-hives; and the honey from Pentelicon is also reckoned among the Hymettic. The number of hives on these mountains yielding honey has been averaged, of late years, at 5000.

The principal food of these bees is *Satureia capitata*, (Saturei;) then *Lentiscus*, *Cistus*, *Salvia*, *Lavandula*, and other herbs. Otherwise, the Hymettus is very bare; at its declivities, and in some of the dales, are wild olives, with shrubs of myrtle, laurel, and oleander. *Pinus maritima* grows on its summit very imperfectly; but near the monastery it is pretty thick. Besides this, there grow on the Hymettus hyacinths, *Amaryllis lutea*, dark violet crocus, &c.*—*Dr. Fiedler's Journey through Greece.*

MR. PERCIVAL JENKS AND HIS BLIGHTED ATTACHMENT.

(*Continued from page* 204.)

FOR many nights, then, did Mr. Jenks loiter at the stage-door of the theatre, in painful expectation of meeting the loved object; and as many times was he disappointed. Sometimes he almost inclined himself to believe that the whole race of ballet-girls were not mortal; in fact, that they were constituted of the essential particles of gas, music, and delusion, that floated about the playhouse, (in the same manner as the old philosophers described the production of

* Foreign Quarterly Review, No. LII.

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blight and fireflies,) dissolving into thin air once more, when the performance had concluded. At all events, it was an extremely difficult creed to reconcile himself to, that the same aerial beings who had been riding on wicker butterflies, flying on muslin clouds, or floating in baths of canvass stretched on wooden frames, in the midst of all the dazzling excitement of a theatre, could go quietly home to sup off bread and cheese, or perhaps onions, or baked sheep's-heads: no, no, it was not likely; they must live, he thought, on the petals of flowers, and drink dew—pure, ethereal mountain dew. Perhaps they did.

One night, after waiting at his accustomed post, with his usual want of success, Jenks turned by chance into a neighbouring house for a bottle of ginger-beer, to allay his thirsty and agitated excitement. It was a theatrical tavern—a house of call for minor actors, where standard-bearers, mobs, pantomime shopkeepers, imps, and banditti, could always be engaged on the shortest notice. Here congregated those facetious individuals who tumble down on the slide which the clown has made with a pat of butter: here also were attendant demons to be found, warranted not to cough, or be choked, in the middle of the most dense fumes from the tray of red-fire ever ignited, as they come up the trap; and here also might be met, Chinese Brothers, Parisian Incomprehensibles, Saltimbanques of Syria, Athenian Athletæ, Herculean Egyptians, Bounding Bedouins—in fine, wonderful people from every corner of the earth, and whose most incredible talent, after all, was the perfect knowledge they had acquired of English customs and language.

The bar and parlour of this house were in perfect keeping with its frequenters. The walls were adorned with portraits of every actor that had ever lived, in every character that he ever performed; and there were several pictures of the same actors in two or three different characters, which proved how admirably the performer could change the entire contour of his features together with his costume. Over the fireplace were two elegant chimney ornaments, being representations of Mr. Someone, as El Hyder, and Mrs. Somebody else as Joan of Arc, mounted upon pasteboard, and glittering with stamped tinsel and gold dots. There had been a companion to the above in the shape of Miss Love as Apollo; but the figure first got very rickety about the ankles, and at last, in spite of the match glued on behind, broke off altogether, leaving only a pair of blue boots attached to the ground-piece. The very placards of the prices of various liquors retailed were theatrical. Clowns and pantaloons were fighting with bottles of ginger-beer at "3d. a bottle," harlequins supported tablets inscribed with advice to "try our Kennet ale, at sixpence;" and Paul Prys, Jim Crows, and Pusses in Boots, abounded on all sides, lending their aid to vaunt the superiority of the different wines or spirits whose unparalleled cheapness they recorded. The whole interior, in fact, bore the resemblance of a pantomime scene, and you would not have been much taken by surprise, if with a touch of the magic wand, the whole of the walls and fixtures would have turned inside out, or flapped up and down, changing into the Fairy Palace of the Star of Revolving Diamonds, or some other of the regions of delight that conclude our Christmas entertainments. Where those joyous realms are situated we know not—we are only introduced to their glittering localities once a year; and then, with too painful a resemblance to the momentary flashes of happiness which sometimes are allowed to burst upon our own dull world, they are snatched away from our sight, leaving all common-place and life-like as before.

When Mr. Jenks entered the house, a knot of shabby-looking men were collected round the bar, discussing with much enthusiasm the various matters of temporary interest connected with the different theatres. By degrees, our hero joined the circle: he possessed a slight acquaintance with the subject of their conversation—sufficient, at all events, to enable him to give an occasional opinion—and he gradually entered into their arguments; nor was he long in discovering that two of the party were members of the Drury-lane Company. The outlay of sixpence in a pot of the aforesaid "Kennet Ale," procured him an additional degree of respect and a firmer footing in their society; and before long, one of them had invited Mr. Jenks to accompany him behind the scenes the next night, on condition that he would not object to appear on the stage.

"Will it not be intruding?" asked Percival, modestly.

"By no means, sir," returned the man. "The ballet is a heavy piece, and an additional supernumerary will be an advantage rather than otherwise. Should you like to be a vassal or a nobility?"

Percival debated the question in his own mind for an instant. He, however, at last, inclined to the aristocracy, and expressed his determination to become "a nobility," as his new friend had termed it. The man accordingly appointed a rendezvous for six o'clock the next evening; and Mr. Jenks retired home, full of anticipated happiness, and contemplating the prospect of an introduction to the beloved object.

The next day wore sluggishly away, and a quarter of an hour before the appointed time, Percival found himself at the the-

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atrical tavern, in a mingled state of excitement, expectation, and XX ale — a small quantity of which he had imbibed to give him the confidence necessary for his "first appearance upon any stage." His new acquaintance was not long before he joined him, and they walked together in the direction of the stage-door of the theatre, Mr. Jenks not having a perfectly distinct idea of whether he was progressing forwards upon his head or his heels.

They entered the door of the sanctum of the playhouse — the mysterious and spell-girt *coulisses* — and threaded their way through various narrow and intricate passages; now stumbling up, and anon tumbling down, small flights of stairs, and then falling over properties, ropes, spars, and set pieces, which were strewn or crowded in all directions. The walls were rough and unplastered, or covered with thin coats of dirty whitewash; jets of flaring gas burst out at short intervals; and people were constantly hurrying backwards and forwards, pushing Mr. Jenks about in every direction, and requiring him to control his bewildered ideas to the personal care of himself—at least, as far as he was able to do so.

After passing through a part of the theatre, appropriated to all sorts of odd frameworks and contrivances for some display, amongst which he recognised various old well-known stone crosses, wheels for water-mills, and flowery banks and arbours, as well as ruined columns, fortified gateways, and gothic arches, made from wood and canvass, by a species of theatrical petrifaction, a sudden turn brought him unexpectedly upon the stage; immediately behind the enormous curtain, whose mighty expanse was hanging in sullen grandeur, until the three knocks of the prompter should arouse its attendant machinery.

And this, then, was the stage of Old Drury! This large sloping floor of worn and dirty boards, intersected by rough grooves and slides, and perforated by traps and falling platforms at every step—this area of dust, chalk, splinters, stains, and protruding rails and pegs, was the scene of those countless wonders he had so often gazed upon, when, from the two-shilling gallery, its surface appeared clean, smooth, and regular, as the floors of Windsor Castle! But above all, this was the spot hallowed by the presence of the loved object—he could almost trace the particular board on which her tiny foot descended after one of her aerial bounds. And she would be there again to-night. He should see her—breathe the same air that she did, (and a delightful atmosphere of gas, brimstone, oil, and wet size, it was, only besides being blind, Love occasionally wants some other of the senses;) above all, he might perhaps speak to her!

By degrees he became sensible of the buzz of the audience, broken by the intervening curtain into a low continued murmur. The orchestra, too, began to time. First, a solitary violin, like the early chirp of a restless sparrow, or what writers of more poetical invention would call, the first morning carol of the bird of the greenwood, gave the note. This provoked other sounds—the French-horn, who had not yet entered the orchestra, indulged in some flourishes of his own whilst yet under the stage; the trumpet took his instrument to pieces, and blew through each bit separately; the drum performed some manœuvres with the pieces of cord that were stretched along the side, in the self-opiniated idea that a drum was capable of being tuned; and the triangle, who had not much to arrange, first looked all round the house, and then nodded, with a patronizing air, to a friend whom he recognised in the front row of the pit.

At last, the overture commenced, and the groups took their respective stations upon the stage, for the first scene of *The Siege of Rochelle*. Mr. Jenks remarked, with some expressions of *naïve* astonishment, that the helmets of the soldiers were not of real steel, and that the peasantesses on the right were working without needles. He moreover observed that they were about to "drink to Victory" in copious libations of air, which philosophically considered, was the only fluid that filled the cups and flagons. He would have indulged in more *minute* discoveries, had not his friend told him, that the stage must be cleared of all extraneous characters, for the opening chorus; whereupon, he retired behind the wings, first receiving strict injunctions not to go beyond a certain line, because if he did they could see him from the audience part of the house; and the generality of playgoers were getting so very acute in their ideas of dress, that they knew brown tailed coats and plaid waistcoats were not the costumes worn at Rochelle at the period of the siege.

The first act passed away, and Mr. Jenks had seen nothing of his goddess. At this period, his theatrical Mentor summoned him to the gentleman's dressing-room, in order that his costume might be provided for the ballet. As there was no dress laid out for him, he followed his friend up-stairs to the wardrobe; a long room lined with presses, and provided with large counters, on which were deposited all sorts of tunics, trunks, tights, and tinselled tabards and trimmings. Here he was soon provided with a suit of extraordinary splendour of appearance (from the house); and taking it under his arm, he retraced his steps to the dressing-room, and contrived, by some means or another, to get into it, although it certainly cut him a little under the arm,

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and was not so long in the waist as it might have been. His friend applied a little coarse rouge to his cheeks with a hare's foot; and having turned him round two or three times, as if he was playing at blind-man's-buff, without a bandage, declared him perfectly in order to take his place in the groups as a nobility.

With a palpitating heart, Mr. Jenks allowed himself to be led on to the stage, and, not without some misgivings, did he listen to the directions for his subsequent demeanour. At length, the awful moment arrived. The visitors of the Baron had to make their appearance, and, sticking close to his friend, he plunged from behind the side-scene into the full blaze of the lamps and sight of the audience. For an instant he saw nothing but an indistinct and blinding glare, amidst which the foot-lamps appeared to be performing a ballet of their own. But, by degrees, the immense *salle* and its occupants became apparent, forming a vast amphitheatre of heads on each side, which gradually vanished in the distant elevations of the gallery. Between him and the audience, various delicate forms, all with their backs towards him, were twirling and bounding over the stage, and these instantaneously rivetted his sight. Yes—there, at the well-known spot, was the equally familiar golden belt and green wreath, flinging their attendant pair of arms joyously in the air, or linking them in a beauteous circle with their fair companions.

"Bow, bow," said his friend, as the dance concluded, and applause rang through the house.

Mr. Jenks inferred it was to the audience he should make the salute, and accordingly he bent low towards them.

"Pshaw!" remarked his friend, spinning him forcibly round; "You must bow to the Baron — he is supposed to give the feast."

And scarcely knowing what he did, Mr. Jenks repeated his inclination to the Baron, after everybody else had finished. The curtain at this moment descended for the conclusion of the first act, and Percival, before it had half fallen, hastened towards the spot just occupied by the loved object. As the heavy roller of the dropscene touched the ground, he was at her side. ALBERT.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Public Exhibitions.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

(Concluded from page 207.)

MR. TOMKINS has contributed no fewer than nineteen pictures, many of which are of large size; four of them are in water-colour. Half of the number represent well-known scenes in Rhenish Prussia; as two views of *Andernach*, one of the oldest cities on the Rhine—a watch-tower and the massive ramparts. *Godesberg*, with a distant view of the Drachenfels, is an interesting picture of that charming place of summer residence. *Rheinstein*, another of "the lions" of the Rhine, and *Part of the St. Goarhausen*, with the castle of the Katz; the *Mouse Tower*; and two views of *Oberwesel*, one of them including the picturesque ruin of Schönberg, are all that we have space to enumerate. These pictures are carefully painted: the landscape of Godesberg lies, as in a map, beautifully minute; but there is a coldness, a chalkiness, in the colouring, and a want of airiness, in the majority of the scenes which is hardly characteristic of their natural beauty. They lack brilliancy, and are far from realizing the noble poet's picture:

> "The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
> Through life to dwell delighted here;
> Nor could on earth a spot be found
> To nature and to me so dear."

Nevertheless, Mr. Tomkins's pictures, from their number, size, and popularity of subjects, are among the most striking contributions to the Exhibition.

No. 97, a charming little view of *Hampstead Heath*, painted by Miss C. Nasmyth, in her best manner, reminds one how apt are the Londoners to overlook the picturesque environs of their own dear city. No. 114, *Cottage at Copthorne*, is another delightful scene of genuine English picturesqueness.

No. 161, *The Storm abating*, by J. Wilson, is a successful specimen of extraordinary atmospheric effect.

No. 187, *Portrait of Miss H. Faucit*, by Miss M. Drummond; an admirable likeness of this excellent actress and amiable young lady.

Of Mr. J. Holmes's portraits we least admire that of the late *Capt. Fitzherbert*; No. 295, *T. Peregrine, Esq.*, is, perhaps, the best.

No. 390, *The Water-carrier*, by Mr. Poole, is a clever composition, of exquisite colouring; and is, unquestionably, one of the most pleasing yet least ambitious pictures in the collection. No. 56, *The Dead Bird*, by W. Patten, a sweet-tempered girl, with the lamented one in her lap, is delicately coloured, but somewhat stiff in drawing: the picture is, however, a very interesting one. Nos. 461 and 468, *Gil Blas and Camilla*, and *Gil Blas*, by T. M. Joy, are clever illustrations.

No. 590, *The Novel-reading Housemaid*, by T. Smart, represents a girl seated in a chair devouring a Minerva-press volume, whilst her brooms, brushes, and dust-pan, lie useless: the girl's attitude, peculiar, by

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the way, to readers of her grade, is cleverly hit. To this class of pictures belongs Mr. Buss' *Benefit of Clergy*, to our thinking, a coarse caricature—a miserable attempt at wit. No. 426, *Boy blowing Bubbles*, by E. Stevens, is carefully painted.

Of Mr. Allen's fifteen pictures, we like best his landscapes — *Woking Common — Gleaners returning — A Sandbank near Bletchingley — Woking, Surrey*—and *Woodcutters, Boxhill*. The painter evidently knows where to look for the picturesque; and his labours have much of the freshness of rustic scenery.

No. 51, *Romeo and Juliet*, by H. O'Neil, has been far better treated by an artist of the same name as the painter: in this picture, the parting is an unpoetic affair.

No. 118, *Scene from Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered*, by A. J. Woolmer, is a tissue of commonplace composition, and the worst finery of colouring. Notwithstanding the "beautiful fountain," the "clear transparent basin," "the nymphs of surprising beauty," and "the silver waters" of the poet, this picture is dull and indelicate. The other pictures, by the same artist, have more or less objectionable, tricky colouring so glaring in the above scene.

No. 256, *A Privy Councillor in the Reign of Charles II.*, by A. H. Bulley, is one of Charles's pet spaniels lying in a chair of the period, which serves as "a horse" for the splendid suit of a courtier. There is some humour in the scene: but we suspect the public must be getting tired of these canine compositions. No. 348, "When I speak, let no dog bark," by R. Dadd, a dog seated in little brief authority, a four-footed Dogberry, is dry and caustic. No. 603, by the same artist, is of a higher order of merit, and pleasing fancy: it bears, in the catalogue, the epigraph:

> "I do wander everywhere
> Swifter than the moon's sphere,
> And I serve the fairy queen,
> To dew her orbs upon the green."

The "water-colour" subjects include several charming landscapes: Nos. 733 and 735, *Gipsy Hill*, and *White Horse Hill*, Norwood, by Miss F. Nicholas, are very pleasing specimens.

The "Sculpture" comprises only eight pieces, five of which are busts. That of Mr. Dickens is, by no means, striking.

We cannot refrain from observing that the catalogue is very inaccurate: thus—"Caledon and Amelia—*Vide Thompson's Seasons*;" "Gotsburg" for "Godesberg," &c. We should rather say, "Vide" the Dictionary.

DIORAMA OF THE FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

To step in from the *trottoir* of St. James's Street to witness a representation of "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," was certainly passing from gay to grave, "from lively to severe." Nevertheless, the transition may have its "sweet uses."

With the leading incidents of the second obsequies of Napoleon, in December last, the newspapers of the day have, doubtless, rendered the reader sufficiently familiar. The avowed object of this reinterment was the fulfilment of the last wish of the Emperor, that "his ashes might repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom he had loved so well;" and the promptitude with which the British Government acceded to the request of the French people in giving up Napoleon's remains, was an act which merits the distinction of magnanimity.

The intense interest of the spectacle at Paris—at which 150,000 soldiers are said to have assisted — induced MM. Sechan, Feuchere, Dieterle, and Desplechin, "of the Board of Arts for the Ceremony of the Funeral," to paint a series of dioramic views, which, having been exhibited in Paris, have been transferred to the Bazaar, in St. James's-street, for the like purpose. The appointments of the exhibition are in good taste: the staircase is hung with ample draperies, decorated with huge cypress wreaths, and the Imperial insignia; *au second*, is a series of lithographs of the Exhumation, Voyage to France, &c.; and *au troisième*, you enter an immense saloon formed out of the upper story of the building, the windows being darkened with draperies, and the chamber dimly lit with gas through coloured glasses, which have a remarkably sombre and funereal effect. The floor of the saloon is covered with pit-like seats, and the *tableaux*, three in number, are exhibited upon a kind of stage, by a curtain opening in the centre. Meanwhile, the funereal marches, composed for the occasion by MM. Auber, Adam, and Halevy, and the *Requiem* of Mozart, are performed.

The first *tableau* is *the Esplanade of the Hôtel and Church of the Invalides*, as seen from the Banks of the Seine at the moment of the arrival of the Triumphal Car at the Place of the Chamber of Deputies. On each side of the esplanade are immense tribunes filled with spectators. The avenue is decorated with thirty-two statues of the most distinguished heroes of France, between which are tripods with burning incense. Preceding the Funereal Car, are the carriages of the Abbé Coquereau and the Members of the Commission of St. Helena, followed by eighty-six subaltern officers, bearing the banners of the eighty-six departments of France; the Prince de Joinville and his staff, and the seamen and marines of the *Belle Poule and Favourite*. This picture is altogether cleverly painted, and the dioramic effects are very striking, especially the atmosphere of the intensely

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cold day: the sharpness of the long line of the Hôtel of the Invalides, and the tarnished dome of the Church, are excellently managed. The assembled multitude appear in almost geometrical masses: so rigidly are their outlines kept by the soldiery, that we imagine "they manage these things better in France" than in England.

The second *tableau* represents *the Interior of the Court of the Hôtel des Invalides*, called the Court Napoleon, taken from the Library. The car has halted at the gate, while the seamen of the *Belle Poule* bear the Imperial Sarcophagus to the triumphal porch erected at the entrance of the church. The court, tribunes for spectators, and the porch, were hung with black drapery, and adorned with trophies of arms, in bronze and bas-relievo, with statues, tripods, candelabra, festoons, garlands, and chaplets of cypress and *immortelles*, and with flags, and long crape streamers. The porch is a kind of tent of black cloth, bordered with silver, and hung with the cipher of the Emperor, engraved on shields. The imperial arms are placed over the doorway; and statues of victory, beneath portraits of the most distinguished marshals of the empire, line the sides. The architecture of this court is most effectively painted.

FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON,
IN THE CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES, AT PARIS.

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The third scene, *the Interior of the Church of the Invalides*, presents, of course, the most impressive spectacle. The plan of the building is a nave and choir, with side aisles, intersected by a dome, supported by four large masses, pierced with arches. The seats throughout are ranged *en amphitheatre*; with tribunes, or galleries for spectators, too numerous to describe. The Corinthian pilasters, which flank the nave, are adorned with gilded trophies, bearing the names of Napoleon's victories, intermixed with large tri-coloured flags; and the intercolumniations are hung with black draperies, silver bordered and fringed, lit by a massive lustre; whilst from the uppermost frieze of the nave are suspended flags taken by the French in different battles. From the door of entrance to the rails of the choir, at short distances, are placed immense bronze candalabra, twelve or fourteen feet high, from which issue brilliant coloured flames. The choir and dome, which occupy, perhaps, more than half the church, separated from the nave by a flight of steps, are hung from the ground to the roof with violet-coloured cloth, and lit with hundreds of lustres suspended from the roof; whilst around hang flags, as in the nave. In the centre of the choir, in front of the altar, is erected the splendid catafalque—a representation, in gilded wood, of the marble tomb which is to take its place. The design consists, as our Engraving shews, of a massive pedestal, with a Corinthian column at each of the four angles, supporting an enriched canopy, surmounted by a huge golden ball and an eagle, with outspread wings. At the angles of the pedestal are groups of trophies, as also upon the columns; and from the frieze and dome are hung votive festoons. Beneath the canopy, upon a pedestal, are placed the sarcophagus, having an eagle at each angle, and the cipher N upon each face. Upon the area, around the steps ascending to the catafalque, are ranged tripods of burning incense. The whole scene, especially the space beneath the dome, resplendent with lights, and decorated with trophies of arms, tri-coloured banners, standards, and devices, is truly effective; heightened as is its impressiveness by the rolling of drums, the reverberating and constantly recurring sounds of (musical) cannon, and muffled drums. The action is briefly as follows: King Louis Philippe, on the right, surrounded by his ministers and the grand dignitaries of France, is advancing to meet the coffin. The Prince de Joinville is on the highest step leading to the nave—having accomplished the mission entrusted to him; and behind him are the seamen of the *Belle-Poule* and *Favourite*, bearing the remains. On the left is the Archbishop of Paris, at the head of his clergy. The Imperial Pall is supported by Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, and two Marshals, accompanied by an Admiral of France, and followed by a very numerous *cortège*. The sword of Napoleon was placed upon his coffin by Bertrand; and when the mass was finished, and holy water had been sprinkled on the *catafalque* by the various persons who took part in the ceremonial, the pageant closed, and the multitude slowly withdrew.

This exhibition, as a specimen of dioramic art, independently of its countless interesting associations, is worthy of liberal encouragement, which, we trust, it will receive. For the entire appreciation of its minuteness, the visitor will do well to provide himself, at the Bazaar, with a handsomely printed Memoir of Napoleon, with an Account of his Obsequies, and a *Catalogue Raisonnée* of the Tableaux. This *livraison* has been mainly abridged from the popular *History of Napoleon*, illustrated by Horace Vernet.

GALILEO.

GALILEO appears to have been "a prince of good fellows;" or, in the language of sober biography, "he was more fond of society than might have been expected from his studious habits. His habitual cheerfulness and gaiety, and his affability and frankness of manner, rendered him an universal favourite among his friends. Without any of the pedantry of exclusive talent, and without any of that ostentation which often marks the man of limited though profound acquirements, Galileo never conversed upon scientific or philosophical subjects except among those who were capable of understanding them. The extent of his general information, indeed, his great literary knowledge, but, above all, his retentive memory stored with the legends and the poetry of ancient times, saved him from the necessity of drawing upon his own peculiar studies for the topics of his conversation."

Galileo was hospitable and benevolent; liberal to the poor, and generous in the aid which he administered to men of genius and talent, who often found a comfortable asylum under his roof: though himself abstemious in his diet, Galileo was *a lover of good wines*, of which he always received the choicest varieties out of the Grand Duke's cellar; and the Italian astronomer is known to have devoted some of his leisure hours to the cultivation of the vine. It is quite refreshing to find that this illustrious man, notwithstanding, by persecution, he ostensibly abjured the doctrine of the *motion of the earth*, relished its choicest luxury—wine: the good things of this world are commonly enjoyed by the fools; but, in the above case, they were largely participated by the philosopher.

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MELODIA.

I MET once, in my girlish hours,
A creature soft and warm:
Her cottage bonnet, filled with flowers,
Hung swinging on her arm;
Her voice was sweet as the voice of love,
And her teeth were pure as pearls,
While her forehead lay like a snowy dove,
In a nest of neat brown curls:
She was a thing unknown to fame—
Melodia was her strange sweet name.

I never saw an eye so bright,
And yet so soft, as hers;
It sometimes swam in liquid light,
And sometimes swam in tears;
It seem'd a beauty set apart
For softness and for sighs;
But oh! Melodia's melting heart
Was softer than her eyes;
For they were only formed to spread
The softness from her spirit shed.

I've gazed on many a brighter face,
But ne'er on one, for years,
Where beauty left so soft a trace
As it had left on hers;
But who can paint the spell that wove
A brightness round the whole?
'Twould take an angel from above
To paint th' immortal soul—
To trace the light, the inborn grace,
The spirit sparkling o'er her face.

Her bosom was a soft retreat
For love, and love alone,
And yet her heart had never beat
To love's delicious tone;
It dwelt within its circle, free
From tender thoughts like these,
Waiting the little deity,
As the blossom waits the breeze,
Before it throws its leaves apart
And trembles like the love-touched heart.

She was a creature strange as fair,
First mournful and then wild,
Now laughing on the clear bright air
As merry as a child;
Then, melting down as soft as even
Beneath some new control,
She'd throw her hazel eyes to heaven,
And sing with all her soul,
In tones as rich as some young bird's,
Warbling her own delightful words.

Melodia! oh how soft thy darts!
How gentle and how sweet!
Thy song enchained a thousand hearts
And drew them to thy feet;
And as thy bright lips sang, they caught
So beautiful a ray,
That, as I gazed, I almost thought
The spirit of the lay
Had left, while melting on the air,
Its sweet expression painted there.

Sweet vision of that starry even!
Thy virgin beauty yet,
Next to the blessed hope of heaven,
Is in my spirit set;
It is a something shrined apart—
A light from memory shed,
To live until this tender heart
On which it lives is dead,
Reminding me of brighter hours,
Of summer eve, and summer flowers.

Louisville Journal.

CHUSAN.

(Concluded from p. 197.)

THE natives of this island do not inter their dead as in the southern provinces; but the corpse is placed upon the ground in a wooden coffin, covered with a lid, easily removed, and highly polished; around which the wild flowers and creepers blossom. In most of the houses entered on the island, these large boxes were the first articles that met the eye. In the tenanted graves which were opened, the body appeared dressed as in life; the pipe and tobacco lay on the breast, and loaves and rice at the unconscious head.

The officer commanding the party visited a large farm-house, which was buried in a grove of palm and citron trees, and surrounded by a garden, wherein the Cape jessamine and other flowers spread around their delicious perfumes. This building was a good specimen of the country dwellings: a large wooden gateway led to a yard or court, surrounded, on two sides, by outhouses, serving as granaries and places to dry fruit; whilst the remaining sides were the apartments of the family, and the Hall of Ancestors, a room used in common by all the members of the household. The front of this hall was prettily trellised over, and rested on pillars, dry-rubbed and carved: the interior was furnished with matted sofas and little tables, whereon were placed tea-cups and pipes.

Lord Jocelyn relates that during a conversation with a captured party, who had taken up a position in a neighbouring temple, armed merely with their implements of agriculture, two little children stole out of one of the houses; and although they were at first terrified by the strangers, his lordship succeeded in tempting one, a very pretty child, to play with a gay cap which he wore on his head. A few quarter-dollars soon made them great friends; and the people, seeing the strangers were not the bloody-minded barbarians they expected, became as troublesome from their curiosity as they had formerly been coy. No part of the dress of the British was left untouched, and their hands were examined, by which the Chinese appeared to judge of their situations in life.

The halting places were, generally, in the temples, and the villages supplied provisions. The Chinese, so far as these joss-houses are concerned, shew very little respect for their religion: they are constantly used as caravanseries; and the mandarins, if their rank is superior to the joss's as a god, place the latter outside the building during their sojourn.

On the third evening was reached a small town buried in a thick wood, the entrance to which was over a curious bridge, formed, like most of those in Tinghai, of three slabs of stone, the centre lying parallel to the water, whilst the one on each side slants upwards from the bank, resting at one end on the land, and at the other dovetailed into

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the centre stone. These are often seen fourteen feet long, by four or five in breadth; how they are placed in the above position seems extraordinary, as no machinery for the purpose has been found.

Having failed to recover the compradore, the party made for the coast, with the principal inhabitants of a village, as prisoners: the men had nearly all been so severally attacked by agues and dysentery, from the malaria of the paddy-grounds, that how to get them back became a matter of consideration. Fortunately, however, next morning a steamer came in with the second plenipotentiary on board, and in this vessel they were next day conveyed to Tinghai. They previously made another day's journey along the coast, in which the men were much distressed from weakness and disease. Lord Jocelyn relates a touching instance of the tenderness of the wearied soldiers in carrying to the coast a wounded Chinaman, a prisoner, who, in attempting to escape, had both his legs shot through by a musket-ball. "Through the long night, still suffering from the effects of the day's heat, which is nowhere in India more terrible than here, without one morsel to eat, they bore the wounded man over the high and craggy rocks, and down their steep sides, for many miles, without a murmur, until past midnight; and this is the power of endurance which raises the British soldier to his proud preeminence among the armies of Europe."

In the passage to Tinghai, the party passed by Poutoo, a small island within musket-shot of Chusan: it proved to be the Mecca of the Chinese religion, to which the worshippers of Budh make frequent pilgrimages, somewhat in the style of the Mussulman Hadji. It has rocky stairs winding along the side of the hills, clothed with citron and other trees; together with temples buried in the rocks and jungle, and a monastery, containing some fifty priests.

The two remaining chapters of Lord Jocelyn's Journal relate to the expedition to the Gulf of Pechelle, with the landing at the mouth of the Peiho; and lastly, the return to Chusan, and the state and prospects of the British in that island. In the former, the squadron fell in with three pirate junks, one having upwards of a hundred men on board, more than half of whom were killed by our well directed volleys; the remainder jumped overboard and made for the shore, which they were never destined to reach in their wounded state; the junk was then burnt and set adrift, but the two others escaped. These junks, and the men-of-war, carry nets along the quarter, which they effectively throw over small boats that may come alongside in a *mêlée*: to our steamers the Chinese have given the name of *fire ships*. In coa ting along Tartary, where the *Chinese Wall* meets the sea, (not at the point generally supposed, but at a large town, apparently a place of great trade,) this vast work is seen scaling the precipice, and topping the craggy hills of the country, which have a most desolate appearance. Some of the party who went in-shore in the steamer within two miles distance, discovered that the opinion hitherto received from Lord Macartney's works, that the wall came down abruptly into the sea, is erroneous, as it traverses a low flat for some miles from the foot of the mountains before entering the town, which stands at the water's edge.

Lord Jocelyn next relates an occurrence which shews the character of some, at least, of the inhabitants of the Chinese seas in the brightest colours. One of the transports, called the *Indian Oak*, that had been sent from Chusan, was unfortunately wrecked on the coast of Great Loo Choo, of which island Captain Basil Hall published so interesting a picture several years since. The kindness of the natives to the wrecked mariners, in the above instance, exceeded all hitherto known. They received them on the beach with open arms, changed their dripping clothes for their own, brought them into their houses and fed them; and even wandered along the coast, endeavouring to pick up articles washed from the vessel, returning them to their right owners, who believed that not a single nail of the vessel that was driven on shore was appropriated by a native without permission. Their greatest anxiety was to send home the remains to Queen Victoria; and at length they decided on building a junk out of her relics to send to England, as they said to her majesty. She came into Chusan in the beginning of October, and seemed rather a pretty vessel, although the sailors had painted upon the stern "the Folly."

On the 24th of October, Lord Jocelyn being, from severe illness, unfit for further duty, started for England; and proceeding southward, arrived at Macao at the end of the month. The British fleet was blockading the river, and the noble author had then an opportunity of seeing the Bogue forts. The Chumpee point, underneath which Captain Smith, in the *Volage*, in November, 1839, had an affair with the Chinese junks, is situated at the entrance of the Tiger's mouth. Here one of our blockading ships at present lies; should subsequent affairs drive us to the necessity of more stringent measures with the Chinese, this *hill*, and the neighbouring island of Whangtong will be the points found necessary for us to operate upon. Chumpee is a lofty hill, on the left bank of the river, with a small fortification on the summit, mounting a number of guns, of which some are thirty-twos. Whangtong lies at some distance further up the river,

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at the entrance of a part called the Woman's Shoe; from its situation, the surrounding batteries might be easily shelled and kept in awe.

"Thus, to all appearance, (adds Lord Jocelyn,) does this Chinese war, if so it may be termed, seem drawing to a close. Their government necessarily feel that they are weak and totally unprepared for resistance; and what they dread more than all, they already see faintly glimmering in the distance—namely, the internal struggle it must bring upon the country."

We cannot conclude without reiterating our opinion of the excellent sense and amiable feeling evinced by the noble author throughout his brief Narrative; for they are alike conspicuous in every page. We have likewise to thank his lordship for thus correcting an Error of the Day, in a note at page 23: "The public in general appear to blame the heads of the Expedition for endeavouring to gain the ends of government by a conciliation instead of a war, which, undertaken against a nation so puerile in that art, would better deserve the name of murder, and would certainly add no laurels to British valour."

NEW FACTS IN THE ECONOMY OF OYSTERS.

M. Kröyer, in a little work published at Copenhagen, giving a full account of the Danish Oyster-banks, has introduced the following newly-observed facts in the natural history of the Oyster, by which previous statements are enlarged:—

"In the Jütland oysters the author found six pearls, two of which were of the size of peas, and the others of small shot; but, generally speaking, they are rare, and of small dimensions. In the oyster-banks of Schleswig the *Ostrea hippopus* occurs along with the *Ostrea edulis*; but, as its taste is inferior, it is of inferior value as an article of trade. Regarding the period of propagation, it resulted from the investigations of the author, that it does not appear to take place simultaneously. He found, in July and August, individuals which, on opening the shell, contained a milky fluid, which exhibited, under the microscope, very minute but perfectly formed young ones, provided with a thin shell; but such oysters were rare, for hardly one was met with in ten. The opinion that oysters, at the period of their propagation, are lean and of a bad watery taste, is fully proved to be erroneous; when newly taken out of the sea, their taste is just as good in summer as in winter; and there is no foundation for the belief that the eating oysters in summer is unhealthy. The statement, that oysters only live in such places as are never uncovered during the greatest ebb of the tide, is limited by the author. In northern districts they cannot endure the cold at low water, and hence they live at a greater depth. But several of the oyster-banks of Schleswig have so low an amount of water that they are bare during a great ebb, or during certain winds. The author has ascertained similar facts on the Norwegian coast. On the west coast of Schleswig, it has often been remarked, that in summer oysters occupy spots which are even frequently laid bare, and that the oysters in these places can thrive a considerable time when the winters are mild; but if a frost take place, they speedily succumb. An examination of the position of the oyster-banks of Jütland and Schleswig does not confirm the idea that oysters flourish more especially at the mouths of rivers. M. Kröyer very correctly remarks, that we are not to regard oyster-banks as elevated portions of the submarine land, or as rocks or sand-banks, &c., to which the oysters are attached by their valves; but merely to understand by them those parts of the bottom of the sea on which oysters occur in large numbers. Where the submarine land consists of rocks and loose stones, the oysters adhere partly to the projecting portions of the rocks and to the separate stones; but many likewise lie loose on the bottom: the latter is, of course, always the case when the bottom consists of loam, sand, or mud, except when several have grown together in irregular heaps of three, four, or five individuals. More than five or six are not united; because, were they to grow together in too large masses, the lowest would be prevented, not only from being developed, but likewise from opening their shells. It is likewise not correct that they always rest on the valve which is turned downwards. The circumstance of a much larger number of young individuals not being met with on the banks of Denmark, the author is inclined to attribute to the numerous enemies of the oysters, of which the worst are the voracious sea-stars. *Cliona celata* of Grant is so far prejudicial to oysters, that its groups penetrate the shells, and pierce holes in them, thus rendering them soft and brittle, so that their inmates are deprived of their protection, and more exposed to their enemies. Such pierced oysters are also not willingly taken by dealers, as they are easily broken in the packing. The author discusses the circumstances that are favourable and unfavourable to the prosperity of oysters, and states, as the place best adapted for their development, a flat, firm bottom, at a depth of from five to fifteen fathoms, where the current is not violent. Too strong a current carries away the young brood: a flat bottom, and an inconsiderable depth, facilitate the fishing."

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New Books.

Memoirs of the Colman Family. By Richard Brinsley Peake.

[Few of the many volumes of dramatic biography that have, of late years, issued from the chests and coffers of publishers, and the vain glory of the press, have been so sterling in their contents as the work before us. The Colmans, every play-reader or playgoer knows, have contributed largely to our stock drama; and they have been liberally remunerated. Their plays, it must be owned, were, in some respects, written "for the nonce;" they abound in fulsome compliments to English feeling, such as the "Twelvepenny Colony" were more prone to seize upon formerly than in the present day: the cause of this distinction we will not stay to debate; but certain it is that the Colmans contributed more to the amusement, and we hope, improvement, of the public than any other caterers of the same class; and they deserve the shrine of two octavo volumes, such as those before us. These are stated to include the Colmans' "Correspondence with the most distinguished Personages of their Time," which would lead a foreign reader to expect that the drama received higher encouragement formerly than at the present time. Of course, these volumes are very amusing; for, playwrights and actors are the pleasantest associates in existence; and an evening in "the wings" or the green-room is still among the greatest treats of the town. We have, therefore, anything but difficulty in detaching a page or two of entertainment from the work before us.]

Foote's Envy.

"Foote could not bear to see anybody or anything succeed in the Haymarket but himself and his own writings, and forgot that a failure of the new scheme might possibly endanger the regular payment of his annuity. His pique broke out sometimes in downright rudeness. One morning he came hopping upon the stage during the rehearsal of the Spanish Barber, then about to be produced; the performers were busy in that scene of the piece when one servant is under the influence of a sleeping draught, and another of a sneezing powder. 'Well,' said Foote drily to my father, 'How do you go on?' 'Pretty well,' was the answer, 'but I cannot teach one of these fellows to gape as he ought to do.' 'Can't you?' replied Foote, 'then read him your last Comedy of the "Man of Business," and he'll yawn for a month.' On another occasion he was not less coarse, though more laughable, to an actor, than he had been to the manager. This happened when Digges, of much celebrity out of London, and who had come to town from Edinburgh, covered with Scottish laurels, made his first appearance in the Haymarket. He had studied the antiquated style of acting, in short he was a fine bit of old stage-buckram, and Cato was therefore selected for his first essay. He 'discharged the character' in the same costume as it is to be supposed was adopted by Booth, when the play was originally acted, that is, in a shape, as it was technically termed, of the stiffest order, decorated with gilt leather upon a black ground, with black stockings, black gloves, and a powdered periwig.*

"Foote had planted himself in the pit, when Digges stalked on before the public thus formidably accoutred. The malicious wag waited till the customary round of applause had subsided, and then ejaculated, in a pretended under-tone, loud enough to be heard by all around him, 'A Roman chimney-sweeper on May-day!' The laughter which this produced in the pit was enough to knock up a *débutant*, and it startled the old stager personating the stoic of Utica: the sarcasm was irresistibly funny, but Foote deserved to be kicked out of the house for his cruelty, and his insolence in mingling with the audience, for the purpose of disconcerting a brother actor."

Colman the Younger, and Jekyll.—Dr. Johnson's Funeral.

"Among the residents in the same staircase. I had the good fortune to find one with whom it was a great pleasure to me, and no less advantage, to cultivate a neighbourly intercourse, which everybody will readily conceive, when I mention the name of Jekyll. He made me a welcoming and a welcome visit on my arrival at my new abode; and glancing over the articles of my establishment, observed a piece of frivolity I had brought with me, which must have appeared to him, as he was then practising at the bar, a great interruption to the study of Coke upon Littleton. This was a round cage with a squirrel in it. He looked for a minute or two at the little animal which was performing the same operation as a man in the tread-mill, or a donkey in the wheel, and then quietly said, 'Ah! poor devil! he is going the home circuit!' if locality can

* Davies, in his Dramatic Miscellanies, 1784, says, "The heads of the English actors were, for a long time, covered with large full bottomed periwigs. Until within these last twenty-five years, our Tamerlanes and Catos had as much hair on their heads as our Judges on the Bench. Booth was a classical scholar, and well acquainted with the polite arts; he was conversant with the remains of antiquity, with busts and coins, nor could he approve such a violation of propriety, but his indolence got the better of his good taste, and he became a conformist to a custom which he despised. I have been told, that he and Wilks bestowed forty guineas each on the exorbitant thatching of their heads."

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make a good thing better, this technical joke was particularly happy from being uttered in the Temple.

"I commenced my second drama on the morning of the 20th of December, 1784, a remarkable day in the annals of modern learning; for I had not written half an hour when I was interrupted by the intelligence that the funeral procession of the great Doctor Johnson was on its way from his late residence in Bolt Court, down Fleet-street, to Westminster Abbey.

"I threw down the pen, and ran forth from my two pair of stairs chambers in the Temple to gaze at the mournful train attendant upon the corpse of this literary Leviathan; but was disappointed in my expectations of its grandeur. Garrick's sepulchral pomp which I had witnessed five years previously, when I was soon to leave Westminster School, had been much more splendid and imposing.

"The only principal mourners on the present occasion were, I believe, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great Edmund Burke, Sir John Hawkins, my father, and the deceased Doctor's black man.* Among others who attended were Doctor Horsley, General Paoli, Hoole the translator of Metastasio, with several holders-up of conspicuous authors' tails, I mean commentators and printers, such as Stevens, Malone, Nichols, and others. But, however inferior to Garrick's funeral solemnities, I deemed Johnson's obsequies fully sufficient, for I was then so bigoted to theatricals that I looked upon the stage as the only field in which the lasting leaves of bay were to be gathered; and I contemplated the mighty Johnson only as a minor dramatist, whose tragedy of Irene had not been so popular as the musical comedy of Two to One!"

Braham's First Appearance.

On April 21, 1787, Braham appeared at Covent Garden Theatre for the first time on any stage, for the benefit of Leoni. "At the end of the opera," observes a critic of the day, "Master Braham, a pupil of Leoni, sung 'The Soldier Tired,' with excellent taste and judgment. His voice is clear and harmonious, free and unembarrassed in his person, with an open countenance. There cannot be a doubt of his becoming a great favourite of the public." Upon this trial, Palmer engaged Braham for the Royalty Theatre.

It is worthy of remark, that in the same week Signora Storace made her first appearance at the Italian Opera, in Paesiello's Opera "Gli Schiavi per Amore." She was the daughter of Storace, the predecessor of Gariboldi on the bass, and her mother was the sister of Dr. Trusler. She had every foreign advantage, and among the best, the school of Allegranti. Her lower notes were the best. Though not beautiful, she was interesting. She had then the *embonpoint charmante* of twenty-two.

It is an odd circumstance, considering the long subsequent connexion between Mr. Braham and Madame Storace, that they should have made their *débuts* before the London public within three days of each other.

Size of Theatres.

The principal London Theatres are too large for all the purposes they should accomplish; too large for the perfect convenience of vision, and for an easy modulation of speech; too large to

"Hold the mirror up to nature."

so as to give a full and just reflection of her delicate features and proportions; and theatrical propietors seem to be of this opinion, by giving of late more into spectacle, melo-drama, and opera, which may be better seen and heard at a distance, than those representations which have been quaintly termed the Legitimate Drama. The proprietors may possibly plead, that there is a dearth of legitimate dramatists, and it may be so; it has been averred to be the case in all ages; but few regular shoemakers are inclined to take the trouble of making shoes, when they find so much encouragement given to them for cobbling. Between managers and the town, who leads or who drives is a problem of difficult solution; do they not by turns lead and drive each other?

Colman's Jokes.

Colman and Bannister were dining one day with Lord Erskine, the ex-Chancellor, who, in the course of conversation on rural affairs, boasted that he kept on his pasture land nearly a thousand sheep. "I perceive, then," said Colman, "your Lordship has still an eye to the Wool-sack."

An old lady named Wall had been an actress in a subordinate situation many seasons in the Haymarket theatre, for whom Colman from early associations appears to have had a kind consideration. We must all pay the debt of nature, and in due time the old lady died. Somebody from the theatre went to break the intelligence to Colman; who, on hearing it, inquired "whether there had been any bills stuck up?" The messenger replied in the negative, and ventured to ask Mr. Colman, why he had put that question? Colman answered, "They generally paste bills on a *Dead Wall*: don't they?"

Colman, himself no giant, was singularly fond of quipping persons of short stature. Liston, and pretty *little* Mrs. Liston, were dining with him, and towards evening, when

* Francis Barber, his old and faithful servant.

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preparing to leave their host, Liston said, "Come, Mrs. L., let us be going." "Mrs. L. (*'ELL,'*) indeed," exclaimed Colman, "Mrs. *Inch*, you mean."

One day, speaking of authorship as a profession, Colman said, "It is a very good walking stick, but very bad crutches."

A Mr. Faulkener had been engaged at the Haymarket from a provincial theatre, and appeared in a comedy without producing any great sensation: in fact, Colman was disappointed with his new actor, who had to deliver the following line, which he spoke in a nasal tone,

"Ah! where is my honour, now?"

Colman, who was behind the scenes, took a hasty pinch of snuff, and muttered "I wish *your honour* was back at Newcastle again with all my heart."

Another aspirant for Thespian honours made his debût at the Haymarket theatre, in the character of Octavian, in the Mountaineers. It was discovered very early in the performance that he had undertaken a task for which he was unqualified. Colman was in the green-room, and growing fidgety, when the new performer came to the line,

"I shall weep soon, and then I shall be better."

"I'll be hung if you will," said Colman, "if you cry your eyes out!"

The Gatherer.

Dietetics.—Mossop, the tragedian, adapted his diet to his duties: if at night he had to play the part of a tyrant, he dined upon pork, nearly raw; while the character of a lover required the milder repast of boiled tripe or a knuckle of veal.

Hardham's 37.—John Hardham was Garrick's under-treasurer, and kept a snuff shop in Fleet-street, at the sign of the Red Lion, where he contrived to get into high vogue a particular *poudre de tabac*, still known as "Hardham's 37." Stevens, while daily visiting Johnson in Bolt-court, on the subject of their joint editorship of England's Dramatic Bard, never failed to replenish his box at the shop of a man who was for years the butt of his witticisms. Hardham died a bachelor, September 20, 1772, and bequeathed 6000*l.*, the savings of a busy life, for the benefit of the poor of his native city, Chester.

The splendid Library at Frogmore, the property of the late Princess Augusta, has been purchased by the King of Hanover. It was originally the property of Queen Charlotte, and consists of upwards of 5000 volumes of choice standard works.

Poverty.—In France, like Ireland, poverty seems no bar to happiness.—*Lady Chatterton.*

In a shop-window in Paris: "Here they spike English."

Oddities.—The French paint Victor Hugo and Tamburini's faces upon their pen-wipers; which is about as absurd as the portraits on our pocket-handkerchiefs.

Rare Bird.—On the 14th ultimo a remarkably fine specimen of the black-throated diver, a bird which is rarely seen in England, was shot in the river Severn, near Tewkesbury. From the circumstance of this being a male bird, and a female of the same species having, a few days before, been shot near Worcester, it may be presumed that a pair of them took their flight together from the more northern regions of the globe.—*Gloucestershire Chronicle.*

Fossil.—At the Marquess of Northampton's *soirée*, on the 13th ult., Dr. Mantell exhibited the perfect shell of a marine turtle, about seven inches in length, and four in breadth, imbedded in a block of pure white chalk; and from the dark chocolate colour of the fossil, the contrast with the matrix was very striking, and displayed the characters of the fossil to great advantage. So cleverly has it been taken from the block, that the upper part of the shell admits of removal, and the bones of the sternum and abdomen are thus exposed. This specimen was discovered by Dr. Benstead, of Maidstone, in the chalk near that town.—*Times, abridged.*

Electro-magnetism.—The Germanic Diet has voted a reward of 100,000 florins, (250,000 fr.) to the inventor of the electro-magnetic machine, to supersede the steam-engine.

The Temple of Apollo, at Delphi, even when we calculate value as of the present time, was enormously rich. King Crœsus presented 117 blocks of gold, in thickness the breadth of a hand, six times as long, and thrice as broad, each of which weighed two talents; a golden lion of ten talents; a large golden tripod upon which the Pythian sat, with the golden statue of Apollo. Beyond this there were cups of gold, each eight talents in weight; and one of silver, containing 600 amphoræ, in which the wine was mixed at the feast of the Theophaniæ, &c. In spite of the various plunderings, in the time of Pliny more than 3000 statues remained. But all is now robbed, destroyed—it has disappeared, and on the holy territory of Apollo, is a small, poor village of frail tenements.—*Fiedler's Greece: Foreign Quarterly Review.*

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The Mirror

OF

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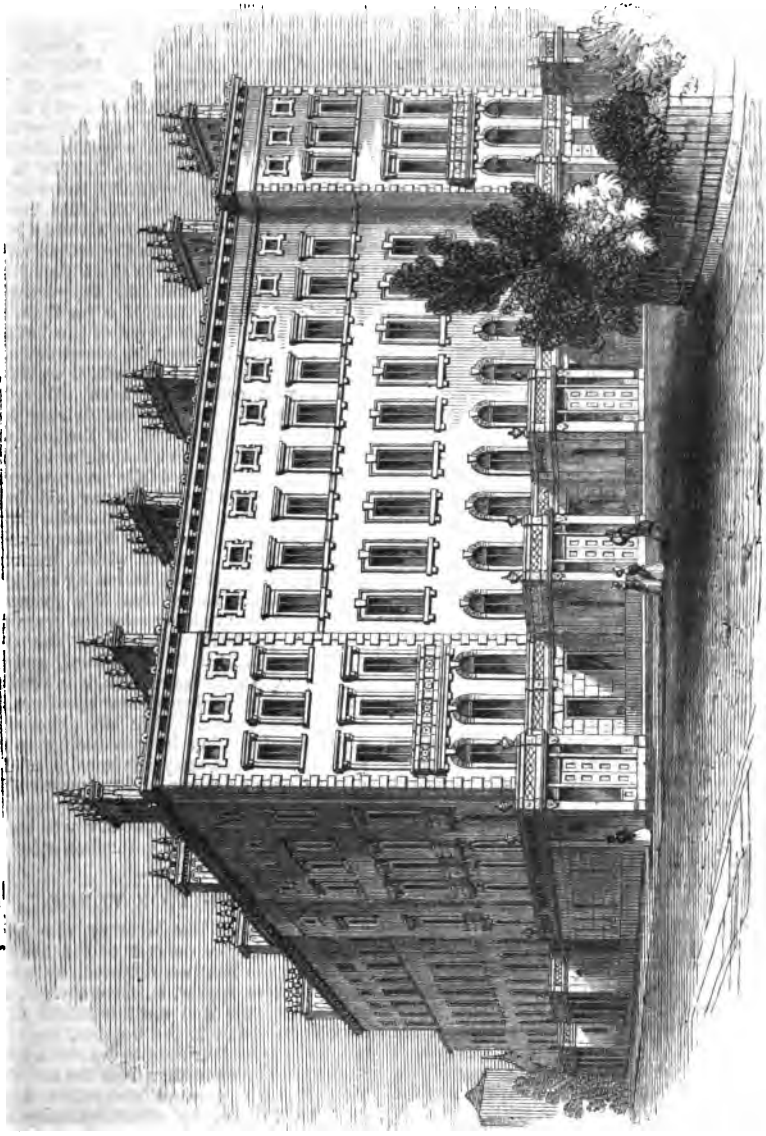

LOWNDES SQUARE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

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LOWNDES SQUARE,

KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

If disposed to indulge in a reverie on the theory of taste, and the association of the arts with the age itself, we should say that English Queens have brought with them a revival of style in architecture, as well as of luxuriant and tasteful splendour. The Elizabethan epoch, notwithstanding the severity of criticism on its abuse, must be allowed to have stamped our "proper homes" with a character, of form, style, and decoration, which still, after many generations, possesses elaborate richness and beauty; and this is alike attested by our ancient country and town mansions of other days, and the numerous *renaissances* which spring up in our own days, in the embellishment of "still vast increasing London." Of this march of taste, the annexed Engraving presents a superb exemplar; although it bears more strongly the Continental features than may accord with the style, in every-day parlance, termed "Elizabethan." The illustration shews a pile of building forming the south end of Lowndes Square, Knightsbridge, close to Hyde Park, and in the fashionable locality of Belgrave Square. It may be more conveniently characterized as an Italian composition of *seven houses, so arranged as to appear but one building*: the entrances requisite for different occupation alone marking the distinction. The idea has been to give to the whole pile the character of an Italian palace; in which design, the architect, Mr. Lewis Cubitt, has admirably succeeded.

The elevation consists of three divisions, viz., 1. The basement story and ground floor. 2. The first and second pairs. 3. The third and fourth pairs. The basement story of servants' offices is retired behind a strong *grille* of iron-work, ranging with the porches, and of new design and arrangement: the ground floor is rusticated entirely, or in quoins, and the windows are deeply recessed. The first floor has rusticated quoins and arches, and other window-dressings. The upper stories have a different style of window-dressing on each range. It should also be observed that every window above the ground floor is of the kind technically termed "French:" thus helping to carry out a freshness and luxuriant style, particularly where balconies are placed.

In our inspection of the interior of the corner house, we found throughout the apartments a richness of decoration, which even the embellished exterior had not led us to look for. The ceilings of the ground and first floor are richly wrought, for elaborate colouring and gilding; and the windows are wholly, or in part, filled with brilliant stained glass. The principal staircase possesses many novelties, and is in good keeping. One of Rossi's compositions gives life to the wall; and ranges of arcades, story above story, admit light and air from a horizontal glazed roof to the passages or corridors of sixteen bed-rooms, closets, &c.

On returning to the exterior of this palatial pile, we were much struck with the attention paid to the chimney-shafts, by string-courses, projections, covers, and shields, so as to remove the general complaint of the unsightly London chimney-tops and flues: Vanbrugh, Jones, and Thorpe, in the olden times, knew how to make chimneys ("the windpipes of hospitality") agreeable objects; and why should not the architects of our day follow these great architects in this useful embellishment? The next effective feature is the bold Tuscan cornice crowning the whole of the walls: the projecting balconies remind us of the houses flanking the Grand Canale at Venice; and at the south-eastern termination is an archway from the Palais Spada of Rome, with a terminal supported by scrolls, bearing a wreath of corn, fruit, and flowers. The entire height of the building is great; and, for the vast accommodation requisite in houses of this class, we do not see how it could have been otherwise: whilst its loftiness does not detract from the Italian character, but, on the contrary, tends to establish and maintain it. The ground plan of the whole pile presents nearly a right angle; the Lowndes Square side being about 133 feet, and that in Lowndes Street, about 131 feet. The depth of the principal houses, five in number, which front the square, is 100 feet each, including stables.

We are not aware that this group of houses has received any attention from criticism, beyond slight notices in the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*, and the *Athenæum*. In the latter work, it is referred to as "among our handsomest specimens of recent architecture." We have, therefore, especial satisfaction in introducing to the public more distinctly the merits of Mr. Lewis Cubitt's designs, and in commending the taste and judgment he has displayed in working out a style which few will touch, although most persons enthusiastically admire.

THE LIGHT OF VENUS.

Venus, although like Mercury, she never appears but in that quarter of the heavens which the sun has just deserted, or where he is about to appear, is, nevertheless, one of the brightest and most beautiful of all the objects visible in the heavens, ranking, indeed, in splendour next to the moon itself. She recedes much further from the sun than Mercury, her greatest elongation being from 45° to 47°; by which quantity she sometimes precedes and sometimes follows

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him, being from three to four hours visible in the morning before him, or in the evening after him. The star which thus appeared at one time before the sun in the east, and at another time after him in the west, the ancients imagined to be, not one star, but two stars; they called it, when a morning star, *Lucifer*, or Phosphorus, the star that brings with it the daylight:

"Phosphore redde diem"—*Martial*:

and the evening star they called *Hesperus*.

The brightness of Venus, as seen from the earth, depends upon two causes: first, upon the shortness of her distance from the earth; and, secondly, upon the greater or less magnitude of that portion of her enlightened hemisphere which is turned towards it. These two causes conspire to render her brightness the greatest twice in each synodic revolution; when her elongation is about 40°. She may then be seen in broad daylight. The appearance of Venus through the telescope is exceedingly beautiful: when brightest, she presents at one time to the eye a small, but beautifully defined and bright crescent; at another, she is a half-moon in miniature; and then she becomes gibbous, until, when about to present the appearance of a full orb and a completed disc, she is lost in the sun's rays. Her disc is, for the most part, of unsullied whiteness: spots have, nevertheless, occasionally been seen; and, from what is believed to be a motion of these, she is asserted to turn round an axis inclined at an angle of 18° to the plane of her orbit, in a period of $23^h\ 21'\ 7''$. Moreover, it is asserted that certain appearances have been observed about the horns of this planet, indicating the existence of mountains of very great height, four times as high as the mountains on the earth's surface.

It is a very probable hypothesis, that the spots which are seen occasionally to float, as it were, in the dazzling brightness of this planet's disc, are, in reality, clouds, buoyed up in a dense atmosphere surrounding the planet, as our atmosphere does our earth; and that, in reality, the light by which we see this planet is not reflected by its solid mass, but by its atmosphere; so that, when we look at it, we see not the planet, but only the air that surrounds it, and in which float clouds serving to break the intense glare of its sunshine.

In favourable circumstances, Venus may be observed to cast a pretty strong shadow. It must be thrown upon a white ground. An opened window in a whitewashed room is the best exposure; in which situation, Sir John Herschel has observed not only the shadow, but the diffracted fringes edging its outline.

The diameter of Venus is nearly equal to that of our earth, and in volume she is only one-ninth less than it. Her mean distance from the sun is about five-sevenths that of our earth; and she receives twice as much light and heat as our earth from him.

Venus is very favourably situated for observation this year, being remarkably splendid in the west in the evening.

FLOWERS IN GREECE.

Bacchus was held by the Grecians as the god of flowers as well as of trees and the vine: he dwelt sometimes in Phyllis, the land of flowers, sometimes on the rose-decked Pangæon, occasionally in the rose-gardens of Macedonia and Thrace; and was called, therefore, Anthios, the flowery. Before he had flowers, ivy circled his head. Venus crowned him when he returned from India. He took the chaplet that Ariadne in Naxos had woven from the Theseïon; and walking beneath the sky at night, threw it up to the stars, where it yet shines forth.

The gods first made use of flowers in the form of a coronet; and Zeus himself was crowned by the other deities, after the war with the Titans. At first, therefore, flowers and chaplets were the exclusive decorations of the sacred statues, priests, sacrificers, and sacrificed; they even served as an offering.

In later times, heroes and meritorious persons were crowned, independently of the service of the altar: the victors in their names received coronets of flowers, and these sweet decorations soon formed a part of the jovial and intellectual feasts of antiquity.

Lovers hung their chaplets at the doors of the chosen ones; crowned with flowers, the plighted pair stood before the altar; crowns of flowers decorated the portals of the newly-married couple; crowned with flowers, the soldier advanced to battle; crowned with flowers, the conquerors returned.

Most of these customs remain to Europeans in the present day: our churches are adorned with flowers and coronals. Flowers are the first offerings of love; flowers give life to the wedding, the birthday, and the feast; flowers are the last gifts that are strewed upon our graves.—*Dr. Fiedler's Journey through Greece.**

THE DESERTERS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

IN THREE PARTS—PART THE SECOND.

It was late at night: the two old soldiers were alone.

* Foreign Quarterly Review, No. LII.

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"How much money have you got?" said Adolph.

"Not ten groschen. What have you?"

"Not a *dreier*."

"*Der teufel!* what is that shining on the ground?"

"A purse!"

"Let us see."

They stooped and picked up what, true enough, was a purse, partly open, with several thalers—a handful of small change fallen a little out. On examination, it proved that the other end of the purse was more carefully tied, and there were found ten Louis d'ors in gold. The two men stood confounded. There is always something dazzling and like enchantment in *finding* anything. In beholding, amid the grass, glittering gold and silver pieces, as if they had grown there; but to these poor men, at this moment when, in the minds of both, an idea had started up of escape to the homes where their presence was so necessary, and which could only be carried into execution with money, which they were without—for these men to behold, in the star-beams, the shining of enough money, not only to put their escape immediately within their reach, but to supply the wants of their families into the bargain, and make them comparatively happy, this was indeed like magic. It seemed sent from heaven itself; it said, as plainly as anything could say, "Go! home with you, to your poor families! It is the will of Providence!"

"In the first place," said Adolph, "let us divide."

They sat down beneath the shadow of a tree and made an exact partition. There were just seven Louis d'ors and a half for each.

"I would not," said Karl, "if I thought we could ever find the owner."

"Nor I," said Adolph; "I am no thief."

"But," rejoined Karl, "to-morrow comes the battle. We shall all be blown into the air—the owner of this purse as well as you and I. Little imports it who has the cash. If we are killed—so. It will be—as it was where we found it—at the hazard of chance again. If we are not killed—why, probably, he who lost it will be. So where's the harm?"

"Karl!" cried Adolph—"suppose one of us should be killed and the other not?"

"Then let us swear that the survivor shall take his friend's share to the orphans."

"I swear it!"

"And I!"

"But suppose neither survives."

"Ah hah! that's different."

"Our children."

Karl paused.

"Why, they will starve—break their hearts—worse."

"There is not any one here that we would trust to deliver these pieces, I suppose."

"No, certainly not!"

"Karl!" said Adolph, looking cautiously round.

"What!" whispered Karl in the same tone.

"To-morrow the Prussian army will not exist."

"I know that perfectly," said Karl.

"You and I have smelled too much powder to be afraid of that," continued Adolph; "but why should we tie ourselves to the wheels of a madman who is driving off a precipice!"

"Yes. Why, indeed!" said Karl.

"If we lie quietly beneath one of those old windmills yonder till this time to-morrow we shall commit no crime, and be free to go where we please."

"Ah, my poor children!"

"This letter!"

"Give me your hand."

"There, my boy!"

"All is quiet."

"Good—"

"We'll do it, then!"

"Farewell, Torgau!"

"Adieu, old Fritz!"

And the two veterans, with beating hearts and stealthy pace, crept away along the shadows, stole past one group after another, glided unseen by more than one sentinel, and at length, fairly disentangled from the mass of armed soldiers, and just escaped to the solitary open plain, they breathed freely, quickened their pace from walking to running, and were just about to fall into each other's arms in a spirit of triumph and mutual congratulation, when a voice suddenly and in a sharp stern tone cried:

"*Halt! Wer da?* Who goes there?"

The tone of command was irresistible. Both the fugitives stopped, and the blood in their veins grew cold. But they did not reply.

"Who goes there?" demanded the voice again.

Karl and Adolph cocked their muskets.

"Let us pass quietly," said Karl, "and we harm you not; stop us, and we fire."

"Ah ha!" exclaimed the stranger, stepping close up to the muzzles. "Deserters! down with your arms this moment!"

A double blow of the sword struck down the points of their weapons, which indeed would have fallen of themselves, when, in the *kanonen-stiefeln*, or high boots, in the blue and red coat, large cocked hat and queue, they recognised THE KING!

"Who are you?" cried Frederick, his piercing blue eyes darting the fire of fury and contempt.

"Wretches, sire!"

"What! at this time? On the eve of battle, when the country requires every hand, every drop of blood, to steal off, like

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thieves and robbers, in the night, leaving your brave companions to die? Cowards! down with your muskets!"

The two conscience-stricken deserters looked at each other, and obeyed.

"Follow me!"

They did so.

The monarch strided rapidly on till he came to the advanced guard. He then delivered them into custody, and proceeded on the spot to question them himself.

"What are your names?"

"Karl Schultz."

"And yours?"

"Adolph Arnot."

"You belong to the regiment of General Moellendorf?"

"Yes, sire."

"You were in the act of deserting when I met you?"

"We were, sire."

"You confess?"

"We do, sire."

The aide-de-camp, who had followed at a distance unperceived, had now approached, and at the same moment a patrol of three men, with an officer at their head, appeared.

"Colonel Kaunitz," said the king to his aide, "these two rascals, whom I caught in the act of desertion, confess their guilt. They can expect, they can ask for, no mercy. Conduct them with the patrol to the first guard, and communicate to the commanding officer my order that they be shot within half an hour."

The aide bowed; the men were marched off. The monarch saw the melancholy party drawn up promptly in military array, and the heavy quick tramp of their feet grew more indistinct in the distance, before he took his flashing eyes off the forms of the two poor fellows thus suddenly thrust upon the tremendous brink of eternity, and who, although to our ideas worthy of commiseration, appeared to the judgment of this consummate general and severe disciplinarian guilty of the most dangerous and basest crime within reach of the soldier.

Colonel Kaunitz presently returned.

"Sire, the two poor fellows have been prepared, and the execution will take place immediately; but—"

"But?"

"Colonel Moellendorf has desired me to present to your majesty these two letters found upon them, thinking, perhaps, that—"

"Go on, sir."

"That possibly your majesty might like to read them."

"What are they?"

The officer read them both aloud.

"Pray what may be the intention of the Colonel Moellendorf in presenting to me these two letters?" demanded the king.

"Sire!"

"The fellows are guilty."

"Yes, sire, they confess their guilt. Of that there is no doubt."

"And at this time—to-morrow to decide the fate of my kingdom—and——"

"The character of these poor fellows, Colonel Moellendorf requested me to say, is so excellent; they have fought so long and so bravely in your majesty's service; they are so universally beloved in the regiment; they have always been at the head of every onset. Two stouter hearts and stronger arms do not exist in the army."

"The Colonel Moellendorf would not, I presume, offer me the absurd counsel to *pardon* these culprits?"

"He desired me to represent to your majesty that a feeling of—of—"

"Go on, sir."

"A coldness appears to have fallen upon the men, which it would be politic, if possible, not to increase."

"Mon Dieu, Monsieur le Colonel! What is it he wishes?"

"He authorized me to use his name in communicating to your majesty the fact that there is generally among the inferior officers, as well as among the men, a sentiment unfavourable to risking an action to-morrow, in the present relative state of our forces. At least if your majesty should, in your majesty's wiser judgment, to which we have always and ever will defer, he thinks it would have a good effect to"—

"Pardon these men!"

"Even so, sire."

"I will not do so, Monsieur le Colonel. I will *not do it*. I am *quite* determined. It would be the way to turn my men into boys and women. If a soldier deserts, *he must die!*"

The aide remained silent, and as his monarch walked with him rapidly on, they had arrived, before they were aware of it, upon the scene of action. A file of twenty men had been drawn up, and stood, dark, silent, and stern, opposite an open space, in which, their coats off, their hands bound, the two victims were already kneeling, in readiness to receive the fatal discharge. The troops were drawn up around on either side; a dead silence reigned, undisturbed but by the occasional clanking of a sword or a musket as a soldier stirred. A light sufficiently clear to render all visible was thrown over the scene by torches, held at intervals by hard, unmoving hands, beside which might be seen, in a stronger glare, the sad and sometimes fierce countenances of those who held them.

DEW-DROPS.

CHILDREN of the radiant morning,
Hill and heath and bank adorning,
Ere the sun's first beams arise,
Greeting mortals from the skies;
Linger yet, and tell to me
Whence ye come, and what ye be?

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Are ye bright and costly gems,
Such as gleam in diadems,
Dropp'd a moment in our way,
But a moment doom'd to stay?
Nay, ye are not earthly, sure!
Earth has nought so bright and pure.

Are ye yet more precious stones,
Fall'n from unseen fairy zones,
And, upon the first hot ray,
Back to fairies borne away?
Nay, ye vanish at the touch,
Stones and diamonds are not such!

Are ye drops that angels pour
In the golden-chaliced flower,
For the passing sprite to sip,
Flitting by with thirsty lip;
As upon the earth was spread
Manna, that was angels' bread?

Nay, ye are a fairer prize,
Tears from pitying angels' eyes,
As from heaven's blue vault they scan
All the toils and woes of man;
Sin and sorrow, each in turn,
Well for these may angels mourn!

And ye linger many a morning,
For a brief but solemn warning;
Then, neglected and despised
Favours that should most be prized,
Hasten to the fount of love,
Fit alone to shine above!

E. M.

MR. PERCIVAL JENKS AND HIS BLIGHTED ATTACHMENT.

(*Concluded from page* 215.)

LOVERS are an extraordinary set of people. When they are absent from the adored object, they think of nothing else: they indulge in long imaginary conversations, and receive all sorts of delightful ideal replies in return; and yet the minute they come into contact, (provided of course that they are not regularly engaged, which diminishes a great deal of their romance,) they stand sidling about, as silent as a back street on a wet Sunday, hazarding a few very commonplace remarks; and directly they have parted, loading themselves with self-reproaches for what they might have said. Thus it proved with Mr. Percival Jenks. The instant that he found himself near the idol of his affections—so near that the silver-bound flounce of her white muslin dress touched his long red stockings—he appeared deprived of utterance, and remained in one fixed position, gazing very devotedly at the green wreath. And he was slightly annoyed at one circumstance: the lady, on her side, took no notice of him; although he was sure she must often have observed him applaud her amongst the ten or twelve hundred other auditors. She never even turned her eyes towards him, but appeared to be directing all her attention to the performance of certain positions and attitudes, with no other object that he could perceive than the amusement of a tipsy scene-shifter, who was half asleep inside the Sonnambula mill-wheel. He thought upon a dozen various methods to commence a dialogue with her, and abandoned them all in turn; some being too reserved, others too familiar, and the rest incapable of producing the impression he wished to make at first starting. At last, he thought he would place himself directly opposite to her, and smile very blandly.

"Now, sir! I'll trouble you to move," said another scene-shifter, who was carrying a side-scene for the next act, which looked to Percival like a large clothes-horse covered with dirty canvas, and to the audience like the massy stone buttress of a prison.

This was very annoying, for Mr. Jenks had that instant attracted the attention of the *danseuse*—at least, he thought he had. Before he could recover his position, the whole troop of young ladies went chattering and laughing up a steep flight of stairs to their dressing-rooms, because the peasant girls of one scene had to go on as water-nymphs in another, and a consequent change of apparel was requisite. Like the brave old oak, Percival found himself "left in his pride alone," and he retreated, in melancholy and disappointed humour, to join his friend, and receive instructions as to what he was to do next when the act began.

In a short time, the curtain once more rose upon the wonders of the ballet, and the nymphs of the Danube again appeared upon the stage. Percival could still distinguish the form of his beloved one amidst the throng of dancers; and when the gentleman in white tights ran about amongst the water-sprites as if in search of somebody, first catching hold of one and then of the other, and occasionally seizing Percival's adored one, he thought what a happy person the gentleman in such a case must be. All this time he was inventing a fine speech to make to the young lady when he had an opportunity of once more addressing her; and at last he composed one which he thought the *beau ideal* of gallantry. But, throughout the performance he never could contrive to get near her. When he was off the stage, the loved object was, in company with the other attendant sprites, delighting the audience close up to the front lamps; and yet, whenever he was on the scene, bowing to the Baron, he could see the fair one spinning and bounding about in the side-scenes, like a top that had taken too much. Now she was playfully endeavouring to place her sandal on the top of a scene-shifter's head; now she was jumping over the rain, or seeing how high she could touch the thunder; and now—could it really be, that she was drinking something out of a pint pot! No! impossible; she was merely practising how she should hold the silver goblet in a future scene. At least, this was the object of the performance that Percival, in the kindness

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of affection, ascribed to her. Whether he was right or not we will not pretend to say.

At last, the ballet concluded, and everybody that had been concerned in it retired to divest themselves of their gaudy apparel, and once more descend to the costume of common mortals. In company with the others, Percival retreated to the dressing-room, and hurriedly proceeded to skin off—for they were very tight—his garments of nobility, in the hope that he might gain the stage-door before the lady of his heart left. But again his evil genius was against him. The *danseuse* had promised to execute a *pas seul* that evening for the benefit of a friend at a musical tavern in the neighbourhood, where there was a sixpenny concert every night, and accordingly had left the theatre in a patent cab the instant the curtain fell. Ignorant of this, Mr. Jenks waited everybody out of the house, until the watchman himself came to close the door; then he tore himself away, having first made an appointment with his new friend to attend the rehearsal the next morning, when, if he got through his duties tolerably well, an indistinct hint was held out of twelve shillings a week salary, to be paid by instalments, when he could get them.

Our ideas of external objects, good or bad, are intimately connected with the frame of mind we chance to be in when we notice them. Percival was in a very ill-humour, and he allowed it to throw a gloomy mantle over everything that came in his way. What business had the people with ham sandwiches and boiled feet to bother him with their importunities to purchase! The very baked-potato men followed him with their rubbish, and the cabmen appeared more than ever obtrusively inquisitive, interrupting his chain of thoughts every minute with their hails. When he got home, he found fault with the keyhole of the street-door: next he quarrelled with every bolt in succession, as he fastened it after him, finishing by bestowing a look of profound contempt upon the chain; and when he reached his bed-room he was so displeased with the window-blinds, bed-furniture, looking-glass, and snuffers, that it is a wonder how he had contrived to live there so long under such an accumulation of domestic grievances. Perhaps the looking-glass was most deserving of his ire. It was a swing one, and, like all its species, persisted obstinately in tumbling forwards the instant you went to look in it. Once it could be fixed by turning round the knobs at the side, but that was at a period long passed away; and now the only plan to ensure its services was to wedge it immoveably with the handle of the hair-brush against one of its pillars. Having accomplished this, Mr. Jenks proceeded to divest himself of the rouge that still adorned his cheeks; and then getting into bed, fairly moped himself to sleep, when he dreamed that all his fairest wishes were accomplished—a melancholy delusion that haunts our slumbers whenever the really desired object is most remote from being fulfilled, as if the painful reality of waking to gloom and sorrow was meant to prove how little worth are the wanderings of fancy and imagination against the hard truths which life is constantly teaching us.

His excuse for absence from his "house in the city" the next morning was easily anticipated. And a glorious one it was—one that has put off more parties than any other, where the expense began to frighten the givers; one that has declined more invitations than any other, where the society was not too much admired; one that has thrown up unwelcome visits, broken unpleasant appointments, shirked long-winded intruders; in fact, one that has served everybody at all times—the universal, escapeless, convenient influenza. This amiable malady answered every purpose Mr. Jenks desired. His employer, who expected some people for money, was laid up with the same complaint, and therefore he could not grumble at his clerk for having it. Besides, he had been at a party the night before, where the hostess had met with fifty refusals that morning. It is true, that the children in the house had been ill with the scarlet fever since the invitations first went out and were accepted, but this could not have been the reason. It certainly was very generally prevalent indeed. Accordingly, Percival took unto himself a holiday; and, punctual to his agreement, met his theatrical friend as he had appointed, when they both went together to the rehearsal.

If there is a truly forlorn and deplorable spectacle in the world, next to a bachelor's room the morning after a convivial party, it is the interior of a theatre by daylight; when the cold light streams in from numerous small windows and apertures over the galleries and chandeliers, revealing the tawdry decorations of the house in all their poverty. And very cheerless indeed did the playhouse look when Percival entered, the whole of its vast area of pit, boxes, and gallery, being totally deserted, except by a few remote and indistinct forms, who were knocking brooms about amongst the benches, and sweeping up all the orange-peel, nutshells, torn playbills, and odd gloves, that the audience of the preceding evening had left behind them. The gentlemen of the orchestra were performing some pieces of music that awakened loud echo in the comparatively empty building, and small knots of ill-dressed people, the majority of whom appeared to revel in second-hand editions of cast-off fashions, were collected

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about in different situations, hurriedly gabbling over the dialogue which was to delight the evening's audience. At one of the wings, a crowd of noisy girls had collected, who appeared to set little value upon the frequent and authoritative commands for silence that were launched against them. It was amongst these Percival made sure of finding his fair one; and if one voice more soft, one laugh more silvery, than the others, rose above the general clatter, he made sure it was hers. He would have gone over to them; but not knowing how far stage etiquette allowed such a proceeding during a rehearsal, he kept in his place, and contented himself by putting a few interrogatories to his companion.

"Do you know the young lady," he inquired, "who dances in the ballet, with a green wreath round her head?"

"And a gilt belt round her waist?" asked the friend in turn.

"The same. Who is she?" eagerly demanded Percival.

"Oh—its Miss—Miss—I shall forget my own name next."

Percival was about to suggest Rosière, Celeste, Amadée, and some other pretty cognomens, when his companion caught the name, and exclaimed,

"Miss Jukes. I thought I should recollect it."

The name certainly was not what Percival had expected: still, what was in a name?—'Jenks' was not very poetical, and the other was something like it.

"Could you favour me with an introduction to her?" he asked.

"In a minute, if you wish it," returned his companion.

"You know her intimately, then?"

"Very. I buy all my greengrocery of her."

He bought all his greengrocery of her! She was mortal, then, and kept a shop. In a state of semi-bewilderment, Percival crossed the stage with his friend towards where the dancers stood. He heard her called by her name; she turned, and they were introduced.

Gracious powers! how a minute broke the enchantment of many weeks. The nymph of the Danube was habited in a faded green cloak, and an old straw bonnet, with limp and half-bleached pink ribbons clinging to its form. Her pallid and almost doughy face was deeply pitted with the small-pox; her skin was rough, from the constant layers of red and white paint it had to endure; her hair was twisted up into two paper screws on her forehead; and her nails, which appeared at the ends of her worn-out gloves, almost tempted Percival to ask himself, in the words of a celebrated national poet, "Did you ever behold such a little black sow?" Moreover, she had evidently been indulging in a meal from an edible root that nobody ever thinks of touching if they are going to an evening party afterwards.

And this, then, was the object of his affection! Had his love so blinded him that he never allowed for the advantages of light, dress, and distance? He fell back with a convulsive start, and, darting from his companion, rushed out of the theatre in the most frenzied manner possible, and hurried home; where, on gaining what he termed the solitude of his own chamber, he hid his head under the bed-clothes, and moaned grievously for half an hour, until the lodgers, thinking he must be seriously ill, assembled in a body on the landing, and recalled him to his senses by breaking in the door.

It was his first love, and his last. The illusion had been too harshly broken for him ever to fall into the same error again. He put all womankind down as ballet-girls, and he invested them all with the same deceptive beauty. The theatre lost all its charms for him: he felt he saw everything through a false medium; and, mistrusting the rosy cheeks, white arms, and long dark tresses of the *coryphées*, he only pictured them as he would fain believe they appeared at a morning rehearsal.

MORAL.

Young gentlemen! if you are particularly struck with any young lady whom you may meet in society, think of Mr. Jenks, and do not believe she is always as attractive as she appears at a time when her sole aim may be to seem pleasant and agreeable. Remember, that the following morning she may be as altered as a *cottage ornée*—which you have only seen before during the summer—appears on Christmas day; in fact, that there is an extreme difference between night and morning in the appearance of a beauty—an assertion, to the truth of which those who have seen the lady passengers of a night coach or French diligence turn out to breakfast, can fully testify. Trust rather to the mind than to the face; and if you are in a hurry to propose, ask yourself candidly whether you think the same impression would have been made had you been born blind. There is a theatrical medium in the great world, as well as in a playhouse, through which alone we view its most agreeable scenes. This will flatter and disguise all objects for a time, but sooner or later you will find them out, and learn the conclusion, that infatuation or enthusiasm are delightful passions in their way, until you are admitted by experience *behind the scenes*.

ALBERT.

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APRIL SHOWERS.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

April showers
Bring forth May flowers.
" Tommy, will you cease that roar!
You really are the worst of boys;
I tell, you, sir, cry as you may,
You shall *not* have your sister's toys.
There—there again! that horrid screech!
My head's distracted with your squalls;
Oh dear, oh dear! well, here they are—
Dolls, horses, tops, teetotums, balls."
April showers
Bring forth May flowers.

" Dear Mrs. O.!—my love!—don't weep!
For what I said of satin cloaks,
From milliners in Regent-street,
Being only fit for topping folks,
Was really, dear, not meant for you;
For, as you say, like other women
I'd wish to see you dress'd. There, love,
There's for the cloak—and there the trimming."
April showers
Bring forth May flowers.

" Dear uncle, oh forgive my faults!
'Tis all I ask to ease my fears;
One look of love before you die:
One word of peace to dry these tears."
" Well, well, don't snuffle so, and cry,
Prithee—oh dear!—d'ye hear?—there, there,
Burn, burn the will—you are forgiven.
Farewell!—again—you—are—sole—heir."
April showers
Bring forth May flowers.

DUELLING.

THE rise of the present Duel, or practice of Duelling, has been satisfactorily traced to the Trial by Battle, which obtained in early ages, jointly with the single combat, or tournament of chivalry, which again, most probably, owed its own existence to the early Trial by Battle. The common opinion is, that this judicial combat was introduced into this country by the Normans: by some writers, however, it is thought to have been a Saxon as well as Norman mode of trial, though in less repute among our Saxon ancestors than among their Norman invaders. Though this opinion seems fairly tenable, yet the proofs in its support are not as full as might be wished. Sir William Dugdale, indeed, after Olaüs Wormius, states that the judicial combat prevailed among the Anglo-Saxons till abolished by the Danes. (*Orig. Judic.* 77.) Perhaps, on such a point, the authority of Olaüs Wormius may be deemed questionable; but it certainly seems that the practice, if it ever existed among the Saxons, had nearly disappeared before the period of the Conquest. " Yet, it is difficult to concur in the feelings with which some authors weep over the suppression of the *Saxon trial by jury*, and the establishment of the *Norman trial by combat*. The rude elements of our jury-trials certainly appear to have been derived from the Saxons; but it has required centuries to elaborate them into the form they have now taken. The Saxon trial by jury, if it may be so called, was an useful, but very simple and imperfect, contrivance; and, when we consider that the various ordeals by fire, by water, by hot iron, by the cross, and by the *corsned*, or morsel of execration, were at least as purely and properly Saxon modes of trial, as the use of a jury, we may the less lament that the subjects of the Harefoots and the Ironsides should have been compelled to adopt the more glorious ordeal of arms. ' These indisputable monuments of our ancient rudeness,' says Burke, in his admirable *Abridgment of English History*, speaking of the Saxon laws, 'are a very sufficient confutation of the panegyrical declamations, in which some persons would persuade us that the crude institutions of an unlettered people had attained an height, which the united efforts of necessity, learning, inquiry, and experience, can hardly reach to in any ages.'" (Book ii. ch. 7.)*

The courts of criminal jurisdiction in which Trial by Battle was admitted, were, the King's Bench, the Court of Chivalry, and (in earlier periods of our legal history) the High Court of Parliament. The order of proceeding in an appeal of murder was briefly as follows:—The appellant formally challenged the *appellee* with the offence; the latter distinctly denied his guilt, and declared himself ready to prove his innocence by a personal combat. If the appellant accepted the challenge, and took up the glove, both parties were put to their oaths, in which the guilt of the accused was solemnly asserted on one side, and denied on the other. A day was then appointed for the combat; and the lists were prepared, by inclosing a piece of ground, sixty feet square, the sides being due north, south, east and west. Places just within the lists were provided for the judges, and also for the bar. On the day fixed, the court was, at sunrise,† to proceed from the spot to Westminster Hall, the judges being in their full robes; and when they were seated, proclamation was made for the combatants, who appeared, with bare heads, arms, and legs, each led by a person carrying his baton of an ell long, tipped with horn, and preceded by another, carrying his target made of double leather, and square. Each, on entering the lists, made *congées* to the several judges present; and, before they engaged, they respectively took an oath against witchcraft and sorcery. And then, after proclamation of silence, under pain of imprisonment for a year and a day, the combat began, and continued, unless either party yielded or was vanquished, till the stars appeared in the evening. If the defendant

* Quarterly Review, vol. xviii. p. 186.

† In a case in Dyer, however, the judges are said to have repaired to the spot "*circa horam decimam.*"—Dyer, 301. Ten was also the hour in the Durham duel, 1638.

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was vanquished, sentence was passed upon him, and he was forthwith hanged. But, if he was victorious, or was able to persist in the combat till starlight, or if the appellant voluntarily yielded, and cried *craven*, then the defendant was acquitted of the charge; and the appellant was not only compelled to pay damages to the accused, but was further subjected to very heavy civil penalties and disabilities.

"The many absurdities of this ceremonial do not require to be particularly pointed out. Yet, it seems perfectly conceivable that, in rude and superstitious times, the force of conscience might often make the proceeding efficacious in the detection of crime. Some author remarks that, probably, the ordeal of the *corsned* (which was a morsel of bread taken by a person accused, with a solemn imprecation that it might choke him if guilty) seldom proved fatal.* On the contrary, we are persuaded that, to the guilty, it frequently proved fatal. Fear alone greatly affects the organs of deglutition; much more would a guilty fear, immediately directed to the imminent danger of not performing the act, operate in the same manner. The judicial combat was, probably, of still superior efficacy. On the one hand, conscience would make a coward of the criminal; and, on the other, the accuser would seldom subject himself to the hazard of an equal battle, unless he were animated, by revenge or enthusiasm, to such a pitch of determination as seldom fails to verify its own auguries.

"Agreeably to this idea, stories are handed down of the conviction of criminals, through the means of battle, by antagonists far inferior to them in strength or expertness. The most curious, probably, on record, is one cited from the *Mémoires sur les Duels*, in Montfaucon's *Antiquités de la Monarchie Française*, vol. iii. p. 69. The same incident is related in St. Pelaye's and Colombiner's works on Chivalry; and an engraving of it, from an ancient representation in the castle of Montargis, is given by Mr. Johnes, in the supplementary volume to his translation of Monstrelet. The theatres also, both of Paris and London, have, of late years, exhibited pieces founded upon it."* 'The incident here referred to is the popular story of 'The Forest of Bondy; or, the Dog of Montargis.'"†

Some of the details of this singular mode of trial, as reported by contemporary writers, are very ludicrous. Such is the whimsical combat between Horner and Peter, in the second part of Shakspeare's Henry VI., the picturesque story of which the poet found thus briefly told in Holinshed: "A certain armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his own; for proof thereof a day was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slain, but yet by misgoverning of himself; for, on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slain without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for, being convict of felony in court of assize, he was judged to be hanged, and so was, at Tyburn." This incident, as related with variations, by Shakspeare, in all probability, presents an accurate representation of the forms which attended a trial by battle.‡ "In this remarkable case of the battle between the armourer and his servant, some very curious particulars, not detailed by the chroniclers, have been found in the original precepts to the sheriffs, and the return of the expenses on the occasion, both of which are preserved in the Exchequer. The names of the combatants were, John Daveys and

* Akin to this custom is the popular superstition, that the wounds of a murdered body will "bleed afresh" when touched by the murderer. Shakspeare thus refers to this practice in *Richard* III., act i., scene 2:

"Dead Henry's wounds
Open their congealed mouths, and bleed afresh!"

Drayton states the superstition as follows:

"If the vile actors of the heinous deed
Near the dead body happily be brought,
Oft 't hath been proved the breathless corpse will bleed."

"In the very interesting collection of *English Causes Célèbres*, edited and illustrated with equal spirit and accuracy by Mr. Crail, the belief is shewn to have been so universally established in Scotland as late as 1668, that the crown council, Sir George Mackenzie, in the remarkable trial of Philip Standsfield, thus alludes to a fact sworn to by several witnesses on that trial:—'God Almighty himself was pleased to bear a share in the testimonies which we produce. That divine power which makes the blood circulate during life, has ofttimes, in all nations, opened a passage to it after death upon such occasions, but most in this case; for, after all the wounds had been sewed up, and the body designedly shaken up and down,—and, which is most wonderful, after the body had been buried for several days, which naturally occasions the blood to congeal,—upon Philip's touching it, the blood darted and sprung out, to the great astonishment of the chirurgeons themselves, who were desired to watch this event; whereupon Philip, astonished more than they, threw down the body, crying, 'O God! O God! and cleansing his hand, grew so faint that they were forced to give him a cordial.'" —*Pictorial Shakspere.*

* Quarterly Review, vol. xviii. p. 188.

† The story of the Dog of Montargis, quoted from Mr. Thoms's *Lays and Legends of France*, will be found in *The Mirror*, vol. xxiv. p. 182.

‡ A circumstance may here be mentioned as favouring the idea of the trial by battle being of Anglo-Saxon origin. The oath, whether of Norman importation or not, would have exactly suited the Anglo-Saxons, among whom, as Dr. Henry observes, "an oath was not to be administered to any person, unless he was perfectly sober, and even fasting." But why then does Shakspeare describe the combatants as drinking to excess before they enter the lists? Or rather, whence came such an occurrence to take place?

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William Catour. The barriers, it appears, were brought from Smithfield to Westminster; a large quantity of sand and gravel was laid down, and the place of battle was strewed with rushes. The return of the expenses contains the following item: 'Also paid to officers for watchyng of ye ded man in Smythfelde ye same day and ye nyghte aftyr yt ye bataill was doon, and for hors hyre for ye officers at ye execucion doyng, and for ye hangman's labor, xj*s.* 6*d.*' The hangman's labour was subsequent to the battle. All the historians agree that the armourer was slain by his servant; but the ceremonies attending the punishment of a traitor were gone through with the dead body."*—(See Douce's *Illustrations.*)

In these battles the combatants were allowed to be attended within the lists by counsel, and a surgeon with his ointments. In the reign of Charles I., Lord Rea, on a similar occasion, was indulged with a seat and wine for refreshment; and was further permitted to avail himself of such valuable auxiliaries as *nails, hammers, files, scissors, bodkin, needle and thread.* (See Rushworth's *Collections*, cited in Barrington's *Observations*, p. 328.) We also learn from the Close Rolls, recently published, that parties under confinement preparatory to the trial were allowed to go out of custody for the purpose of practising or taking lessons in fencing. (See Mr. Hardy's *Introduction*, p. 185.) One of the most popular illustrations of this judicial duel upon a criminal accusation is, however, that introduced by Sir Walter Scott into his beautiful romance of *Ivanhoe.*

On the last occasion but one, when *Wager by Battel* was allowed in Westminster Hall, Sir Henry Spelman informs us that the circumstance created no small degree of perturbation among the gentlemen of the long robe. The battel was instituted, he says, "*non sine magnâ jurisconsultorum perturbatione.*" In that case, however, the question related only to a civil fight: the parties interested were not to fight in person, but by their champions; and the dispute having been, in fact, compromised before the day of battle, the champions met only as a matter of form.

A more remarkable instance, however, presented itself in the year 1818, when the law was fully discussed in the Court of King's Bench, in the case of Ashford v. Thornton. Upon that occasion, the defendant had been acquitted upon a prior indictment for the murder of a female. The acquittal of the accused upon evidence which appeared to many sufficient to establish his guilt, occasioned great dissatisfaction; and the brother and next heir of the deceased was, accordingly, advised to bring the matter again under the consideration of a jury, by the disused practice of an appeal. The defendant waged his battle in the manner above described, and the appellant replied circumstances of such strong and pregnant suspicion as (it was contended) precluded the defendant from asserting his innocence by battle. It was, however, decided by the court that an appeal being, in its origin and nature, a hostile challenge, gave to the appellee a right to insist upon fighting, and that the appellant could not deprive him of that right by a mere allegation of suspicious circumstances. The case had proceeded thus far, when the legal antiquaries were disappointed of the rare spectacle of a judicial duel, by the voluntary abandonment of the prosecution. A writer of the time observed: "Should the duel take place, it will be indeed a singular sight to behold the present venerable and learned judges of the Court of King's Bench, clothed in their full costume, sitting all day long in the open air in Tothill-fields, as the umpires of a match at single-stick. Nor will a less surprising spectacle be furnished by the learned persons who are to appear as the counsel of the combatants, and who, as soon as the ring is formed, will have to accompany their clients within the lists, and to stand, like so many seconds and bottle-holders, beside a pair of bare-legged, bare-armed, and bare-headed cudgellists."*

The subject, ludicrous as it seemed, was one of considerable seriousness and importance. The reflection that in the nineteenth century a human life might be sacrificed to a practice which might have been conceived too absurd, impious, and cruel, to have outlived the dark ages, could not be entertained without pain. In the following year, however, this barbarous absurdity was nullified by an act (59 Geo. III. ch. 46) abolishing all criminal appeals and trial by battle in all cases, both civil and criminal, and thus purifying the law of England from a blot which time and civilization had strangely failed to wear away.

* King Henry VI., Part 2. Illustrations of Act II. *Pictorial Shakspere.*

THE SONG OF YOUTH.

Not where sighs and tears assail me,
Not where haggard crime may roam,
Not where poverty is sighing,
Hungry, and without a home;
Not to sorrow's gloomy dwelling,
Not unto the courts of woe,
But to palaces of pleasure,
Light of heart and foot I go—
Onward, onward, ever, ever,
Ever beautiful and gay,
Onward, onward, joy pursuing,
Goeth Youth upon his way.

All is sunshine that awaits me,
Bright and fair is all to view:
Flowers of a sweet creation
Everywhere my paths bestrew:

* Quarterly Review, vol. xviii. p. 178.

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Ever smiling, care beguiling,
Health is glowing on my cheek;
Hearts that lighten, eyes that brighten,
Quickly my approaching speak.
Onward, onward, ever, ever,
Ever beautiful and gay;
Onward, onward, joy pursuing,
Goeth Youth upon his way.

H. G.

TEARS.

When youth's light heart is probed by fears,
Then trickling downward come the Tears;
Those Tears are like the dews that gem,
As with a crystal diadem,
The half-blown buds and petal flowers,
At break of morning's rosy hours;
Till, like a sunbeam, Hope's bright ray
Dries the sorrowing Tears away.

W. W.

New Books.

Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland. By Mrs. Bray.

[We resume our extracts, from p. 138:]

Gibbon's Home at Lausanne.

At Lausanne we took up our quarters at the Hotel de Gibbon—a new-built and splendid house, by far the most agreeably situated in all the place. It commands an uninterrupted view of the lake and the opposite mountains. The person who built it purchased the house and garden, that had been so long in the possession of the celebrated historian. Part of the house has been taken down in order to complete the hotel, which stands principally on the site of the old garden. Some of Gibbons's acacias and lime-trees still remain; and a delightful terrace, at the back of the building, affords the most complete and pleasing view of the waters and the surrounding country.

[The following is a clever piece of criticism, in which, we know, many artists will coincide. How vividly does it remind us of poor Charles Mathews's quip, "We are always making too much of a thing:"]

The Rhine overrated.

What I have to say about the Rhine will not be much, nor at all according to the usual strain of panegyric; for though the scenes of that mighty river were unquestionably fine *in parts*, yet, *as a whole*, it greatly disappointed us. My criticism on the Rhine will be given in a few sentences.

First, then, although the banks are in many places of vast height, yet are they generally too sloping to produce a striking effect. There are very few precipitous rocks, and none of those are of the fine forms and colour of our Morwel rocks in Devon, which are not half so high. Indeed, one great defect in the rock scenery of the Rhine is its want of good colour. There is in it little of variety, and still less of richness—no woods on the sides of the eminences above the mighty river, but a never-ending succession of low, stunted, unpicturesque vineyards; and these rendered more disagreeable to the eye by an additional formality—that of walls to divide or bank them up. The earth, we were informed, having in very many places been brought to the spot, to make a bed of soil for the vineyards, needs such support, or it would fall down the slopes of the eminences.

Then the castles so much talked of:—with a few exceptions, they are generally nothing more than plain walls, and as plain towers. Many have not even a battlement upon them; yet I am perfectly willing to admit that some few of these buildings have great beauty, and that, standing aloft on heights and crowning promontories, they give an importance to the rocks as they are seen from the river beneath, which they would not possess without them. The Gothic walled towns and villages that stand low on the banks of the Rhine are, generally speaking, of much greater interest and beauty than most of the old castles. One solitary battlemented tower, standing near a most picturesque town of this description (which tower, I think, has been drawn by Stanfield, and published in one of the annuals), we thought most beautiful in itself and in its position. Another castle, peering aloft on a portion of projecting rock, was (though a miniature resemblance) somewhat like Falkenstein: this we also greatly admired. But the finest of the whole, and by far the most striking scene on the Rhine, is where the lofty heights and the castle of the Drachenfels come into view. This does, indeed, deserve its fame. Lord Byron's feeling for every majestic object in nature made him at once select this as a subject for his poetic praise. Everybody has quoted his lines on the Drachenfels, so I will not give them for the thousandth time in this letter. I have only to add, respecting the castles of the Rhine, that though Ehrenbreitstein, I am assured (by those whose taste and judgment I cannot doubt), looks well when you survey it from the heights by which it is surrounded, yet seen from the river it has not a picturesque appearance. It is like nothing more nor less than a strong-walled modern fortification of great extent, situated on a barren height. If any part of it is ancient, it did not look so as we saw it from the steamer. I had heard so much about the beauty of Ehrenbreitstein, that I confess the sight I had of it was the greatest disappointment of the kind I had ever experienced.

[We need scarcely reiterate our commendation of these amusing volumes to all readers of healthy tastes, as well as those with vitiated judgments.]

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Night and Morning. By the Author of *Rienzi, Eugene Aram, &c.*

[We return to this attractive work for a few more of its "wise saws and modern instances."]

A Dare-devil.—He was the incarnation of that great spirit which the laws of the world raise up against the world, and by which the world's injustice, on a large scale, is awfully chastised. On a small scale, merely nibbled at, and harassed, as the rat that gnaws the hoof of the elephant: the spirit which, on a vast theatre, rises up gigantic and sublime, in the heroes of war and revolution—in Mirabeaus, Marats, Napoleons; on a minor stage, it shews itself in demagogues, fanatical philosophers, and mob-writers.

Dark Secrets.—There are stronger ties than affection, that bind men like galley-slaves together. He who can hang another, puts the halter round his neck, and leads him by it like a dog.

Crime.—There are certain years in which, in a civilized country, some particular crime comes into vogue. It flares its season, and then burns out. Thus, at one time, we have burking—at another, swingism—now, suicide is in vogue—now, poisoning tradespeople in apple-dumplings—now, little boys stab each other with penknives—now, common soldiers shoot at their sergeants. Almost every year, there is some crime peculiar to it; a sort of annual which overruns the country, but does not bloom again.

Courage.—It is a popular error to suppose that courage means courage in everything. Put a hero on board ship at a five-barred gate, and if he is not used to hunting, he will turn pale. Put a fox-hunter on one of the Swiss chasms, over which the mountaineer springs like a roe, and his knees will knock under him. People are brave in the dangers to which they accustom themselves, either in imagination or practice.

Ill-judged Mercy falls not like dew, but like a great heap of manure on the rank deed.

French Coiners.—Their coinage was so good, so superior to all their rivals, that it was often unconsciously preferred by the public to the real mintage.

Prosperity.—All that are bestowed by elegance of dress, the refinements of luxurious habit, the nameless grace that comes from a mind and a manner polished, the one by literary culture, the other by social intercourse, invested the person of the heir with a fascination that rude nature alone ever fails to give. And about him, there was a gaiety, an airiness of spirit, an atmosphere of enjoyment, which bespoke one who is in love with life. He spoke with that silver-ringing tone and charming smile which are to the happy spring of man what its music and its sunshine are to the spring of earth.

The Palais Royal.—That glittering microcosm of the vices, the frivolities, the hollow show, and the real beggary of the gay city—the gardens and the galleries of the Palais Royal.

The Murderer.—The last seal on the fate of the man of crime was set; the last wave in the terrible and mysterious tide of his destiny had dashed on his soul to the shore whence there is no return. Vain, now and henceforth, the humour, the sentiment, the kindly impulse, the social instinct which had invested that stalwart shape with dangerous fascination, which had implied the hope of ultimate repentance, of redemption even in this world. The hour and the circumstance have seized their prey; and the self-defence, which a lawless career rendered a necessity, left the eternal dye of blood upon his doom!

Love and Idleness.—People who are much occupied do not fall in love easily. * * Extreme want, if long continued, eats up love when it has nothing else to eat.

The Mother's Grave.—Often, as, morn and eve, he looked forth upon the spot where his mother's heart, unconscious of love and woe, mouldered away, the indignant and bitter feelings of the wronged outcast and the son who could not clear the mother's name, swept away the subdued and gentle melancholy into which time usually softens regret for the dead, and with which most of us think of the distant past and the once joyous childhood!

Beautiful Comparison.—As the diver, in Schiller's exquisite ballad, fastened in the midst of the gloomy sea upon the rock of coral; so we cling the more gratefully to whatever of fair thought and gentle shelter smiles out to us in the depths of hate and strife.

Idiotcy.—It might almost have seemed as if that restless disorder of the intellect, which the dullards had called idiotcy, had been the wild efforts, not of folly, but of genius seeking to find its path and outlet from the cold and dreary solitude to which the circumstances of early life had compelled it.

A Sensualist.—One of the broken pieces of that great looking-glass "self."

Public Exhibitions.

THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

On Saturday last, we participated in a private view of this elaborate and effective Exhibition; and we are happy to report that the pictures fully sustain the pre-eminent reputation which the establishment has enjoyed from the first. The scenes represented are, *The Shrine of the Nativity, at Bethlehem;* and, *The Interior of the Cathedral of Auch, near Thoulouse;* both painted by M. Renoux.

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The Shrine of the Nativity is from one of Mr. David Roberts's exquisite sketches, exhibited by Mr. Moon during the past year; and made by the artist during his recent tour in Palestine, Egypt, Arabia, and Syria. The Shrine is exhibited under two distinct effects: the first as it is usually seen, with the lamps, which burn night and day, over the manger, and round the star under the altar. The second effect is the celebration of Midnight Mass by the Franciscan Monks, in the church built over the shrine or stable. The whole scene is admirably painted; and the dioramic effects are so exquisitely managed as to remind us of the truth of Light being a painter. The rich, dark tone of the picture is beautifully relieved by such of the lustre of the massive gold and silver lamps and candelabra as the smoke has spared; whilst the flames twinkle in, and assume the brilliancy of ever-burning brightness. It is scarcely possible to point to a site of scriptural antiquity and import commensurate with that of the Shrine of the Nativity, which has been well authenticated by travellers in the Holy Land; and the sacred interest of the scene will, doubtless, induce thousands to witness this Exhibition, who are unaccustomed to patronise what may, in comparison, be termed secular sights. Mr. Burford's Panorama of Jerusalem, we know, enjoyed this double attractiveness—for the seriously disposed, and the admirers of the pictorial art, generally; and the same artist's picture of Damascus is now fast gaining similar popularity.

The second scene at the Diorama, *The Cathedral of Auch*, sixteen leagues from Thoulouse, thirty-seven from Bordeaux, and one hundred and sixty from Paris, presents a fine specimen of middle-age architecture: indeed, this church is regarded as one of the finest religious edifices of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and may be looked upon as an historical museum of the arts during this period, and up-to about the end of the seventeenth century. It was endowed by the Kings of France, Aragon and Navarre, and by the Counts of Fezenac and Armagnac: it was formerly rich in relics and statues of precious metals, which the rapacity of past ages has not spared to our own times. The edifice is built with the rich, brown freestone, called *tufa*, which is beautifully cut and joined together. The style is that of the commencement of the fifteenth century, termed "Florid Pointed," or "Perpendicular," which marks the epoch of the revival of the arts in Europe. The building is in the form of a Latin cross: the arched roof is supported by forty pillars, ranged in four rows, which divide the church into three naves and collateral chapels; these pillars are exquisitely light, and the interlacing of the arches is admirably managed.

Perhaps, the most popular attraction of this fine interior will be its windows, which are superb specimens of stained glass, executed between 1509 and 1513; at which period the superiority of the French artists was so well established in Europe, that the Pope Julius II., by the advice of Bramante, sent for Claude de Marseille and the monk William, to paint the windows of the Vatican, while Michael Angelo and Raphael were employed there on their admirable frescoes. "On considering attentively this splendid series of painting upon glass, we are compelled to own," says the Count Alexander Delaborde, in his excellent work upon the Religious Monuments of France, "that for the taste of the design, the genius and general intent of the composition, they are nothing inferior to those executed by Perugino, Verrocchio, and Ghirlandai, the predecessors of Raphael." Each window is a picture of a great master, executed on glass, and the whole collection is considered the finest in the world. There are at Auch, twenty windows branching out into elegant frames, imitating the fibres of a leaf, or interstices representing the *fleur-de-lys*, the being filled with subjects from holy writ.

An interesting anecdote, of which Napoleon is the hero, is told relative to the *fleurs-de-lys*, which are remarked in some of the windows. At the time of his war with Spain, he passed through Auch, and, on visiting the Cathedral, he remarked that several of the windows were covered over; on his enquiring the reason of this, he learnt that they had been concealed because they bore the emblem of the ancient monarchy. "You have a very singular idea of me," exclaimed Napoleon: "it is with the Bourbons that I wage war, and not with the *fleur-de-lys*;" and he issued orders, accordingly, for their preservation.

At the extremities of the branch of the cross, are large openings of an ogive form, each of them divided into two compartments, by a pillar of a single stone, covered with sculpture, which supports a sort of architrave placed at a third of the whole height of the opening: above this are panes of glass and crown-work, of the same kind as that of the chapel-windows.

The choir is closed on all sides; but the exterior of the principal entrance, the *jubé*, or ambo, is the central attraction of the floor of the picture. It consists of dark marble Corinthian columns, supporting a crowned entablature: between the columns are framed slabs of red Italian marble, and above these, between the pedestals, are other slabs of the same marble. On the cornice of the door is a bas-relief, in white marble, of the four Evangelists; and above the entablature are four other statues of white marble. The figures in the picture are, artistically speaking, least to our taste: they aim at

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embodying devotion and simplicity in some of their loveliest forms, in which they comparatively fail. It is, however, impossible to view these impersonations without being reminded of the impressive character of the Catholic religion, and its powerful effects upon the rudely-formed mind.

Each spectator will, doubtless, look for some of those bright or strongly-marked "diorama" bits which have so largely contributed to the popularity of this Exhibition; and he will not be disappointed. The picture of the Madonna, sloping from the foremost column, the broken stone-floor, and the distant, half-opened door, are of this class of characteristics, and will, in their turn, be admired. The naturally rich hue of the stone is heightened by the light streaming through the beautifully-stained windows: it is scarcely the "dim, religious light" of the poet; but is an effect of highly artistical finish and delicacy.

The poetry of these two sacred scenes is aided by Gray's grand machine-organ, on which is played, for *the Shrine*, Mozart's *Gloria*, in his Mass, No. 12; that for *the Cathedral* being the celebrated *Prayer of Moses*, by Rossini.

THE LITERARY WORLD.—VII.

THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

Our notice of this month's Magazines must necessarily be brief; although their contents are unusually *melée*. At this period, "the season" of literature and art, as well as of fashion, we have so many claims upon our attention, that ubiquity were almost indispensable, even to a brief chronicle of the curiosities—the ever-changing forms—in the field of the every-day Kaleidoscope.

Blackwood's Magazine opens with the solidity of history—"Warren Hastings. I."—to which succeeds a guerilla tale of the Peninsular War. In the "Ten Thousand a Year" is an admirable satire on Election Committees. "The World of London" is the Proemium to Ebony's Lucubrations on the Metropolis, which must surely be ample scope for even Christopher's extravagance and gladiatorial wit.

The leading articles of the *Gentleman's Magazine* are, a paper on "Warburton's Literary Remains," full of clear and accomplished criticism; and an attempt to settle "the locality of Herne's Oak, in the Little Park at Windsor;" but the knot can hardly be considered as cut. By the way, how antiquaries deal in the extremes of credulity and doubt!

The *Monthly Magazine* still works hard at "the Relative Value of the Acted and Unacted Drama." Next we notice a very long review of Mr. White's New Translation of the New Testament; and an intelligent paper "on Modern Greece." But, where is the light artillery, of which stuff good Numbers are made?

Fraser's Magazine has a chapter of Reminiscences of Old Pall Mall, pleasantly anecdotic and gossiping. "The Confession of a Swindler" will have more readers than believers, though it is characteristically life-like. The Specimens of Leaders for the London Newspapers is "neither strong nor sweet." "The Second Chapter of Faustus and the Devil" is a readable *rechauffée*.

Tait's Magazine has embarked somewhat late in the day into Thieves' Literature, with "Flowers of Hemp—the Newgate Garland," and judging from this specimen we would reverse the proverb, and say, "better never than late." Tait has one of his usually clever analyses of new books—Combe's *Notes on the United States*. The Number, which deals largely in solids, closes with two letters, received by W. Howitt from his emigrant brother at Melbourne, New South Wales, complaining of defective government, &c.

In the *Colonial Magazine*, the most contemporary papers are on the Statue to the Marquess Wellesley; the Caroline Steam boat, (now, happily, a dead-letter,) and a sort of publisher's anticipation of Mr. Buckingham's Travels in the Eastern and Western World, which the indefatigable author is advertising at all points.

The Dublin University Magazine having reached its hundredth number discourses, in a Postcript thereon, in first-rate glee. "O'Malley" is continued. The Portrait is, Capt. Meadows Taylor, author of the Confessions of a Thug. In this Magazine is occasionally some interesting poetry, as the following:

"*Sonnet on the Anniversary of a Friend's Death.*

As down between the banks of life I glide,
From the first rill of lightly glancing years,
On while the stream is nursed with blood and tears,
Past many an urn and tombstone on each side,
Which first we traced in boyhood's turbid tide,
Now stamp their image as the river clears,
Deep in its breast one monument appears,
Whose willows whisper—here a *brother* died.
Oh, for one moment 'neath thy shade to think,
And in the eddy of reflection see
The friend of former years draw near the brink,
And bend him o'er the waters mournfully.
Behold! he stoops as though his soul would drink—
But I sweep on in silence to the sea."

In *Bentley's Miscellany*, we say it advisedly, one of the most attractive papers is our Correspondent Albert's Account of his "Rencontre with the Brigands," in the autumn of last year, not an incident of which we suspect to be overstrained. But we must return to this gay *Miscellany* anon.

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The Gatherer.

Cuttle-fish.—A very large kind of Sepia is taken on the coast of Greece, principally by means of spearing; it is then laid on a stone, that all the mucus may run off. To prepare these fish for eating, they are generally spitted, with their long tentacles bound together, and roasted over coals, or steamed, and eaten with lemon-juice. They taste like crabs, but are not easy of digestion. They may be dried, and in that state are brought to market. The Greeks prize these polypi very much; and among the Romans they were considered a luxury; we, therefore, often see them pictured on the walls of their dining-rooms.—*Fiedler's Greece: Foreign Quarterly Review.*

The celebrated Game of Death, published at Lyons in 1538, is commonly ascribed to Hans Holbein, though upon doubtful authority, according to Mr. Jackson; as from the similarity of style to some well-known works of Hans Lutzelbruger, he agrees with Von Mechel in placing them amongst the happiest efforts of that artist. This opinion seems to be rather borne out by the circumstance of the letters H. L. being on some of the cuts.

The Chama gigas, which exists in the Indian Seas, is capable of snapping cables, and performing other feats: its shell is of 500 pounds weight, and its flesh, 30lbs.

Anchors.—The ancients had wooden anchors, even in the time of Archimedes, for the largest ships. The great galley of Hiero had four wooden and eight iron anchors. The wooden stock, or transverse beam, was wholly wanting in ancient anchors. In the ship, on board which St. Paul was a prisoner, (described in the Acts,) the sailors dropped four anchors from the stern, which, however, opposed to modern usage, was undoubtedly the ancient method of letting fall the anchor at that period.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

The Gannal Process.—M. Gannal, by injecting 4lb. weight of saline mixture into the carotid artery of an ox, has succeeded in preserving the whole animal. M. Gannal has lately exhibited to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, legs of mutton preserved two years since by his process, and which were found to be perfectly sweet.

Sir Humphry Davy.—Professor Wagner, the successor of Blumenbach, notes:—"When I visited Davy's grave, this summer, (1839,) I found the inscription almost obliterated; it stands in need of repair; and, if I am not mistaken, Lady Davy has left a bequest for its preservation, the surplus of which should be given as prizes on scientific subjects, by which Sir Humphry's memory, it is true, is brought more livingly before us than in monuments of stone or metal. And yet it excites, or, at least, it did excite in me, a melancholy feeling to witness the traces of decay in this fresh monument of human greatness, so recently departed."—*Foreign Quarterly Review.* It is, however, some consolation to find it stated in the same paragraph, that Sir H. Davy's *Memoirs and Salmonia* have just been translated into German. By the way, some opulent Englishman, in passing through Geneva,, might earn fame cheaply by restoring the tomb of the first chemical philosopher of his age. We have continually his name in our mouths, yet have strangely let his memory slip out of our hearts. Neither London nor Westminster possesses a monument to Davy!

British Museum.—Mr. Gilbertson's valuable collection of fossils, at Preston, Lancashire, have been secured to the nation, notwithstanding urgent applications for them from Paris and Vienna. They will shortly be deposited in the British Museum.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Burns is, at present, a great object of attraction to the German poets; no less than four translations having recently appeared. Notwithstanding the difficulty of the subject, many of the poems and songs are rendered in a manner worthy of the original.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

The National Drama.—The present state of the two national theatres is this: Drury Lane owes about 236,000*l.*; Covent-Garden, 256,496*l.* To pay five per cent. on the debts, Drury should let for 11,500*l.* and Covent-Garden for 12,800*l.* per annum.—*Ib.*

Copyright in France.—In the Chamber of Deputies, the Government article, fixing at fifty years the copyright of books, after the death of authors, and M. St. Herbette's amendment, limiting the period to twenty years, have both been rejected, and the term of thirty years has been adopted.

The great Pyramid of Egypt is usually stated to occupy an area equal to that of Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is found, however, that the former measures 764 feet on each side, whereas Lincoln's Inn Fields, although 821 feet on one side, is only 625 feet 6 inches on the other; so that the area of the pyramid is greater by many thousand square feet. The height of the great pyramid is 115 feet 9 inches greater than that of St. Paul's. The angle formed by the sides of the large pyramid is 51′ 50″; by the others 51′ and 52′ 20″.—*Mr. Scoles's Analysis of Colonel Howard Vyse's recent Work.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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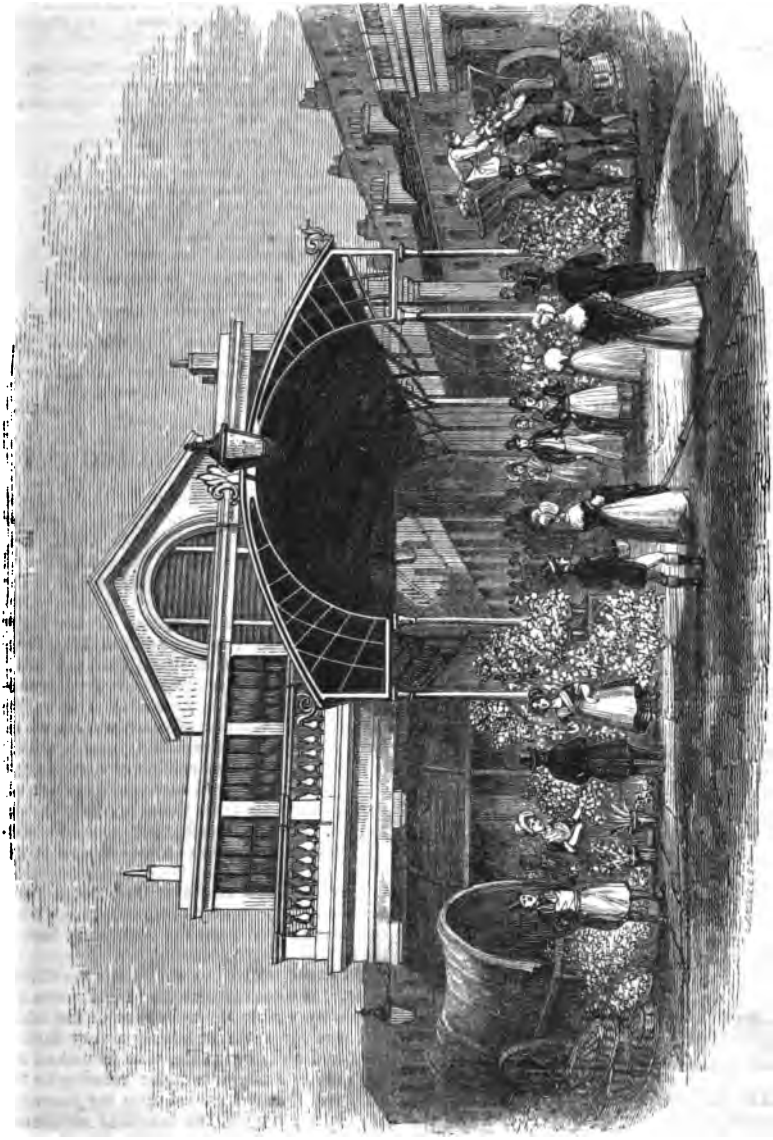

COVENT-GARDEN FLOWER MARKET.

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COVENT-GARDEN FLOWER MARKET.

In the *Mirror*, vol. xxi. pp. 17—19, will be found two engraved views of Covent-Garden Market, with descriptive details, quoted from Mr. Loudon's excellent *Gardeners' Magazine*. The whole is well characterized as "a structure at once perfectly fitted for its various uses; of great architectural beauty and elegance; and so expressive of the purpose for which it is erected, that it cannot, by any possibility, be mistaken for anything else than what it is." It consists of a quadrangle, with a colonnade on the exterior four sides, the principal front being at the east, the chief feature of which is a quadruple colonnade, with conservatories over. To the west front, facing the noble portico of the church of St. Paul, has lately been appended a covering to the pathway leading to the central avenue, or arcade. This addition is of light and tasteful design, and is executed in substantial iron-work, beneath which is the "Flower-Market." Over the colonnade is a capacious conservatory, occupied by Mr. Smith, who has lately succeeded in raising a superb, gigantic geranium, which bears his name. In what is technically termed "the season," the west end of the market presents a truly delightful scene, especially as a relief to the brick and mortar intricacy of the surrounding streets. At the earliest market-hour, this western area is sometimes covered with plants in pots, which are cleared from the thoroughfare as the day advances. The "stands" represented in the Engraving are for the sale of "cut flowers," as well as potted plants. The Flower-Market is not, however, limited to the west end, since the choicest *bouquets* may be purchased in the central avenue. And, what fascinating accessories even to the gaiety of a London rout are Flowers; what sweet and sparkling fancy do they add to overstrained art; what poetic embellishment to the most graceful costume; what exquisiteness to the loveliest of forms; what transport to the senses; what ecstasy to the intellect! From our metropolitan flower-market, all in turn borrow a charm; as the camellia for the hair of the beauty, and the half-crown rose for the button-hole of the beau; the more costly *bouquet* for the gloved hand, or the *ceinture*: in short, from the rare and brilliant exotic, to

> "Violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
> Or Cytherea's breath."

The Tower of London was visited by 1630 persons on Easter Monday, viz., to the armories, 1045; and to the jewel-office, 585; the amount received, at the reduced admission of 6*d.* each, being 40*l.* 15*s.*

"ONE GLASS MORE."

Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal;
Within that cup there lurks a curse,
Which all who drink shall feel:
Disease and death, for ever nigh,
Stand ready at the door,
And eager wait to hear the cry
Of give me "one glass more."

Lo! view that prison's gloomy cells—
Their pallid tenants scan:
Gaze—gaze upon these earthly hells
And ask what this began?
Had these a tongue—Oh man, thy cheek
The tale would crimson o'er;
Had these a tongue, they'd to thee speak,
And answer, "one glass more."

Behold that wretched female form,
An outcast from her home;
Bleached by Affliction's biting storm,
And doom'd in want to roam;
Behold her! ask that prattler dear,
Why mother is so poor?—
He'll whisper in thy startled ear,
'Twas father's "one glass more."

Stay! mortal, stay! repent, return!
Reflect upon thy fate;
The poisonous draught indignant spurn,
Reject it, ere too late;
Oh! fly the gin-shop, burst the chain,
Nor linger at the door,
Lest thou perchance shouldst sip again
The treach'rous "one glass more."

W. C. H.

A LEGEND OF THE LAGO VICO.

On the road from Florence to Rome, at the foot of the mountains of Viterbo, not far from Ronciglione, lies the Lago Vico. It is a spot which must arrest the attention of the traveller, were it only on account of the beauty of the surrounding scenery. Beneath the treacherous waters of the Lago Vico lies a city, whose palaces long since became the tombs of their ill-fated inhabitants; whose joys and sorrows were suddenly ended by the crash of the earthquake, and the influx of those waters which have ever since sported in triumph within their lava-covered margin, over the ruin and desolation they caused on that day of horror, when, bursting from their recesses in the hidden cavities of earth, they overwhelmed the fair city which now forms their bed.

The waters are silent, and not a trace remains of the history of the city, save what can be gathered from the legendary lore of the surrounding peasantry.

At times, when the waters are peculiarly clear, it is asserted that the buried ruins are distinctly visible at the bottom of the lake.

I was fortunate in having a very intelligent and obliging guide, who furnished me with many a tale of wonder relating to the different objects I passed upon my journey; and, in the simple, but beautiful eloquence of Italian enthusiasm, the following legend, which I lament the necessity of translating, well assured that I can never give the tale

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in such pleasing language as that in which Antonio, the Genoese, related it to me.

"Ah, Signora," said he, "I wish you could see the lake as I have seen it, with many of the sad spirits of the engulfed inhabitants mourning around these lava margins. Nay, Signora, do not look so doubtingly. Upon the faith of a true Catholic, (and Antonio devoutly crossed himself,) I tell you no idle tale.

"Often in the midnight hour is the sound of wailing heard around, and then if any person has the courage to approach this spot, some thirty or forty spirits may be seen lamenting their poor city's fate, and chanting a mournful requiem. Ah, Signora! and perhaps at this very moment many of the poor ghosts may be standing at our side; but though we firmly believe that the spirits of the departed do revisit the scenes of their earthly sorrows until they are sufficiently purified to enter into heaven's bright rest, we, who are taught to practise the doctrines of our holy church, fear not, even though we may be present with these shades of air; for we know they have no power to harm us, Signora. And, Santa Maria! it well becomes every pious Catholic to repeat an 'Ave' for their repose. You still look incredulous, Signora! I would you could await the midnight hour in this neighbourhood; perchance you might then see the assembled spirits yourself. You would then believe that Antonio tells you true." And such is the belief existing regarding the Lago Vico. I, it may be believed, did not feel inclined to retard my journey in order to satisfy myself concerning the authenticity of Antonio's tale.

I left the Lago Vico—as, doubtless, many have left it before me—feeling a kind of pleasing melancholy, to which this romantic tradition imparted a sort of awful charm.

I forbore to hurt Antonio's feelings by any expression of doubt concerning his narration; and, as I proceeded on my beautiful journey through the enchanting land, my thoughts often turned to the lava-covered borders of the Lago Vico, and the nocturnal mourners wailing over the sulphurous waters which conceal the wealth and splendour of the devoted city, of whose existence no trace is left behind. This is one among many legends I gathered during my sojourn in a beauteous land of superstition and romance; but I think few of these traditionary tales attracted my attention more than this supposed congregation of ghosts mourning over their long-buried city.

C. R. S.

THE IMMORAL PRESS.

It must have struck every reflecting mind, that the literature of a country is the great standard whereby to form a correct opinion of its morality (i. e. the country's) and its genius. Literature may be defined, indeed, as the shadowing forth of the spirit of the age, the mighty and irresistible impulse of which is ever endeavouring to advance higher and higher in the scale of civilization, but which spirit is too often degraded and enervated by countless subtleties, which are frequently, alas! crowned with success, when they attempt to retard the progress of virtue and of wisdom. I see (or at least believe I see) in the literature of the present time the germs of wonderful changes, both social and individual, which, under a superintending Providence, will end, in all human probability, in a total revolution of the various phases in which we now behold the moral universe; and in the overthrow of those prejudices and vices, which, it is to be lamented, conventional sophistry have rendered active and arbitrary. I believe sincerely that a new and better state of things is about to dawn upon the world, and that the universe may soon be united in the bonds of faith, peace, and charity. But, in order that so desirable an alteration as this may be by possibility effected, it is absolutely necessary that a reform of the literature, which, for the most part, disgraces our country, should be brought about; for it is evident to the most superficial observer that the establishment of religion and morality is not the object of the vast bulk of the press. Look at the many obscene and indecent publications which are vended in every street of the metropolis, which will eventually fill the gin-palaces with our youth, and add greatly to the number of "poor unfortunates" in this great city, unless measures are speedily taken to check the growth of the immorality of the periodical press, which exercises an enormous degree of influence among the vulgar. Look at the many irreligious and revolting sentiments propagated by the cheap publications, whose object ought to be the improvement of the intellect, and the inculcation of moral duty; and which, be it observed, are devoured by that very portion of the people most likely, on account of their ignorance, to be led astray from the paths of religion and of rectitude. What is the remedy? Can no virtuous philanthropist be found among the ranks of the aristocracy to advocate the cause of truth, and to point out the necessity of some reform in the literature of his country? For ere his countrymen can become generally good, literature must also be characterized by a wholesome and all-pervading spirit of morality and piety. Is there no individual possessed of talent and of influence who will apply the powers of his mind to the amelioration of the press? Surely, such an one there is: let him call

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aloud for the encouragement of retiring merit and virtue in literature; let an institution be formed under the direct patronage of the legislature, and the head of it, for the purpose of bestowing an annual reward upon meritorious individuals, who are but obtaining a precarious subsistence by the unceasing exercise of their intellectual abilities, and who, without the aid of influential patronage, may remain in poverty and obscurity; and I see no reason why such publications as are calculated to give a higher tone to the taste and morality of the people, should not receive honourable rewards from select committees for their endeavours to promote the cause of all that is sacred and beautiful. Hoping that these brief hints may produce the desired effect, I close my present remarks, with an earnest appeal to the more enlightened and the virtuous, to engage in the cause of their country, and set an example which may be followed by the nations of the earth; so as to elevate our degraded literature, and to re-establish a system of ethics, through the medium of the press, calculated to become the instrument of the regeneration of public morals.

R. W. T. B.

A DESCENT FROM THE ALPS.

I LEFT old Winter all alone,
Upon the verge of the mountain bleak,
With a vest of snow o'er his shoulders strown,
The edge of a glacier form'd his throne,
And he sat in reverend mood thereon;
And his cold clear eyes with ice-beams shone,
And his slow chill veins had frost within,
And reverend icicles bearded his chin
In many a glittering peak.

He bade me speed, and I pass'd in haste,
With his hoar breath on me as I went:
With hurrying tread I onward paced,
And wandering o'er that moony waste,
Thence down the mountain's side full fast,
Through a rock-hewn portal forth I pass'd,
(That parted the kingdoms of crag and dell,)
Where a hanging portcullis of icicles fell
Adown from the roof-cleft rent.

Spring met me then, o' the sunnier side,
Lovely Spring, with her lap of flowers!
And led me along through a valley wide,
With blossoms and greenery prank'd and dyed;
Her fingers dripped with pearly dew,
As she pluck'd me the opening buds that grew
Beside our path; such gold and gems
As are set by the fairies in diadems,
In emerald, moonlight bowers:

I follow'd my guide of beauty rare
O'er a fruited plain's expanse,
Where fresh were the meadows and soft the air,
Until we arrived at an outlet fair,
'Twixt rocks o'er a magical lake that look,
And there sweet Spring her farewell took;
And, light as a fading rainbow, threw
Her mantle round her and withdrew
At once from my wistful glance.

Then came in his boat a hermit grey
And ferried me o'er to a lovely isle,
Its shores indented with cave and bay,
And around its base did mermaids play.
There, each front green with citron-trees,
Uprose ten marble terraces,
With a throne on top, and a lady there,
Whom I knew by the wealth of her golden hair,
And the sunlight of her smile.

She gave me a glance that seem'd to say,
"You see I'm a queen of pride and power!"
Bright Summer! O would it were mine to stay
On the shores of this magical isle alway,
To win e'en such proud smiles from thee;
To breathe thy fragrant breath, and see
The soft-scented orange-blooms opening all,
To catch the drops of light that fall
Round thee in a ceaseless shower.

T. H. S.

THE DESERTERS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

IN THREE PARTS—PART THE THIRD.

THE half-hour named by the king had expired, within two minutes. The lieutenant whose duty it was to superintend the immediate execution had placed himself on one side of his men, and raised his sword.

"Make ready!"

A thrilling sound of the two files of soldiers announced the instant obedience to this order.

"Take aim!"

Another clanking sound, produced by another stir of the men.

"STOP!" said an old veteran.

A general sensation announced the astonishment created by this bold interruption.

"Sire, may an old soldier, on the eve of battle, where he is going to-morrow to leave his body, perhaps, in your cause, ask a grace?"

"Well, say on, old moustache!"

"Pardon one of these men—at least *one*."

"Good! Be it so! But how shall we select? Will you name him who is to die?"

"Sire, no. But let chance determine."

"Good again!" said Frederick.

"Have them brought to yonder rock, sire. Let them cast with this die, and he who throws the highest shall live and do you service in the field to-morrow."

"Be it so!" said the monarch, who, as well as Napoleon, had a lurking love for his men above his officers. "In mercy, and to shew how hard it is to punish even the guilty, I grant your request."

There was a great joy, but it was strangely mixed. The two poor men were brought forward. They were pale, and a glisten in their eyes shewed how near they had been to death, and how near they still were, but they walked forward firmly and calmly, and looked at each other.

"Shake hands, my friend!" said Karl. "We are in a bad pass!"

"True," cried Adolphe, grasping the hand of his friend. "But no ill-will."

"None—not a shadow. On the contrary, I commend to you, in case I lose, my poor family."

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"And I the same."

"One more embrace."

And again they folded each other in their arms and imprinted a kiss, which, in the continental countries, is not confined to women or to love, but is an expression of simple friendship descended from the times of Judas Iscariot.

"Now then!" said Karl. "Give me the die."

There was but one, and it was to be thrown with the hand.

Karl unhesitatingly threw.

"Five."

"Give me," said Adolphe. "Ha—a *five* again!"

"Once more, my friend," said Karl.

"Six!" said the king. "You are saved!"

Karl covered his face with his hard and brawny hands, partly in joy and partly in horror at the conviction that his friend was to die.

In this opinion Adolphe apparently shared, for with a sudden pang of agony and despair, he cried—

"Then *farewell life!*" and hurled the die down against the rock with the force of the bitterest anguish.

A burst of admiration broke from every lip, which almost instantly deepened into a delighted shout.

The die had *broken!* Of the two parts one had turned up a *six*, the other a *one*.

"Sire!" said the old soldier who had first proposed the arrangement, "Karl your majesty has already pardoned. Adolphe is free by the conditions of the trial."

"Be it so—be it so!" said the king. They are free. Now, if there are any more *deserters* here, let them wait till to-morrow! and if we do not beat the enemy—*we'll all desert together!!*"

The morning broke. The battle was fought. Victory with her brighter laurels crowned the brows of the conqueror of Europe. Karl and Adolphe fought till their conduct drew the attention of their commanding officer, and each, by a desperate and brilliant feat, aided in turning the fate of this celebrated battle.

The die was preserved, and is now shewn to travellers by the courteous keeper of the *Kunst Cabinet*, or cabinet of art, in the third story of the royal Schloss at Berlin.

ROMAN NEWSPAPERS.

THE Romans, though we are apt to overlook the fact, had registers of politics and intelligence, which were really not unlike our own newspapers in their contents, but immeasurably inferior in the mode of circulation.

The journals of the Senate and National Conventions long contained little more than entries resembling those in our collected acts of parliament. These furnished most of the materials from which, till 625, the Pontiffs compiled their annals; and there is also proof that, after the Republic had extended its dominions, those official journals were regularly copied and transmitted to public men living at a distance. But these sources were not enough. Every man abroad had his correspondents in Rome; and when the task of collecting news became more difficult, several persons assumed newsmongering as a trade, taking, in short-hand, notes of the proceedings at public meetings, and selling copies of them as well as of the common gossip of the day, and the official journals. Julius Cæsar, in 694, established a regular system for recording the deliberations both of the Senate and the Conventions, in a form much like our reports of parliamentary debates; and he allowed these accounts to be copied and freely circulated. Although Augustus stopped the publication of the reports, the restraint was soon afterwards withdrawn; and even after their introduction by Julius, these and all other archives of the state were so unreservedly open to the public, and their contents were diffused in so many shapes, that we are often uncertain whether the sources to which the Roman authors refer are these official reports, or the notes of professional short-hand writers, or, finally, those collections of common news that were handed about with the other pieces of information.

But we are less curious to disentangle this confusion than to learn some of the subjects which were discussed in the news-journals. The accounts of the political debates embraced the acts and resolutions, the rescripts of the emperors, the reports of magistrates or committees, the names of the voters (like that of Thrasea Pætus, whose silent dissent was watched with such eagerness by the provincials), the speeches, their reception, and the squabbles of the debaters. Stray articles of law-intelligence seem to have found their way into these collections. There were likewise occasional notices extracted from the local registers of births, and announcements of marriages, divorces, deaths, and funerals, as also descriptions of new public buildings, shows of gladiators, and such ordinary themes. Julius Cæsar, who read the news-sheet every morning, gave strict orders that Cicero's witty sayings should be regularly added to the other current matter. The journals, too, like our own, were the receptacles for all tragical and marvellous occurrences; and Pliny derived from them many of the odd stories inserted in his Encyclopædia, among which the following may be

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cited. The gazettes related that on the day when Cicero defended Milo there descended a shower of bricks; that under Augustus a burgher of Fæsulæ walked to the Capitol in a procession formed by his own sixty-three descendants; that when a slave of the unfortunate Titus Sabinus had been executed by Tiberius, his dog watched the corpse, carried food to its mouth, and, on its being thrown into the Tiber, swam after it and strove to bring it to land; and that in the reign of Claudius a phœnix from Egypt was publicly exhibited in Rome; which last story, however, Pliny truly pronounces to be a manifest invention.—*Mr. Spalding's Italy and the Italian Islands.*

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF KING HENRY THE SEVENTH.

THIS long closed Library—how drear and vast
Doth it now seem to him, who lonely stands
Again where he hath stood in days long past,
And stills his throbbing temples with his hands;
While ebbs his heart's blood like the ebbing sands,
An hourly monitor of fleeting day;
Now memory a dark-dyed roll expands,
And shadowy forms throng round in dim array—
He sternly seems to gaze, then waves those forms away.

The last that paced this floor, her step was sad—
Since then no mortal eyes have view'd the room,
Where none durst go, save he companions had,
To brave the terrors of the vaulted gloom;—
Since LADY EVELINE read those lines of doom
The door is closed;—*why* the old steward guess'd;
There reigns the dreary silence of a tomb,
The key was hoarded in an iron chest,
And none might take it thence save at his lord's behest.

The tall black folios stand in awful range,
Their heavy brazen clasps untouch'd would seem,
Since she had dared unbid to gaze on strange
And hidden secrets by the midnight gleam,
For which in vain might tears of penance stream;
They could not cleanse her guilt or error hide—
So may *one* hour with endless sorrow teem—
Ah! fatal deed! ah! act of daring pride!
For which she dearly paid—the LADY EVELINE died.

The ponderous stand yet holds the iron pen
She dipp'd in blood drawn from her lily arm,
To work unholy spells, and sign agen
The parchment scroll that wrought the powerful charm;
The while she grasp'd the cross to shield from harm;
Yet spells were said, and beads were told in vain;
The hour was come should fill her with alarm,
When masses hymn'd in many a holy fane
Should seek to free her soul from that dark treason stain.

Dread were the rumours of that awful time,
And those that listen'd shudder'd as they heard;—
None knew the bosom'd secret of the crime,
Or if 'twas known, 'twas but a passing word;
None save the steward, he was strangely stirr'd,
Though naught he spake;—his mind was ill at ease;
Sleepless he lay while the ill-boding bird
Each dreary night shriek'd from the moaning trees—
Then the old man would rise, and fall upon his knees.

And much he mused—for he had early known,
That his dread lord had got his lady's heart;
He guess'd of one that she had loved alone—
Oft had he seen her tears unbidden start,
And thought how deep and hollow was the part
That she must act—her heart was far away;—
Her maidens robed her form with comeliest art,
And wreathed her hair with gems—yet day by day
He saw her beauty pale, and fade at last away.

And once he saw her gaze upon a ring—
A broad gold ring—no jewel sparkled there—
But hid from sight, and yielding to a spring,
Lay closed a picture and a lock of hair;—
His lord's was dark—*that* lock was bright and fair;
And oh! how deep a sigh her breast would rend!
How oft he overheard a mutter'd prayer!
How oft to cloister'd walks her steps would tend!
While she in pensive mood her lonely way would wend.

The portrait wore a smile—his lord a frown;
Albeit he knew not of her troubled breast—
A strange, stern, silent man, with looks cast down,
As one who ponder'd much in moody quest
Of hidden lore;—unmeet to be a guest
In courtly halls, or guide a palfrey's rein
For lady fair in plume and silken vest:
Oh! how thought he a lady's love to gain,
Or win her heart from one long since had cross'd the main.

So was she told—reluctant to believe
The hated tale—then gloom'd her bridal morn,
Then came her task how daily to deceive,
And feign a smile the while her heart was torn;
And known by none, she deem'd that ring was worn;
Her only joy the broider'd silks to frame
As though the tapestry she would adorn,
And twine with art the cipher of a name
In many a secret knot secure from jealous blame.

Then came an hour long pray'd for, when her lord
Arm'd him for listed fields, and parting bade
The watchful steward tend her at the board,
And see that she no idle gallants had;
Sternly he spake, and mark'd her aspect sad,
And how her vermeil colour faded fast—
Then took his sword and rein'd his courser glad—
Forth from the ponderous drawbridge frowning pass'd,
Nor reck'd the blighting chill he on her heart had cast.

Then sought she that dark room of gramarye—
How her hand trembled as the page she turn'd—
Ah! little thought she *who* was hovering nigh,
Who watch'd with lowering look the lamp that burn'd
All in a pale, pellucid vase inurn'd;
The while she wrought in frantic haste the spell,
And bought the knowledge better she had spurn'd,
To seek if he she loved too long, too well,
Yet lived to love again, or if through grief he fell.

Priests say the Evil One had scantly power
To work her harm save she herself had sped
Her dark designs, and hurried on the hour
That wrought confusion on her guilty head;
He whom she mourn'd as far, or changed, or dead,
Had lurk'd around unknown, and mark'd the day
Her lord rode forth—and then with darkling tread
He sought the secret stairs, led by the ray
Of frantic love that did his steps betray.

Startling she shriek'd, and fast her tears did flow,
When at the lady's feet SIR WALTER knelt,
And urged to flight—she faintly whisper'd, No!
Yet rose to flee!—*then* a stern grasp she felt,
Then rung a scabbard in an iron belt,
Then swept an arm bared from a sable stole—
Her wedded lord's!—full sure the blow he dealt—
No priest was by to shrive the parting soul:
SIR WALTER sigh'd *her* name—no bells for him might knoll.

No sculptured tomb his bloody corse might hold,
His murderer bore him forth, and darkly deep
'Tis said a grave he scoop'd in festering mould
At the lone staircase foot—hard by must weep
The LADY EVELINE—vainly may she steep
The niche with tears—nor prayer, nor pleading sigh

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Avail—her dying vigil must she keep
'Mured in the wall—that room is closed for aye,
And there no foot may tread, no curious glance
may pry.
Strange were the sounds that down the gallery
pass'd:
Still hour by hour a faint and boding scream
Rung on the startled ears, and horror cast
On all that listen'd—some would say a gleam
Did nightly through the mullion'd windows stream;
Though that dark lord long years hath been
away,
Still blackens there the broad and blood-stain'd
beam;
For all a heavy penance must he pay,
And roam on pilgrimage, a palmer gaunt and grey.

REINELM.

JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

(*Concluded from page 169.*)

EVERY Japanese beverage is drunk warm, water included. The natives hold themselves so deeply indebted to the race of horned cattle for their services, and agriculture and other labour, that it would be an act of base and criminal ingratitude either to eat their flesh or to rob the young of their mother's milk. The use of milk, in any form, is therefore unknown, or if known, prohibited in Japan. Poor gin and excellent corn-brandy are drunk; and there is a fermented red juice from the grapes of wild vines; but it is not wine. We suspect that the same observation may be applied to much miscalled "wine" in England.

A faithless wife is unknown in Japan. The minds of the women are as carefully cultivated as those of the men; and amongst the most admired authors, historians, moralists, and poets, are found several female names. The Japanese ladies are lively and agreeable, and do the honours of their houses with grace and elegance.

Education is rigidly attended to. The children of the poor are invariably sent to primary schools, where they learn to read and write, and acquire some knowledge of the history of their own country; and of this education not a day-labourer in Japan is destitute. The children of the higher classes are carefully taught morals and manners, good-breeding and etiquette; a thorough knowledge of the almanac is important, since it would be as vulgarly disgraceful as it would be disastrous to marry, begin a journey, or take any other important step on an unlucky day. The children are very ill-dressed; lest fine clothes should excite admiration, and make the little folks vain.

The bridal presents in Japan always include a spinning-wheel, a loom, and the culinary implements requisite in a Japanese kitchen. The marriage ceremony consists of the prayers and benedictions of the priests, and a formal kindling of bridal torches, the bride's from the altar, the bridegroom's from her's; after which, the pair are pronounced man and wife.

Making presents is an important business in Japan: a knot of coloured paper is emblematic of luck; and every present, of the least or greatest value, is accompanied with a slice of dried, coarse fish, commemorative of the frugality of the early Japanese. Upon one festival day, everybody presents a cake to every friend and acquaintance.

The Japanese are very ceremonious in their social intercourse. On a visit, they do not begin conversation in earnest until tea and pipes are brought in: there is no "will you take anything?—rather not?" Here is another hint for the English. In conversation, the Japanese are careful not to annoy their friends with complaints of private troubles or vexations; but, even under heavy afflictions they assume a cheerful countenance. One of the nuisances in English society is the fondness which most persons have for telling what the Japanese people conceal: scarcity of money, the misconduct of servants, and a run of ill-luck, are favourite topics with the English; and their fondness for "the weather" induced Shenstone to say, ill-naturedly, that "a fine day" is the only sincerity in our conversation, because no one is envied the enjoyment.

A morning call in Japan ends by serving up, on a sheet of white paper, confectionary, or other dainties; the visitor carefully carrying away what is not eaten. And this practice is so established a rule of Japanese good breeding, that, at grand dinners, the guests are expected to bring servants with baskets for the scraps. Only think of a great man returning from one of our city feasts with his carriage laden with baskets of fragments—a tureen of turtle here, a "begun" haunch of venison there, a turkey in the coach-top, and a fricandeau or a trifle in the pockets. A diner-out might, in this case, carry home his next day's family dinner: though we are not told upon what scale the Japanese provide for their guests, who, perchance, have to carry away from a mean table a handful of rice and some stale, sticky sweetmeats. A lover of fish would fare well in Japan, where it answers to the English joint of meat; venison is enjoyed, and so are all kinds of vegetables, sea-weed not excepted. At grand entertainments, the bills, legs, and claws of the poultry and game are gilt: there are seven or eight courses; but we are sorry to find that exhibition of the Japan china and lackered ware table-service is the chief object in giving a dinner.

Tea, made in the ordinary way, or boiled in the tea-kettle, is drunk at all meals, and indeed, all day long, by all classes. But there is a more fashionable mode: a teaspoonful of the finest tea, in powder, is put

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into a bowl, boiling water is poured upon it, and the whole is whipped with split bamboo till it creams, which we take to be a long time. This tea is served in very costly lackered bowls, with silken napkins, and is said to be very agreeable: it is only partaken of in a room adorned with a portrait of the philosopher and bonze Darina, its inventor, its patron *kami*, or saint. This is shadow for substance; since any English washerwoman, with her ounce of "dust" and a tin teapot would produce a much better drink; her patron saints, philosophers, and bonzes being Messrs. Twining or Antrobus.

Cards and dice are prohibited at home in Japan; though Yedo, like London, has its gaming-houses. Chess and draughts are great favourites. Another game seems original. A puppet is floated in a vessel of water, round which the company stand playing the *syamsie*, and singing as the puppet moves. As it turns, penalties of *sakee*-drinking are imposed for wrong guesses; and thus the men get drunk with *sakee*, and sober themselves with tea, as a few folks do elsewhere; but the Japanese outsit us by repeating the two processes—*sakee* and tea, and tea and *sakee*, until they are carried away insensible.

The Japanese are very fond of out-door parties, especially upon the lakes, rivers, and bays of the sea: in boats lit with coloured paper lanterns, and with music and feasting, they will *keep it up* after noon, evening, and part of the night. Jugglers and posturers, as Mr. Bunn says, "lend their efficient aid" to these entertainments. Story-tellers (in the childish sense of the term) are also hired—not to tell romances, but all the gossip and scandal of the neighbourhood; and these story-tellers have a second and somewhat startling duty—"to set an example of politeness and high-breeding, to improve the tone of society that requires their services. These several and not very homogeneous functions they are said to combine in a most extraordinary manner." Such scandal-mongers are frequently hired to relieve the tedium of a sick room; and, judging from the success of English nurses in this respect, the Japanese are not bad judges.

But in Japan, as elsewhere, "last of all comes death." When a man in office dies in debt his creditors receive his salary till the reversion of his place has been obtained for his son; which is, certainly, taking the benefit of the death—not the Act. The first symptom of mourning is turning all the screens and sliding doors throughout the house topsy-turvy, and all garments inside out: friends come in prepared for the funeral; the grave is dug, like a well, and lined with cement, and the body is put into a tub-shaped coffin, which is enclosed in an earthenware vessel of corresponding figure; so that the deceased is buried on his feet. The mourning is pure white; the monuments are inscribed with red, black, or gold letters; and for half a century the children and grand-children of the deceased continue to make offerings at the tomb.

We have but little room to speak of the Japanese laws. Justice is fairly administered, though torture is common: one species, in which a shirt of reeds, the criminal's only garment, is set on fire, is esteemed so superlatively entertaining, from the sufferer's contortions, that it is called "the death dance." The condemned criminal is conveyed on horseback to the place of execution; the executioner gives him a cup of *sakee* and other refreshment, which he shares with his friends; he is then seated upon a straw mat, between two heaps of sand, and his head is struck off with a sword. The severed head is next set upon a stake, with a placard announcing the crime: it is thus exposed for three days, after which the relations may bury as much of the corpse as the birds of prey have left. The excellence of an executioner is measured by the number of wounds in torture—sixteen is said to be the maximum—that he can inflict without causing death. Upon these occasions, it is reported that the young nobles habitually lend the executioner their sword, as a trial of the edge and temper of the new blade. Some of the prisons are so frightful as to have a name unknown to "ears polite," and applied in this country to houses of play, where a man is presumed to have a chance.

Two indigenous modes of measuring time are adopted in Japan: one by the burning of bodies of determinate magnitude, analogous to our Alfred's candles; the other by a peculiar sort of clock, described by Fisher, not very intelligibly, to consist of a horizontal balance, with a weight at each end, moving backwards and forwards upon a pin.

We conclude with a description of a clock—not its mechanism, unluckily—made in 1826, and indicating more skill than taste. "This clock is contained in a frame 3 feet high by 5 feet long, and presents a fair landscape at noon tide; plum and cherry trees in full blossom, with other plants, adorn the foreground. The background consists of a hill, from which falls a cascade, skilfully imitated in glass, that forms a softly-flowing river, first winding round rocks placed here and there, then running across the middle of the landscape, till lost in a wood of fir-trees. A golden sun hangs aloft in the sky, and, turning upon a pivot, indicates the striking of the hours. On the frame below, the twelve hours of the day and night are marked, where a slowly-creeping tortoise serves as a hand. A bird, perched

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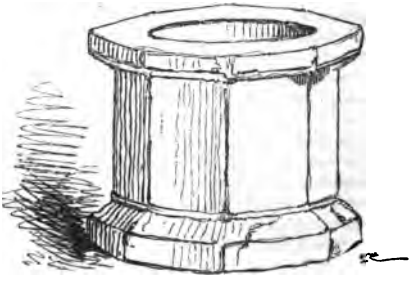
upon the branch of a plum-tree, by its song and the clapping of its wings announces the moment when the hour expires, and as the song ceases, a bell is heard to strike the hour; during which operation a mouse comes out of a grotto, and runs over the hill. * * * Every separate part was nicely executed; but the bird was too large for the tree, and the sun for the sky, while the mouse scaled the mountain in a moment of time."

CURIOUS RELICS,

DISCOVERED AT WESTMINSTER.

A FEW days since, in digging for the foundation of the new Houses of Parliament, at Westminster, there were discovered the interesting antiquities represented in the annexed Engravings. Both objects were dug up facing the site of the chapel of St. Stephen, a few feet outside the old river-wall.

The first article, a grotesque figure, was found enclosed in an earthen pot, or vase, (unfortunately much broken,) with fragments of bones, and black river-mud; the vessel having been dug up from the clay, at about fifteen feet below the Trinity standard of the river. The height of the pot appears to have been seven inches, and its form resembling that of the common "stone" water-pitcher of the present day, bulging at the centre, the diameter of which is five inches; and a portion of the original glaze remains on the exterior. The figure is represented in the Engraving, of its actual size: it is composed of a reddish clay, of an extremely fine texture, and is worked all over, apparently in imitation of the feathers of a bird; across the breast are two arms, roughly cut. The eyeballs are composed of round, finely polished, whitish pebbles, which give the figure an almost demoniacal expression. The back of the figure, in design, has no association with the animal form of the front; its outlines are extremely indistinct, but are, apparently, in heraldic compartments, in one of which is a shield; and at the right-hand upper termination is a rudely-formed crown.*



The second object is a stone font, 23½ inches in height, and 22 inches in diameter; it is of octagonal form, the faces and mouldings being quite plain, with the angles generally sharp and perfect. Upon one side of the ledge, very near the basin, is a piece of lead, which, probably, once held the staple, or fastening, by which the covering was locked to the font.† The vessel was, it is presumed, supported by a central shaft, or base. It is formed of one block of stone, except at the lower moulding, which appears to have been fractured. The octagonal form of this font does not denote it to be of very early date.

After our inspection of these relics, we were courteously permitted to view "the works" of the new Houses of Parliament, which are progressing very satisfactorily, so as to do justice to Mr. Barry's very

* Upon the design of this figure, we shall be happy to receive elucidatory remarks from our numerous antiquarian readers.

† Fonts were formerly surmounted by framework, which was occasionally locked to the ledge. One of the constitutions of Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, dated 1236, ordains, that baptismal fonts be kept under lock and key, for (fear of) sorcery.—*Johnson's Eccles. Laws*, 1236, sec. 9.

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beautiful design. A considerable principal story of the portion of the eastern, or river front, is already constructed. The "first stone," viz., that of the stupendous "Queen's Tower," it is expected, will be laid, by Her Majesty, at the close of the present session of Parliament.

OLD LONDON.

THERE has recently been discovered a very curious Map of London, entitled *Civitas Londinum*, bearing date 1553; and from which the well-known reprint of London, preceding Pennant's work, purporting to be London in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and printed a few years ago on a large scale by the Antiquarian Society, no doubt was taken; but this map has many particulars, names of places, &c., not mentioned in the more modern productions. The map here described is supposed to be unique. It is worthy of description, especially as it has just been brought to the hammer. It is about two yards long, and upwards of three-quarters of a yard wide. It has been engraved on eight blocks of wood, and the paper is mounted on canvas. The style of execution requires no description to those who recollect either the map in *Pennant's London*, or the reprint by the Antiquarian Society. It is in its earliest state, varying in several particulars from any one map of London mentioned by Mr. Ottley, in his article on Ralph Aggas's celebrated map in the "Notice of Engravers." There is entertained little doubt that this map, in its earliest state, was executed in the time of Henry VIII., or Edward VI. But the perusal of the map itself is curious. The title appears at the top, in large Roman letters—*Civitas Londinum*. The upper left corner is occupied with the royal arms, and the lower left corner with the following (rather extraordinary) printed information:—

"This ancient and famous city of London was founded by Brute the Trojan, in the year of the world 2832, and before the nativity of our Saviour Christ, 1130. So that since the first building it is 2663 years. And afterwards was repaired and enlarged by King Lud; but at this present so flourisheth that it containeth in length from the east to the west about three English miles, from the north to the south, about two English miles. It is also so plentifully peopled, that it is divided into 122 parishes within the liberties, besides 16 parishes that are in the suburbs. It is planted on a very good soyle; for on the one side it is compassed with corne and pasture ground; and on the other side it is enclosed with the river of Thames, which not only aboundeth in all kind of fresh-water fish, but also is so navigable, that it as well bringeth abundance of commerce from all parts of the world, as also conveyeth forth such commodities as the plentifulness of our country doth yield us, which both augments the fame thereof abroad, and also increaseth the riches thereof at home, so that as it is head and chief city of the whole realm, so it is likewise head and chief chamber of the whole realm, as well as for our outward as inward commodities. God prosper it at his pleasure. 1533."

In the upper right hand is the City shield, or arms; and in the lower corner the following lines:—

"New Troy my name; when first my fame begun
By Trojan Brute: who then me placed here:
On fruitfull soyle, where pleasant Thames doth run.
Sith Lud, my Lord, my King and lover dear,
Encreast my bounds: and London (far that rings
Through regions large) he called then my name.
How famous since (I stately seat of kings)
Have flourish'd aye: let others that proclaim.
And let me joy thus happy still to see
This vertuous Peer my Soveraign to be."

Among places marked in this map that do not appear in other maps, even of later date, may be mentioned, "The Spitel Fyeld," which appeared to be used by archers; "Fynsburie Fyeld," with "Dogge's House," it being used for citizens to hunt in; "More Fyeld," with marks as if used by clothiers; "The Banck," by the side of the river; "The Bolle Bayting" Theatre, (which is near the "Beare Bayting" House;) "Black Fryers," near to where the bridge now is; and on the opposite bank are houses and trees named "Paris Garden." This map was sold on Thursday, the 8th inst., and was purchased for the City library for 26*l*.—*Times*.

A DRAMA OFF THE STAGE.

THE theatre of the Porte Saint Martin, in Paris, was crowded: pit, orchestra, and galleries were filled to suffocation. There shone the most brilliant dresses and the first society of Paris, for Mazurier was to take his departure the next day for London, it was the last time that year he was to perform in the Vampire Polichinelle. Since the morning, all the avenues to the theatre were filled with people, notwithstanding the torrents of rain that fell, for all Paris was desirous of seeing once more this marvellous living puppet, who could climb like a monkey, twist and turn like a snake, and crack cocoanuts on his forehead at the imminent risk of breaking his own head as well as the nut.

The curtain was not yet drawn up, and each one was trying to kill time after his own fashion. Some in the pit were hissing, beating time with their feet, and calling to each other from one end of the theatre to the other. The gods in the gallery were

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imitating birds and cats, and those more peaceably inclined took advantage of the confusion to look at the pretty women through their eye-glasses, and to catch their glances in return.

One box only was not full; it was occupied by a young man, who might have seen thirty summers, and whose mild and melancholy face shewed indifference to all that was passing around him. His dress was plain, but in good taste; his black cravat made more conspicuous a paleness, which, without any appearance of ill-health, gave a peculiar character to his physiognomy. The ladies appeared to look at this young man with interest, for doubtless he was unhappy, and his ailment seemed to be one of the heart. He perceived that he was exciting attention, and drew back as far as he could in the box; he then took his eye-glass and looked anxiously to the right and left, after which he fell into a reverie. The first piece was ended; but neither the good singing of one performer, the false notes of all the others, nor the clapping and laughing, could rouse the pale unknown from his reflections, until a gentle tap at the door of his box made him start, and he hastily opened it.

"Ah! good evening, my dear Alfred," said a sweet, youthful voice; "you appear very much pre-occupied; is it with the piece? no, it cannot be, for I looked through the pane of glass before I knocked, and your back was turned to the actors."

"True, my charmer," answered Alfred, while he pressed the ungloved hand of a fair and beautiful woman, who smiled on him most graciously, "this piece is very tiresome, and you are fortunate to arrive at the ending of it."

"What is it called?"

"Ah! I must acknowledge, my sweet Anna, that I was not paying any attention to it, and that I do not even know the name. I was thinking of you alone. But see how absent I am: I do not even inquire how you came. Is your mother indisposed, that she did not accompany you?"

"Yes, she is not well, her head-ache had increased, and by the advice of my dear cousin the doctor (whom, by the bye, you do not like) my mother went to bed. As I did not wish to miss the play, and leave you all the evening *tête-à-tête* with two thousand persons, I begged Hippocrates to accompany me to my box before making his visits behind the curtain. But see, there he is on the stage;—take your glass,—at the left, behind that tree. He is looking at you."

"Yes, I see him," said Alfred, rather disconcerted; "why is he looking at us so intently?"

Here the curtain fell.

"My dear friend, you are wrong, you are unjust towards Hubert: what has he done to you? are you displeased that he gave me his arm to accompany me hither?"

"Oh no, my dear Anna," returned Alfred, "but I envy him: to tell the truth, I would rather have been your cavalier myself; for that man who follows you everywhere ——"

"There, are you not going to be jealous?" interrupted the lady, with a malicious smile; "you would have preferred my coming alone, perhaps, which I certainly should have done rather than not have kept my word. I am no longer a young girl, afraid of her shadow; a widow of twenty-five does not always need the arm of a man to escort her, and I should have gone alone to the opera without any scruple; but to the Porte Saint Martin—"

A terrible noise in the pit drowned the voice of Madame Fleury; there was a cloud of dust and violent swearing and fighting; five or six late comers were endeavouring to get a place; they were determined to see Mazurier.

"Oh, the horrible creatures!" cried Madame Fleury; "look at them, Alfred, they will kill each other! What a low place!"

"They certainly are very ill-bred, my sweet Anna; they run to the theatre like wolves to their pasture, not caring for the pretty eyes that are looking at them. For myself, I am not fond of the theatre, my dear Anna; and were it not for the inestimable happiness of being near you, all those farces of the boulevards would appear to me very insipid, and I should not have come to swallow the dust these gentlemen are making."

"But you must try to like it, my dear, for I am so fond of the theatre; and you, I hope, will be a good husband, and accompany me to see all the melo-dramas! I have the bad taste to like melo-dramas!"

"Well, I shall finish by liking them also, Anna; do you but say the word, all your desires, your least caprices (for all pretty women have some), shall be immediately gratified by me. Yes, you will make me like what I now hate."

"My cousin, for instance?" asked the pretty *interlocutrice*, while she took the hand of Alfred, who was trembling violently.

"Oh, do not talk to me of that man," continued he with an agitated voice, "for you will make me repent doing a good action: he is my most mortal enemy, and he loves you; he wishes to obliterate me from your heart, and there are no infamous means he will not employ to come to his end; no falsehoods he will not fabricate when my back is turned. But you do not believe all he says, do you? his tactics are too absurd; the envious scoundrel! he is tired of his passion for actresses, and he now makes pretensions to you."

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"Be calm! be calm, Alfred; we are observed; be reasonable, and do not weep like a child!"

The pretty widow gently drew Alfred to the interior of the box, and laid her white hand on the shoulder of the young man, who exclaimed,

"Pardon me, oh, my dear Anna, pardon me! I am very guilty, but I love you! I am losing my reason. They want to separate us, to take you from my arms; you, my life—you, my angel! I love but one woman on earth—you, and you alone!"

Alfred became so agitated, that Madame Fleury was obliged to draw the curtain of the box; fortunately, the noise drowned the sound of Alfred's voice, and they were not noticed. The young widow held her lover's cold hand in hers.

"My friend, you know I am not ungrateful, and I love you as you love me. Let us not speak of Hubert; his falsehoods can have no effect on me."

"Oh, Hubert, Hubert, I regret having allowed him to live, when I might have ——"

(To be concluded in our next.)

Public Exhibitions.

EASTER NOVELTIES.

THE appearance of the customary "*Maunday*" paragraph in the newspapers, served to remind us of the near approach of Easter. In the *Times* of the 7th instant appears an account of the ceremony at Whitehall, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, prefaced by these sensible remarks: "In our time, we have but the shadow of the mumming left, but the charitable donations which closed the ancient exhibition, and formed the more substantial and better part of the performance, still continue to be given. In these degenerate days, it has been thought that the rest of the spectacle would be more honoured in the breach than the observance. In many parts of Europe it is still kept up. The last performance by royalty in person was that of James II."

Good Friday is very unequally observed in the metropolis and its environs. Not many years since, the cries of "One-a-penny Bun, two-a-penny Bun," &c. re-echoed through the streets soon after daybreak: now, such melodies are "few and far between," and the bun breakfast has become the quiet monopoly of the baker or confectioner. We confess that we miss these harbingers of the "Good" day with a shadow of regret. No sooner is the breakfast despatched, than the wet morning newspaper is brought in, and breaks the holiness of the time. Its columns teem with advertisements of "Good Friday" amusements: steam-boats, on this day, make their first "excursions" of the season—to Herne Bay, Margate, "and back:" above bridge, this is the first day of Cockney angling—at least, so we were told a week since at Sunbury. Railway-trains run later than usual: in short, there is abundant encouragement for the holiday-makers. The chime of the several church-bells in the metropolis, however, reminds you that Good Friday was once observed "as a day of extraordinary devotion;" although the wet newspaper, with its every-day aspect, convinces you that the stream of busy life runs as strongly as ever. Between the sacred chime and the secular chronicle, rises a mistiness of meaning, to clear up which, you rise and go to your window, and thence, what do you see? —why, a scene that recals Sterne's words: "I walked up gravely to the window in my dusty black coat, and looking through the glass, saw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleasure." Still, the streets have not a Sunday aspect: the absence of heavy carts and wagons from the road-traffic implies a day of rest; but, the working-day dress, and the *parure au seconde* of the persons on the *trottoir*, are anything but the characteristics of an English Sunday. Here and there, too, an open shop aids this effect: in some few cases, this peculiarity is referable to conscientious scruples; but, in a far greater number of instances, it is a matter of convenience—as cleansing and re-decorating shops, to save the loss of a day of business. Meanwhile, the holiday-folks swarm from the vast hive of London into its picturesque environs, and just contrive to escape from their cells of brick and mortar; but the seriously-disposed betake themselves to a more sacred observance of the day by prayer and abstinence. Such are the main features of an English Good Friday, which "all who run may read."

We will not stay to sketch Saturday, which somewhat resembles an *intercalary* day, inserted to preserve the equation of time, or the better to enable us to prepare for the veritable holidays: it is, perhaps, the busiest day in the year with all caterers for public amusement. Easter-Day succeeds, with its observances spiritual and secular; and then the long-looked for Monday: thus, as Selden says: "first we fast, and then we feast."

London is not, at present, so rife with exhibition novelties as at a corresponding period of former seasons. Easter, this year, falls about midway between the earliest and latest day upon which it can fall; but Art, which contributes so liberally to our metropolitan sights, is not yet full-blown—it is little beyond the bud. The *National Gallery*, by an excellent regulation, has been open throughout the week, except Saturday, and has been visited by thousands of persons who are every year becoming better

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enabled to appreciate the master-pieces of this choice collection; for, assuredly, the popular mind is fast rising to refined judgment on works of high art. The Galleries of the *British Institution* and *the Society of British Artists* of course present novelties, but with the "shilling" embargo: though, we are glad to perceive that the large public schools are invited to view the latter gallery gratuitously, as at the last Exhibition. In a few days, the two *Water-colour Societies* will unmask their beauties, and at the close of the month, "the Exhibition," *par excellence*, will be added to the list; when, indeed, will be the high carnival time of painting and sculpture.

The several *amas* belong to another grade of the pictorial art: such are the *Panorama*, the *Diorama*, the *Cosmorama*, and the *Kineorama*. The two former Exhibitions have recently been described in our pages, and are the most popular sights of their class. Mr. Burford's pictures of Acre and Damascus present great contrariety of character—a scene from the last war, and a city slumbering in antiquity. In the Regent's Park, the somewhat flaunting dioramic view of the last Coronation has been succeeded by a French Cathedral, of exquisite beauty: the Grotto of the Nativity, too, from Roberts's sketch, is admirably picturesque, and peculiarly fitted for dioramic effects. Passing on to the *Colosseum*, both the Panorama of London and the Sculpture Gallery are *in statu quo*; as are also the conservatory, the cottage, and the lake and mountain scenery. With our recollection of what this fairy-land was in the spring of 1829, on Mr. Horner politely accompanying us throughout its labyrinthine embellishments, the place and its appurtenances are somewhat *passé*, and remind us that all that's fair must fade. Returning by Regent-street, (in Easter-week shorn of its aristocratic beams,) we found several visitors at the *Cosmorama*, a contrivance which, being cheap and simple, many persons affect to despise: "but," as Dr. Arnott well observes, they do not thereby shew their wisdom; for to have made so perfect a representation of objects is one of the most sublime triumphs of art, whether we regard the pictures drawn in such true perspective and colouring, or the lenses which assist the eye in examining them."*

* It is remarkable, when the imagination is once excited by some beautiful or striking view, how readily any visual hint produces clear and strong impressions. One day, in the Cosmorama, a school-boy visitor exclaimed, with fearful delight, that he saw a monstrous tiger coming from its den among the rocks; it was a kitten belonging to the attendant, which, by accident, had strayed among the paintings. And, another young spectator was heard calling out that he saw a horse galloping up the mountain side;—it was a minute fly crawling slowly up the canvas.—*Arnott's Elements of Physics*, vol. ii. pt. 1, p. 280.

Quitting Regent-street, we next called at the *Napoleon Diorama*, in St. James's-street, (described at page 216,) where the spectators in the darkened chamber appeared alive to the merits of the three *tableaux*, which, as masterly specimens of scene-painting, have already become popular. In passing through Pall-Mall, we again admired the architectural magnificence of the Reform Club-house, the interior of which is now hastening to completion: it is, altogether, a palatial structure, whether we regard it *en masse*, or in its rich and elaborate details; which few passengers fail to recognise. By the way, the York Column had a solitary visitor in its gallery, who, we hope, did not fail to estimate the admirable view of western London to be enjoyed from this elevation; whence, too, can be best appreciated the classic contrivance of the Quadrant. He could scarcely fail to be struck with the beautiful landscape-garden of St. James's Park bursting into new life, and in its refeshing green turf resembling an oasis of recreation.

A short distance onward, in Pall Mall, is the *Kineorama*, a pictorial exhibition of great merit, which has not yet been noticed in our columns. It is shewn in the large apartment formerly occupied by the Eccaleobion, which, if we mistake not, has winged its way into the country. The room is fitted with striped drapery as a tent; and the picture passes before the spectators, in the manner of the scenic displays in our pantomimes of late years. The principal artist is Mr. Charles Marshall, who describes the *Kineorama* as "a novel combination of the expansive Panorama and illusory Diorama effects," the latter produced by powerful gas-lights. The whole surface of the painting is stated at upwards of 10,000 square feet, representing a series of connected views of some of the principal events of the late War in the East—Turkey, Syria, and Egypt. Thus, the series commences with Constantinople, and the Sultan reviewing his troops; a Turkish Bazaar, and Café on the Bosphorus; the Golden Horn and the Sultan's State Barge. To these succeed the Forts and Entrance of Dardanelles, at Sunset, painted with extraordinary breadth and vigour. Next is Tripoli, with a Squall in the Mediterranean another dioramic effect; which, on clearing off, shews the majestic Lebanon mountain-range. Beyrout, with the Hastings and her boats, *succeed*: and then St. Jean d'Acre from the sea, at the moment of the terrific explosion. We pass on to Alexandria, and the Delta of the Nile, with the Pyramids, &c., and thence to the Great Square at Grand Cairo, with portraits of Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pacha, the modern Egyptian Army, &c. To particularize

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the most successful portions of this picture would occupy more space than we can spare: the drawing is generally good, and the colouring is devoid of that finery, or glare, which too often characterizes scene-painting. It is altogether a very pleasing and instructive Exhibition.

In crossing Piccadilly, we omitted to notice that *Catlin's Indian Gallery* of 500 Portraits, Landscapes, and Costumes, remains at the Egyptian Hall; where the gigantic Wig-wam, with hundreds of war implements and costumes, and paintings containing 3000 figures, and covering the walls of a room 106 feet in length,—continue to attract the more intellectual sight-seer, and especially such as take interest in the rare science of ethnography.

The *Polytechnic* and *Adelaide Galleries* each presented a series of exhibitions, not only one but an epitome. Their variety is almost exhaustless; and we know of no greater treat for inquiring youth than by turns to imbibe the scientific truths of the lecture, and witness the ingenuity of the model and the exquisite finish of human art; whilst "children of a larger growth" may alike profit by these little rambles of inspection.

The British Museum has had its quantum of visitors during the week; it being, like the National Gallery, considerately opened to the public every day, except Saturday. It has, however, been observed that the number of visitors to the Museum in 1840, was less than in the three preceding years, although upwards of 9000 copies of the Synopsis were sold in this period. We consider this falling-off is attributable to the many museums established in the metropolis and large provincial towns, which may render the British Museum comparatively less attractive.

Westminster Abbey and *St. Paul's Cathedral* are scarcely sights of the season. It may, however, here be mentioned, that a motion by Mr. Hume in Parliament has been agreed to, for a Committee to inquire into the means of facilitating public inspection of the monuments and works of art in St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and other national buildings, as well as "*the best means for their protection.*" Mr. Hume exemplified the wish of the people for such access by the fact that since the price of admission to the Tower of London had been lowered from 3*s.* to 6*d.*, the visitors had increased from about 7,000 to upwards of 95,000 persons. Mr. Mackinnon seconded the motion, and insisted especially on a more liberal system of admission into cathedrals. With respect to Westminster Abbey, it would be an indescribable relief to him, in a summer evening, during some long, heavy speech in the House of Commons, to have the means of wandering for awhile among the interesting monuments of that sacred edifice. He quoted Lord Bacon's opinion, that the sight of sacred buildings and works encourages a religious feeling in the spectators. A small expense, perhaps 1000*l.* a year, would provide proper persons to keep order in all our cathedrals. Sir Robert Inglis did not think that artists would much improve their taste by studying the monuments in Westminster Abbey; and he feared that to make a church a school of art had a tendency to desecrate its character. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster, it should not be forgotten, had already sacrificed no less than 1,400*l.* a year for the purpose of rendering the Abbey more accessible to the people.

The suicidal celebrity of "*the Monument* on Fish-street Hill," has, we suspect, ended in unpopularity, and has led to a strange "falling off" in the number of visitors; although we have heard this change attributed to the insecurity of the structure.

The *Tower* has been literally besieged by holiday folks. The Armory and Regalia are, of course, the main attractions; but we suspect that Mr. Ainsworth's popular romance, by its admirably descriptive sketches of the old fortress, has led many hundred persons to go round about its walls, who would not otherwise have journeyed so far east. In his account of the Jewel Tower, for example, how cleverly has the romancist interwoven the past with the present; so that whilst we are inspecting the Crown ornaments, the fine vaulted roof of the chamber reminds us of the lovely Anne Boleyn, "the ill-fated Jane," the atrocious Blood, and "the venerable Talbot Edwards."

The *Thames Tunnel* being now completed, under the entire breadth of the river, is a dry subject to dilate on: if, however, the visitors have increased in the ratio of the safety, the company may now be calculated at the greatest number. By the way, the knighthood of the indefatigable engineer, Mr. Brunel, recently conferred by her Majesty, has been most laboriously earned.

In the progress to the Tunnel, every visitor must have been struck with the swarm of small steamers which stud the living stream from Chelsea to Woolwich, and make it anything but "the silent highway." All this facility of locomotion favours holiday-keeping by its economy of time and money; and, instead of "getting to Greenwich" in a small, dirty, crowded boat, by scores, folks are wafted thither in elegant steamers by thousands.

Meanwhile, railways feed and cut up the country; calves and sheep are minced and hashed by them with surprising celerity, and *crossing the line* is a greater peril by land than by sea. Holiday-keepers are no

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longer at the mercy of saucy stage-drivers; for the trains run till midnight for the convenience of those who can no longer walk. All these means and appliances lead to a subdivision of amusements, and few of the resorts in the environs of London are overcrowded with visitors. This is an advantage to the public, which is likely to insure civility and comfort.

It would be hard to say in what proportion the visitors flocked to Greenwich and Woolwich, Richmond and Hampton-Court, there to inhale the soft breezes of the sweet south. Greenwich Fair is fast verging to a stand-still; and folks forsake its gaieties to watch the time-ball in the park, or stray beneath its majestic trees. The season was somewhat too early, and the weather too chilling, for inbred Londoners to enjoy *al-fresco* amusements. Nevertheless, the opening of "the Hall" at Hampton-Court Palace, has attracted many extra hundreds of visitors. We exhort the reader, in his route, not to overlook Kingston-upon-Railway, as a specimen of the towns which will gradually rise upon the principal lines throughout the kingdom. It is, at all times, interesting to watch these shiftings of the sand of life, these migrations and characteristic changes of civilization, in its progress to the highest convenience.

Returning to the metropolis, we found, with two or three exceptions, every theatre open; so that with their one thousand and one attractions, the home holiday-keeper could scarcely have lacked entertainment.

If anticipation be allowable, we may mention that a motion is about to be made to the Queen, to cause the whole of the Regent's Park to be opened to the public—a consummation which Dr. Kitchiner contended for many years ago; observing that it was unjustifiable to shut out Mr. Bull for the benefit of pasture. We have likewise, *in prospectu*, an open Park for eastern London,—in the vicinity of Limehouse. For the consolation and encouragement of Cockney excursionists, we notice that Fulham-bridge is about to be improved by two additional arches, each forty feet span; the shoals near the bridge are likewise to be "dredged away," so as to smooth this "highway" to aquatic fame.

The Gatherer.

Costly Celebration.—Among the claims in a bankruptcy case, a few days since, was a charge of 75*l.* "for roasting a bullock, on the nuptials of her Majesty," and a further sum of "10*l.* for salt and pepper." The claimant was heard to remark, that he should not forget the laying of the cloths and knives and forks for *the spread* on that occasion.

Pleasant Flattery.—Every house has its "flattering" mirror; but how can we express our gratitude to the lessee of the Haymarket theatre, who has lit *his house* with wax, which his play-bills tell us, "is considered more adapted to the health, as well as conducive to *the better appearance, of the audience*, than gas!" Exquisite management!

Evasion.—A distinguished modern Spanish General having sworn never to fight against the French army, whether on foot or on horseback, evaded his pledge by taking the field against them at the battle of Rocroy, in a sedan-chair.

Affectation of Indifference.—There has risen up, within memory, a habit, an affectation of indifference, if you like to call it so, to all things on this earth; which indifference is born of a corrupt and a degraded heart, and of sated and exhausted appetites. To a high mind, furnished with keen and vigorous faculties, nothing on earth can be indifferent; for acuteness of perception, a quality which in its degree assimilates us to the Divine nature, weighs all distinctions. As God himself sees all the qualities of everything, whether minute or great, and gives them their due place, so the grander and more expansive the intellect may be, the more accurately it feels, perceives, and estimates the good or evil of each individual thing. The low and the base, the palled taste of luxury, the satiated sense of licentiousness, the callous heart of selfishness, the blunted sensibilities of lust, covetousness, gluttony, effeminacy, and idleness, take refuge in indifference, and call it to their aid, lest vanity, the weakest but the last point to become hardened in the heart of man, should be wounded. They take for their protection the shield of a false and tinsel wit, the answer of a sneer, the argument of a supercilious look, and try to gloze over every thing, to themselves and others, with a contemptuous persiflage which confounds all right and wrong.—*James's Corse de Leon.*

Carlini.—This memorable mimic having called on a physician to complain of desperate dejection, received for answer, that, if he wanted to recover from it, he ought to go and laugh at Carlini!

Pronunciation.—At some private theatricals, a gentleman corrected one of the amateurs who pronounced the word *full* like *gull*. The amateur complied with the hint on the night of performance; but when he next met his corrector, at a public dinner, he cried out to him, "You were wrong about that word after all; I have found it in poetry, my boy. Hudibras has it; and I am right; for he has made it rhyme to *pull* (which the amateur also, of course, pronounced short, like *gull*.)

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Death of an old Amazon. — Died at Carpentier, in France, Mademoiselle de Bertigne, who for nearly twenty-two years was seen at Brives and its neighbourhood dressed in male attire. This lady was a natural child of the Duke of Brunswick, held a Colonel's commission in his regiment, and was, for her acts of courage, invested with several orders. She could speak with facility seven or eight languages.—*Spectator.*

Paintings and Palings.—A farmer being told that the price of an Italian landscape he admired was fifty guineas, was astonished, and asked the artist if that sort of paint was "partiklarly dear;" for, said he, "I've painted all my front palings for fifty shillings."

Advertising Oddities.—We see advertised for sale, "the prettiest punt in England. Two men can carry her, a child can pull her, and she is the safest thing imaginable." Accomplished punt! In the same newspaper with the above, appears for sale, "A very neat one-horse hearse, with a phaeton body *to shift for pleasure.*"—"*Est facilis descensus,*" &c. A cab phaeton "is adapted for one or two horses, will contain four inside, and made in the best manner for India." Another phaeton has "a *turn-over* seat, with an extra back and rail for ease and security." The easiest chairs are those which "require no *rack*, catch, or spring." A chamber-servant wants the "charge of one set, on the premises or not." Next is the equivocal term, "Baby and ready-made linen warehouses." A gentleman advertising for a house, prefers "Kent *and* Surrey." Another, wanting part of a house, says, "None need apply with a family of young children:" oh, the anti-Ops! A pony is "remarkably fast, and very handsome," as handsome folks generally are. A charger is the property of an officer "who has ridden him as such." A clerk "has a perfect knowledge of accounts with unexceptionable references," &c. A young man wishes "to place himself *out* for a time *in* an office." Another would "assist in a public institution, or in any light employment." There is wanted a young lady, "who has been educated in France, to superintend the French department"—which of the departments of France is not stated. A person formerly living in "*Ropemaker*-street," may hear of "something to her advantage." A teacher "of high attainments" "can be very highly recommended." An elderly person wants board, lodging, fire, and washing, for 30*l.* per annum. Want situations, "a man and his wife, age 43;"—a young couple. "Diamond pin stopped;"—any person describing, &c. "may see it." "A sober widower, of good character," "wants a steady situation." These are but a few specimens from one day's newspaper.

Longevity in Russia.—Few of the marvels in print are more to be suspected than the stories of longevity. Here is an *exposé* of this clever fraud. The average duration of human life in Bessarabia has long puzzled all the statistical societies in Europe; but the problem will be easily solved, when the contrivance of the civil authorities to increase the numbers within their municipal jurisdiction is understood. A refugee appears, and prays to be enrolled as a citizen of the town. He is at first told, "That is not a matter of course, friend; you have no passport, too; but wait awhile, and we will see what can be done for you." The refugee waits until one of the community dies, and then he is summoned to appear again before the Red Table, in the magisterial office. Now the business proceeds thus:—"What is your name?" "Ivan Gritshow." "What age?" "Twenty-five." "Well, young man, attend to what I am going to say—Mitrophan Kalenko died yesterday, aged 50; if you wish to be a citizen, you must take upon yourself his name and his age; then we will allow you to be substituted for him, and will give you his certificate and other documents." Ivan Gritshow joyfully consents, and becomes all at once a respectable citizen of a very respectable age. The departed Mitrophan still lives, under this metamorphosis, on the civil register; and, probably, after two or three renewals of his existence, dies at the patriarchal age of 150!· We need, therefore, no longer marvel at the frequent accounts of deaths in Russia of persons exceeding 100 years of age.—*German Paper: Times, abridged.*

A Knowing Lad.— A little schoolboy, having been sentenced to be birched for some offence, requested as a favour, that he should not be punished until he had eaten his evening meal of bread and milk. This having been consented to, the young culprit declared that he did not mean to eat any that evening, and contended therefore, that the punishment must accordingly be postponed until he should think proper to eat the said bread and milk. He acted like the Irish gentleman, whose slumbers being disturbed by the call of another gentleman who had come to administer a horse-whipping, he asked him whether he meant to be so unmanly as to flog him while in bed. "Certainly not," was the visitor's reply. "Well, then," rejoined the other, quietly rolling himself up very snugly in the bedclothes, "you may wait as long as you please, but hang me if I'll get up while you're in the house." J. H. F.

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The Mirror

OF

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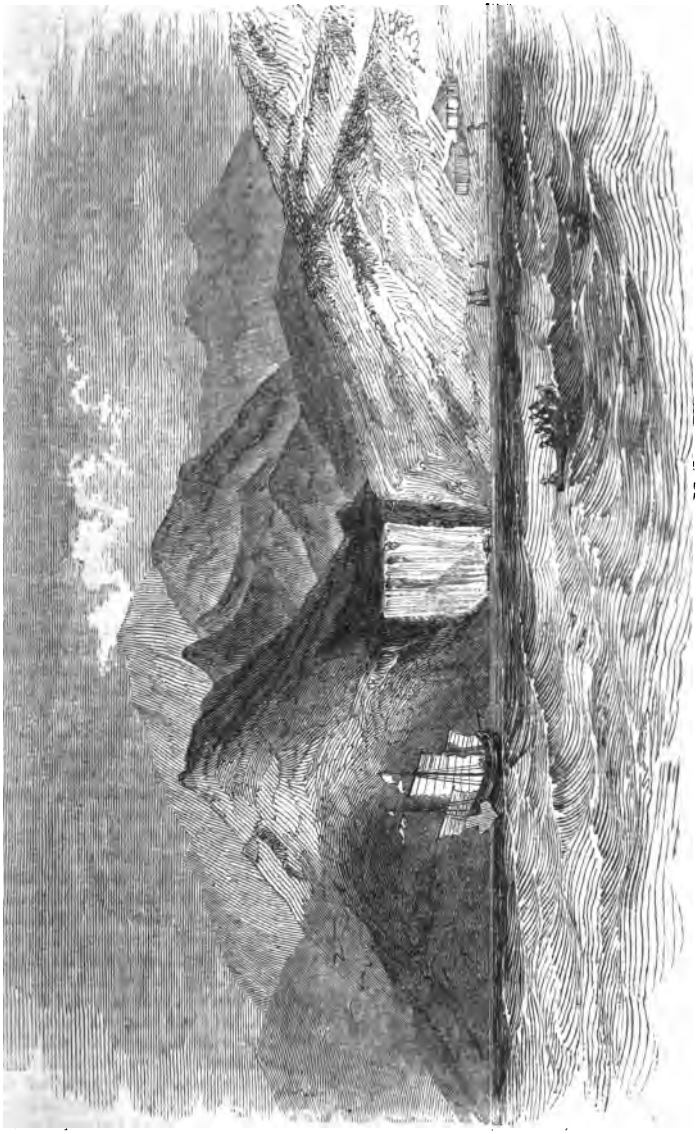

THE ISLAND OF HONG-KONG.

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THE ISLAND OF HONG-KONG.

(From a Correspondent.)

WHETHER an estimable pearl, or, on the other hand, a bare stone, devoid of worth or beauty, has, in the cession of Hong-Kong by the Celestials, been added to her Majesty's diadem, our readers will be prepared to judge for themselves, from the subjoined faithful and unprejudiced account of the Island, given at various times by different travellers:—

Hong-Kong forms one of the great cluster of islands comprehended by geographers under the generic term of "The Ladrones." The adventurous Portuguese navigators, who, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, pushed boldly their explorations into these remote latitudes of the Pacific, were the first by whom they were discovered; and to Felix Mendoza in particular is assigned the glory of having first explored Hong-Kong. The Spanish geographers, at the same time they make this statement, also inform us that the great group to which it belongs was originally entitled the "Isles of Sails," from the infinite number of vessels trafficking to these parts; but that afterwards becoming an excellent harbourage to pirates, this name was converted into "The Ladrone Islands," (*Thief Islands,*) *Ladrone* signifying, in the Chinese tongue, *Robbers*, or *Pirates*.

The superficies of the island is far from plane, being chiefly remarkable for bold and prominent hills, many of which rise to greater altitudes than 1000 feet above sea-level. The highest on the island measured by Captain Ross rose about 1500 feet, and was composed of trap, approaching to basalt in the compactness of its structure.

The geological aspect of these hills is not so uncommon as might have been anticipated; and Captain Basil Hall, at the same time that he makes this remark on their ordinary structure, states their structure to be as follows:—

"HONG-KONG.—Lead-coloured compact quartz rock, with imbedded crystals of flesh-coloured feldspar.

"GREAT LEMMA.—(A close adjacent isle.)—Coarse-grained granite, with distinct crystals of feldspar."

Abel, who sailed in the same embassy with Captain Hall, is yet more precise in his geological data. He says: "On reaching the shore of Hong-Kong I examined the rocks, where they were exposed in large surfaces, and found them composed of basaltic trap, exhibiting in some places a distinct stratification, in others a confused columnar arrangement. It is also divided into distinct, well-defined rhomboidal masses, separated from each other by very obvious seams, in which I frequently found cubic crystals of iron pyrites."

The island has few claims to picturesqueness of scenery. Barren rocks that tower in naked loneliness, enlivened with but few patches of scanty verdure towards their bases; deep ravines of a rugged and chaotic character; and mountain-torrents, which are, of course, creative of more luxuriant spots than can anywhere else be met with in the island; constitute the chief characteristics of the place. Of so fragmentary an appearance, indeed, is the whole isle, as to lead the man of science to at once pronounce it to have been subjected to some convulsion of nature; a circumstance which is universally allowed to have disjoined it, thus broken and irregular, from that point of the great continent which forms the southern extremity of China. Being so close to the main land, Hong-Kong cannot, however, be overlooked as highly valuable for its insular and nautical position.

This barren and unpromising island produces little in the shape of vegetation. A rice or paddy-field is almost as scarce as a pine-apple in England; of beasts there are none, and of birds but one species that domiciles in the place; no tree spreads its refreshing shadow, and the smaller shrubs are stunted and dwarf-like. By the margin of the streams, however, plants of different kinds luxuriate, among which various species of flowering myrtles and orchideous plants blossom abundantly.

According to thermometrical observations made on the spot, the heat rises early in the morning in the shade to 83°; and beneath the unclouded skies of the burning forenoon, the quicksilver has risen to 120°. The hygrometer is also changeable, but the barometer is for the most part steady.

The most picturesque quarter of the island is that which is represented in our Engraving, taken on the spot during the embassy of Lord Amherst to the Court of China, by the indefatigable Dr. Clarke Abel, who accompanied the Expedition. In a very interesting paper in the *Morning Herald*, April 13, appear Abel's own words, descriptive of our View, as follow:—

"Looking from the deck of the Alceste early on the following morning, I found that we were in a sound formed by some small islands, by which it was land-locked in every direction, and of which Hong-Kong is the principal. As seen from the ship, this island was chiefly remarkable for its high conical mountains rising in the centre; and for a beautiful cascade, which rolled over a fine blue rock into the sea. I took advantage of the first watering-boat to visit the shore, and made one of these mountains and the waterfall the principal objects of my visit."

To the right of the Engraving may be distinguished two small habitations, of shape somewhat semi-pyramidal as to their roofs. These are not formed of solid timber logs,

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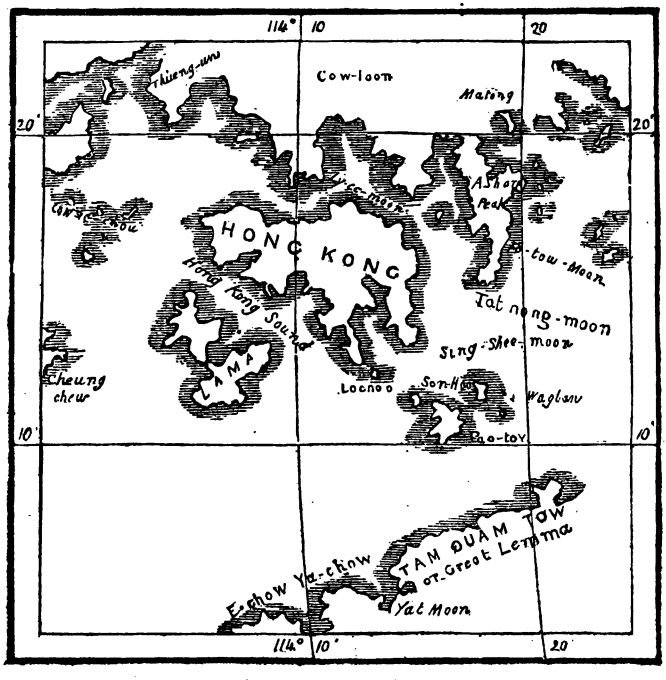
or fastened by the joiner, but are mere mud huts; the only erections to be found on the island, and in which the squalid and miserable natives dwell. Agriculture is in no way followed up by these few people. They are, for the most part, fishers, subsisting on such fish as the sea and inland streams afford, which they catch by means of nets of a peculiar shape, one of which may be discovered on the foreground of the sea-margin of our view. Fish dried on the rock, with a little buck-wheat, and an occasional yam, form all their visible means of support; though in the account of a celebrated navigator, who some years since touched at this island, he mentions hogs, poultry, and other refreshments, as being easily procurable.

Hong-Kong harbour has an entrance from the southward, and another from the north; and at the angular point formed by the two arms of the strait there is a very convenient berth. The arm of this strait, which separates Ching-sang-chow and Obtee-chow, two islands to the northward of the Great Lemma, stretches to the westward, and has on the south side a small cove with two isles in it; and to the westward of these is a very snug berth, where the largest vessels may be land-locked and moored to the shore. Opposite this place the tide flows up a low valley of Ching-sang-chow, where a large stream of fresh water falls into the sea, which may be approached in a boat of any size at high water.

The harbour of Hong-kong bears N.N.W. by compass from the east end of the Great Lemma; and the entrance to the harbour may always be well known by a white beach at its head, which is visible at several miles distance. The strait being once entered, the navigation is clear, and no further danger need be apprehended; it is perfectly free from shoals, and such rocks as there are, are uniformly above water, the depth of which varies from five to eight fathoms. The other entrance to Hong-Kong harbour is from the north-east, on the north side of a group of three islands, which, with two or three rocks or islets, are situate near the north-easternmost of Hong-Kong.

Cow-hee passage, laid down in our minute, but correct, chart below, has depth in it sufficient for ships; but being circuitous, and rendered intricate by the contiguous islands on both sides of Lan-toa, it is not used by ships.

Hong-Kong, it may be briefly remarked, has been pronounced by all recent navigators, whose judgment is trustworthy, as capable of affording admirable shelter for ships of any burden.



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THE CROSS-HILT BRAND.

THE good old blade my father drew
Is rusting in my father's hall;
Before, I ween, none ever knew
Its point unbared at Honour's call;
For scourge of many a haughty land
Was that, my father's Cross-hilt Brand.

The helm in battle hour he wore
Shone gloriously in burnished gold;
Proud was the crest that shadow'd o'er
The brow of him, the stout and bold;
Yet lightly prized he garb so grand,
If donn'd without his Cross-hilt Brand.

The shield his foemen's blows that met,
Could many a proud achievement boast,
And, save when blood its surface wet,
Beam'd like a sun before the host;
But better shield was his right hand,
Protected by his Cross-hilt Brand.

The banner that his yeomen bore
Before him in the thickest fight,
In knightly fashion blazon'd o'er,
With gold azure once was bright;
But followed by his faithful band,
They rallied to his Cross-hilt Brand.

And he—whate'er the arms might be
His foemen carried to the field,
Nor lance, nor war-axe carried he,
Nor aught beside his sword and shield,
Yet seldom foe long time could stand
Met by my father's Cross-hilt Brand.

A stripling first he sought the war,
Yet stout and bold beyond his years,
And to his tomb he bore the scar
He won among the Gallic spears;
Then first he sought fair maiden's hand,
And drew for love his Cross-hilt Brand.

Next, when he knew maturer age,
The dark-brow'd man his comrades led,
And foremost in the battle's rage
He stood amidst the heaps of dead;
Young Love no longer nerv'd his hand,
He drew for fame his Cross-hilt Brand.

And then he grew a grey old sire;
Nor shrunk he yet from war's alarms,
Nor lack'd there in his bosom fire,
Nor vigour in his sinewy arms;
But for his sovereign and his land
In age he drew his Cross-hilt Brand.

For patriot zeal, and love, and fame,—
For these he fought, but not for gold;
Be such the sordid Pagan's aim,
True valour brooks not to be sold;
And but at rightful chief's command
Came forth my father's Cross-hilt Brand.

And when at last, in deadly strife,
The blow that wrought his death was given,
Patient he yielded up his life,
And gave his last short hour to heaven;
While, kneeling on the gory strand,
He bow'd before his Cross-hilt Brand.

Then shall it now be left to rust
And moulder on the aged wall?
My king has need, my cause is just—
Come forth, good blade, at Honour's call!
And once again a faithful band
Shall rally to the Cross-hilt Brand.

And in the fateful hour of fight,
Amidst the dying and the dead,
I'll think me of my father's might,
And how he fought, and how he bled;
And O may Heaven assist my hand,
And conquest sheathe the Cross-hilt Brand!

E. M.

HINTS TO THE NEWSPAPERS.

IT has always appeared to us that there must be a great waste of time amongst the compositors of the newspaper-offices—that industrious, knowledge-spreading class, who consume the greater part of the night in the not very exciting employment of twitching little oblong bits of metal out of square compartments, to form certain words and paragraphs, with a quickness only equalled, both in appearance and rapidity, by a pigeon pecking up peas; whilst everybody else, who is to benefit by their labours on the morrow, is comfortably asleep in bed, (or at least ought to be,) perfectly unconscious of the preparation going on for the next journal; unless, indeed, they reside where a steam-engine keeps up the most pleasing accompaniment to their waking reveries, in a noise varying between a rattle and a bang, with the most determined and unflinching perseverance.

And how ungrateful after all this turmoil is the majority of the readers! After looking over eight-and-forty columns of varied information, each nearly two feet long by two inches and three quarters broad, none of which has appeared in print before—after reading the dispatches from all parts of the world, without reflecting upon the miles that the copy has travelled, the changes from lumbering *malle-postes* to rickety steamers, the hazardous and rapid journey over bad roads, dangerous passes, and various alternations of heat, snow, desert, and inundation, that the couriers have come through—these novelty-thirsting wonder-seekers tell their friends "there is nothing in the paper."

Now, we have thought upon a plan to abridge, in some measure, the labours of the compositor; and we call upon the type-founders generally for their strenuous co-operation to work out our scheme. The Chinese have no alphabet—at least, we believe not; but they have two or three millions of queer characters, no doubt very easily learnt by those who have a twist that way, fashioned like a conglomeration of dislocated Hebrew, each of which we are told signifies certain objects or sentences, which must undoubtedly save much time in putting together ("setting up" we believe to be more technical,) the readable portion of a book. We have carefully noted down, in commencing, a few sentences which we have an idea might be executed in the same style by a stereotyping process, or any other that might be thought most convenient by the founder. We only throw these out as hints, and leave it to the trade to improve upon them. Perfection cannot be expected at once in any line, but must be reached by degrees. The Marquis of Worcester, when he cooked his own dinner in the dungeons

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of the Tower, and found out the power of steam in blowing off the tight lid of the ill-made stew-pan with which the Nightgall of his time had furnished him, little thought that this discovered property of hot water would gradually improve, until larger stew-pans, on an elaborate and complicated plan, should send people to all parts of the world —sometimes even clean out of it—in less time than the imprisoned nobleman could eat the meal he had been so philosophically preparing. Everything is progressive—electro-magnetism, quarter-day, the moon, glaciers, intoxication, rust, and hard table-beer; and we trust that the plan, of which we now present the world with a mere outline, may lay the foundation of a new era in the printing of newspapers. These, then, are at present a few of our principal sentences, which we think might with advantage be all cast in one piece, from the frequent use made of them by the distributors of news and politics.

Class I.—General Information.

Under this head we include the larger and most important portion of the paper. Even whole leading articles might be kept ready made-up, and used again after a certain lapse of time; for if anybody will take the trouble to look at the journals of fifty years back, he will find that the editors' ideas were precisely similar to those of the present day. Approaching ruin of the country; distress of the labouring classes; the instability of the ministry, and their sure defeat in a short period; certain gain which will accrue to their own (the newspaper's) party by a dissolution and fresh election; ingenious turning of a palpable minority into a glorious victory; with vituperation, flattery, rumours of bad and good, laments and exultation,—are profusely scattered through the article. The usual information we would have cast in solid pieces, as follows:—

Had there been the least wind, the whole of the street would have fallen a prey to the devouring element.

From inquiries made by our reporter yesterday relative to the property destroyed, it would appear that the amount of the loss had been much exaggerated,

The jury proceeded to view the bodies, which presented a horrible spectacle, being literally burnt to a cinder.

The children marched round the room after dinner, and their clean healthy appearance was the subject of general commendation.

We have received the French papers of Tuesday, but they contain little additional interest. The following appeared in part of our edition of yesterday.

She was immediately taken to the Middlesex Hospital, where the injury was pronounced to be of a dangerous nature.

(The words, *cab*, *crossing*, *elderly woman*, *concussion*, and *Oxford-street*, may each be advantageously cast in one piece for this paragraph.)

Class 2.—Advertisements.

This part of the journal of course admits of infinite changes; but the following pieces may be found useful:—

This ship presents a splendid opportunity for passengers, and carries an experienced surgeon. For freight or passage, apply to the commander on board, or at the Jerusalem Coffee-house.

H. M. is implored to return immediately, or write to his family. He may rest assured that everything will be arranged to his satisfaction.

Douceur.—500*l.* will be given to any person who can present the advertiser with a permanent situation, which will yield an income of not less than 500*l.* a-year. The strictest honour and secrecy may be relied on.

A widow lady is anxious for an engagement to superintend the household of a single gentleman, or a widower without children.

To the Heads of Ladies' Schools.—The friends of a young lady are desirous of placing her in a first-rate establishment, where the devotion of one part of her time to the pupils would be considered equivalent to receiving lessons in French, German, Italian, and music, during the other.

Class 3.—Answers to Correspondents,

(More especially addressed to the Sunday papers.)

Madame Vestris is not yet forty-six.

St. Paul's is higher than the Monument.

A. bets B. that it is nearer twelve than one. On referring to the clock, it is ten minutes to one. Which wins? A. is an ass.

We do not recollect Mr. Keeley's performance of *Hamlet*. Mr. Macready never played the *Bottle Imp*.

Prince Albert is not an Englishman.

We really cannot tell who is my Lord Melbourne's brewer. We advise A. to inquire at his lordship's residence.

C. D. Yes.

Boulogne is in France.

The pit of Covent-garden is bigger than that of Drury-lane.

The statement of B. "that the only good resulting from steeple chases is, that they sometimes get rid of a fool," is both brutal and unsportsmanlike. He is not, however,

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actionable for saying so, nor is it a proof of his insanity.

We really cannot tell how many people pass through the southern arch of Temple Bar during the day. We advise "A Constant Reader" to post himself there and count them. He can refresh himself with baked apples from the stall at the edge of the pavement.

Musicus.—You win. There is an instrument fashioned and painted like a serpent in the musician's at the corner of Craig's-court, Charing Cross.

Mr. Dickens did not write *Jack Sheppard.* It is the production of Mr. Ainsworth, who is not the author of the Latin Dictionary bearing his name.

We are not aware how it occurs that false fronts and yellow turbans are so prevalent in a boarding-house at a guinea and a half a week. We never heard the term "seventy-fours" applied to the elderly single ladies there domesticated, nor do we think it fair to dub such a house "The Old Curiosity Shop." ALBERT.

GREY HAIRS.

WHAT sorrow, mingled with contempt, must sensible people feel when they see a man or woman ashamed of grey hairs—a "crown of rejoicing to them that have done well," a mark of one to whom God has given long life as the means of gathering experience and wisdom;—and dishonouring those grey hairs by the desperate folly of trying to render them black with some fine-named quackery from the shop of the barber or perfumer.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A DRAMA OFF THE STAGE.

(*Concluded from page* 252.)

HE did not finish the sentence, he felt he had said too much, but it was too late,—Madame Fleury, with that penetration natural to women, understood what he wished to conceal.

"Alfred," she asked, in a tone which she tried to make severe, "I know all: you have fought a duel with Hubert: you challenged him; that was not right; you should not have forgotten that he was a relation of mine."

"I did not forget it, Anna; but for that, he was a dead man; his life was in my hands; I could have taken it—I ought to have taken it perhaps; he had offended me in the most shameful manner, like a coward; he had said words that can only be effaced with blood; and when I was standing opposite to him on the field, after I heard his ball whiz past my ear, I did not lay him dead on the ground, when I might have done it, by just pressing my trigger. Anna, on your account alone I forbore revenging myself; vengeance was lawful and sweet, after all the injuries I had received from him. The infamous scoundrel! he would not retract; he would sooner have died. But I made the sacrifice for you, Anna; I must have loved you well to do it!"

"Oh, my Alfred!" exclaimed Madame Fleury, weeping.

They fell into each other's arms. A violent knock at the door made them raise their heads, and they saw through the pane of glass the insolent and triumphant face of the doctor, who was gazing on them; an undefinable mixture of joy and malice contracted his features. Alfred was alarmed, he felt a cold shiver cross over him, and in his confusion, as he did not attempt to open the door, Hubert had it opened by the box-keeper.

"Do not disturb yourself," said he, with a malicious air, "I have only come in to go out again. I bring you bad news, my pretty cousin; Mazurier cannot perform to-night; he has just had a most severe fall, that might have killed him. He fell through a trap forty feet deep, and if I had not happened to have been there to attend to him, I assure you he never would have played the Vampire again.

"Really, this is very provoking, cousin; first for us, and then for him, poor creature! And what are they going to give us instead?"

"I do not know yet, but it is probably now decided. I will go behind the scenes, my sweet cousin, and will return to pay you a visit during the piece, if Mr. Alfred will allow me."

He kissed Madame Fleury's hand, and left the box, humming an Italian tune.

"The puppy!" cried Alfred; "and I must endure his impertinence. Anna, for your sake only I contain myself; I smother the passion to which I would fain give vent."

"The curtain!" vociferated the pit. "Begin, begin."

The audience in the galleries and *poulailles* grew impatient, and opened a deafening chorus of groans, shouts, hands, feet, sticks, and umbrellas; the ladies closed their ears, and although the instruments in the orchestra began to play, the tumult went on increasing until the rising of the curtain, when, instead of the Vampire, the manager came forward in a dress suit, and made three salutations to the public. He was received with a tremendous hissing.

"Gentlemen," said he, when the noise had a little subsided, "M. Mazurier has been dangerously hurt; this misfortune obliges us to change the piece; and if you will permit us, gentlemen, we will have the

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honour of performing for you the melo-drama of the *Two Galley Slaves*."

"Yes, yes! bravo, bravo!" was vociferated from all sides.

"What a horrible piece!" said Alfred; "come, Anna, let us go."

Alfred was so pale, and trembled so violently when he tried to rise, that Madame Fleury caught hold of his hand to prevent his falling.

"Come, come, Alfred," said she, mildly, "you must not be so sensitive; we must accustom ourselves to everything in this world. And really I am delighted that they give us this melo-drama; I have heard so much of it, that I have a great desire to see it. Besides, you know what you promised me just now—to like melo-dramas for my sake."

Alfred made no reply, but sat down quietly.

The piece had begun; the pit was listening in breathless silence to this favourite drama. Alfred appeared to be in agony, but said nothing. Madame Fleury did all she could to cheer him; she turned into ridicule each sentence of the piece; but Alfred's smile was painful to behold. His eye was rivetted on the stage.

"See, my love, how pastoral that is, all those good peasants with garlands of flowers to congratulate M. François. If I were in Theresa's place I would not marry that man, for his affairs look rather suspicious."

Alfred started!—the door was rudely thrown open, and the doctor entered; he placed himself behind his cousin, took his eyeglass, and appeared to be paying great attention to the piece. At that part of the play where François is discovered to be a fugitive from justice, and pursued by the police, Hubert's eyes were fixed on Alfred, who was much agitated.

"What do you think of it, my charming cousin? poor M. François is on thorns! I do not know how the poor devil will get out of the scrape; he is in an embarrassing position for a husband who is not yet married. That scoundrel of a friend has discovered him; an old galley acquaintance is he not, Mr. Alfred?"

Alfred put his hand to his forehead, and made no reply.

"For my part, I think the marriage is off, my cousin," said the doctor, giving at the same time a significant look at Alfred. "Well, how do you like it?" said he, in an under tone. "Was I not right? look how agitated he is."

"You are crazy, Hubert! you prevent my hearing the piece."

The second act had begun, and when the hideous personage appeared who had partaken of François, hospitality, and who now always crossed the path of this repentant robber like an evil genius, it was horrible to behold the paleness of Alfred's face, and the joy of his cruel neighbours.

"Bravo!" vociferated the doctor; "that treacherous fellow, don't lose sight of him; I pity M. François; but I am anxious for the catastrophe."

Alfred clenched his hands violently, and you could hear his heart beat.

"The piece appears to interest you prodigiously, Mr. Alfred," said the doctor. "It is not merely invention; these are facts: but you will see the conclusion."

Alfred groaned and looked angrily at Hubert, who continued making his remarks on the piece with the same sang-froid, and whispered to his cousin, who became serious and pensive.

"Look at him, Anna! his face is becoming purple. Did I not tell you!—you would not believe me. Was I wrong?"

There was a change of scene which represented the wedding chamber, around which were placed garlands of flowers. In front was a transparency, with the letters T. F.—the initials of *Theresa François*.

"Can you read it, Mr. Alfred?" said Hubert, with a triumphant look. "I see a T: but I cannot distinguish the second letter. Egad! I have it; it is an F. T. F.; do you understand?"

"Sir," murmured the young man, grinding his teeth.

But the village feast was interrupted by the cries of "Stop thief! Stop thief!" A man had entered the farm-house, forced open the secretary, and emptied it of its contents. François is alone on the stage; he knows the thief; the infamous man to whom he had given hospitality. He discovers him, and seizing him by the collar, exclaims—

"Return to me what you have taken, or I will denounce you!"

The thief. "And I will tell who *you* are."

François. "Miserable being, thou shalt die!" (*He seizes an axe, the thief takes a pistol, François runs after him, and the report of a pistol is heard.*)

"This piece is frightful!" said Madame Fleury. "You are indisposed, Alfred! let us go."

"Wait a minute; you will lose the best of it," rejoined the doctor, forcibly retaining his cousin.

Alfred's hair stood on end; he seemed choking; his eyes were starting from their sockets.

"Attention, sweet cousin! they bring François back; see, he is wounded in the arm; they are going to dress his wound in that closet. Anna, you are pale; is it at seeing Mr. Alfred look so?"

At this moment screams of terror are heard from the closet. François enters; his shirt is torn and stained with blood; his

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shoulders are branded with the letters T. F. (*Travaux Forcés*, hard labour.)

A wild cry echoed through the theatre; Alfred had fainted.

"Help, help, he is dying!" shrieked Madame Fleury; "he is suffocating; let us take him into the green-room."

"Yes, into the actors' room," said the doctor; "no person will disturb him there."

They placed him, still fainting, on the sofa. It was with much difficulty that they loosened his clothes; for he writhed like a maniac, and tore with his nails the hands that were endeavouring to undress him. Madame Fleury, in tears, entreated her cousin to save him.

"He is a dead man," said the doctor, "if I do not bleed him; see, his face is purple, and he may be attacked with a fit of apoplexy in a moment."

Three stout fellows belonging to the theatre seized hold of Alfred; one took his shoulders and the two others held his wrists; the doctor then plunged his lancet into his arm, but as the blood did not flow, he was preparing to open the vein again, when the dying man made a sudden bound to escape from Hubert, who held him by the arm, and in the struggle tore his shirt up to the shoulder.

"Anna! do you see? T. F.!"

Madame Fleury swooned away. The three men who held Alfred released him in astonishment, when, deadly weak as he was, but still animated with the desire of revenge, he seized the doctor by the throat and fell with him to the ground. This last effort opened wide the vein, and the blood gushed forth as thick and black as ink. A frightful struggle ensued, in which neither conquered; for two dead bodies only were separated; the clutched fingers of Alfred had left blue marks on the neck of his enemy, and both were weltering in blood.

Thus, during the representation of the melo-drama of the *Two Galley Slaves* on the stage, the same piece, but yet more atrocious, was acting in reality in the green-room of the theatre.

THE LITERARY WORLD.—VIII.

THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

THE popular plan of publishing novels by piecemeal in our magazines, to a certain extent, forestals the novelty of these periodicals; and the magazine of April, in its title-lines at least, is very like the magazine of March. Nevertheless, these narratives are written up for the occasion in the impressive style admirably described by Christopher North; and in the end the magazine readers may be gainers.

In the *New Monthly Magazine*, the Editor's "Fathers and Sons," is very racy. A new character is introduced — one Lady Cramly; of whom a wag said that her authority ought never to be doubted, for she must always be *re-lied* upon; and who wrote a history of having driven herself up Vesuvius in a London-built tilbury. Our novelist makes a home-thrust at railways, in speaking of the Smylar school, "who exist upon falsehood and hypocrisy, and whose deviation of one inch to the right or to the left from the crooked path of their base and hateful policy, must as inevitably annihilate their hopes as an incidental tumble of a train off a railway settles the fate of the infatuated passenger, by the iron hearses invented for the purpose of cheatery and monopoly, to supersede good old English horses and carriages and the best roads for travelling in the world." The next paper, "Loose Thoughts on the Choice of a Profession," is thus cleverly wound up: "After all is said and done, the choice of a profession is a choice of difficulties, and he that makes the most judicious selection must be of a singularly contented frame of mind, if he never meets with some cause of repentance. The safest advice we can, therefore, give to our best friends, and we have kept the *bonne bouche* to the last, is to contrive to be born heir to a good estate, or to stumble upon a thumping legacy in the three per cents. This may be cutting the Gordian knot if you will; but no matter, better so than cut your own fingers." In "Charles Chesterfield," Mrs. Trollope, doubtless, sketches a few of her own publishing experiences; and the editor of *The Regenerator* may be a portrait. "Félise," by Miss Costello, is a romantic episode in the *Memoires de la Reine Marguerite*, which varies the contemporary cast of the number. In the next paper, "The French Chamber of Deputies in 1841," is the following sketch of the *château* of a French duke, true to the letter, as every one must own who has ridden from Calais to Paris:—

"There are no resident gentry worthy of that name in the French provinces. The old halls and *châteaux* have long since been levelled to the ground. Here and there a moat in ruins, not filled up, points out by its decayed red bricks, rank weeds, and long grass, the site of former grandeur, and recals to the recollection of politicians the fierce and bloody feuds of France. In some departments, indeed, where the *châteaux* were not levelled to the ground during the years of anarchy which visited that land, may be seen here and there a huge pair of iron gates, rusty and unpainted, with two rows of poplar trees, forming a long avenue, at the end of which is the family mansion of the marquis or the count, and sometimes of the duke or the baron. The *château* is generally of a light yellow or dirty cream colour; the external walls are dilapidated;

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the stucco or mortar falling off by large pieces at the end of every winter when the frost breaks up; and when the duke is wealthy, such pieces are replaced by other pieces of mortar, all of different hues, so that one would be disposed to think,—*first*, that mortar must be very dear, or *second*, that the house had been visited with the small-pox. If you enter the *château*, there is a large stone hall, without a fire-place, a chair, or a bench. The dining-room has no carpet; the dining-table is only covered with a table-cloth *once* a day, since at breakfast it is not thought to be necessary; the chairs are a motley group of worn-out tapestry, rush-bottoms, horse-hair bottoms, short, tall, high-backed, low-backed, and no backs at all; and the floor is sometimes swept once a day, or *frotted* once a week. The *salon*, or drawing-room, contains a *piano*, a few chairs of various hues, no blinds, no curtains, a sofa without silk, and sofa pillows, without down, feathers, or horse-hair; and a huge clock stuck upon the mantel-piece, covered with a glass shade, and two glass, or brass, or bronze candelabra by its sides. The glass shade is covered with dust; the windows are extremely dirty, and sometimes cracked and patched with paper; the table is crazy with years; the '*demoiselles*' think only of their worsted-work and embroidery; the *garçons* only of their '*chiens*' and their '*fusils*,' whilst the duke and duchess attend a little to pickling cornichons, a good deal to the vintage, and still more to the '*confitures*.'"

The Sketches of the French Deputies are excellent; especially that of the manufacturer, who is worth some eighty pounds sterling *per diem*, and yet his personal expenses are 4s. 2d.! The brawl and hubbub in the Chamber prove there to be another bear-garden besides that at Westminster. The conclusion of Mr. Hood's "Friend in Need," occupies some four-and-twenty pages, for the gist of which we have scarcely room, since we had rather quote the following attic blow at brandy and salt:—

"'People say it's good for everything,' remarked the woman.

"'Which, as extremes meet,' said the doctor, 'is the same as good for nothing. Brandy and salt, indeed! But that is one of the signs of the times! Fifty years ago, when your grandmother sent for a doctor, he was obliged to come in black, and a wig, and could no more practise without a gold-headed cane than a conjuror without his wand. He talked to you in gibberish, and the more mystery he made of his art, the more you put faith in it. He told you to shut your eyes and open your mouth, which you did most devoutly; and then he put into it you didn't know what, and to cure you didn't know why, except that the stuff came out of bottles inscribed with cabalistical signs.'

"There was not a man, woman, or child in those days who would have believed that the grand Catholicon could come out of a brandy-bottle and a salt-box. But that comes of your cheap Encyclopædias and Penny Magazines! Now you shut your mouth and open your eyes, and won't take a powder till you know, *seriatim*, all its ingredients. Yes, you swill and swallow, without inquiry, all sorts of draughts and mixtures by the quart and gallon, under the names of porter and port wine, and so forth, but insist, forsooth, on analyzing your physic, because that shews you're scientific! Formerly, you were all for mystery, and now you're all for history. Your doctor comes in a brown frock-coat and fancy waistcoat, and for any outward sign to the contrary, may be an architect or a stockbroker. He tells you your disease by its popular name, and says in plain English that he is going to give you some Epsom salts in pump-water. And that is the secret of the popularity of brandy and salt, because there's such a general diffusion of knowledge as to both articles. It's a sign of the times. People must know the why and because of everything. For instance, if I want you to take a little calomel, I must tell you beforehand that it is intended to promote the secretion of the bile by the absorption of the gastric juice. To be sure it is, says you; and, now I know all about it, here goes."

During the Easter week there has appeared in *The Times* a succession of reviews or notices of new books, written with masterly intelligence, and in the true spirit of healthy criticism. In Thursday's journal, for example, is a review of Mrs. Bray's *Switzerland*, in which the reviewer unsparingly exposes the extent of the accomplished tourist's obligations to Mr. Murray's *Handbook*, to which we adverted in our notice of Mrs. Bray's work, some weeks since, (*see page* 136, *of the present volume.*) The quotations in *The Times* from the two works are placed in parallel columns; still, the reviewer's rebuke, though severe, is tempered with justice towards the merits of the authoress.

In *The Times* of Saturday, the 17th instant, in a pungent notice of the *Book Without a Name*, (a very silly misnomer, by the way,) appears the following very sly shaft at Utilitarianism: "The most singular papers of all in the above book, are those on Milton's house at St. Alban's, because they shew how difficult it is for an accomplished utilitarian to preserve consistency with himself. It is refreshing to hear the complaint that the sites where our great men have lived and died, are too little respected by the English, while all that the English do respect is treated so flippantly. After a long strain of irreverence at the wisdom of our ancestors, and the *cui bono* freely conveyed, it is refreshing to hear the

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indignation at the neglect of the burial-place of Shakspeare and the residence of Milton. The same utilitarianism which is to perform so much good when applied to social relations would prove no friend to antique monuments and tumble-down houses where great men have been born. Nothing will command the respect of the consistent utilitarian but that which can be put in his mouth or his pocket; and we are glad to perceive the inconsistencies of the more refined and accomplished utilitarians, because those inconsistencies shew that between elegant literature and utilitarian doctrine there is an impassable gulf, and that he who has cultivated the former will find his literary predilections involving him in constant contradictions." It is passing strange to find the organs and small trumpets of utilitarianism taking up subjects of even poetical interest, as the abodes of men of genius; but there are instances of this inconsistency of literary watermen, who think one way and write another, elsewhere than in *The Book Without a Name.*

MAN'S RELUCTANCE TO THINK UPON GOD, ILLUSTRATED FROM SHAKSPEARE.

(*Abridged from the Christian Observer.*)

In discoursing some time since with a senator of multifarious erudition, the conversation happened to fall upon the various readings of biblical manuscripts, some of the most extraordinary of which are conceived to have originated in the ignorance, misapprehension, or conceited criticism of copyists, in foisting marginal remarks into the text, or expelling words from the text into the margin. He illustrated this by a singular comment of some critic upon Shakspeare, who, speaking of the passage in which Mrs. Quickly describes the death-bed of Falstaff, said that the remark, "'A (he) babbled o' green fields," was probably a copyist's mistake; the words "green fields" he thought being only a marginal direction to the scene-shifter. Had this critic been a transcriber, or superintended a transcription, we should have had a copy in which the text was merely, "'A babbled." This critic must however have studied book-glosses more than human nature; for what can be more strikingly descriptive of the actual phenomena of death-beds, than that a bloated sensualist, who had spent his manhood and old age in city taverns—as taverns then were—the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, to wit—and other haunts of crowded vice and profanity, should, in the mental ramblings of his dying hour, wander back to the fresh scenes of childhood and youth, and with vagrant reminiscences "babble of green fields"? It is one of those fine touches of nature in which no uninspired author equals Shakspeare. Man's ruling passion is strong in death; but oftentimes it is not merely the ruling passion of the moment, but some vivid recollection of former days; and Shakspeare may have been indebted for the hint to some actual gossiping Mrs. Quickly, or to his own ever-wakeful observation beside a dying bed; for I do not suppose he had studied physiological writers, though, if he had, he would find them abounding in such descriptions as the following, which I copy from M. Richerand's "Elements of Physiology." Speaking of old age and death, he says:—

"New impressions are now less easily made, and the motions necessary to the operation of the understanding are performed with difficulty. Hence in decrepitude man returns, as far as relates to his intellectual faculties, to a state of second childhood, limited to certain recollections which are at first confused, and at last completely lost, incapable of judgment or will, or of new impressions.... The close of life is marked by phenomena similar to those with which it began. The circulation first manifested itself, and ceases last. The right auricle is the first to pulsate, and in death the last to retain its motion..... The following is the order in which the intellectual faculties cease and are decomposed—I am not here speaking of the immortal soul, of that divine emanation which outlives matter, and, freed from our perishable part, returns to the Almighty; I am speaking merely of those intellectual faculties which are common to man, and to those animals which, like him, are provided with a brain. Reason, the exclusive faculty of man, first forsakes him. He begins by losing the faculty of associating judgments, and then of comparing, of bringing together, and of connecting, a number of ideas, so as to judge of their relation. The patient is then said to have lost his consciousness, or to be delirious. This delirium has generally for its subject the ideas that are most familiar to the patient, and his prevailing passion is easily recognised. The miser talks in the most indiscreet manner of his hidden treasure; the unbeliever dies haunted by religious apprehensions. *Sweet recollections of a distant native land! then it is that ye return with your all powerful energy and delight.*" "At last he ceases to feel; but his senses vanish in succession, and in a determinate order. The taste and smell cease to give any sign of existence; the eyes become obscured by a dark and gloomy cloud; but the ear is yet sensible to sound and noise; and no doubt it was on this account that the ancients, to ascertain that death had really taken place, were in the habit of calling loudly to the deceased.

"A dying man, though no longer capable of smelling, tasting, hearing, and seeing, still retains the sense of touch; he tosses about in his bed, moves his arms in various directions, and is perpetually changing his posture."

This passage will shew how true to nature was the dying Falstaff's "sweet recollection" of "green fields,"

> "Where once his careless childhood strayed,
> A stranger yet to pain;"

and how in his mental wanderings the thoughts of them might "return with all their powerful energy and delight."

But it was not for the sake of a physiological criticism upon Shakspeare that I put pen to paper.

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It so happened, that my recollections of Falstaff's death-bed were not particularly prompt; but upon being reminded of the passage, I turned to it; and it is so remarkable that I will transcribe it, for the sake of a striking incidental illustration which it affords of the aversion of the unrenewed heart to meditate upon God. In other respects, graphic and vivid as it is, and so minutely correct in delineation that one can scarcely believe it is not a description of an actual occurrence; it is so painful to witness the solemnities of death portrayed for scenic effect, and even mixed up with associations of gross ribaldry, that it seems astonishing that persons of refined mind, even though unimpressed by religious feelings, do not shrink from such pictures in theatrical representations. Mrs. Siddons' mimickry (for what is it but mimickry?) of death is related to have been awfully natural; but is death, after which comes judgment, a subject for amusement? It is too solemn even for tragedy; in comedy it is revolting. The passage which I am about to copy, omitting the context and circumstances, is simply descriptive.

"'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any chrystom child.* 'A parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' th' tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way: for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John, quoth I. What man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God: I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone."

With incomparable skill—though the images are too painful to be gazed at without distress in fiction by any person who has witnessed them in reality—has Shakspeare here brought together the visible prognosticators of dissolution. We have the "facies Hippocratica" "his face was as sharp as a pen" (query *pin*, for Mrs. Quickly was not familiar with *pens*); and we have the peculiar and characteristic restlessness alluded to by Richerand,—"I saw him fumble with the sheets, play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends,"—which Shakspeare well knew betokened that "there was but one way." But perhaps the most striking part of the description is the half-disclosed intimation of what was passing in the dying man's mind, even in its incoherence, when he "cried out, God, God, God! three or four times;" with the counsel which the woman, with the utmost simplicity, tells us she gave him: "Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God: I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet." How wonderfully in these few words has Shakspeare exhibited the feelings of the unrenewed mind, which is "enmity with God;" and also the popular delusion that it is not necessary to think upon God till it is too late to think of anything else. The narrator dreams not that there could be two opinions upon the subject; she relates with perfect complacency the advice she gave; she does not conjecture that any person could suppose that a man would think upon God except as a matter of necessity; it might be requisite if he were in the very article of death; but why should he "trouble himself"—a most apt expression to convey her idea—with such reflections, so long as a ray of hope remained? It comes out also—for Shakspeare is evidently painting from nature—that such was, and I fear still is, the advice given by ignorant, officious persons to the sick and dying.

The language put by Shakspeare into the lips of Mrs. Quickly is the more striking, because he is making her speak in character, as an ignorant, irreligious woman; her being dissolute does not touch the question, for he might have caused her to speak thus without her being grossly vicious. I say that he is making her speak in character; for when, a few pages further on, Henry V., whom he means to represent as a reflecting, religious, and high-souled man, is describing how a sick person should feel and act, very different are the sentiments. Speaking of the

* "Chrystom," scilicet *chrisom*. From Mrs. Quickly's version of the word, (for doubtless Shakspeare intended to give the popular dialect, and I suppose his spelling has been retained,) we may conclude that uneducated persons, and perhaps others, confused the anointing *chrism*, and the baptismal robe, called *chrisom*, with *christen*; that is, man's unwarranted addition to Christ's sacrament, with the sacrament itself, whereby we are admitted visibly into the Christian church; in vernacular phrase, *christened*. The rite of chrism was retained in the first service-book of Edward VI., but happily it was expunged in the second. Chrisom was, in popular language, the holy-robe, or chrism-cloth, put about, or upon, the child, at or in token of his baptism; and with which the women used to shroud it, if it died "within the month;" otherwise it was usually brought to church on the day of the mother's purification. Hence Chrisoms, in the Bills of Mortality, are properly such children as die within the month, or before they have left off the chrisom-cloth; but the parish clerks ("in their ignorance," justly says Wheatley,) mean, by the word in those bills, infants dying unbaptized, who therefore were *not* chrisoms. It came to be popularly used, as Shakspeare makes Mrs. Quickly use it, in the sense of innocents,—infants who had not committed sin after baptism. That wonderful man knew well the rites, and even the technical language, of the church of Rome, to which he often alludes; as in the well-known lines of the ghost in Hamlet:

"Cut off e'en in the blossom of my sins,
Unhousel'd, unanointed, unassoil'd."

Such I suppose are the true readings; but the copy in my hand reads "disappointed, unanealed." The word "soil" is still used in our Hymn in the Ordination office for priests: "Anoint and cheer our *soiled* face." The penitent was "cheered" by being "assoiled" The word "ousel" is Saxonic, for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

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wicked lives of too many soldiers before they entered the army, he says:

"Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip man, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that men here are punished for before breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars *do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; as not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained;* and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare."

In this passage, which might have been written by Jeremy Taylor, there is nothing of its being time enough to repent when we are dying. The time, he says, which men accounted lost, was "blessedly lost," wherein such preparation was gained. He vents no such folly as the popular notion that a sick man is to seek his comfort in banishing serious reflection. Shakspeare, though irreligious himself, knew, as a matter of information, that it is the wicked who say unto God, "Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways." The righteous man—the true believer—finds comfort in thinking upon God; though alienated by nature, he is brought nigh by grace; though he fell in the first Adam, he is restored by the second; though he had destroyed himself, yet in God is his help; his offended Creator has become his reconciled Father in Christ Jesus; God is his shield, and his exceeding great reward; he has followed the advice which Eliphaz gave to Job in his affliction, and has enjoyed the blessing which he predicted should follow: "Acquaint thyself with Him, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee."

Public Exhibitions.

THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

In enumerating the "Easter Novelties," we omitted to notice the "*Surrey Zoological Gardens*," whereat a pictorial addition, of great extent and novelty, is nearly completed. It consists of an *al-fresco* view of Rome, painted by Danson, hitherto so successful in this branch of art; as in his views of Hecla and Vesuvius, painted for these gardens, and similar works executed by him at Liverpool and Glasgow. The new picture will, however, exceed all his previous productions, both in scale and effective execution. It comprises the Castle of San Angelo, with the bridge, spanning the Lake of the Garden, (the Tiber); and St. Peter's and the Vatican in the distance. At present, we shall only observe that the above view of

"The world's sole monument"

promises to be the best scenic achievement of its artist, and the most popular attraction of this establishment. After viewing the artistical "works," we paid our respects to the "Zoological" tenants. The *Carnivora* in the circular glazed house first attracted our admiration. In condition, they are superior to any other collection of the same order in the kingdom. Here is a fine animal, formerly in the possession of the Marquess of Waterford, individually, as the poet has styled the species generally, "a lordly lion." A vigorous young tiger, in an adjoining den, is, indeed, a promising fellow: he bids fair to become the handsomest member of this carnivorous community; even his growl *may* become musical. Among the *élite* of the company is a black leopard, on whose glossy skin the spots or markings are, in a certain light, very distinct; and next is a healthy young jaguar, remarkable for his elegant form and ill temper. The cleanly keeping of the entire collection, and of their glass house, was very satisfactory; the tenants especially appeared to have on their holiday suits. Among the birds we noticed a pair of splendid cassowaries, with rich plumage and wattles; and a very fine young ostrich, who, without overstepping the truth, can reach "nine feet high." The Polar bear lay on his threshold, all spruce and debonnaire; and the three elephants were trim and lively. By the way, how clever is the remark of Sir Walter Scott on this stupendous creature:—"I was never more sensible of the dignity which largeness of size and freedom of movement give to this otherwise very ugly animal." Among the *Pecora*, the African cow, (engraved lately in *the Mirror*,) continues in good condition, and is especially interesting to naturalists as the first living specimen brought to this country. The Brahmin bull fattens and thrives beyond his brother in the Regent's Park, who, we believe, has lost his fatty hump, and is no longer "the finest ever seen in Europe." Near the elephant's abode, a house of tasteful design has been constructed of bamboo. We have only space to notice the improved mode of exhibiting the serpents—a vast boa, two pythons, and a rare African snake. They are not kept in blankets, in a box resembling the body of a mangle, as heretofore; but in cages with plate-glass fronts, so that the characteristic motions of the tribe are excellently shewn. With some difficulty the great boa was roused from torpor, though

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he had not eaten for a month, when, it should be added, he took in a fowl, a goat, and four rabbits, the former by way of mulga-tawni. It was alike interesting to ourselves and a numerous party of *demoiselles* to watch the motion of this stupendous boa. He had recently been washed, in which operation it took three men to lift him; and as he "dragged his slow length along" the wooden grated floor, the sheathing noise of his lower scales could be distinctly heard, and the mechanism of his motion could be clearly witnessed.*

THE COSMORAMA.

In illustrating the ingenious contrivance of this Exhibition, at p. 253, we overlooked the change of Views provided for the holiday-keepers. The series now includes—1. The City of Berne; 2. Palmyra; 3. Baden; 4. Cairo; 5. Pæstum; 6. Interior of the Pantheon at Paris; 7. The Grand Chartreuse, near Grenoble; 8. Iron Gate at Antioch. Thus we have architecture, ancient and modern; and the picturesque scenery of mountain, landscape, and river. The best of these pictures, to our taste, is the Grand Chartreuse, in which the cold, grey mist, and massiveness of the Lower Alps, are admirably represented, and aid the monastic solitude of the scene. The Chartreuse itself is cleverly painted, and the trees on the right side appear to project from the flat. In the view of Baden is the dioramic effect of the sun shining vividly upon patches of the landscape, thickly dotted with dwellings. The Pantheon interior too is striking, and generally correct in drawing. Palmyra and Pæstum are likewise impressive scenes of decaying grandeur.

New Books.

The French Stage and the French People, as illustrated in the Memoirs of M. Fleury.

[This is a promising title, especially when is added, "Edited by Theodore Hook, Esq., F.S.A.," and the expectation is realized to the full; for two livelier volumes are not to be found in the lists of the season. Throughout the work we find many interesting pictures of the vicissitudes of the drama in the stormy times of the French Revolution, when even the play-bill partook of the fervour, as follows:—

"By Order of the People!
The Comedians of the National Theatre
Will this day perform
For the Benefit of the Widows
and Children
Of our Brethren who fell on the
10th of August,
GUILLAUME TELL,
&c. &c.

M. Fleury's Memoirs do not, however, merely relate theatrical gossip and anecdote, but far more important incidents of a terrific episode in the great drama of life. The narrator was a comedian of the first rank: in comparing himself with Granger of the Théâtre Italienne, he says:]

Like myself, he at first entered upon the *petit-maitre* line of characters, and certainly excelled in the portraiture of the gay and volatile man of fashion. In speaking thus highly of Granger, I may perhaps expose myself to the charge of vanity, since he and I were frequently compared with each other; and now, without any affectation of modesty, I will frankly draw my parallel. Granger far surpassed me in elegance, but I think I excelled him in humour. He could address a woman better than I; but, on the other hand, I could address a man better than he. I could not deliver a love couplet with his seductive grace; nor could he utter an epigram with my satirical force.

[From these sparkling pages it will be a pleasant task to select a few of the gayest and most attractive anecdotes. The first illustrates the high estimation in which actors were at that time held in France.]

Actors of Fashion.

The dinner or sporting parties of young men of rank always included several of our fashionable young actors. This was the established custom of the time. The theatre was a school of elegance for young noblemen, and the houses of young noblemen were schools of study for young actors. But when a performer's talents began to be matured, and he found his reputation rising, he soon understood his own position, and valued himself accordingly. Actors then accepted the invitations of persons of quality, because they felt confident of experiencing the reception which talent and genius should always secure to their possessors. They did not consider themselves favoured by the notice of the great. A gentleman may, if he chooses, be a gentleman, and nothing more: birth and fortune will always secure to him the consideration of society. But an actor, a painter, a musician, or an author, must rely for distinction on his own intrinsic

* An observation of Sir Joseph Banks, during the exhibition of a *coluber* of unusual size, first led to the discovery of the means of its motion. Whilst it was moving briskly along the carpet, Sir Joseph said he thought he saw the ribs come forward in succession, like the feet of a caterpillar. This remark led Sir Everard Home to examine the animal's motion with more accuracy; and on putting his hand under its belly, while the snake was in the act of passing over the palm, the ends of the ribs were distinctly felt, pressing upon the surface in regular succession, so as to leave no doubt of the ribs forming so many pairs of levers, by which the animal moves its body from place to place.

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merits. In those noble chateaux, whose owners loved to draw distinctions between the ranks and professions of their guests, if an actor was not thought worthy of a seat at the top of the table, he at least was not thrust to the bottom.

[Next is related

The Death of Winckelmann.]

On the 8th of June, 1768, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, Winckelmann sat down to write a letter to the future editor of his new edition of the "History of Art." In the unfinished letter, which was found, after the murder, lying on the table, Winckelmann had entered into some details respecting the typographical arrangements for the publication. Whilst engaged in writing this letter he was interrupted by Archangeli, who, with well dissembled concern, announced that they must separate, he having been summoned to Venice by urgent business. Winckelmann had reposed such confidence in his new acquaintance, that he had never deemed it necessary to make any inquiry respecting his condition or occupations. He took him on his own representations. Archangeli bade him an affectionate farewell, and begged that, as a last token of kindness, he would allow him once more to look at the medals, that they might be the more vividly impressed on his recollection. Winckelmann, delighted with this proof of love for the arts, gladly consented to gratify the pretended amateur. He ran to his portmanteau, and knelt down for the purpose of unfastening the padlock. Archangeli stepped softly behind him, and drawing from his pocket a cord with a slip knot, threw it over the neck of his victim, with the intention of strangling him. But the cord catching the chin of Winckelmann, the design of the assassin was, for the moment, frustrated. Recovering from the stunning surprise into which the unexpected attack had thrown him, Winckelmann rose to defend himself. He seized the cord, and held it fast. The assassin then drew a dagger, and plunged it several times into his heart. Archangeli was arrested, tried, and condemned. When about to undergo the penalty due to his crime, he confessed the murder, but persisted in declaring that he had been actuated by no other motive than that of possessing himself of the medals. Circumstances, however, tend strongly to refute this declaration. On the day preceding the murder, it appeared that Archangeli had intended to carry his sanguinary design into execution, and was only induced to forego it for the time by the kindness with which Winckelmann had invited him to partake of his breakfast. On the same day, as it was afterwards ascertained, the box containing the medals was in the coach with Archangeli's luggage. The probability is, that the alleged intention of stealing the medals was a mere pretext, set forth with the view of averting suspicion. But, then, it may be asked, supposing Archangeli to have been merely a hired assassin, the paid instrument of others, why did he not denounce his accomplices? The answer is, that there are recesses in the human heart, which it is not easy to explore, and that the vilest criminals have sometimes a sort of virtue of their own. It is a well-known fact that, in Italy, the *bravi*, who may be hired to commit murder, have endured the torture rather than betray their employers. This sort of firmness they term keeping the *honour of the dagger unstained.* The betrayal of an accomplice is, in *their* eyes, a greater crime than the shedding of blood. This kind of firmness is not unfrequently the only imaginary virtue of those who have renounced every other.

[The following is an amusing page on M. Fleury's study of

The Character of Frederick the Great.]

In the first place, I sought to imbue myself with the idea that my apartments were in Potsdam instead of in Paris; and I resolved to go to bed, to rise, to take my meals, to move and speak, during two whole months, in the full persuasion that I was Frederick II. The better to identify myself with the character, I used every morning to dress myself in the military coat, hat, boots, &c., which I had ordered for the part. Thus equipped, I would seat myself before my looking-glass, at one side of which hung Ramberg's portrait of the king. Then, with the help of hair pencils, and a palette spread with black, white, red, blue, and yellow, I endeavoured to paint my face to a resemblance of the picture. By this method, as I have already said, Mademoiselle Guimard succeeded in defying the advances of age, and never looked more than twenty; but my object was to make myself look old instead of young. Meanwhile, the rehearsals commenced, and, after reigning incognito for the space of two months, the great king was ready to appear on the stage of the Comédie Française.*

Portrait of Mirabeau.

Mirabeau! what reputation, what popularity were his in 1790! Those who never saw Mirabeau, those who did not live in Parisian society at that period, can form no conception of the effect of his all-powerful name. Mirabeau was the first and last rea-

* The perfection of assumption of character was achieved in this very part some years since on the English stage, by Mr. Farren, at Covent Garden Theatre.—Ed.

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son for everything. He could do anything, even bring chicory-coffee* into fashion; and, at the period of which I am now speaking, at the head of a theatrical intrigue. But where was he not to be found? He was the national factotum, the atlas of the movement. The King trembled before him, the Queen feared him, the nobles hated him, and the Assembly of Representatives obeyed him; while, at the same time, he was adored by the women, admired by the men, and applauded even in the streets. When he shewed himself at the Comédie Française, modestly seated in the second tier, the *parterre*, eager to offer him the incense of flattery, forced him to come down in triumph to the first tier. But what could not Mirabeau command? At the National Assembly, at Versailles, at the theatre, deputies, princes, and secretaries, looked like so many humble tenants making their obeisances to the lord of the manor. I have seen him in the tribune, on one of the assembly's stormy days, firm and unbending, like a sturdy oak deeply rooted in the soil. There he stood, with his head erect and chest expanded, looking like master of everything around him, and silencing his adversaries by the force of his eloquent invective. There was a charm—a fascination—in every word that fell from him. It seemed as if his voice would rend the vaulted roof; and the boundaries of the chamber appeared scarcely to afford sufficient scope for his action.

Family of Charlotte Corday.

One of the most curious results of the Chevalier Richard's genealogical investigations, was the discovery of the family descent of Charlotte Corday. When that extraordinary woman plunged a dagger into the breast of Marat, a change began to be looked for in France. The blow would strike terror into the hearts of all the proconsuls, and, in the first impulse of their joy, the oppressed party glorified the heroine as a second Judith. The boldness of the act astounded every one. Portraits of Charlotte Corday were eagerly bought up, and information regarding the circumstances of her life were eagerly sought for. Here was an interesting field for the researches of the Chevalier Richard; he shortly afterwards imparted to us, in confidence, the most irrefragable proofs of her relationship to that dramatic writer who excelled all others in the delineation of the sublime virtues of heroic minds. He satisfied me beyond all doubt, that the young female who assassinated Marat was descended from the poet whose pen so admirably depicted the impulses which guide the actions of great conspirators. Charlotte Corday, in fact, was grand-niece of the great Corneille.

Thus we see the heroic spirit of Corneille's tragedies was transfused into the heart of his descendant. Doubtless the character of *Æmilia*, as drawn by her grand-uncle, fired the imagination of Charlotte Corday. I wrote down this curious genealogy at the dictation of the Chevalier Richard, and the document proved the cause of some trouble to me.

[The next anecdote shews how obstinately the revolutionary scheme was carried out by

Danton.]

Amongst other things, the infringement of an old theatrical regulation at this time created a violent disturbance throughout the whole theatre. An old-established rule had hitherto required that the gentlemen in the pit should take off their hats during the performance. This was a well-understood law both of politeness and convenience. But on this occasion, the civic round hats were not so ready to conform to the regulation as the Gothic cocks. Possibly the refusal was regarded as one of the new rights of man to annoy his neighbour. Several obstinate fellows persisted in refusing to uncover their heads, which gave rise to an uproar so vehement as for a time to drown every word of the performance.

"Stop a moment, M. le Cardinal," cried one of the spectators in the pit. "Wait till we make that fellow take off his hat!" saying which, the speaker pointed to a broad-faced, fierce-looking person near him, whose hat remained immovably fixed on his head.

"Do you flatter yourself that you can force *me* to take off my hat?" said the broad-faced, fierce-looking person.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"And you *shall* be forced to take it off!" exclaimed several angry voices at once.

At these words, the individual to whom they were addressed started up indignantly. As he rose, his tall, athletic figure seemed almost gigantic. This man subsequently became celebrated in our revolutionary history; but on the occasion here referred to he was merely recognised by some individuals in the pit, as *le nommé* Danton. Striking his hat more closely down over his brow, as the tumult increased—"Firm as the hat of Servandony!* cried he, flourishing his arm triumphantly.

This defiance set the whole house in an uproar, amidst which *le nommé* Danton was conveyed to the Hotel-de-Ville.

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* Mirabeau recommended the use of chicory in France. He eulogized that root both in speech and in writing. He first made trial of it in the Grand Duchy of Brunswick, where it was extensively cultivated; and he was convinced that it might be rendered a profitable object of commerce.

* One of the towers of Saint-Sulpice was called "the Hat of Servandony."

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The Cyclopædia of Practical Receipts. By a Practical Chemist.

THIS volume, numbering some 300 pages, contains 3000 receipts "in all the useful and domestic arts." The arrangement is alphabetical, on all occasions the readiest for reference, from "Abernethy's pills" to "Zinc Pommade." In the preface, the editor discourses like a practical man, and assures us that he has tested, by experiment, the value of the majority of the receipts; and his book we take to be acceptable to the man of business as well as to the amateur. Proprietary receipts, we know, are costly secrets. Napoleon, we are told, gave 2500*l.* for a specific for the gout, to which he was a martyr in the gale of his glory. Large sums have been paid for "how to dress a turtle." Mr. Lovegrove's mode of dressing white-bait and concocting cold punch would, doubtless, realize handsome amounts; and one of the best practical brewers of the day is receiving shoals of fees for imparting the secret of preventing acidity in fermented liquors—which, in the United States, is effected by a Mr. Storewell (?). Again, we remember a Scotch peer giving twenty guineas for a receipt for furniture oil, (alkanet root, rose-pink, and linseed oil;) though, had his lordship's dining-tables been oftener in requisition, he might have spared himself this expense. Depend upon it, reader, hospitality is the best polish for furniture; just as Charles Mathews thought turtle the very varnish to *bring out* the portraits in the large picture of the Court of Aldermen. We venture to *stake* the well-used set of tables in the dining-room of L——n House, St. James's, against the vast circular table at Devonshire House, and its exquisitely-designed cloth, the setting of the loom for which cost 70*l.*!

The Cyclopædia before us comprises receipts in every branch of manufactures, not forgetting that of the kitchen; so that the volume is, in effect, a cookery-book as well as a manual of the arts generally. It appears to be generally well compiled, although the editor modestly allows the probability of errors, (of typographical we noticed a few,) and requests correction for another edition, which, from its extensive utility, his work will, doubtless, reach.

The Gatherer.

Barbers in China perambulate the streets with a portable kind of seat, containing drawers for brushes, razors, &c., and a washing-stand and basin.

Filtration.—By a newly-invented system, a filter, eight inches in diameter, will supply 2,000 gallons per day of pure water.

The Chinese Stage, in scenic effects, is miserably deficient, although the dresses are at times superbly elegant, and the acting far above mediocrity; but, above all, the morals of the Chinese stage are very good.

Hams.—At the recent ham market, at Paris, the weight of hams disposed of was 240,000lbs.

Guns.—The exchange of flint for percussion-cap guns to the army will cost this year, 130,000*l.*—*Times.*

Moore's Lalla Rookh, which has now reached its 20th edition, was purchased by Messrs. Longman for the sum of 3000 guineas, before a verse of it was actually composed.

Irish Denial.—An Irish boy, who was trying to get a place, denied that he *was* an Irish boy,—"I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was about hiring him; "but *this* I know, you were born in Ireland." "Och, your honour, if that's all," said the boy, "small blame to that. Suppose I had been born in a stable, would I have been a horse?" *Theodore Hook.*

Hats.—The three-cornered cocked hat was worn in France, in the last century, of such a size that it served as a parasol in fine weather, an umbrella in case of rain, and a sort of state canopy on occasions of ceremony.

Silence.—One might have heard a pin fall, is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase—you might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric handkerchief.

Sheridan is believed to have taken some hints for his *School for Scandal* from Mercier's *Habitant de la Guadaloupe.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not yet received the "Sketches," kindly forwarded by E. T. C.

Is not the identification satisfactory to our "sleepy partner?"

The story of "The Haunted Cottage" is too weak for our columns.

"X. D." should forward specimens.

To comply with the wish of J. A. F. R. would be too considerable an expense: we are happy to recognise him as a firm patron.

The communication by W. R. G. has not reached us.

Ineligible: "The Young Husband to his Wife."—"Board of Control."—"Old Age."—"To Wed, or not to Wed."—"Oh, Grave."—"Sketches of Life."—"Doings at a Church."—"To an Infant Dying."—"Stanzas," by W. A.

Perhaps: "The Column of Ameuse."—"To the Queen."—"The Pieces," by J. C., Westminster.

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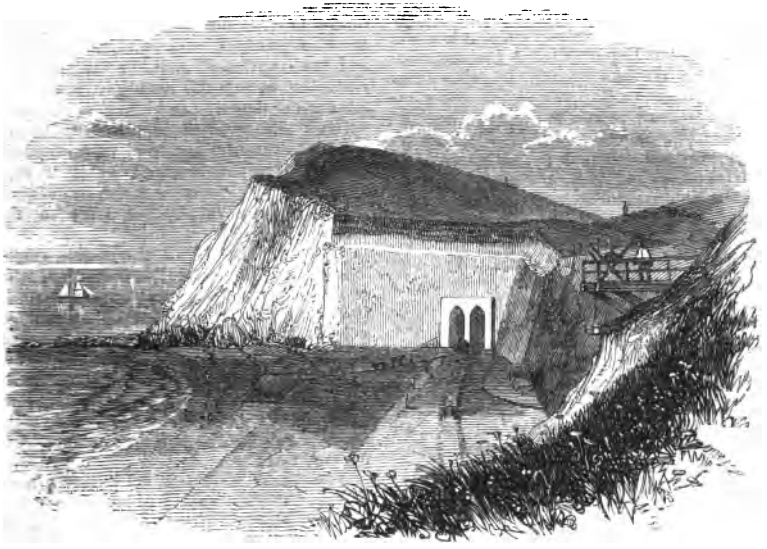
The Mirror

OF

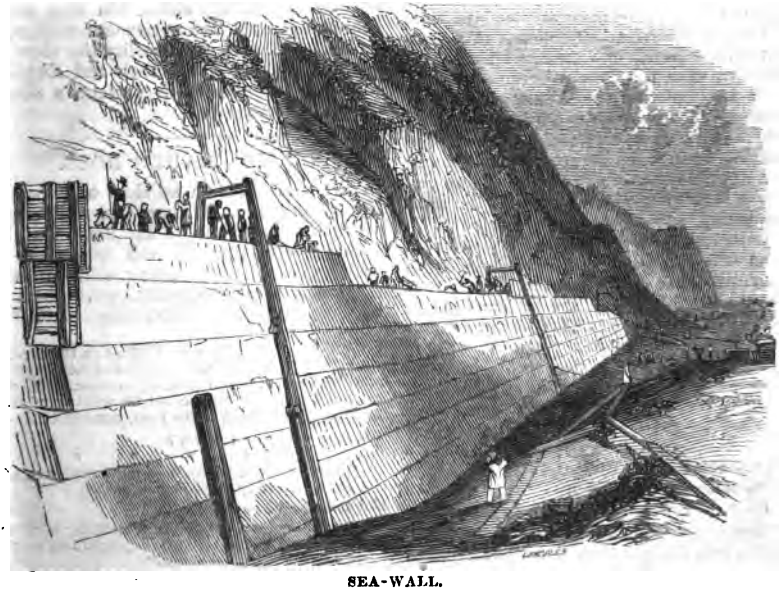
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1057.] SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1841. [PRICE 2*d.*

THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY, NEAR DOVER.



SHAKSPEARE CLIFF AND TUNNEL.



SEA-WALL.

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SHAKSPEARE'S CLIFF AND THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

In the years 1835 and 1836 was planned "The South-Eastern Railway," from London to Dover; a line of very considerable importance in these "piping times of peace," and likely to prove highly advantageous in the event of a disturbance of our pacific relations with the Continent. It may be sufficient for our present purpose to state, that from the Report of the Engineer-in-chief, (Mr. William Cubitt,) the above line and the Brighton Railway will be the same road for the first twenty miles from London; and nearly as far as Croydon, will pass on the line already opened to that town. At Redstone, or Red Hill, the lines separate, and the South-Eastern Railway, after running a further distance of sixty-six miles, will terminate at a spot between the celebrated Shakspeare Cliff and Archcliff Fort, upon a raised platform or embankment, a few feet only above the beach; upon which a temporary station will, in the first instance, be erected, until the mode of entering Dover, and forming a station in the town, and near the quays, shall be determined on.

From Folkestone to Dover the works of this railway are very peculiar, and are now in rapid progress. Arriving at Folkestone, the narrow abrupt valley at that place will be crossed by a viaduct one hundred feet in height; from thence, by a considerable embankment, the Railway will cross over the Dover and Canterbury turnpike roads,—by means of a double skewed bridge; and passing thence by a deep cutting, will cross the ridge or cliff which separates the land from the sea at that place, by means of a short tunnel, one-fourth of a mile in length; and enter at once upon the Warren or Undercliff, a singularly rough and undulating piece of ground about two miles in length, which is passed by a series of deep cuttings, varying from twenty to one hundred and twenty feet in depth. At the eastern end of the Warren, the Railway enters the main chalk cliff, and proceeds about one mile in a tunnel called *The Abbot's Cliff Tunnel*, from which it comes out upon the perpendicular front of the cliffs, at an elevation of about sixty feet above the sea, and passes along the face of the cliffs for about another mile, supported by a révêtement wall of concrete, (similar to the great Sea-Wall supporting the Marine Parade, at Brighton;) it then enters *The Shakspeare Tunnel*, after proceeding in which for nearly another mile, it emerges in the face of the cliffs between Shakpeare Cliff and the Arch-Cliff Fort, as before described.

No sooner was it known to be the determination of the Railway Committee to tunnel *Shakspeare's Cliff*, than considerable anxiety was felt lest this rock, so interesting from its being one of the localities of the play of *King Lear*, should be destroyed. This anxiety was reasonable enough for respect, since amidst even the utilitarian advantages of the railway, it was impossible to forget the poetic associations of the spot, and the interest with which it has been invested by one of the finest descriptive passages in the writings of our illustrious dramatic bard. Fortunately, the outline of the Cliff has been preserved, and its "high and bending head" remains for future generations to test the accuracy, whilst they admire the descriptive beauty, of the poet's verse. Accustomed as we have been to commemorate the homes of men of genius, and localities consecrated, as it were, in their writings, we have much gratification in adding the *Shakspeare Cliff* to their number.*

The first Engraving shews the eastern face of the Cliff, and the two Tunnels through the same, now in course of construction; the northern one being most advanced, and within a few weeks of completion. Each tunnel will be nearly a mile in length, and we know of no other instance in which two railway tunnels have been constructed parallel to each other. To have made a bore the width of the two passages was, however, deemed unsafe.

The second Engraving represents a portion of the Sea-Wall in course of construction between *Abbot's Cliff Tunnel* and the *Shakspeare Cliff* and *Tunnel*, about one mile in length, and sixty feet from the surface of the sea, but very much below the unequal line of the cliffs. On this wall, behind a parapet, the permanent road will be laid; and from this locality the view of sea and land—of the French and English coasts, at one *coup d'œil*—presents a scene of matchless beauty.

TYCHO BRAHE'S NOSE.

In the year 1566, an accident occurred to Tycho Brahe, at Wittemberg, which had nearly deprived him of his life. On the 10th of December, he was invited to a wedding-feast; and, among other guests, there was present a noble countryman of his own, Manderupius Pasbergius. Some

* This bold and elevated cliff rises on the south-west side of Dover Harbour, in front of the Heights, in a very peculiar and striking manner. No description, however, that could be written of this spot can parallel that of the Poet, commencing—

"Dost thou know Dover?
* * * * *
There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep;"

and ending with—

"From the dread summit of this chalky bourne
Look up a-height: the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen, or heard."

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difference having arisen between them on this occasion, they parted with feelings of mutual displeasure. On the 27th of the same month, they met again at some festive games, and having revived their former quarrel, they agreed to settle their differences by the sword. They accordingly met at seven o'clock in the evening of the 29th, and fought in total darkness. In this blind combat, Manderupius cut off the whole of the front of Tycho's nose, and it was fortunate for astronomy that his more valuable organs were defended by so faithful an outpost. The quarrel, which is said to have originated in a difference of opinion respecting their mathematical attainments, terminated here; and Tycho repaired his loss by cementing upon his face a nose of gold and silver, which is said to have formed a good imitation of the original.*

VENICE GLASS.

THE earliest glass was called "Crystal-glass;" and that made at Venice obtained such celebrity as to have attributed to it magical properties; for it has ever been the vanity of man to magnify the perfection of art by attributing to it supernatural virtues. Howel, writing from Venice, in 1621, sends his letter by two Italians, "the best gentlemen that ever blew Crystal:" he adds that Crystal-glass could not be made elsewhere in "such perfection for beauty and lustre" as in Murano, a little island about the distance from Venice that Lambeth lies from London. Again, he quaintly says: "A good name is like Venice glass, quickly cracked, never to be mended; patched it may be."†

It is, however, to Aubrey that we must turn for the supernatural properties of Venice glass. Thus: in Dr. Bolton's Sermons is an account of the Lady Honeywood, who despaired of her salvation. Dr. Bolton endeavoured to comfort her: said she, (holding a Venice glass in her hand,) I shall as certainly be damned, as this glass will be broken; and at that word, threw it hard on the ground, and the glass remained sound; which did give her great comfort.‡

LINES ON HIS NEW CHILD-SWEETHEART.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I HOLD it a religious duty,
To love and worship children's beauty;
They've least the taint of earthly clod—
They're freshest from the hand of God.
With heavenly looks, they make us sure
The heaven that made them must be pure.
We love them not in earthly fashion,
But with a beatific passion.

I chanced to, yesterday, behold
A maiden child of beauty's mould;
'Twas near (more sacred was the scene)
The Palace of our patriot Queen.
The little charmer, to my view,
Was sculpture brought to life anew:
Her eyes had a poetic glow—
Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow,
And through her frock I could descry
Her neck and shoulders' symmetry.
'Twas obvious, from her walk and gait,
Her limbs were beautifully straight.
I stopt th' enchantress, and was told,
Though tall, she was but four years old.
Her guide so grave an aspect wore,
I could not ask a question more—
But followed her. The little one
Threw backward, ever and anon,
Her lovely neck, as if to say,
I know you love me, *Mister Grey.*
For, by its instinct, childhood's eye
Is shrewd in physiognomy;
They well distinguish fawning art
From sterling fondness of the heart.

And so she flirted, like a true
Good woman, till we bade adieu!
'Twas then I with regret grew wild—
Oh! beauteous, interesting child—
Why ask'd I not thy home and name?
My courage fail'd me—more's the shame.

But where abides this jewel rare?
Oh! ye that own her tell me where!
For sad it makes my heart, and sore,
To think I ne'er may meet her more.

Morning Chronicle.

ANTIQUITIES OF WORMEGAY.

(To the Editor.)

I SHOULD feel much obliged to some of your numerous Correspondents, if they could furnish information respecting a Priory, of which very extensive foundations still remain, at Wormegay, (anciently Ringay, or Rungay,) in the county of Norfolk; as also any general information respecting the village itself, in the midst of which stands a mount, still called Castle Hill, with a moat round it. There is a report that formerly fifteen churches existed in the place; though only one now remains, at a considerable distance from the village.

Wormegay is situated about five miles south of King's Lynn; and during the last summer excavations were made at the Priory ruins, when some beautiful specimens of architecture in Saxon, or Norman, and florid Gothic, were discovered; also stone coffins; a subterraneous passage of considerable length and breadth, and in a fine state of preservation, with the floors of several rooms in tesselated pavements of fleur-de-lis and cinque-foil. The foundations extend over several acres of land; and as the histories of Norfolk throw no light whatever on the subject, I hope that through the medium of *The Mirror* some information may be gained.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER,
Wormegay.

* Martyrs of Science, p. 130.
† Howel, Familiar Letters, pp. 38, 310. Sixth Edition.
‡ Aubrey, Miscellanies, p. 132.

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PUNCH.

Amidst the various inducements to loiter on your way, which the streets of London continually present, there is one object that always possesses for us an irresistible attraction, far above all others; and that is the peripatetic theatre of our adored friend Punch. No matter how pressing our business—no matter how late for our appointment, we may be, or distant from the spot towards which we are progressing, the instant we hear Punch's shrill, expressive squeak, and behold the light frame-work of the scene of his gambols assuming a fixed perpendicular position, we bid a temporary adieu to aught else of consequence, and taking our place amongst the crowd of small boys, servant-maids, printers' devils, errand-carriers, and other street frequenters that surround his temple, are for the time lost to everything but the tricks and drolleries, the sly manœuvres and deep-laid schemes, of our merry, bold, cowardly, deceitful, candid puppet.

We are never ashamed of being caught gazing at Punch. Many of our friends, nice young gentlemen of the glazed boot and lemon kid-glove school, have severely reprobated us for yielding to the inducements which the wooden hero holds out to arrest our steps; but these chidings have invariably gone in at one ear and out at the other — a curious overland journey across the brain, which no anatomist has yet properly defined, although we hear of it hourly in society. We are not angry with our friends, for everybody has his own ideas of refinement and gentility; but we pity them. We regret that they allow themselves to be deprived of much amusement and real laughter, from a mistaken notion of the *comme-il-faut*. And if they are seen, what *does* it matter? There are puppets in society, whose tricks are similar to, and twice as mischievous as, the pranks of Punch, whom it is thought no disgrace to gaze at. But this is one of the results of our English "fear-of-what-other-people-think." In the Champs Elysées, the small rough benches which the poor exhibitor of Punch places in front of his show are thronged with grown-up and respectable people, who scream with uncontrolled delight at his vagaries. The French enjoy themselves, because they do not quail, as we do, beneath the opinions of their neighbours; and the same feeling which allows them to ride in roundabouts and revolving ships, permits them equally to enter, heart and soul, into the performances of Punch, without caring whether anybody they know is regarding them or not.

We cannot, however, disguise the melancholy fact, that Punch is on the decline It is true that he escaped the notice of the Metropolitan Police Act, and, whilst the dogs were emancipated from the trucks,* was permitted to bully and tease the hapless Toby to his heart's content; still, we fear his glories are departing. Commend us to the goodly times when Mr. Powell, the prince of "motion-makers," set forth his exhibition "under the little Piazza in Covent Garden," and the opera at the Haymarket was seriously injured by the *concurrence*; when the sparrows and chaffinches at the latter theatre, instead of perching on the trees, only put out the candles, and the ballet yielded in attraction to the pig that danced a minuet with Punch. The clever paper of Steele, that made Pope shake his sides as he read it, related to no commonplace performance. But alas! the times are sadly changed. The Opera has resumed its sway, and a *pas de deux* between Coulon and Cerito is now thought superior to the celebrated opening dance between Punch and his consort.

Punch loves to be in the world, although he affects retirement from a great thoroughfare. He rather inclines to a quiet street that debouches into the stream of population. Hence the cul-de-sacs in the Strand that lead towards the river are sometimes favoured by him; for he is not annoyed there by passing vehicles, whilst he can attract a good audience from the foot-passengers. We have occasionally seen him at the bottom of Berners Street; more frequently in the offshoots of Tottenham Court Road; and very often in Castle Street, Leicester Square, his most favoured locality, where he collects a delighted crowd from the multitudes who are perpetually threading that extraordinary series of courts and archways, combs, straw-bonnets, cold ham, false teeth, and portmanteaus, that leads from New Street towards the West-End. Here he revels in uncontrolled wickedness; here his scream is more joyously shrill than in any other situation; and here his performance is generally of a more prolonged nature, from the change of audience, than his spectators are usually favoured with. And yet, we never saw the end of it—we do not believe any one ever did, for his antics are too often cut short by the paucity of the last collection of coppers which has been solicited in the inverted cymbal.

Our ideas of Punch are of a mysterious and inexplicable kind. We cannot quite divest ourselves of the opinion, that he is not altogether an inorganic body—a mere compound of wood, calico, and dirty paint.

* It is not too much to assert, that the emancipation of the dogs was very facetely agitated, year by year, in the *Comic Almanack*, until it was consummated. Rigdum Funnidos is an honour to humanity; and he effects much good by throwing up straws to see which way the wind blows.—*Ed. M.*

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We confess it without shame, we should not sleep tranquilly in our bed if Punch were lying on the toilet-table. We should feel more at our ease if we locked him up in a drawer previous to retiring to rest, because then we should know there was not such a chance of his amusing himself during the night by beating the back of our head with his all-powerful cudgel. Even in his own abode, although we are distinctly aware that there is a man in a fustian jacket and corduroy trowsers, with lace-up boots, directing his actions, we still concentrate all our ideas of vitality there enclosed in our frolicsome hero. The other persons of the drama are mere puppets, subservient to the proper performance of the comedy; but Punch is an exception to them. We can imagine him, when the show is over, carrying his pugnacious disposition into the oblong box that encloses him and his companions, and thrashing them with the same merciless vigour when shut up in the aforesaid case, as he did when he figured in public.

Whenever we see a Punch's show, we look upon the chief actor as the same being we have witnessed before, and invest him with the same propensities and internal economy. We cannot reconcile ourselves to the reality, that there are more Punches than one in the world; and nothing would distress our intellectual faculties more than to see two Punches in one show. A sight like this would bewilder us; our mind would not be able to grapple with the confusion thus created. We would rather not witness so strange a sight, but incline to the theory that Punch is ubiquitous—that the same Punch who figures at the Fête of St. Cloud is the next moment, perhaps even at that very time, thrashing the constable to the delight of a London mob, or amusing the pleasure-seekers on the smooth turf of Egham race-course.

Punch enjoys an excellent constitution. Blows that would be sudden death to other people, fall lightly and unheeded upon his occiput. He merely exclaims, "How hard the wind blows!" and cures himself in five seconds by rubbing the back of his head against the wings of his theatre—a species of counter-irritation to which many quacks have, doubtless, been indebted for their ideas. One of his finest delineations, however, is the manner in which, after receiving a thrashing from the unknown intruder, he looks carefully round his theatre, to see from what quarter the injuries have proceeded; and concludes his search by leaning half over the front, and endeavouring to peer round the sides of the show. This is perfect, and only approached by his occasional convulsive shudders after the ghost has appeared to him—one of the most terrible personifications of supernatural fright ever exhibited. Nor does the Belgian Lion at Waterloo repose in calmer triumph over the mound of slaughtered heroes which it surmounts, than Punch does when he tranquilly perches himself upon the line of victims to his conquering arm, whose lifeless forms embellish the front board of his theatre.

The drama of Punch has suffered material change within the last few years. The baby, Jack Ketch, the gallows, and the—(we hesitate to write his name) the—enemy of mankind, have almost disappeared. Their places have been supplied by a clown, and divers other characters. We have also witnessed a tin caddy, through which Jim Crow pokes his head, when Punch's curiosity leads him to peep into the interior; and a spectre made of wood, with an enormous mouth of red cloth. We do not like these innovations. They look like a taste for spectâcle; and where this prevails, the legitimate drama must fall. Punch is to the Fantoccini what Shakspeare is to the ballets of her Majesty's Theatre, and we should not wish either to merge into the other. Some mercenary proprietors have desecrated Punch's show by turning it to account with an evening exhibition of Chinese shadows, illuminated by various candle-ends placed behind. This is unpardonable, and we were exceedingly rejoiced to see the transparent screen destroyed by accidental conflagration, a few evenings since, in Bloomsbury Square. It was a just visitation.

In conclusion, we have a question to ask, connected with our immortal friend; and if any of our readers can solve it, we shall be more than happy to receive their communications. How is Punch's unearthly voice produced? Is it a natural sound, or the result of some peculiar instrument in the mouth? We were taught in infancy that two quadrangular pieces of tin bound together by narrow tape would produce the desired effect, when placed between the lips. This is not the fact. A squeaking sound may be perpetrated through its use, but no articulation of words is practicable; and we opine that the noise is the result of much training, or natural conformation of the muscles of the organs of voice. One use these tin instruments certainly possess. A lady of our acquaintance bitterly offended us. We could not openly retaliate, so we cloaked our revenge under the mask of kindness. We made four of the above whistles, and gave them to the same number of her children. Our retaliation was complete: the house was the scene of one long, continuous squeak from morning till night, as shrill as Punch's, without the advantage of his sage remarks.

ALBERT.

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CURIOUS RELIC

DISCOVERED AT WESTMINSTER.

To every one who has given his attention to the antiquities of this country, the article on the Westminster relic, which appeared in *The Mirror*, No. 1055, must prove a source of great interest.

The figure, so cleverly represented by the spirited woodcut, presents a singularity of appearance, and displays a rudeness of conception, which can only be referred to a barbarous age; while its general aspect is so essentially different from anything of the kind that has hitherto been brought to light, that it may at first sight appear presumptuous to start any hypothesis regarding it. On comparing, however, its appearance with some passages in Tacitus and other writers, I am strongly inclined to believe that it is of Druidical origin, and to consider it one of the many objects of our forefathers' superstitious worship.

The first passage to which I would draw your attention is from the Agricola of Tacitus. In alluding to the manners and customs of the Britons, he says: "*Rudes et informes Druidum imagines, quas quo deformiores eo majore cultu adorant.*"—*Tacit. Agric.*, cap. vii.

The general appearance of the curiosity before us corresponds exactly with the above passage: and its ingenious hideousness was, doubtless, well calculated to excite in its worshippers the deepest devotion.

The next quotation which I shall adduce applies more particularly to the figure in question, and points at once to its most prominent feature: "*Druidum laribus ventres rotundi.*"—*Plin.*, Ep. xi.

This passage, hitherto a stumbling-block to commentators, appears to be at once satisfactorily elucidated by the discovery of this relic.

As the most conclusive evidence on the subject, I lay before you the following quotation, which seems to describe with wonderful accuracy the design, execution, and effect of this odd piece of antiquity: "*Mirum quod nonnulli barbari deformissimas ponunt in atriis imagines, nec aliter Germani et Britanni. Hi quidem hominum, bestiarum, aviumque figuras in unam plerumque conjungunt.*"—*Plin: ut. ant.*

Although these passages have been adduced in proof of the origin and intention of the relic, it must be observed that they have much light thrown on themselves by its discovery. They have long puzzled acute scholars, but seem by this discovery to receive the most clear illustration.

Should a taste for the study of such subjects be more widely diffused in this country, much benefit might result not only to the knowledge of antiquities, but also to the interpretation of passages in the classics hitherto unintelligible.

A MEMBER OF THE CAMDEN SOCIETY.
Trin. Coll., Camb.

P.S. I am particularly anxious to know the colour of the figure, and, if possible, to obtain a sight of it. My chief reason for this is, that in a passage which I cannot at present call to mind, the word *vitrum* is used to designate the colour of certain figures, and the same word is used by Cæsar when speaking of the colour with which the bodies of the ancient Britons were painted, regarding which there has been much controversy. M. C.

[The colour of the figure is reddish-brown. —*Ed. M.*]

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

BY the invention of a spectacle in which everything was calculated to give music a boundless ascendancy, the Italians provided for the wants of their own restless and highly sensitive nature, which sought in the theatre the source of an easy and genial relaxation, and to which a long silent sitting of about six hours in a play-house, as our good customers of Covent Garden or the Haymarket have the constancy to endure, would be utter misery.

A box in an Italian play-house is a drawing-room, at Milan and Florence not unfrequently used for supper. In the pit, in the gallery, in the six tiers of boxes, there are other interests at stake than the catastrophe on the stage. Everywhere there is nodding, and smiling, and flirting, and waving of fans and handkerchiefs; two-thirds at least of the performance are drowned by the murmur of a general conversation, until, occasionally, a burst of applause, or the strokes of the director of the orchestra, announce the entrance of a favourite singer, or the prelude of a popular air, when, as if by a common accord, that confused roar of six thousand voices is instantly hushed,—all laughing, coquetting, and ice-champagne drinking is broken short, and all the actors in the minor stages submit themselves for five minutes to behave like a well-mannered and intelligent audience. All this has been said in order to prove, that although the Italian opera has been imported in all its splendour in this country, and though we pay rather dearly for it, we are as yet far from understanding half its mysteries, or from enjoying its real advantages.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

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TO THE WOOD SORREL.

HAIL to thee! exquisitely pencill'd flower,
That tremblest on thy solitary stem,
And shrinkest even from the passing shower
That would thy fairy cup with crystals gem.

Faint heart hast thou that canst not brook a frown,
But waitest weeping for a sunny smile,
With petals closed and calyx hanging down,
And leaves enfolded in despair the while.

The stream runs sparkling by—the wild bee hums,
And thoughtful seeks his mossy hermit cell—
And see, to kiss thy cheek, the sunbeam comes,
Now, pensive Sorrel, raise thy drooping bell.

Whence hast thou won thy names, thou simple flower?
A nameless wanderer seeks the reason why—
Here will he sit and muse away the hour,
For he, like thee, is lowly, sad, and shy.

Thine ancient, solemn title, sure was given,
Pale "ALLELUIA," by grey monks of old,
What time the chanted service rose to heaven,
When paced the brethren forth, barefoot and stoled,

To far-off fanes in hoary forests hid,
Where pealing bells for Easter masses rung;
When all to hail that Holy time were bid,
And incense through the buttress'd piles was flung.

Not unobservant they, those brethren pale,
They would not crush, with careless foot, thy flower;
While "Alleluias" swept adown the vale,
They stepp'd aside and bless'd thy spring-tide hour.

They passed away!—and moulder'd are the fanes—
The mortals and their works alike are gone;
Dark roll'd the tide of war along the plains,
Yet thou, a simple flower, unhurt liv'dst on.

It chanced upon the good Saint Patrick's day,
A warrior wounded, fell, with riven crest;
Thy little careless plant bloom'd where he lay,
And hope reviving sprang within his breast.

"Erin-go-bragh!"—he pluck'd thy trefoil'd stem,
And vow'd a vow by holy Patrick's shrine,
A "SHAMROCK" chaplet for a diadem,
Erin's, green Erin's burnish'd helm should twine.

He pass'd away!—that mail-clad warrior bold—
Still thou liv'dst on, meek Sorrel, as of yore;
Then came some village leech, down bent and old,
And placed thee in his widely gather'd store.

Though long he mused upon thy healing power,
The names he gave, uncouth they were, and rude;
"STUBWORT," he call'd thee, "OXALIN," "WOODSOUR,"
That by his skill the cooling draught imbued.

The unlearn'd peasant loves thy fragile form,
And gipsy children seek thy mossy bed,
When days are long, and April suns are warm,
They laugh, and say, thou art "THE CUCKOO'S BREAD."

Emblem of "JOY!"—thou hail'st the dawning day,
And pious cottage dames yet love to tell
The careless urchins how thou turn'st to pray,
And ring'st the matins on thy fairy bell.

Fair fall the dew upon thy crimson stalk!
Long may the wild bee murmur on thy breast!
Long may the wanderer find thee in his walk,
Where thou hast risen each spring from death-like rest.

REINELM.

THE HALL AT HAMPTON-COURT PALACE.

SIX years since, in noticing the restoration of this magnificent Hall in the year 1800, we observed: "It would be difficult to say for what useful purpose this renewal was made, since the Hall is not shewn to visitors; an omission which reminds one of the performance of *Hamlet*, without the principal character." (See *Mirror*, No. 710, vol. xxv. page 161.) At length, this inconsistency has been removed, and the Hall has lately been opened to the public as fully as the other portions of the palace. The Chapel, however, remains closed: it is a small but beautiful apartment, with an elaborately carved roof, springing from the arches, and bristling with pendents, and panelled and ornamented with foliated mouldings. Here are likewise some exquisite carvings, by Gibbons. We hope the public will be alike admitted to this chapel; for these concessions to national taste must prove alike beneficial to the people, and honourable to their rulers.

The gratuitous admission of the public to the greater part of this vast palace has been so ably touched upon by Mr. William Howitt, in his *Visits to Remarkable Places*, that we shall extract the passage before we proceed to describe "the Hall":—"A Visit to Hampton-Court Palace (says Mr. Howitt) is one of the bravest pleasures that a party of happy friends can promise themselves. Especially is it calculated to charm the thousands of pleasure-seekers from the dense and dusty vastness of London. It lies in a rich country, on the banks of the Thames,—there, unmuddled by commerce, but flowing free and pure amid the greenest meadows, scattered villas, and trees overhanging its clear waters, and adding to its glad aspect the richness of their beauty. From the swelling hills of Richmond, Esher, and St. George, the palace is seen standing aloft amid a sea of woodland foliage, like a little town in its extent. Its ample and delightful gardens, bounded by the splendid masses of its lime-tree avenues; its ancient courts, with all their historic recollections; its accumulated paintings, the Cartoons themselves being part of them—all are thrown open to the leisurely and perfect enjoyment of the public. There is no royal palace in England, excepting Windsor, which, after all, is to be compared to it; and this is, as it should be, given up to the use and refreshment of the people. It is the first step towards the national appropriation of public property. It is long since it was said, 'The king has got his own again,' and it is now fitting that the people should have their own again. Of all the palaces, the towers, the abbeys, and cathedrals, which have been

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raised with the wealth, and ostensibly for the benefit, of the people, none till lately have been freely open to the footsteps of the multitude. They have been jealously retained for the enjoyment of an exclusive few, or have been made engines to extort still further payment from those out of whose pockets they were raised. But the tolls at the doors of St. Paul's and the Tower have been relaxed; park after park, in the metropolis, has been thrown open; and now this old charming palace of Hampton-Court has been made the daily resort of any and of all of the English people who choose to tread the pavements, and disport themselves in the gardens, and gaze on the works of art, which for ages were wont only to be accessible to the royal, the aristocratic, and the ecclesiastical dignitary, and their retainers."

At the period of Mr. Howitt's "Visit," the Banqueting Hall of Hampton-Court Palace was not open to the public; and accordingly he does not describe this "most magnificent roome." Our tourist might, however, with little difficulty, have obtained admission to the Hall, and have thus been enabled to complete his otherwise minute description of the palace. This apartment is, unquestionably, *Wolseyan*, "belonging altogether to that Tudor or transition style, when castles were fast turning into peaceful mansions, and the beauties of ecclesiastical architecture were called in to aid in giving ornament where before strength had only been required." The first and second quadrangles, as the reader may recollect, are the principal portions extant of the palace as built by Wolsey: in the first court, is the tall gable of the Hall, with figures of dogs and griffins pursuing each other down its roof; a griffin erect, supporting a vane on the summit, and a large window of the perpendicular order: of the second court, the Hall forms the left side as you enter. The grand entrance is beneath an archway, flanked with octagonal towers in the first quadrangle. The ceiling in this archway has a large rose in the centre, and in the different compartments, the portcullis, fleur-de-lis, and other symbols of the Tudor arms, with the letters H. A., no doubt intended for Henry and Ann (Boleyn). A short flight of steps leads to what appears to be an oblong apartment, but is, in fact, that portion of the Hall which is beneath the music-gallery, supported by a screen, through which you step into the majestic apartment itself,—"one of the noblest and most beautiful specimens remaining of that great scene of courtly ceremony and stately revelry, the principal hall of the princely or baronial mansion." In comparison with the Hall of Christchurch, Oxford, also built by Wolsey, the Hampton-Court apartment is considered, by some persons, to yield for chasteness of architecture. The respective dimensions are:—

	Feet in length.	*Feet in breadth.*
Christchurch Hall	115	40
Hampton Court	106	40

From our recollection of the details of Christchurch Hall, we incline to consider it of more chaste design than the Hampton-Court apartment; the former having the advantage of a handsome arched fire-place over, of Somersetshire stone, appropriately sculptured, in each of the side walls, instead of a louvre, or lantern, in the roof: we question, however, whether the canopy of the large window at the upper end of the south side is more richly sculptured than at Hampton-Court. The Oxford Hall is likewise hung with a splendid collection of portraits of illustrious persons; and the apartment being used for the purposes for which it was originally built, is to this day in excellent condition.*

It is now time to return to the Hampton-Court Hall, where, in advancing up the smooth stone floor, you are struck with the great flood of light poured into the apartment from all sides, and presenting a bright contrast with several halls of the same period, which are but imperfectly lit.† The general impression on entering the Hall has been so cleverly sketched by a contemporary, that we shall quote the details, rather than ourselves attempt to describe the agreeable effect:—"On either hand, lofty pointed windows, commencing half way up the perpendicular height of the wall, together with the broad gable window of corresponding elevation at the further end, give a peculiar lightness and airiness to the elegantly and elaborately carved roof, which seems to float, as it were, on their transparent summits, with its brown oaken ribs and panels, its pendent ornaments and heraldic devices; while, at the further end,

* The halls of our colleges, at either university, and the inns of court, still remain accurate examples of the ancient baronial and conventional halls: preserving not merely their original form and appearance, but the identical arrangement and service of the tables. Even the central fire is, in some instances, kept up, being of charcoal, burnt in a large brazier, in lieu of the rere-dosse. In other respects, probably, little, if any thing, has been altered since the Tudor æra; and those who are curious to know the mode in which our ancestors dined in the reigns of the Henrys and Edwards, may be gratified by attending that meal in the great halls of Christchurch or Trinity, and asking the imagination to convert the principal and fellows at the upper table into the stately baron, his family, and guests; and the gowned commoners, at the side tables, into the liveried retainers. The service of the kitchen, butteries, and cellars, is conducted, at the present day, in every point, precisely according to ancient unvaried custom.—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xiv., p. 498.

† The hall of Gray's Inn, for example, is but indifferently lit by four small windows on each side, and a lantern in the roof.

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a fuller stream of light falls upon the *dais*, or slightly raised platform, from the recess on the right, formed by an elegant bay-window, which, while running upwards to the same elevation as the range of windows already described, descends also nearly to the floor."* Mr. Jesse refers to this as "the most beautiful window in the country." It was upon a pane of this window, that, during one of the festivals given in this Hall by Henry VIII., the ill-fated Earl of Surrey wrote with a diamond the name of "the fair Geraldine," and in quaint versification commemorated her beauty; a licence which is said to have excited the jealousy of the king, and to have been one among many other causes of Surrey's end on the scaffold. So runs the romantic episode in his unfortunate life; but there is better evidence to shew that Surrey's attachment, or rather admiration, was only encouraged for the sake of rhyming; that it was, indeed, a poetical conceit, and that other circumstances lessened the soldier-poet in his sovereign's opinion; although the real cause of his condemnation and death has not been very clearly ascertained.† The story of Surrey's writing upon the window is, however, a popular and probable tradition: what an autograph must have been the identical pane! The "bay" is, at present, partly filled with multi-coloured armorial emblazonry, in which the insignia of the Cardinal, "the last of the haughty prelates of the good old catholic times," shine forth with undiminished lustre,

"As watch-light by the bed of some departing man."—*Scott.*

* Westminster Review, No. LXVII. 1840.

† Surrey,

"The flower of knighthood, nipt as soon as blown,
Melting all hearts but Geraldine's alone,"

in his description and praise of her, says:—

"Tortur'd she was with milk of Irish breast,
Her sire an earl—her dame of princes' blood.
From tender years in Britain doth she rest
With kynge's child, where tasteth costly food,
Hunsdon did first present her to my eyen,
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight;
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine."

Walpole considers Geraldine to have been the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, (daughter of that Earl of Kildare who died a prisoner in the Tower in the year 1535,) and one of the maids of honour to the princess Mary. When Surrey first saw her, he was married, living affectionately with his wife, and the fair Geraldine was a mere child, thirteen years of age. Surrey himself was in his twenty-fourth year. The lady was married in her fifteenth year to Sir Anthony Brown; but Surrey continued to rhyme, without offending either his own wife or the lady's husband,—a circumstance which serves to shew that the persons most concerned were fully aware of the real state of the case. Such is Mr. Mackay's version of the story in his *Thames and its Tributaries*. Others regard the controversy respecting the existence of Geraldine not to have terminated, and that it probably never will, until there are greater opportunities than exist at present for examining public records.

Although this noble apartment is usually styled "Wolsey's Hall," the frequent occurrence among the decorations, of the initials of Henry and Jane Seymour, joined by a true lover's knot, lead to the conclusion that the Hall was not finished till 1536 or 1537, or after the royal marriage. Of this date, indeed, some accounts of the expenses of building Hampton-Court Palace (by Freemasons) have lately been discovered among the public records of London. The following items are extracted from the entries of the work, between February 26, (27 Henry VIII.,) and March 25, then next ensuing:

Freemasons.

Master, at 12*d.* the day, John Molton, 6*s.*
Warden, at 5*s.* the week, William Reynolds, 20*s.*
Settlers, at 3*s.* 8*d.* the week, Nicholas Seyworth, (and for three others,) 13*s.* 8*d.*
Lodgemen, at 3*s.* 4*d.* the week, Richard Watchet, (and twenty-eight others,) 13*s.* 4*d.*
The *Clerk of the Works* received 8*d.* per diem, and his Waiting Clerks 6*d.* each.

Wolsey resigned the Palace to Henry VIII. twenty years previous to this date, in the year 1516, having first built the Hall, as may be inferred from Cavendish's account of the Lord Cardinal's household; from which we learn that there were upon the "chaine roll, 800 persons, independent of suitors, who were entertained in the "Hall," and in which were daily spread three tables. Again, we can scarcely imagine a stately palace outshining all the king's houses without its hall; notwithstanding the adjoining presence chamber, or withdrawing room, (to be described hereafter,) is of great extent.

It should here be described that the entire apartment has been cleaned, restored, or redecorated. Beneath the side windows is a series of tapestry hangings, rich in allegory and classic design, but faint in colour, which disadvantage is increased by the bright azure of portions of the roof and border above the tapestry: probably, little has been done beyond cleaning the decorations renewed, with great care, in the year 1800; but the freshness we have referred to is in strong contrast with the faded hangings. From the spring of the roof are suspended appropriate banners; and around the apartment are placed suits and groups of armour: that over the door leading to the withdrawing-room representing St. George and the Dragon upon a group of naked swords.

ERRORS IN DIET.

THE true theory of digestion, as partially unfolded in Dr. Wilson Phillip's experiments on rabbits, is so misunderstood, that Lord Byron, when seeking a diet of easy digestion, instead of resorting to animal food broiled and underdone, which all medical

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men know to be the most digestive food,* took to a vegetable diet, which requires a stomach of extra power. The same error is seen in the common notion about the breakfast of ladies in Queen Elizabeth's days, as if fit only for ploughmen; whereas, it is *our* breakfasts of slops which require the powerful organs of digestion. The same error is current in the notion that a weak, watery diet is fit for a weak person. Such a person peculiarly requires solid food. It is also a common mistake to suppose that, because no absolute illness is caused by daily errors of diet, these errors are practically cancelled. Cowper, the poet, delivers the very just opinion that all disorders of a *function*, (as, suppose, the secretion of bile,) sooner or later, if not corrected, cease to be functional disorders, and become organic. The best maxim of diet is, to take daily, a few mouthfuls of all the three kingdoms of nature—animal, vegetal, and mineral. Salt, and now and then a little chalk, are positive necessaries, and do not cost much. No more fluid than is necessary to grease the wheels should ever be taken, if we would preserve a good condition. Water, wine, and beer will sometimes do us more good to behold or think of than to drink off. Some people seem to create a parody on a well-known song of abstinence, as though they would rather have it thus:

Then hey for a stomach, a stomach, a stomach,
Then hey for a stomach filled up to the brim.

J. H. F.

BENEDETTO MARCELLO,

THE MUSICIAN OF MALAMOCCO.

A Legend of Venice.

"Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray."—*Goldsmith.*

It was in that gay season when the first princes and potentates, as well as their prime ministers, were too happy to throw aside the cares of state, and assume the disguises of less solemn and pleasanter people, to enjoy a few hours for years of service and vexation—it was the evening that ushered in the Carnival of Venice, when a knot of young nobles were spending their time merrily enough, I warrant, after a splendid supper in one of their palaces, seated picturesquely on the outskirts of the city. Soon one of the party was observed to withdraw himself quietly from the rest; he was seen to support his head on his left hand, to hold a rose in his right, while he began to "sigh like furnace," fixing his eyes, like two fire-balls, directly upon the palace on the opposite side of the laguna. For here was then being given a rare feast, in honour of the marriage of Paulo Seranzo with the fair Leonora Manfrotti.

A companion, Alberto Leoni, not one of the most sage and temperate, turning quickly round, reproached Benedetto with his ill-humour, adding, "that there were enough of handsome women left in Venice; that it was foolish to lament over one." Perceiving his friend still thoughtful, he took the rose from his hand, promising to send it on his part to the husband, and that he had better think of some verses to accompany the present. "Surely, surely, a young fellow so well qualified as you, Benedetto, must not envy the husband of Leonora, whom in a few hours you would render the most unhappy man in Venice." All the gay company applauded the idea of Leoni: Benedetto, being rather sulky, at first refused; but at length he good-naturedly gave way to the wishes of his companions.

The lover began the epistle, but his tears blotted the paper, and Leoni kindly took up the pen and wrote the following:—

"Beautiful Lady,—Benedetto sends to you this rose, and entreats you to remember that the ancient custom is to give the thorns to the husband, and the flowers to the lover." Leoni soon reached the palace, and ascending a little terrace which led to the sleeping-rooms, the windows of which, as usual in the warm season, were open, he threw the letter and the rose as nearly as he could upon the couch, and had scarcely again reached his gondola when he saw the company setting out. The companions of the adventurous Leoni applauded his bold design, and were much amused at the idea of the ludicrous consequences that would most likely ensue.

Now, Leonora Manfrotti was the beautiful daughter of a noble patrician just returned from his wealthy government of the Morea. He had another daughter, who, owing to some whim of dame Nature, was so exactly like her sister that only those most intimate with them could possibly perceive any difference between them. Of course, when Paulo, the husband, was aware of the rose's impertinence, to say nothing of the complimentary letter about the thorns, he flew into the greatest rage, and even accused his bride of having some share in this vile, injurious transaction. It was in vain she appealed to Heaven in support of her perfect innocence; the jealous husband soon became the cruel tyrant, and, *pari passu*, it followed as a natural consequence that he soon brought her, or more truly to speak, tormented and pinched her, to her grave. The black and blue spots at first led to the belief that she had been poisoned; but it was subsequently

* Doctors differ upon this point more than our Correspondent imagines: Dr. Prout, for example, advocates the maceration and stewing of the French *cuisine*.—Ed. M.

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the medical opinion that these were only the effect of the repeated nips and pinches which, in his petty malice against the rose, he inflicted, to shew that the thorns were not wholly confined to him. She was, nevertheless, interred with splendid pomp in the church Dei Frari, in the vault of the husband's ancestors, where a funeral light was kept continually burning near her.

Although Benedetto up to that time had lived among the most dissipated youths, he could not help reproaching himself with causing the death of this fair lady; an idea that at length preyed so greatly upon his mind that he wholly lost the poise of his wits, in other words, became distracted, and one day disappeared from Venice; indeed, it was reported, that in an access of folly he had put an end to his existence.

Eliade Manfrotti, the sister of Leonora, was one of those bright and almost ethereal beings that seem to partake more of the celestial than the earthly, so full of soul, and grace, and love, were her least movements and expressions, while a subdued fire and vivacity beamed from her dark eyes, that gave lustre to her whole air. It is not surprising that she should be keenly alive to the charms of music; and in certain moods it made a vivid impression on her impassioned mind. It happened that some musical compositions by an unknown hand were at that time greatly admired in Venice. At the funeral of a certain senator that took place in the church Dei Frari, the music of the unknown author was played: Eliade herself assisted in the performance, and was so overcome with the effect of the "sweet harmony" she helped to raise that she fainted, and from that hour her sole desire was to discover the unknown musician. She could play nothing but the compositions of him who had excited such an irresistible curiosity in her soul, a strange indefinable wish to see him—the dear author of those divine airs she was daily and nightly absorbed in pouring with exquisite expression from her harp or organ. Her prayers and her efforts were alike useless; when asleep, she dreamed of him, when awake, she thought and sang of him, yet he came not, she saw him not, and she mused her life away.

One night, while she was singing the fragment of a song that had been sent her, trying it again and again, to find in what manner it could best be finished, she started at hearing some one completing the air just as she would have wished it. Seized with the idea that it could only be he of whom she was in search, she told a servant to follow the gondola, who afterwards reported that it had gone to Malamocco, whither he had not dared to follow it, because the island was not inhabited, and more, because the wife of Faliero, or rather the wife's ghost, was credibly reported to haunt the ruins of the deserted buildings. The only idea that occurred to Eliade, however, was, how she could contrive to get to this desert isle, and gain tidings, perhaps, respecting the absent musician. Try to baulk a woman's curiosity, especially in pursuit of a young musician who has caught both her ear and her fancy, if you can! She soon found that the formidable ghost was only an aged woman, who had the reputation of being esteemed a witch; and our curiosity if not love stricken heroine, had no objection to employ even a little witchcraft to gratify her incessant longing to see him, especially as she herself had been publicly accused of exercising no little witchery with her eyes. So she disguised herself as a plebeian flower-girl, made her way to the precise spot, fell on the track of the old witch, and taking for granted that she knew more than she ought to know, asked her confidently to direct her to the place where the musical genius resided:

"And what can possess you," replied the old beldame, in a shrill, screeching voice, at the top of her witchcraft, "to come to me, and to ask to find out what you ought not to know. Oh, woman, woman, from the beginning! Father Satan well knew what he was about—an apple, or a handsome musician, it is all one."

"Is he—is he so handsome?" inquired the young enthusiast, "as well as so fascinating—so full of melody—so divine?"—but she was out of breath, and the witch very considerately resumed the word.

"Lady! he who receives the applauses of all Italy cannot be unworthy to be known."

"And if he is unhappy," was the rejoinder, "I should be so glad to partake his unhappiness—to—to relieve his sorrows."

"I see I need not ask if he is then so dear to you?"

"As dear as my life!" was the wild young girl's reply.

"Well, then, my sweet daughter," said the old woman, dropping her stick, "as you have told me your secret, I will tell you mine. I am not the witch people take me for—I am not that celebrated hag who for more than thirty years made so flourishing a trade of her oracles. The great Neragadonga is dead; but I, who succeeded in her place to conceal my misfortunes, am alive, and assist him who has no one, not even his own reason, to assist him. I nursed him on his coming into this bad world, and I am nursing him again now, on his going out."

"And I am Eliade Manfrotti," replied her fair visitor.

"Heaven, then, has sent you to me," said the old nurse; "for a strange mystery will be made known to you, which will call for all the force and constancy of your soul."

Darkness now began to shroud the earth;

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the light of the houses in the distance, and the half-seen gondola moving here and there, were all that could be discerned. The nurse of Benedetto took a light and invited her companion to follow her. They advanced a good way among the ruins, till they arrived at a low narrow entrance, through which they passed, and stopped at a door, where, pausing some time, she turned to her companion: "I repeat to you, my dear, the scene is terrible." She then put out the light, and they entered what appeared to Eliade a large vaulted room, in which a funereal lamp hung from the roof. She entered, and saw lying near a coffin a lady of wonderful beauty, at whose feet sat a young man in deep mourning, absorbed in melancholy, who frequently ran his hand carelessly over the keys of an organ which stood near him, and on which lay several rolls of paper, when suddenly he ceased, and fixing his eyes on the body before him, waited as if expecting a reply. The young lady, struck no less by his extreme mildness and symmetry of features than by his beauty and wildness of imagination, so apparent in all his compositions, inferred that he must have suffered some severe loss, but she little conceived that the object of it was her own sister;—and a greater mystery yet remained to be cleared up. He again began to play, and this time sang. The subject was his remorse:—in most touching and beautiful language he besought the pardon of her whom he had so unwittingly brought to an early doom, praying that in some sphere he might yet be united to her. Then came the fear that the God of justice would separate the murderer from his victim. It was then that the aged nurse related how the poor gentleman had lost both the lady and his mother, which together had quite upset his wits—that the lady was her sister; that he had conveyed the body by night from the church, and sought to restore it to life by the charms of harmony.

The wit and resources of women are inexhaustible: Eliade devised an ingenious plan to restore the musician to reason. When Benedetto, the following day, endeavoured to restore his lady-love to life in vain with other instruments, he at length took up his harp and sung the fourth psalm, praying her to arise. The lady, indeed, opened her eyes, and rising from her couch, she thus addressed the delighted Benedetto:—"Am I she whom you regret?"—"Leonora, forgive me," was the reply; my fault was love—do not be inexorable."

"Death only is inexorable," was the lady's answer, and will not give up its victim. Ask not for Leonora, but behold her whom you have indeed restored to life since she saw you, and live for her sake and that Italy which so much honours you."

The ingenious expedient of the sister of the lamented Leonora was perfectly successful. Benedetto recovered his reason; and, with the cares of the good old nurse, and the perfect resemblance of one whom he soon called his wife to his first unfortunate love, was fully reconciled to existence. Yet only a few brief, but not unhappy years, remained for the fascinating genius in whom disappointed affection had awakened a soul of harmony and song seldom combined in the most brilliant poets or musicians; who left behind him the finest sacred pieces in the world, and which have rendered his name famous throughout all Italy.

New Books.

Comic Tales and Sketches. By Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

[ALTHOUGH these Tales and Sketches have already appeared in two of our leading periodicals, they will be received as rich and racy additions to our comic literature, which is of paramount attraction at the present moment. This *diversion* of the public taste may be a reaction, in parliamentary phrase. We suspect that the reading classes, or, in one word, everybody, have become so weary of the utilitarian bores, and their never-ending, never-mending doctrines, that a leap from grave to gay has been eagerly and generally taken; and probably more improvement may be effected by the light artillery of satiric humour than by the sappers and miners in "the march of intellect;" for men are more likely to be laughed out of their follies by true humour than to be worried out of them by dulness.

Mr. Titmarsh ranks very high in, if not at the head of, the English school of wits. As we observed, in noticing his *Paris Sketch Book*, "he has a very nice perception of the ridiculous, and a talent for raillery which would have delighted even the great Lord Shaftesbury, who maintains that nothing is proof against raillery but what is honest and just." This rare talent is here admirably worked out, as every page and plate of these two volumes testifies; for Titmarsh is his own illustrator as well as editor. At the duties of the latter he glances in his preface, wherein he commends the publishers' custom of causing the works of unknown literary characters to be "edited" by some already popular person—"a custom which cannot be too strongly praised, both by authors of high repute, and by writers of no repute at all;" for the former pocket the publishers' drafts, and the latter their meed of fame. But the literal illustration is still more amusing:]

This little editorial fiction is one which can do harm to nobody in the world, and only good to the young author so introduced; for who would notice him, in such a great,

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crowded, bustling world, unless he came provided with a decent letter of recommendation? Thus Captain Peter Simple brought forward the ingenious writer of "Rattlin, the Reefer;" thus Mr. William Harrison Rookwood took Dr. Bird by the hand; thus the famous Mr. Theodore Eye lately patronized the facetious Peter Priggins, whose elegant tales of Oxford life must have charmed many thousand more persons than ever will read this "Preface." Take one more instance:—"The History of Needlework in all Ages:" a book of remarkable interest, and exciting to a delirious pitch. Many people now would have passed over the book altogether, who, when they saw that it was "edited" by a Countess, instantly looked out her ladyship's name in the Peerage, and ordered the work from Ebers's.

When there came to be a question of republishing the tales in these volumes, the three authors, Major Gahagan, Mr. Fitzroy Yellowplush, and myself, had a violent dispute upon the matter of editing; and at one time we talked of editing each other all round. The toss of a halfpenny, however, decided the question in my favour; and I shall be very glad, in a similar manner, to "edit" any works, of any author, on any subject, or in any language whatever.

[The Yellowplush Papers, the reader need scarcely be told, first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*: no matter, for they deserve a second and a third reading, they are so life-like and laughter-moving. So, reader, do not spurn a literary footman of Mr. Yellowplush's distinction: he is, be assured, a very faithful chronicler of his ladies and gentlemen, for he was "some time footman in many genteel families," from all of whom he received an excellent character for honesty and sobriety. Besides, we would ask, who can so well recount the private histories of "their betters" as their servants, and who are so fit to become their biographers? True it is that all are not equally gifted: Yellowplush may not, like Dodsley, be a "Muse in livery," nor be mistaken by his maxims for Lord Chesterfield; nor may he, in these degenerate days, meet with such a Mæcenas as Pope: but be assured that this said Yellowplush is a shrewd painter of human follies, whether he sketches Miss Shum's husband, skims "the Diary of George IV.," chronicles the doings of Mr. Deuceace, or "turns critic next," and strips the literary jackdaw of his borrowed feathers and falsely-earned fame. Some of his critiques, by the way, will give vanity the jaundice, and make her sons take the tinge of the reviewer's livery. Here is a pair of portraits:]

Well, being a Whig, it's the fashn, as you know, to reseave littery pipple; and accordingly, at dinner tother day, whose name do you think I had to hollar out on the fust landing-place about a wick ago? After sevral dukes and markises had been enounced, a very gentell fly drives up to our doar, and out steps two gentlemen. One was pail, and wore spektickles, a wig, and a white neckcloth. The other was slim, with a hook nose, a pail fase, a small waist, a pair of falling shoulders, a tight coat, and a catarack of black satting tumbling out of his busm, and falling into a gilt velvet weskit. The little genlmn settled his wigg, and pulled out his ribbinns; the younger one fluffed the dust off his shoos, looked at his wiskers in a little pockit-glas, settled his crevatt; and they both mountid up stairs.

[The second volume contains some Passages in the Life of Major Gahagan, and the Bedford-row Conspiracy, from the *New Monthly Magazine*; Stubbs's Calendar, or, The Fatal Boots, from the *Comic Almanack*; and the Professor, an Oyster-eating freak.

The work is accompanied by several tinted illustrations, the most successful of which is the frontispiece to the first volume. bearing three accurate portraits of the authors, supposed to be marching hand-in-hand, and just on the brink of immortality.

By the way, we take the Yellowplush papers to be an unique specimen of *etourderie*, admirably sustained from beginning to end; there are no clever slips, such as would mar the matter, and be as ruinous to its character as a good action had nearly proved to Snake's reputation.]

A Natural History of British and Foreign Quadrupeds. By J. H Fennell.

THIS work, by "an Old Correspondent" of *The Mirror*, appears to be judiciously as well as industriously compiled. The title-page modestly states that it contains "*many* modern discoveries, original observations, and numerous anecdotes;" and the great number of references throughout the volume sufficiently attest the pains-taking spirit of the author, who believes it to contain "a greater collection of well-authenticated facts than any similar work of the same size." He assures us that he has considered every statement, collated one author with another, and often gone over the ground afresh, and traced errors to their sources; and, in many instances, he adds, that he has exposed the objectionable system of suppressing one side of the question, and of perverting and garnishing the real facts. Of course we cannot be expected to test the author's accuracy in every page, but, from the earnestness of his manner, and the excellent tone of his work generally, we are induced to consider the present volume as one of the best popular books on the subject that has been produced of late years. By "popular" we must be understood as

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adapted for the masses, and likely to become a favourite with them.

We have only space to refer to a few of the chapters. That on Bats is very attractive: it states the bat to be so fond of meat, "that it will sometimes enter a larder, cling to a joint, and make a hearty supper upon it." Mr. Thomas Scandrett informs the author that "the children in Worcestershire repeat the following rhyme while they throw up their hats at the bat:

'Leather-wing bat,
Come under my hat,
And I'll give you *a rasher of bacon.*'

It is indeed a popular notion, and, perhaps, not an unfounded one, that bats will descend chimneys and *gnaw* the bacon and other meats, suspended there to be smoke-dried." Mr. Fennell is incorrect in stating that the vampire bat at the Surrey Zoological Gardens was *never* seen on the floor of the cage: he was *rarely* seen there: we make this correction, because Mr. Fennell's assertion impugns a statement by Cuvier, that vampire bats run on the ground more easily than other bats.

The account of the Mole is also very interesting: it is here related from the *Magazine of Natural History*, that an old mole-catcher was in the habit of eating moles when cooked, and that "if folks generally knew what good eating they are, fewer would fall to his share."

There is a healthy tone of humanity, yet not morbid or mawkish feeling, throughout the volume. For example, under the Badger it is observed: "to every humane mind, it must be a lamentable fact, that the objects of cruelty, under the cloak of manly sport, are generally those animals which are the least offensive, and the most timid." In such cases, which is the man, and which is the brute?

The following origin of the Pole-cat is curious: "The name of pole-cat, which is, certainly, an objectionable name, as it implies relationship to the feline tribe, has puzzled the etymologist; and a late writer conjectures that it is merely a contraction for Polish cat; but as I find that in the *History of Brutes*, by W. Franzius, translated by N. W. (1670,) pages 217 and 218, the animal is called *poltcat* every time it is mentioned, I suspect that the latter was its original name, and was meant to express its attachment to the *poults*, or young poultry."

Corrections of errors are very abundant in the work. Thus, we read in a note: "Much confusion has already occurred in European and American publications on zoology, owing to the authors' taking it for granted that the commonest animals of a genus in both these quarters of the globe are the same. Thus, a red-breasted thrush, improperly called the American robin, has had its habits introduced into the natural history of the true robin of Britain; and a species of grosbeak, improperly called the Virginian nightingale, has had its history mixed up with that of the true Philomel of the poet and naturalist."

The author of this work having devoted considerable time and research to "Shakspeare's Knowledge of Natural History," we are not surprised to find him rating the Editor of the *Pictorial Shakspere* for omitting to elucidate the term "*mouse*-hunt" in *Romeo and Juliet*; which appears to be a synonym of "beech marten."

The anecdotes of Dogs are very numerous, and generally, well selected. But, we have a hair to split with the author for quoting the story of the dog, supposed to have walked from the neighbourhood of Canterbury to his master's, at Hungerford Market, a distance of nearly seventy miles. This anecdote was communicated to *The Mirror*, vol. xxviii., p. 144, whence Mr. Fennell, doubtless, obtained it, though such does not appear in the work: had our laborious author searched a few pages onward, in the same volume, he would have seen that the dog in question came from Ramsgate to London in the Dart steam-boat, and did not walk; notwithstanding, he was foot-sore and lame. This may be spoiling a good anecdote, but it is doing better—telling the truth.

In the account of the Wolf it is pleasantly related: "the Belgians chase the wolves when snow is on the ground; but, owing to the want of snow in the winter of 1834, the chase did not take place, until the wolves, finding the suspension of hostilities favourable to their propensities, had killed great numbers of cattle in the middle of the day at Liege, Luxembourg, Namur, and Hainhault; and then, the government ordered a *chasse générale*, which, as it was wittily remarked, afforded the people more sport than a General Chassé." Still, we suspect the want of time, rather than the absence of snow, prevented the Belgians hunting the wolves before. It is remarked of "tame wolves" that "it is only while the animal is under some restraint, and reminded, as it were, of its dependence on its master, that any reliance can be placed upon it. The tameness of a chained or caged animal is, perhaps, oftener the result of a prudent and cunning perception in the animal, than of real disinterested affection for its master." This is probably the case, just as the dread of the laws keeps "wolves in sheep's clothing" commonly honest; or a felon in one of our colonies is orderly and well-behaved, until he is again let loose upon mankind.

Passing to another species of cunning, that of the Fox has been much overrated. Yet, "I know not," says Lord Brougham, "if

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the cunning of the fox was ever more remarkably displayed than in the Duke of Beaufort's country, where one of these animals, being hard pressed, disappeared suddenly, and was, after strict search, found immersed in a waterpool up to the very snout, by which he held a willow bough hanging over the pond." On the notion of "tame foxes," it is remarked that, though it be taken and domesticated when very young, the fox never becomes thoroughly reclaimed. Its natural propensities cannot be completely subdued; and Shakspeare is quite right in declaring that a fox ever

> "So tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
> Will have *a wild trick of his ancestors.*"
> Henry IV., Part I., Scene 2.

By the way, the beautiful fur of the North American fox is the most valuable fur in the whole world; and, in Russia, where it is worn only by the royal family and other distinguished persons, a skin is said to be worth nearly 20*l.* With respect to the boldness of the foxes on Bering's Island, Stetter observes that "it was evident that these animals could never before have been acquainted with mankind; and that the dread of man is not innate in brutes, but must be grounded on long experience." Is not this a libel on the lords of the universe —the nobility of the animal world?

The Decorator and Artisan's Assistant. By J. Page.

THIS is a cheap work, which must prove acceptable to a very large proportion of the useful classes; its object being to diffuse a better taste in decorative art and classic ornament. The author is already favourably known by his work on *The Acanthus*, and he requests aid from "talented (!) correspondents." Each number of *The Decorator* contains four plates, and is sold for as many pence. In No. 1 we have Grecian and Italian cornices, an Elizabethan sofa, a French chair, cornice, and brackets by Gibbons, an Elizabethan pilaster, &c. No. 2 contains furniture details in the same style as No. 1. The utility of this publication in the present day, when every new shop-front aspires to architectural character, and every cottage pretends to be *ornée*, need scarcely be urged. There are several publications of this class, of finer execution and of proportionately higher cost, than *The Decorator*; and to the former works Mr. Page's unpretending *livraison* may be a stepping-stone.

The Life and Exploits of Commodore Napier. Third Edition.

THIS *brochure* is compiled from speeches and documents by Sir Charles Napier, "England's second Nelson," as the hero of *the Powerful* has been styled at home and acknowledged abroad. It is altogether very attractive, and must, we think, convince the reader that England's wooden walls have not been allowed to rot during peace.

The Gatherer.

Foote's Wooden Leg.—George Colman, the younger, observes: "There is no Shakspeare or Roscius upon record who, like Foote, supported a theatre, for a series of years, by his own acting, in his own writings, and for ten years of the time, upon a wooden leg! This prop to his person I once saw standing by his bedside, ready dressed in a handsome silk stocking, with a polished shoe and gold buckle, awaiting the owner's getting up: it had a kind of tragi-comical appearance, and I leave to inveterate wags the ingenuity of punning upon a Foote in bed and a leg out of it. The proxy for a limb thus decorated, though ludicrous, is too strong a reminder of amputation to be very laughable. His undressed supporter was the common wooden leg, like a mere stick, which was not a little injurious to a well-kept pleasure-ground. I remember following him, after a shower of rain, upon a nicely rolled terrace, in which he stumped a deep round hole at every other step he took, till it appeared as if the gardener had been there with his dibble, preparing, against all horticultural practice, to plant a long row of cabbages in a gravel-walk."

"*Portrait of a Gentleman.*"—Among the pictorial novelties of the day is a coloured lithograph, (published by Tilt and Bogue,) of that bundle of coat and paradox, a Sleeping Watchman, humorously entitled, *The Light of other Days*: on his collar is inscribed "No. 1," and he is evidently taking care of himself. Without pun, it is a striking affair for the scrap-book, and will raise many a hearty laugh at the antiquities of the "watch and ward," cleverly sketched, by the way, in *Barnaby Rudge*, a week or two since. Thus is the wisdom of our ancestors fast becoming folly for the present generation to laugh at.

Corruption.—There are two sorts of corruption—one, when the people do not observe the law, the other, when they are corrupted by the laws; an incurable evil, because it is the very remedy itself.—*Montesquieu.*

Coins.—At the sale of the late Baron Bolland's collection, a groat fetched 11*l.*, a sixpence, 5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, and a halfpenny, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Postage.—The net profit on the Penny Postage is above 33 per cent. The number of letters posted in the United Kingdom average 750 per minute, assuming the post-offices to be open twelve hours per day.

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The London Coffee-house and Eating-house Keepers' Association held its Fourth Anniversary on Tuesday last, at the London Tavern; T. S. Duncombe, Esq., M.P., in the chair. The excellent object of this institution is to raise a fund for the support of aged and decayed members of the above trades, their widows, and orphans; and their claims upon public sympathy were very ably advocated upon this occasion.* The company numbered upwards of two hundred: the scene was altogether the best regulated "feast of reason and flow of soul" that we have, for a long time, witnessed; and at its close, the accomplished Chairman declared that he had never passed a more delightful evening. Nor must we forget the exertions of the prince of toastmasters.

The Coronation Robes of George IV., lately added to Madame Tussaud's exhibition, are stated to have cost 18,000*l.* The robe which the king wore in the procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey, measures nine yards in length, is three yards wide, and is lined with ermine. The parliamentary robe is not so splendid as the imperial robe, which was used on the return from the coronation, and which is of deep purple velvet, but it is exceedingly splendid. The three robes are said to contain nearly 160 yards of velvet. They were cut out and shaped in the presence of him who wore them, and made under his immediate inspection and direction. Altogether, they are the most costly things that can be imagined, and are well worth the visit of the curious. They are, moreover, historical illustrations of the character of the monarch, and will afford a moral that may benefit most spectators. The embroidery is very elaborate, and the design and execution full of good taste and workmanship. The proprietor of the exhibition has built a corresponding apartment for the display of these gorgeous trappings, and has procured the throne which was formerly in Carlton-house, as a fitting companion for them. The artist who models for the exhibition, has produced a very good likeness of the king, the attitude and features being from the well-known picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The figure is clothed in a surcoat of the age of Louis XIV., the same which George the Fourth wore at the coronation banquet.

Queen Anne's Farthing.—At the recent sale of Baron Bolland's collection, Queen Anne's Farthing, (pattern) obv. bust to the left "Anna Augusta"; rev. figure of Peace in a biga, "Pax missa per orbem 1713;" very rare, and in the highest preservation, fetched 9*l.* 9*s.* Pattern for a farthing in silver, obv. bust as in the preceding, "Anna Dei Gratia;" rev. Britannia seated under a canopy, "Britannia," date "1713" below, 2*l.* 10*s.* These pieces were purchased by Baron Bolland from Mr. Rich's collection. The like (farthing) in copper, 2*l.* 11*s.* See explanation of Queen Anne's Farthing, *Mirror*, No. 722; and *Popular Errors*, Part III. In the former are engravings of the above Farthings.

Prison Discipline.—The total estimated expense of the Model Prison, in Copenhagen Fields, will be 75,000*l.*

Advertisement Oddities.—"To be let, that *celebrated* boarding and lodging house."—A lodge in Surrey, "surrounded by its own grounds, and bordered by the river Mole."—A gentleman "desires an engagement as a writer, free from dictation."—To be let, "A cottage near the Haymarket," a genuine specimen of *rus in urbe*."—"Wanted, a furnished house, containing the usual number of sitting rooms."—An advertiser "is obliged to resign" a boarding or lodging house, "the situation unexceptionable for either concern."—A furnished house to let, terms moderate "to a tenant who would treat the furniture and decorations as if they were his own," wherefore may he not sell them?—House to let, "in the most delightful, retired, and beautiful part" of Finchley Common.—Wanted a residence, "Hanover Park would be preferred, but Peckham Rye would not be objected to."—As a companion, "a person who would not object going to any part of Great Britain, on the Continent, or any where else."—Country apartments: "family small, without children."—House and shop to let: "the rent all let off, and if taken immediately can be had a bargain."—A young man "has no objection to fill up his vacant time at the trade."—A person offering to buy furniture, "will have his price, leaving the seller to do better if he can."—"Eau bandaline, for smoothing and fixing the hair, from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*"—As lady's maid: "no objection to travel—can be highly recommended in town."—A balsam "is singularly agreeable as a dressing for real or false hair."—"*Withering's* British Plants," 5th edition, a *non sequitur*.—Certain Needles, "with the new large eyes, are easily threaded, even by blind persons," and "are labelled with correct likenesses of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert in relief on coloured grounds."—A preparation for changing the hair, "can be used without the unpleasant process of brushing it out."—A daughter "has lived out four years."

* During the recent Inquiry into the Import Duties, the beneficial change, in morals and manners, produced by the increase of Coffee-shops, is a very striking result.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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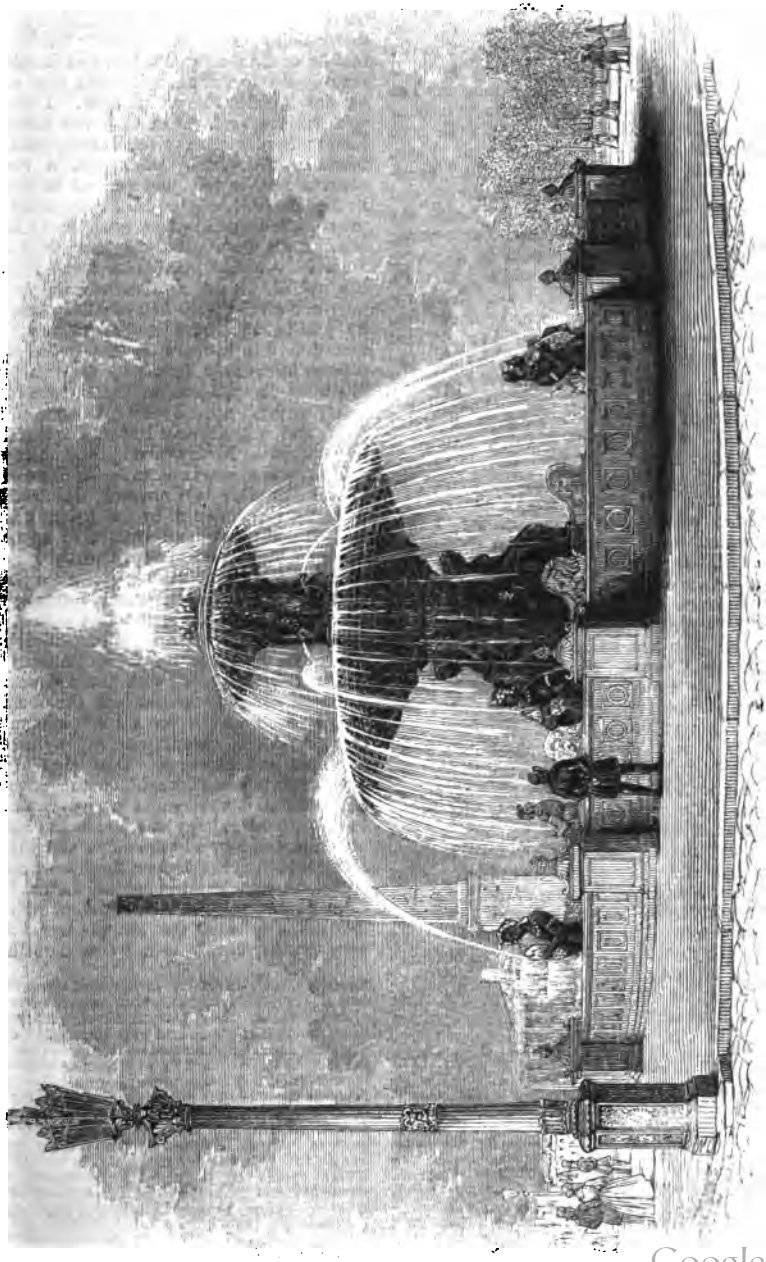

THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

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THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

"There is a new Fountain in the Place Louis Quinze, otherwise called the Place Louis Seize, or else the Place de la Revolution, or else the Place de la Concorde, (who can say why?)"
Paris Sketch-book, vol. i., p. 59.

Now that Trafalgar Square—unquestionably the finest area in London—is in course of embellishment, and appropriation to the enjoyment of the people, it may be both amusing and instructive to glance in *The Mirror* at what our neighbours have been effecting upon a similar site in their own *métropole ornée*—the dear city of Paris. True it is, that in the French capital, grandeur is more common than consistency, and blended with magnificent buildings are streets which, owing to their narrowness, insignificance, and filth, would be disgraceful to any city: but these objections may, in part, be extended to the British metropolis; and taken altogether, in decorative taste, London is eclipsed by Paris. This superiority is especially evident in the *Places* of the French capital, which are not commonly occupied by gardens, like the Squares of London; but some of them are adorned with columns, statues, fountains, and other decorations.

The largest of the Parisian *Places*, or squares, is that of Louis XV., or La Concorde; which, lying between the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, instead of forming an interruption, seems to prolong the dependencies of the palace. The objects which surround this *Place* are strikingly beautiful: the terraces of the Garden of the Tuileries bound it on the east; the Champs Elysées lie on the west; on the north are seen two spacious and magnificent edifices, divided by the Rue Royale, (ninety feet wide,) through which you enjoy a view of the superb church de la Madeleine; and to the south are the bridge of Louis XVI., and the Chamber of Deputies. Along the left bank of the Seine extends a line of commanding edifices; and beyond the Chamber of Deputies appears the splendid dome of the Invalides. With all these advantages, the *Place* itself has been strangely neglected, and its entire appropriation has been protracted through a lapse of eighty years; from the commencement of its decoration, after the designs of Gabriel, in 1763, to its recent elaborate embellishment, under the direction of M. Hittorff.

The Place de la Concorde* extends about 1200 feet north and south, between the Garde Meuble and Rue Royale, and the Seine; in the centre of which is placed the celebrated Luxor Obelisk, the erection of which was conducted by M. Lebas, Ingenieur de la Marine. This obelisk, which is nearly equal to some of the largest removed by the Romans, is the smaller of the two which stood before the propylon of the temple at Luxor, at Thebes, and is about seventy-six feet high, and eight feet wide on the broader side of its base. Permission for the removal of both the obelisks having been granted to the French government by the viceroy of Egypt, a vessel constructed for the purpose was sent out, in March, 1831, under M. Lebas, it being previously determined to bring away only one. After three months' labour, with 800 men, an inclined plane was formed from the obelisk to the river where the vessel lay; and having been first carefully encased by planks, to secure it from injury, the monolith was lowered by nearly the same process afterwards employed for raising it again on its pedestal at Paris; where it safely arrived, up the Seine, December 23, 1833, and was deposited near the Pont de la Concorde. Nearly three years, however, elapsed before it was elevated in the centre of the Place de la Concorde, which delay was partly occasioned by its being necessary first to construct a pedestal of as massive materials as could be procured. Blocks of granite were accordingly fetched from Brittany, the largest of which, forming the die of the pedestal, is ten feet square by sixteen in height. An inclined plane, leading from the river up to a platform of rough masonry level with the top of the pedestal, was then formed, and the obelisk, having been placed on a kind of timber car, or sledge, was dragged up by means of ropes and capstans. One edge of its base having been brought to the edge of the pedestal, it was reared perpendicularly by ropes and pulleys attached to the heads of ten masts, five on each side; and within about three hours the operations were completed, under the direction of Lebas, October 25, 1836. The cost of removing this interesting relic of the antique world was very great; but it is a splendid embel-

* The changes in the name of this place, so humorously satirized in the epigraph from Mr. Titmarsh's *Paris Sketch Book*, are worth recording. Its first name, *Louis XV.*, bespeaks the sovereign by whom the site was presented to the municipality, and an equestrian statue of whom, in bronze, adorned the centre until August 12, 1792, when it was destroyed by the revolutionary mob. This statue was succeeded by a monstrous figure of Liberty, in plaster; at the feet of which, from Jan. 21, 1793, to May 3, 1795, were murdered upwards of 2800 persons. Every party and every faction, by turns, conducted others and were themselves conducted to the scaffold erected on this Place; among the victims were Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Henceforth the site was more appropriately called *Place de la Revolution*, until the year 1800, when, upon a decree being issued for the erection of a departmental column in the centre, it assumed the name of *Place de la Concorde*. In 1814, the name *Place Louis XV.* was restored; and in 1816 Louis XVIII. issued an ordinance for re-erecting the statue of Louis XV. Since the Revolution of 1830, it has once more resumed the name of *Place de la Concorde*.

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lishment, it being one of the most perfect obelisks that exist; it is formed, as usual, of the red granite of Syene.*

This antique monument, shewn in the left hand distance of the Engraving, forms, however, little more than a central point in comparison with the numerous objects that surround it. A spacious avenue leads from the Rue Royale to the Pont Louis XVI., having two fountains, one on the side next the above-mentioned street, the other on that towards the bridge; the former occupying the foreground of our Engraving. This fountain is upwards of twenty-two feet in height, and consists of two elevated *vasques*, or *tazze*. The upper one is supported by three genii, with festoons of foliage between them, beneath which are three swans spouting forth water. The lower *vasque* is sustained by six draped allegorical figures, standing on the prows of vessels that appear immersed in the water received into the larger basin at the foot of the fountain. Between these figures are as many dolphins, which, like the swans above, spout forth water. In addition to these are six other large figures in the basin, of Nereides and Tritons, each of whom bears a large fish, from whose mouth water is thrown into the first or larger *vasque*; so that, altogether, there are fifteen statues, besides swans, dolphins, and other sculpture to each fountain, all cast in metal. The wall of the lower basin is of neat architectural design.

"Even one such fountain would be considered a splendid undertaking in this country, and quite sufficient of itself, without any accessories;" what, then, will be thought, when we add, that the *Place* is also embellished with superb rostral columns and candelabra cast in metal, partly bronzed and partly gilt, the bronze colour serving as a ground to the gilding on the ornamental parts; and the columns, as well as the candelabra, are lit at night with gas. One of the candelabra is distinctly shewn in the left-hand foreground of the Engraving; and one of the rostral columns is seen in the right-hand distance. On particular occasions and rejoicings, the ball on the summit of each rostral column has eight gas-lights, and gas issues from the projecting prows of the shaft. The model alone for the columns is stated to have cost 27,000 francs, whence it may be supposed the design is exceedingly rich, as is also that of the candelabra. The whole place exhibits a complete illumination every night, and the effect is remarkably gay, not only on account of the brilliant display of light, but of the mode in which it is applied, and the objects shewn by it. The improvements are not confined to the above described embellishments; for the *chaussées*, or walks, intersecting the *Place*, have *trottoirs* of granite, and the ground enclosed by the *fossées* is laid out in grass plots, parterres, and low ornamental shrubberies, so as not to screen any part of the general plan.

In the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*, February, 1838, the Editor observes: "We are of opinion that something of a similar plan (to that of the embellishment of the Place de la Concorde, then in progress,) would be very suitable for Trafalgar Square;" and, although the pedestal of Mr. Railton's column is rising above the hoard, it may not be too late to take a hint from the Parisian artists. All chance of the Nelson column as a central object is, of course, lost; but, a fountain, like that at Paris, would be a superb substitute; or say, a pair of fountains, with architectural enclosures. Our excellent monarch, William the Fourth, in the homeliness of his heart, is said to have declared for converting Trafalgar Square into a tea-garden, for the enjoyment of his people; and, although the taste of the suggestion is questionable, the spirit in which it was dictated is worthy of grateful remembrance. Let us, therefore, hope that in any anxiety to improve upon the royal design, its principal aim, the recreation of the people, and the gladdening of their eyes and hearts by some joyful object, as living water and refreshing verdure, will not be lost sight of by those entrusted with the disposal of this commanding metropolitan area.

* Some few years ago, the project was entertained of bringing over to this country and erecting in our own metropolis the monolith called *Cleopatra's Needle*, one of the two granite obelisks at Alexandria, which is still standing, the other being on the ground. Including the pedestal, the entire height is about seventy-nine feet, but the monolith itself does not exceed sixty-three feet, and is therefore smaller than the Luxor Obelisk at Paris. The idea of moving it hither seems now, however, to be quite abandoned. — *Penny Cyclopædia.* Article Obelisk.

THE DANGERS OF MISCONDUCT.

BY M. DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER I.

THE evening seldom finished early at the Viscountess de Grandlieu's. One night last winter two visitors were present as late as one in the morning. One of them, a young man, and remarkably handsome, took leave when he heard the clock strike. As soon as the rattle of the wheels of his cab was heard in the street, Madame de Grandlieu glanced anxiously round, and seeing that the room was empty, except two gentlemen who were playing écarté in a corner, she approached her daughter as if to address her.

Her daughter, beautiful and elegantly dressed, stood by the mantel, listening to the sound of the wheels outside, while pretending to examine a new *garde-vue en*

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lithophanie, a novelty which had just made its appearance.

"Camille," said the viscountess, eyeing her daughter closely, "I wish to say to you, that if you continue to treat that young Comte de Restaud as you did this evening, I shall not allow him to enter my house."

"Mamma!"—

"Do not speak, but listen to me. You are an only daughter, and rich; you must not think of marrying a young man who has nothing at all. I know you have confidence in me: trust to me to see you properly established. At seventeen one is hardly old enough to decide on matters of interest. I will say only one word more. Ernest has a mother who would squander millions. He adores her, and yields to her with a filial piety which is worthy of all praise: and he takes great care of his brother and sister, and this is still more wonderful," she added maliciously; "but as long as his mother is alive, any family would fear to entrust the happiness and the interests of a daughter to the Comte de Restaud."

"I overheard a word or two which tempt me to interpose between you and Mademoiselle Camille," cried one of the two écarté players; and he left his seat, saying to his partner, "I have won, marquis, but I must leave you to fly to the aid of your niece!"

"That is having a lawyer's ears in good earnest," said the viscountess. "How could you hear me? I spoke very low."

"I heard with my eyes," said the advocate, drawing closer to the fire. He took a low chair in the chimney-corner, the old marquis took a seat on the *causerie* by his niece's side, and Madame de Grandlieu occupied a place between them.

"It is high time," remarked the man of law, "that I should tell you a story, which will answer two good reasons: in the first place, it furnishes some serious counsels for Mademoiselle Camille, in the next, it will compel you to alter the opinion you have formed as to Ernest and his fortune."

"Is it a story? oh pray begin at once!" cried the young lady.

As the Viscountess de Grandlieu belonged to the very first circle of the *faubourg St. Germain*, was very rich, very noble, and very loyal, it may seem strange that a mere lawyer should be allowed to talk so familiarly with her. This, we think, we can explain. When Madame de Grandlieu returned to France with the royal family, she lived on the moderate sum allowed her from the civil list. Our advocate fancied he had detected some illegalities in the sale made under the republic of the magnificent Hotel de Grandlieu. He informed her that the property could be recovered, undertook the suit at his own risk, and actually did recover it. Encouraged by this first and great success, he manœuvred with such skill and perseverance, that he obtained the restitution of the forest of Grandlieu, and so many other indemnifications, that her revenue was now enormous, and, thanks to the *faithfulness* and care of her legal adviser, continually increasing.

He was at this time turned of forty: a man of high honour, much information, and equal modesty. His conduct towards Madame de Grandlieu had procured him the business of nearly all the faubourg St. Germain, but he did not profit by their favour, as an ambitious man would have done. He never went out, except occasionally to the Hotel de Grandlieu. He was really fond of business, and, besides, he enjoyed too much happiness at home to seek for it abroad. It was lucky for him he happened to meet with Madame de Grandlieu's case, else he might probably have starved to death. He had not the soul of a lawyer.

Ever since Count Ernest de Restaud had begun to visit at the hotel, and the advocate had discovered the sympathy that plainly existed between Camille and him, he had become as regular a visitor as a dandy of the *Chaussée d'Antin* just admitted to the society of the aristocratic faubourg.

(To be continued.)

OARS *versus* PADDLES.

HAVING occasion to go to Chelsea one evening last summer, I walked down to Hungerford wharf, with the intention of availing myself of one of the steamers which ply there. It happened that the steamer for Chelsea had started just before my arrival, and as it might be some time before another came up, and the evening was very calm and fine, I determined to hire a boat and be rowed to my destination in the good old style. Accordingly, I looked out for a prepossessing waterman, and soon marked one whom I thought would just suit me. He was a man of hale appearance and of middle age, who sat with folded arms, smoking a short pipe, and gazing listlessly on the river.

"What will you charge to take me to Chelsea?" said I, walking up to him.

"Chelsea, sir?" said he. "Three shillings. Ag'in tide all the way."

"Come, my friend," said I, "I'll give you two shillings, and that's more than your fare."

"Shove that boat astarn, Bill!" exclaimed he. "Now, sir, step in. It a'nt no use talking to gen'lmen, *I* think. Bless'd if they'd ever let a poor waterman live; and now, with the 'nation steamers, we might

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as well stop at home for all the good we does!"

"Ay, ay," said I; "but you must allow that the steamers are a great convenience to the public."

"Convenience, sir!" cried my friend, leaning forward and pulling a very long stroke, as if to enforce the exclamation. "Let them as thinks 'em a convenience go by 'em. *I* wouldn't trust myself on board one on 'em to be made Lord Mayor of Lunnon. (Easy, Bill, outside the barge!) Why, it is but t'other day a biler burst; and accidents is taking place very often as the public never hears on. To be sure, gen'lmen knows best; and if they like to risk their precious lives, why, let 'em, *I* say."

By this harangue I found that I had touched upon a sore place; and I wickedly resolved to rub it a little, in order that I might "draw out" my friend, and hear what he had to say on the subject.

"But," said I, "if the steamers be as dangerous as you represent, how is it that they are so crowded, whilst the wherries are almost deserted?"

"It's the novelty, sir! the novelty!" replied he, with great earnestness. "Depend on it, when two or three on 'em has blowed up, people 'll be uncommon glad to come back to the watermen. Why, it stands to reason they never can answer in the long run. Who'd be smothered in smoke and biled in steam when he could set quite cool, and comfortable, and wholesome, and be pulled along by a pair of oars? Arter a time, sir, they'll find all this out, and the steamers 'll be druv off the river. The iron ones 'll be melted down into sarcepans, and the wooden ones 'll be chopped up for firewood to make 'em boil!"

It was impossible to refrain from laughing at this picturesque description of my friend the anti-steamite; and he, seemingly encouraged by my mirth, continued thus:—

"Besides, sir, my objections is of a higher sort than only just what I've said. I think steam-boats and railroads, and all the rest of these new-fangled schemes is, as I may say, a flying in the very face of nater. I'm one of the old school, sir, and the young chaps at our stairs laughs at me, and says as I don't belong to the march of intellect, as they calls it. There's Tom White says to me the other morning, 'Ben!' says he, (Ben Smith's my name, sir,) 'Ben!' says he, you've such a envy agin these steamers, you can't speak a good word on 'em. Now,' says he, 'though they cut us up dreadful, I can see they're a good thing for the public, and, moreover nor that, the public knows it. Depend on it,' says he, 'we may take our craft off the river soon as we like.' 'May we?' says I. 'Then I'll jist tell you what. *They* may take their steamers off as soon as they likes; and, regarding envy, I don't speak agin steamers as a *waterman*, but as a *man*; and I say they are a flying in the face of nater!' And so I do, sir; and, as I told Tom, some day they'll find it out."

"But surely the steamers are a great improvement," said I, smiling; "and you don't meant to deny that it is the tendency of one age to improve on another."

"Begging your pardon, sir," replied this sturdy champion; "we'll let alone the last question, and stick to the one we was on; and I say that steamers is *no* improvement. What's the odds if you *do* get on a little quicker, when all the time your life's in danger? and, besides that, you're so 'nation uncomfortable on board, what with the smoke, and steam, and heat, and dashing of the paddles, that the time *seems* twice as long, and so it comes to the same thing. What's the blowings up all over the country, as we hears on, but a punishment to shew us steamers in themselvès is bad, and ought to be done away with?"

"Come, my friend," said I, "you don't seem to remember the *upsettings* of wherries. How many people do you think lost their lives every year on the Thames from that alone?"

"It was 'cause they rowed themselves," replied Ben, "and wouldn't have a good waterman as knowed the river. Since these steamers come, if you like, the watermen may have got their wherries upset; but whose fault is that? *They're* not to blame, but the blessed captains of steamers, as never look where they're a coming to. It's hard enough for a *waterman* to get out of the way; but them cockney chaps as takes boats to pull up to the Red House and what not, can't do it at all. Why, it is but t'other day I see a thing of the sort; there was a wherry with two young fellows a pulling, and a lady setting astarn. Well, just a little this side Westminster bridge, a steamer come bearing down right on 'em. 'My eye,' says the lady, 'we shall be all smashed to nothing!' 'Keep clear,' sings out the captain, motioning with his hand. 'Do what?' cries one of the young fellows. 'Stop her!' sings out the captain again. 'Stop who?' they cries out altogether. It was no use. The steamer went right over the wherry, and they was all throw'd in the water. What d'ye think of *that* now?"

"But they were saved!" exclaimed I. "Go on."

"Why, sir," said old Ben, as if unwillingly, "they *was* picked up that time; but the boat was stove in and sent to the bottom. Now, isn't that pretty conduct? The steamers is to run over all the small craft, and drown people, and nobody's to hinder 'em."

"Something must be done, indeed," said I; "but what would you recommend?"

"This is what I'd recommend, sir," replied Ben. "The next time a accident

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happens, let the crowner for Middlesex bring on the question in the Parliament-house, and get all the steamers on the Thames put down."

Mortal could not stand this; and I laughed so heartily that I feared old Ben would think it only proper to be offended; but he was too much of a philosopher for that. He surveyed me for a few moments with a sort of grave pity, and then, shaking his head, "Ah, sir," said he, "you may laugh—you may laugh! It's nat'ral you shouldn't feel it like me. You can't remember the river as it used to be before the first steamer come on it; but I'm fifty year old, and have got my bread as a waterman now forty year—little enough I've got lately. Bless you, in those times we brought people by hundreds and thousands to Foxhall; and the ladies said the ride on the water was the best part on it. Then we'd rowing-matches, and gen'lmen going to the Red House to shoot pigeons, and parties to Cumberland Gardens to drink tea, and eat shrimps and bread and butter; but Cumberland Gardens, to give us a good turn, must get burnt down. It's all over now. People goes to Foxhall and the Red House by steam, and watermen may set on a bench and see 'em go."

"Is there no possibility of turning your wherries into steam-boats, since it must be so?" said I. "Could not the watermen establish a company amongst themselves?"

"What! and so take to paddles and smoke!" exclaimed old Ben. "No, sir, 'Every dog has his day,' as the saying is; steamers 'll have *their* day. When the first gloss of the thing has gone off, our turn 'll come again."

We had now arrived at our destination; and my friend Ben, dexterously guiding his boat to the landing-place at Cheyne-walk, held the prow for me to get out. "There, sir," said he, "that's the way to come to Chelsea, and that's the way to land, without bustle and crowding. Whenever you want a good boat, sir, I hope you'll remember mine. 'The Flora,' gold letters on a blue ground, and Ben Smith, the owner. You won't forget, sir? Good evening, sir."

I walked up the landing-place, thinking on the practical philosophy evinced by old Ben Smith. On reaching the road above, and looking back, there he was still at the end of the causeway, smoking his pipe, and gazing listlessly on the river.

PAINS AND TOILS OF AUTHORSHIP.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE INVERNESS COURIER.

INDEPENDENTLY of the labour requisite to supply the staple *materiel* of genius or learning, the craft of authorship would seem to be by no means so easy of practice as is generally imagined. Almost all our works, whether of knowledge or of fancy, have been the product of much intellectual exertion and study, or, as it is better expressed by the poet,

"The well-ripened fruits of wise delay."

Pope published nothing until it had been a year or two beside him, and even then his printers' sheets were full of alterations; and, on one occasion, Dodsley, his publisher, thought it better to reprint the whole than attempt the necessary corrections. Goldsmith considered four lines a-day good work, and was seven years in beating out the pure gold of the *Deserted Village*. Hume wrote his delightful history on a sofa, (not much of a "task" to him,) but he went on silently correcting every edition till his death. Robertson used to write out his sentences on small slips of paper, and after rounding and polishing them to his satisfaction, he entered them in a book, which, in its turn, underwent considerable revision. Burke had all his principal works printed two or three times at a private press before submitting them to his publisher. Akenside and Gray were indefatigable correctors, labouring every line; and so was our more prolix and imaginative poet, Thomson. I have compared the first edition of *The Seasons* with the last corrected one, and am able to state, that there is scarcely a page which does not bear evidence of his taste and industry. Johnson thinks they lost much of their *raciness* under this severe regimen, but they were much improved in fancy and delicacy. The episode of Musidora, the "solemnly-ridiculous bathing scene," as Campbell justly describes it, was almost entirely re-written, the poet having originally peopled the "refreshing stream" with three inamoratos. Two of our most ambitious authors, Johnson and Gibbon, were the least laborious in arranging their thoughts for the press. Gibbon sent the first and only manuscript of his stupendous work to his printer; and Johnson's high-sounding sentences, which rise and fall like an Æolian harp or cathedral organ, were written almost without an effort. Both, however, lived and moved, as it were, in the world of letters, thinking or caring of little else,—one in the heart of busy London, which he dearly loved, and the other in his silent retreat at Lausanne. Dryden wrote hurriedly, to provide for the day that was passing over him, and, consequently, had little time for correction; but his *Absalom and Achitophel*, and the beautiful imagery of the *Hind and Panther*, must have been fostered with parental care. St. Pierre copied his *Paul and Virginia* nine times, that he might render it the more perfect. Rousseau exhibited the ut-

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most coxcombry of affection for his long-cherished productions. The amatory epistles, in his new *Heloise*, he wrote on fine gilt-edged card paper, and, having folded, addressed, and sealed them, he opened and read them in his solitary walks in the woods of fair Clarens, with the mingled enthusiasm of an author and lover. (Wilkie and his models, the "timmer mannies," as an Aberdeenshire virtuoso styled them, are nothing to this.) Sheridan watched long and anxiously for a good thought, and, when it did come, he was careful to attire it suitably, and to reward it with a glass or two of wine. Burns composed in the open air,—the sunnier the better; but he laboured hard, and with almost unerring taste and judgment, in correcting his pieces. His care of them did not cease with publication. I have seen a copy of the second edition of his poems, with the blanks filled up, and numerous alterations made, in the poet's handwriting: one instance, not the most delicate, but perhaps the most amusing and characteristic, will suffice. After describing the gambols of his *Twa Dogs*, their historian described their sitting down in coarse and rustic terms. This, of course, did not suit the poet's Edinburgh *patrons*, and he altered it to the following:—

"Till tired at last and doucer grown,
Upon a knowe they set them down."

Still this did not please his fancy; he tried again, and hit it off in the simple, perfect form in which it now stands:—

"Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they set them down."

Lord Byron was a rapid composer, but made abundant use of the pruning knife. On returning one of his proof-sheets from Italy, he once expressed himself undecided about a single word, for which he wished to substitute another, and requested Mr. Murray to refer it to the late veteran editor of the *Quarterly*. This at once illustrates my argument, and marks the literary condescension of the noble bard. Sir Walter Scott evinced his love of literary labour, by undertaking the revision of the whole *Waverley Novels*—a goodly freightage of some fifty or sixty volumes! The works of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Moore, and the occasional variations in their different editions, mark their love of re-touching. The Laureat is indeed unweariable, after his kind—a true author of the old school. The bright thoughts of Campbell, which sparkle like polished lances, were manufactured with almost equal care: he is the Pope of modern bards. His corrections are generally decided improvements; but in one instance he failed lamentably. The noble peroration of Lochiel is familiar to all:—

"Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe;
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame."

In the quarto edition of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, when the poet collected and reprinted his minor pieces, this lofty sentiment is thus stultified:—

"Shall victor exult in the battle's acclaim,
Or look to yon heaven from the death-bed of fame."

The original passage, however, was wisely restored in the subsequent editions.

Allan Cunningham unfortunately corrects but little: his gay and gorgeous genius requires the curb of prudence, excepting, perhaps, in his imitations of the elder lyrics, which are perfect centos of Scottish feeling and poesy. I see by the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, that the Ettrick Shepherd is disposed to place the credit of the "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song" to the genius of Allan; and he is right. Their publication, as "Remains," may have been "a fraud," (as Mr. Jeffrey termed it,) but so was the *Castle of Otranto*—so were the strains of Chatterton—the *Vision* of Allan Ramsay—the sentimental prefaces of *The Man of Feeling*—and a thousand other productions. The origin of the *Remains* was as follows:—When a very young man, Mr. Cunningham, by the side of his father's fire in the winter evenings, wrote some of the sweetest of his Scottish songs. These were shewn to Cromek, when in Dumfries, by a relative of the bard; but they found no favour in the eyes of the collector of "relics."—"Could the young man," said he, "but assist me in procuring some of the fragments of ancient song, with which the country abounds, he would be much better employed." Upon this hint Allan spake. He soon supplied him with abundance of lyrical antiques, which seemed to be more common in the vale of Nith than were ever relics of our Lady of Loretto in the dominions of the Pope. The unconscious cockney adopted the whole as genuine, and, with the help of their author, manufactured the volume, which occasioned some surprise and conjecture among the lovers of Scottish song and antiquities. This is the head and front of Mr. Cunningham's offending; and there are few authors, we suspect, who would object to being placed in the confessional, if they had no heavier sins to acknowledge or to atone for.

The above are but a few instances of authors' cares—the *disjecta membra* of literary history. Of many illustrious men, we have few memorials. Shakspeare was in all things a "chartered libertine," and could not have been a very laborious corrector. His free genius must have disdained the restraints of study, and the

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unities of time and place, as much as his own beautiful, inimitable Ariel would have scorned the fetters of this mortal coil. Milton—the "old man eloquent"—the poet of *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*—was "slow to choose," and sedulous to write for immortality; but his great mind, like the famous pool of Norway, embraced at once the mightiest and the minutest things, and his thoughts disdained to appear in an imperfect shape. "What was written—was written"—and was incapable of improvement. Of his gifted contemporary, Jeremy Taylor, few records have survived that "great storm, which dashed the vessel of the church and state all in pieces." When prescribing rules for the employment of their time in the morning, he does not fail to counsel his readers to be "curious to see the preparation which the sun makes, when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east;" and we know that he was zealous to present "a rosary or chaplet of good works" to his Maker every evening. Such a man would, from taste and genius, be careful of the conceptions of his immortal mind: all that was tender, pious, and true, would be cherished and adorned, while the baser alloy of human passions and infirmities would be expelled from such consecrated ground. Cowper, the lights and shades of whose character have been spread before us almost as plainly and beautifully as the face of nature, in composition had only to transfer his thoughts to paper. He never forgot the man in the poet; he does not, like Milton's sirens, "with voluptuous hope dissolve," but he more than realizes our expectations, and he bounds them all within the "charmed ring" of virtue. In his *Letters*, as in those of other authors, we may sometimes trace the germ of his finest poetical pictures,—

> "As yon grey lines that fret the east
> Are messengers of day."

Who does not wish that he had foreseen the splendour of his meridian reputation?

But it is time to close these disjointed notes. However delightful it may be thus to string them together in the silence and sunshine of a Highland glen, every nook and crevice of which is now instinct with life and beauty, they will be read with different feelings in the saloons of the "city of palaces."—*The Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

DOMESTIC ANTIQUITIES.

THE "LEATHER BOTTLE" AND A PAIR OF NUTCRACKERS.

A WORTHY elderly lady, some eighth or tenth cousin of ours, who had been resident in a distant county of England for several years, departed quietly from this world, at a good old age, during the past winter, and left us the entire of her little property. It was not a great fortune, to be sure, but it was all she had; and we respected her intentions as fully as if she had bequeathed us her thousands in the place of single pounds, for it shewed that she thought well of us.

A rare collection of ancient relics we found, when we began to overlook our newly-acquired property; and a perfect resemblance to a Wardour-street dealer's shop did our own house present for a few days when we brought home our treasures, before their various destinations had been assigned to them. There were flat straw-hats, like the head-dresses in the old pocket-books for 1760, or thereabouts; and gowns and petticoats of rustling silks and polished satin, quilted and worked, that stood on end with their own richness, and would have dressed Watteau's heroines to perfection. Then, to the great delight of the younger female branches of our family, there were toilet-covers trimmed with yards of broad point lace that would have eclipsed even the displays in the Regent-street windows, and which were presently turned into capes and other "women's gear"—tiny caps and shirts for babies, edged with lace of finer workmanship, which was forthwith transferred to cuffs and pocket-handkerchiefs,—pieces of costly brocade that promised a perpetually-accumulating fund of pincushions for many years to come, to say nothing of one remnant large enough for a waistcoat, which, in all humility, we reserved for ourself, in spite of all the hints how beautifully it would cover a small ottoman; and dozens of home-spun sheets, towels, and table-linen, which we carefully laid by, in the event of our ever being sufficiently fortunate to obtain two consents—our own and that of one more—to be married.

There was another relic which inspired, for the moment, thoughts of a more serious cast. It was a little cabinet that contained all sorts of trifling memorials of early attachment—small lockets and trinket-watches, nuts with double kernels, thin hoop-rings of gold with posies inscribed inside, two or three dry flower-stalks that crumbled into dust when we touched them, and one small enamel box enclosed a lock of hair. We could not reconcile these things at first with their late owner, for we had only known her as an ancient lady, even in our childhood: we had sunk the idea of a previous youth, in the contemplation of present age; and yet each of those small memorials had probably some old and fondly-cherished association attached to it. But now the actors connected with their being were all gone,—the hopes and fears of affection, and the conflicts of the passions, had found one common

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level. We did not join in the laugh at these mute tokens of former love, when we saw their quaint forms and devices; we returned them to their depository with silent respect, as we thought that, many years hence, similar trifles of our own might perchance call forth an idle smile, when all had passed away but the recollection of the "old man" who had left these love-gages, of apparently such small value, behind him.

We found also a large collection of curious old drinking-glasses, some of tall and spare shape, others massy and dwarfish, and others again with seven-shilling and quarter-guinea pieces blown in their stems. There was likewise a series of miniature china cups and saucers, used at a period when Howqua's great-grandfather must have been a little boy, and tea was only just known. But we cannot enumerate half the antiquities we brought to light. We have made the "effigies" of one or two for the amusement of our readers, and these we present now to their notice.

The "Leather Bottle" is probably two or three hundred years old; and, from a faint aroma still lingering about it, was doubtless the receptacle of many a cheering draught in its time. Articles of this kind were in common use with our ancestors, but very few are now extant. They served as bottles until age rendered them unsound and unfit for use, when, with a square piece cut out from them, as represented above, they were hung up by the side of the fireplace, and formed depositories for such stray articles as the careful housekeepers of former days thought fit to hoard. There is an old song in praise of the leather bottle, and we should feel obliged to any of the correspondents of *The Mirror*, who could favour us with a copy of the entire words. Two lines ran, if we mistake not—

"I wish in heaven his soul may dwell
Who first invented the Leather Bottle."

And allusion was made to its after service, as the receiver of—

"Nails, and awls, and candle-ends,
For young beginners must have such things;"

or, as we improved the reading and the rhyme—

"For young beginners who've got no friends;"

being a state more applicable to the hoarding of such articles as are above spoken of. The Leather Bottle is the sign of one of the banking-houses in Fleet-street; and there is a tradition relating to it connected with the great fire of London, in 1666. The capacity of our own is about one gallon.

The other curiosity is a pair of nut-crackers, formed entirely of wood, about five inches long. The bend is a natural turn in the wood, and the two limbs are connected by a small peg. It is a sort of instrument that you could fashion with your knife, in the pleasant hazel-copse, as you went along, from the very tree that supplied you with the nuts. Screw nut-crackers of wood are common throughout France, Switzerland, and other countries where iron is valuable; but we never saw any of this fashion, which we think would be an improvement upon the others aforesaid. We shall probably come upon some more relics in the course of our search; and, if they are of sufficient interest, we shall feel pleasure in laying them before the readers of *The Mirror*.

ALBERT.

THE LITERARY WORLD.—IX.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

THE principal novelty of the month is *George Cruikshank's Omnibus*—another of the shilling school, in which this artist may be said to have earned his best fame. It would be useless to attempt to define the object of this work, which bears the motto, "*De Omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*;" but, judging from the unit before us, we should say the pictorial attraction will be

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paramount; though hereafter the pen of the concern may reach nearer the standard of its pencil.

To begin with the illustrations, the wrapper, as usual with Cruikshank, is excellently designed; for "further particulars," *vide* the shop windows; we shall merely observe that never had omnibus eight more comical insides, two outsides, a driver, and conductor; they are so many impersonations of droll nature. The preface is a plate, and the best in the Number; representing the Great World, which here, as in the reality, presents novelty at every turn. Every phase of life seems to be aimed at and hit within this magic sphere: Queen Victoria and her illustrious consort and court occupy the upper pole, backed by St. Paul's and shipping; beneath are Mr. and Mrs. Bull, and towards the nucleus are parties drinking, dancing, and smoking, so that the artist favours the notion of a central fire. The love of smoke, too, reaches to the opposite pole, where the Emperor of China sits *al fresco* in front of his junks and pagoda, Indian juggling, and African slavery. The sporting groupes are too numerous to describe: here a traveller is spearing an alligator; there another is shooting a tiger. A race-course, with gypsies, pickpockets, and the racers after a steam-boat, is a piquant episode; whilst balloons, kites, a windmill, a posturing clown, leap-frog, ostrich hunting, and a volcano in the horizon, attest the vivacious fancy of the artist, and the calibre of the fun he has in store for his readers.

The preface plate is succeeded by a portrait of Mr. Cruikshank, with his mystical autograph beneath; the likeness is characteristic. The remaining plate is an illustration of a story begun, and has better fancy than such designs usually display.

Next to the literature. "My portrait" is a running accompaniment of seven pages, in which the author replies to his *misrepresentation* in a work entitled *Portraits of Public Characters*. It is sprightly in places, but not so pleasantly pointed as to compensate for its length. In it we are told that G. C., when a very young man, was rather *short-sighted* in more senses than one; but weak eyes he never had—that ever since his birth he has been able, even with one eye, to see very clearly through a millstone, upon merely applying the single optic right or left, to the central orifice perforated therein; "but for the imputation of weakness in that particular, (says the author,) I should never have boasted of my capital eye; especially (as an aged punster suggests) when I am compelled to use the capital I so often in this article." *En passant*, there are *no* Irish coal-heavers. A picture of life is described "as though death were dead! It was all life." Our artist, from his limnings of low life, has been set down as the companion of dustmen, coalheavers, and scavengers—an unjust imputation; for it would be just as fair to assume that Morland was the companion of pigs, that Liston was the associate of louts and footmen, or that Fielding lived in fraternal intimacy with Jonathan Wild. In reply to the assertion that G. C. is a match for the under class of cabmen, our artist states that he invariably pays them more than their fare. From the next paper, "My Last Pair of Hessian Boots," we quote the following—to our mind, the best page in the Number.

"When we give a pair of old boots to the poor, how little do we consider into what disgusting nooks and hideous recesses they may carry their new owner! Let no one shut up the coffers of his heart, or check even momentarily the noble impulse of charity; but it is curious to note what purposes a bashful maiden's left-off finery may be made to serve on the stage of a show at Greenwich fair; how an honest matron's muff, passed into other hands, may be implicated in a case of shop-lifting; how the hat of a great statesman may come to be handed round to ragamuffins for a collection of halfpence for the itinerant conjuror; or how the satin slippers of a countess may be sandalled on the aching feet of a girl whose youth is one weary and wretched caper upon stilts!

"'My Hessians'—neither mine, nor Hessians, now—were on their last legs. Theirs had not been 'a beauty for ever unchangingly bright.' They had experienced their decline; their fall was nigh. Their earliest patchings suggested, as a similitude, the idea of a Grecian temple, whose broken columns are repaired with brick; the brick preponderates as ruin prevails, until at length the original structure is no more. The boots became one patch! Such were they on that winter morn, when a ruddy faced 'translator' sat at his low door, on a low stool, the boots on his lap undergoing examination. After due inspection, his estimate of their value was expressed by his adopting the expedient of Orator Henley; that is to say, by cutting the legs off, and reduced what remained of their pride to the insignificance of a pair of shoes; which, sold in that character to a match-vender, degenerated after a few weeks into slippers. *Sic transit*, &c.

"Of the appropriation of the amputated portion no very accurate account can be rendered. Fragments of the once soft and glossy leather furnished patches for dilapidated goloshes; a pair or two of gaiter straps were extricated from the ruins; and the 'translator's' little boy manufactured from the remains a 'sucker' of such marvellous efficacy that his father could never afterwards keep a lapstone in the stall.

"As for the slippers, improperly so called,

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they pinched divers corns, and pressed various bunions in their day, as the boots, their great progenitors, had done before them, sliding, shuffling, shambling, and dragging their slow length along; until in the ripeness of time, they, with other antiquities, were carried to Cutler-street, and sold to a venerable Jewess. She, with knife keen as Shylock's, ripped off the soles—all besides was valueless even to her—and, not without some pomp and cermony, laid them out for sale on a board placed upon a crippled chair. Yes, for sale; and to that market for soles there soon chanced to repair an elderly son of poverty; who, having many little feet running about at home, made shoes for them himself. The soles became his; and thus of the apocryphal remains of my veritable Hessians, was there just sufficient leather left to interpose between the tender feet of a child, and the hard earth, his mother!"

The portion of the story to which we have alluded — "Frank Heartwell; or, Fifty Years Ago," extends through eleven pages, an extent beyond its interest. There are, besides, two lyrical pieces, by L. B.—"Love seeking a Lodging," a pretty trifle; and a ballad *à l'Ingoldsby*, describing the process of Photographic Portraiture, and concluding—

"Thus needs it the courage of old Cousin Hotspur,
To sit to an artist who flatters no sitter;
Yet Self-love will urge us to seek him, for what spur
So potent as that, though it make the truth bitter!
And thus are all flocking, to see Phœbus mocking,
Or making queer faces, a visage per minute;
And truly 'tis shocking, if winds should be rocking
The building, or clouds darken all that's within it,
To witness the frights
Which shadows and lights
Manufacture, as like as an owl to a linnet.
For there while you sit up,
Your countenance lit up,
The mists fly across, a magnificent rack;
And your portrait's a patch, with its bright and its black,
Out-Rembrandting Rembrandt, in ludicrous woe,
Like a chimney-sweep caught in a shower of snow.
Yet nothing can keep the crowd below,
And still they mount up, stair by stair;
And every morn, by the hurry and hum,
Each seeking a prize in the lottery there,
You fancy the 'last day of drawing' has come.
L. B."

With the fertility of illustration, if not of invention, which Mr. Cruikshank has shewn himself to possess, we think it will not be difficult to provide a monthly pic-nic of the eccentricities of the Great World, and the fantastic tricks of the Little and the Great, which may keep his readers in good spirits from month to month; and in his pleasant vocation we cordially wish him success.

New Books.

Masterman Ready; or, the Wreck of the Pacific. By Captain Marryat.

[Of all contemporary writers, the author of this little volume, "written for young people," is probably the most free and facile; and he is equally so in every thing that he attempts, whether in a politico-economical account of the United States, or "a boy's own book"—from the "minikin pin" to the "sheet-anchor" of literary composition. The Captain is, therefore, a true "Masterman Ready" at such a volume as the present, his idiomatic, conversational style being especially fitted for the comprehension of the young. He is consequently not under the necessity of reducing his style—a peculiar advantage, by which we are reminded of this emphatic declaration of Scott: "I am persuaded both children and the lower classes of readers hate books which are written *down* to their capacity, and love those that are composed for their elders and betters. I will make, if possible, a book that a child shall understand, yet a man will feel some temptation to peruse, should he chance to take it up."* And such a book has Captain Marryat produced in the work before us.

Some of our best books for young persons have been written by affectionate fathers for their own children; and *Masterman Ready* originated in this kindly feeling. It appears that Captain Marryat promised to write a book for his children, who, on being asked what kind of book they would prefer, said they wished their father to continue *The Swiss Family Robinson*, a little work of long-established popularity. The Captain sent for the work, and read it: he found it amusing, but in places neither probable nor possible: the want of seamanship is very glaring; and the ignorance and carelessness in describing the vegetable and mineral productions of the island on which the family had been wrecked were so glaring, that the Captain resolved to "throw overboard" *The Swiss Family Robinson*, and start anew; urging that to be correct in trifles is important in a child's book, and that fiction, when written for young people, should, at all events, be *based* upon truth. As to his success in the construction of the present story, he will take the opinions of the children rather than of the critics; and we predict a favourable judgment.

This volume is, however, only the commencement of the work; in which the *Pacific*, a large ship, on her voyage to Sydney, is wrecked upon an island, at about the middle of the narrative, at the close of which the crew and passengers have built themselves a house. The oracle of the book is Masterman Ready, second-mate of the vessel, and who had been more than fifty years at sea; and the little inquirer is Master William, the eldest boy of a family who were passengers on board, consisting of the father, mother, and four children.

* Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, vol. vii. p. 37.

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The father had for many years held an office under government at Sydney, and was now returning from a leave of absence of three years. The family are attended by Juno, a black girl, who had come from the Cape of Good Hope to Sydney, and had followed them to England. The *Pacific* was a very fine ship, of more than four hundred tons burthen, with a cargo of English manufactures. "The captain was a good navigator and seaman, and moreover a good man, of a cheerful, happy disposition, always making the best of everything, and when accidents did happen, always more inclined to laugh than to look grave." The first-mate, a conscientious Scotsman, was not quite so agreeable a fellow. There were thirteen seamen on board; hardly a sufficient number to man so large a vessel, which proved unfortunate. There were also two shepherds' dogs and a little terrier, who figure among the *dram. pers.* of the narrative.

The incidents of the ship's passage, as might be expected, are graphically related: we have the accidents in a gale, the arrival at the Cape, and a visit to Cape Town, where one of the children narrowly escapes from a lion in the Company's gardens. We can only follow the narrative for three days' calm, after leaving the Cape, when there comes on

A Dreadful Storm.]

[*Ready.*]—"Captain Osborn, it's not for me to contradict Mr. Mackintosh, [first-mate,] but that's of little consequence in a time like this: I should have held to my opinion, had it not been that the gentleman passenger and his son were standing by, but now, as the coast is clear, I tell you that we shall have something worse than a gale of wind. I have been in these latitudes before, and I am an old seaman, as you know. There's something in the air, and there has been something during the last three days of calm, which reminds me too well of what I have seen here before; and I am sure that we will have little better than a hurricane, as far as wind goes—and worse in one point, that it will last much longer than hurricanes generally do. I have been watching, and even the birds tell me so, and they are told by their nature, which is never mistaken. That calm has been nothing more than a repose of the winds previous to their being roused up to do their worst; and that is my real opinion."

"Well, and I'm inclined to agree with you, Ready; so we must send top-gallant yards down on deck, and all the small sails and lumber out of the tops. Get the try-sail aft and bent, and lower down the gaff. I will go forward."

They had no time to lose: their preparations were hardly complete before the wind had settled to a fierce gale from the north-east. The sea rose rapidly; topsail after topsail was furled; and by dusk the Pacific was flying through the water with the wind on her quarter, under reefed foresail and storm staysail. It was with difficulty that three men at the wheel could keep the helm, such were the blows which the vessel received from the heavy seas on the quarter. Not one seaman in the ship took advantage of his watch below to go to sleep that night, careless as they generally are; the storm was too dreadful. About three o'clock in the morning the wind suddenly subsided; it was but for a minute or two, and then it again burst on the vessel from another quarter of the compass, as Ready had foretold; splitting the foresail into fragments, which lashed and flogged the wind till they were torn away by it, and carried far to leeward. The heavens above were of a pitchy darkness, and the only light was from the creaming foam of the sea on every side. The shift of wind, which had been to the west-north-west, compelled them to alter the course of the vessel, for they had no chance but to scud, as they now did, under bare poles; but in consequence of the sea having taken its run from the former wind, which had been north-east, it was, as sailors call it, *cross*, and every minute the waves poured over the ship, sweeping all before their weight of waters. One poor man was washed overboard, and any attempt made to save him would have been unavailing. Captain Osborn was standing by the weather gunnel, holding on by one of the belaying pins, when he said to Mackintosh, who was near him,

"How long will this last, think you?"

"Longer than the ship will," replied the mate, gravely.

"I should hope not," replied the captain; "still it cannot look worse. What do you think, Ready?"

"Far more fear from above than from below just now," replied Ready, pointing to the yardarms of the ship, to each of which were little balls of electric matter attached, flaring out to a point. "Look at those two clouds, sir, rushing at each other; if I—"

Ready had not time to finish what he would have said, before a blaze of light, so dazzling that it left them all in utter darkness for some seconds afterwards, burst upon their vision, accompanied with a peal of thunder at which the whole vessel trembled fore and aft. A crash—a rushing forward—and a shriek were heard, and when they had recovered their eyesight, the foremast had been rent by the lightning as if it had been a lath, and the ship was in flames: the men at the wheel, blinded by the lightning, as well as appalled, could not steer; the ship broached to—away went the mainmast over the side—and all was wreck, confusion, and dismay.

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Fortunately the heavy seas which poured over the forecastle soon extinguished the flames, or they all must have perished; but the ship lay now helpless, and at the mercy of the waves beating violently against the wrecks of the masts which floated to leeward, but were still held fast to the vessel by their rigging. As soon as they could recover from the shock, Ready and the first-mate hastened to the wheel to try to get the ship before the wind; but this they could not do, as, the foremast and mainmast being gone, the mizenmast prevented her paying off and answering to the helm. Ready, having persuaded two of the men to take the helm, made a sign to Mackintosh (for now the wind was so loud that they could not hear each other speak), and, going aft, they obtained axes, and cut away the mizen-rigging; the mizen-topmast and head of the mizenmast went over the side, and then the stump of the foremast was sufficient to get the ship before the wind again. Still there was much delay and much confusion before they could clear away the wreck of the masts; and, as soon as they could make inquiry, they found that four of the men had been killed by the lightning and the fall of the foremast, and there were now but eight remaining, besides Captain Osborn and his two mates.

[*Robinson Crusoe* has been condemned for its tendency to induce boys to crave after the sea, which will not be the case with Capt. Marryat's book: here is a conversation between the father and Ready, on

Going to Sea.]

"With my permission," said Mr. Seagrave, "my boys shall never go to sea if there is any other profession to be found for them."

"Well, Mr. Seagrave, they do say that it's no use balking a lad if he wishes to go to sea, and that if he is determined, he must go: now I think otherwise—I think a parent has a right to say no, if he pleases, upon that point; for you see, sir, a lad, at the early age at which he goes to sea, does not know his own mind. Every high-spirited boy wishes to go to sea—it's quite natural; but if the most of them were to speak the truth, it is not that they so much want to go to sea, as that they want to go from school or from home, where they are under the control of their masters or their parents."

"Very true, Ready; they wish to be, as they consider they will be, independent."

"And a pretty mistake they make of it, sir. Why, there is not a greater slave in the world than a boy who goes to sea, for the first few years after his shipping: for once they are corrected on shore, they are punished ten times at sea, and they never again meet with the love and affection they have left behind them. It is a hard life, and there have been but few who have not bitterly repented it, and who would not have returned, like the prodigal son, and cast themselves at their fathers' feet, only that they have been ashamed."

"That's the truth, Ready, and it is on that account that I consider that a parent is justified in refusing his consent to his son going to sea, if he can properly provide for him in any other profession. There never will be any want of sailors, for there always will be plenty of poor lads whose friends can do no better for them; and in that case the seafaring life is a good one to choose, as it requires no other capital for their advancement than activity and courage."

The Philosophy of Mystery. By Walter Cooper Dendy.

[A SUBSTANTIAL volume this of some 450 pages, upon a subject of untiring interest, and almost unanswerable inquiry—the precise relationship of the real and the ideal—or, in other words, the philosophy of ghosts, spectres, sleep, dreams, &c. And who so fit to illustrate "the serious and terrible matter of sprites," as "a professional man," who has innumerable opportunities for investigating disordered states of the mind—the great source of superstition and credulity—which do not ordinarily present themselves? Such a man is the author of the work before us—a distinguished Fellow of the Medical Society of London.

The love of mystery is very voluminous, so that, *ex abundantiâ*, there would be no difficulty in making a well-filled book. The arrangement of such a work is another matter; and so minutely has this been attended to in Mr. Dendy's volume, that if it be madness, there is method in it. The work is divided into chapters, each treating of a peculiar species of mystery, extending to no fewer than thirty-three varieties of ghosts, spectres, phantasies, forms and signs, illusions of sight and sound, mythology, demonology, psychology, sleep and dreams, deranged memory, somnambulism, monomania, reverie, trance, mesmerism, (the last popular folly,) and sybilline influence, besides many others which we have not space to enumerate. Hence every page overflows with anecdote and incidental illustration, the crowd of which sometimes becomes perplexing, and does not allow the reader time for reflection: *sa tête s'embarrasse*, and the mysterious multitude flit in his mind's eye without leaving any lasting impression upon the memory. Every one at all familiar with the olden works on superstition must have experienced the tedium of their quaint jargon, and the minuteness with which, in endeavouring to *prove too much*, their authors have weakened faith

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even in the credulous. What reader has not been wearied with the wild romances of Beaumont and Burthogge; the idle gossip of Baxter, and Aubrey, and Glanville; and, as Mr. Dendy well observes, "that arch-mystagogue, Moreton, whose book is half full of prolix dialogues between ghosts and ghost-seers." Now Mr. Dendy eschews all such fiddle-faddle, and, with considerable tact and neatness, dovetails his classified instances into his reasoning narrative, so as to render his work a "mingled yarn" of amusement, at the same time that it aims at higher purpose. His book strongly reminds us of Dr. Hibbert's *Philosophy of Apparitions*, Dr. Abercrombie's work on *the Feelings*, Sir David Brewster's *Natural Magic*, Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, and Dr. Millingen's *Curiosities of Medical Experience*, all which works it certainly resembles, though not so far as to be deemed an imitation of either. Its dialogue form, however, more closely approaches Sir Humphry Davy's *Consolations in Travel*: the opening chapter, "the Challenge," in design, at least, forcibly reminds us of Davy's philosophical volume. The disputants, four in number, are seated in "a shallop floating on the Wye, among the grey rocks and leafy woods of Chepstow. Within it were two fair girls reclining: the one blending the romantic wildness of a maid of Italy with the exquisite purity of English nature; the other illumining, with the devotion of a vestal, the classic beauty of a Greek. There was a young and learned bachelor sitting at the helm. Study had stamped an air of thoughtfulness on his brow; yet a smile was ever playing on his lips, as his heart felt the truth and influence of the beautiful life around him." There is much graphic fancy in this opening:]

Castaly. We have roamed, dear Ida, among the classic lands of the far-off Mediterranean: we have looked, from her pinnacles of snow, on the silvery gleaminess of Switzerland, and from purple sierras on the sunny splendour of Spain; yet these English meadows, with their fringes of wild bloom, come o'er the heart with all the freshness of an infant's dream. Yon majestic crag of Wyndcliff is flinging its purple shadows athwart the water, and floods of golden glory are streaming through the beech-woods of Piercefield: and see, our little sail, white as the wing of a swan, is wafting us towards Abbey Tintern, along this beautiful valley, where the river almost doubles on itself; meandering among its mead-flowers and its mosses, as loth to leave its luxuriant bed. Listen! the breath of evening is among the trees that dip in the ripple of the Wye their leaves of shivering gold. What a scene for minions of the moon to revel in! Say, shall we charm the lingering hours of this midsummer night among the ivied cloisters of the abbey? But where is Astrophel, our moon-struck student, who, like Chaucer's scholar, keeps

> —— "at his bed's head,
> A twenty books clothed in black and red,
> Of Aristotle and his philosophy?" ——

They have not taught him courtesy, or he would not steal away from the light of our eyes to commune with owls and ivy-bushes.

Yet we promise him our smile for *your* sake, Evelyn. Indeed, I am thinking his mysteries will chime in admirably with the solemnity of this lone abbey. We appoint him master of our revels.

[At length, Astrophel volunteers to "unsphere the spirit of Plato," and Castala and Ida to sit in judgment on the velvet throne of this their court of Tintern. Our first extract shall be from the chapter on the nature of ghosts:]

The Lady of the Ashes.

There was a merry party collected in a town in France, and amongst all the gay lords and ladies there assembled, there was none who caused so great a sensation as a beautiful young lady, who danced, played, and sang in the most exquisite style. There were only two unaccountable circumstances belonging to her: one was, that she never went to church or attended family prayers; the other, that she always wore a slender, black velvet band or girdle round her waist. She was often asked about these peculiarities, but she always evaded the interrogatories; and still by her amiable manners and beauty won all hearts. One evening, in a dance, her partner saw an opportunity of pulling the loop of her little black girdle behind: it fell to the ground, and immediately the lady became pale as a sheet; then, gradually shrunk and shrunk, till at length nothing was to be seen in her place but a small heap of grey ashes.

"And what think you now, Evelyn?

"*Ev.* I think your candle burned very blue, Astrophel, when you were poring over these midnight legends; yet, I believe, I may, by and by, explain the story of your Lady of the Ashes;—all excepting the mystery of the sable girdle. But, methinks, you should not have stopped short of the qualities by which we may recognise the *genus* of these phantoms. There was once, as I have heard, a ghost near Cirencester, which vanished in a very nice perfume, and a melodious twang; and Master Lilly therefore concluded it to be a fairy: and Propertius, I know, writes of another; and he decided, that the scent diffused on her disappearance, proclaimed her to be a goddess. Glanville has set himself to argue upon, nay, demonstrate, all questions regarding materiality and immateriality, and the nature of spirits; puzzling us with mathematical diagrams, and occupying fifteen

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chapters on the nature of the witch of Endor: and Andrew Moreton, too, in his 'Secrets,' comments, with pedantic profanation, on the 'infernal *paw-wawing* of this condemned creature.' Coleridge, and even Sir Walter, who had a mighty love of legends, propose a question, whether she was a ventriloquist or an aristocratic fortune-teller, or an astrologer or a gipsy, imposing on the credulity of Saul. And yet that same Sir Walter very shrewdly suggested to Sir William Gell the *manufacture* of a ghost, with a thin sheet of tin, painted white, so that by half a turn the spectre would instantly vanish."

[Here are some interesting narratives of the

Prophecy of Spectres.]

The tragedian John Palmer died on the stage at Liverpool. At the same hour and minute, a shopman in London, sleeping under a counter, saw distinctly his shade glide through the shop, open the door, and pop into the street. This, an hour or two after, he mentioned very coolly, as if Mr. Palmer himself had been there. Cardan saw, on the ring-finger of his right hand, the mark of a bloody sword, and heard at the same time a voice which bade him go directly to Milan. The redness progressively increased until midnight: the mark then faded gradually, and disappeared. At that midnight hour his son was beheaded at Milan. It was told by Knowles, the governor of Lord Roscommon when a boy, that young Wentworth Dillon was one day seized with a mood of the wildest eccentricity, contrary to his usual disposition. On a sudden he exclaimed, "My father is dead!" And soon after missives came from Ireland to announce the fact. The father of Doctor Blomberg, clerk of the closet to George IV., was captain in an army serving in America. We are told by Doctor Rudge, that six officers, three hundred miles from his position, were visited after dinner by this modern Banquo, who sat down in a vacant chair. One said to him, "Blomberg, are you mad?" He rose in silence, and slowly glided out at the door. He was slain on that day and hour. In the "Diary of a Physician" (an embellished record of facts), we read the story of the spectre-smitten Mr. M——, whose leisure hours were passed in the perusal of legends of diablerie and witchcraft. One evening, when his brain was excited by champagne, he returned to his rooms, and saw a dear friend in his chair; and this friend had died suddenly, and was at that moment *laid out* in his chamber; a combination of horrors so unexpected and intense, that monomania was the result.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gatherer.

Venice.—A bridge will shortly be commenced across the Lagunes, from the continent to the city, for the passage of the Milan railway; and at the same time to serve as an aqueduct, by which means Venice will be constantly supplied with fresh water. The cost of constructing this bridge is stated at nearly 153,000*l.*

Music.—Mr. Charles Roper, the son of the Admiral, and brother of the author of *The Practice of Navigation*, is the composer of the new overture to *Norma*, which has been very successful at her Majesty's Theatre. He is a second Ole Bull on the violin himself, and promises to be a great composer.—*Corresp. Times.*

Anagram.—Mr. Mead, in a letter to Sir Martin Stuteville respecting the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, notices that the anagram of *John Felton* is No Flie not, (the *h* being dumb.)—*Ellis's Letters*, vol. iii. p. 265.

Sailors and Coffee.—A popular writer observes: "I never knew a sailor in my life who would not prefer a pot of hot coffee or chocolate, in a cold night, to all the rum afloat. They all say, that rum only warms them for a time; yet, if they can get nothing better, they will miss what they have lost. The momentary warmth and glow from drinking it; the break and change which is made in a long, dreary watch by the mere calling all hands aft, and serving of it out; and the simply having some event to look forward to, and to talk about, give it an importance and a use which no one can appreciate who has not stood his watch before the mast. * * The temperance reform is the best thing that ever was undertaken for the sailor; but when the grog is taken from him, he ought to have something in its place. As it is now in most vessels, it is a mere saving to the owners; and this accounts for the sudden increase of temperance ships, which surprises even the best friends of the cause. If every merchant, when he struck grog from the list of the expenses of his ship, had been obliged to substitute as much coffee or chocolate as would give each man a pot-full when he came off the top-sail yard on a stormy night, I fear Jack might have gone to ruin on the old road."

Comparison of Speed.—The ordinary rate of speed per second *Feet.*

Of a man chased by a bailiff, is -	12
Of a dog with a kettle to its tail -	16
Of an oyster at full gallop - -	20
Of a snail at a jog trot - - -	24
Of a Greenwich pensioner's wooden leg - - - - - - -	30
Of a gouty alderman at a [de] canter	38
Of a libel going the circuit - -	40

J. H. F.

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Mnemonics.—"Children," said a certain professor in an academy at Paris, the other day, to his pupils, "can you tell where Joan of Arc was born?" They were all silent, because none of them knew. "Well," said he, "she was of Dom Remy, near Vancouleurs; but now, you hair-brained rogues, how will you recollect Dom Remy? First of all, in order to remember the *Dom*, you must take care to recollect the Spanish title which is prefixed to the names of nobles—for example, Don Quixotte; and as for *Remy*, it will be easy for you to impress it on your memory, by thinking of Saint Remy, Archbishop of Rheims, who anointed King Clovis. Now let us see whether you remember: Julia, where was Joan of Arc born?" "At Dom Remy." "Very well; and who was Archbishop of Rheims when King Clovis was crowned?" "Don Quixotte."

Epigram on Miss Annie Bread.—

"*Toast* any girl but her," said Ned,
With every other flutter—
"I'll be content with Annie Bread,
And wont have any *but her*."

—*American Paper.*

"So," says Bishop Taylor, "have I seen the sun with a little ray of distant light challenge all the powers of darkness, and without violence and noise, climbing up the hill, hath made night so to retire that its memory was lost in the joys and sprightliness of the morning."

Dutch Law of Arrest.—A man may not be arrested in his own house in Holland, or even standing at the door of it, though all the previous citations should have been made; and should his wife be lying-in, he is humanely privileged, during the period of her illness, to go abroad without any molestation from his creditors or bailiffs.—*Fell's Batavia*, 1801.

Tale-bearers are enemies to civil society. Whoever entertains thee with the faults of others, will entertain others with thine.

Madame Campan.—Madame Murat one day said to her: "I am astonished that you are not more awed in our presence; you speak to us with as much familiarity as when we were your pupils!" "The best thing you can do," replied Madame Campan, "is to forget your titles when you are with me; for I can never be afraid of queens whom I have held under the rod."

The Regent's Park.—The opening, or rather the *restoration*, of the Regent's Park to the public has again been agitated in Parliament, and the Government have promised that the whole of the Park shall be opened for the use and gratification of the public. We hope this will be effected, but fear many difficulties will arise, from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests having let out portions of the Park to private individuals, who have expended large sums in the erection of villas, and to whom a guarantee has been given that the public should not have access to their grounds. Could these claims be got rid of, out of 286 acres in the Park, 200 might be open to the public. Mr. Wakley thus ably stated the case during the debate: "The question now before them was about a Park, which belonged to the people, and from which they were excluded. That which was now called the Regent's Park was formerly Marylebone Fields; it was then called Marylebone Park; then it was enclosed under the pretext of rendering it more fit for the use of the people, but up to this moment it had never been fully restored to them; on the contrary, a considerable portion of it had been let out to private individuals. Now, the matter was this: the public wanted, and had a right to require, that the whole of the Regent's Park should be as open and as free to them as Hyde Park."

Animal Chemistry.—Liebig has just proved the identity of fibrin and albumen: by dissolving fibrin by a moderate heat, in a saturated solution of nitre, he has found the fluid to possess all the properties of solution of albumen.—*Provincial Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Servants.—There are upwards of 107,000 female servants in London, and the immediate neighbourhood, of which number from 12,000 to 15,000 are supposed to be always out of place or changing places.—*Statement of the Female Servants' Home Society.*

London.—Dr. Arnott states the most healthy part of London to be the north-west; the inhabitants having the most pure air, from the prevailing winds being south-west and north-east, which winds do not blow over London to them; on the elevated grounds in Marylebone parish, the air is as pure as at Hampstead.

A New Church at Goudhurst has just been consecrated. During a portion of the ceremony, a plate was carried round by the Viscountess Beresford, to receive the alms of those who were willing to contribute towards the erection of the church. The Viscountess' youngest son has presented a magnificent stone altar, and is about to present painted glass for every window, which is now being prepared at Munich. The organ is the gift of Lady Beresford, and the silver-gilt communion plate has been presented by Marshal Beresford. The above-named munificent individuals also endow the church with 80*l.* per annum.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1059.] SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1841. [PRICE 2*d.*

LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.

NEW FRONT OF THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL,

GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

AT the building of this chapel, in the year 1811, the architect, Mr. W. Jenkins, was, by the circumstances of the property, prevented completing his design with the erection of an appropriate architectural façade; and the entrance was, accordingly, through an ordinary dwelling-house. During the past year, however, an opportunity was afforded to Mr. Jenkins of perfecting his design, which he has done by the erection of the handsome frontage represented in the prefixed Engraving. The composition presents a neat pediment, supported by Roman Ionic columns; above which is a Venetian window, ornamented with Corinthian columns and pilasters, and a semi-

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circular moulding, enclosing the date of the building of the Chapel. The elevation is crowned with a bold blocking-course, supported by several well-proportioned consoles. The elevation is forty-four feet in height, and nineteen feet in width. It is substantially executed in Talacre stone, from North Wales, which has a beautiful tint, and is altogether a very handsome material; although the present is, we believe, one of the earliest instances of its being employed in our metropolitan buildings.

PHILOSOPHERS.

"THE *true* idea of a philosopher, and that which, dimly apprehended, has been the cause of the universal reverence, even if only a reverential hatred, connected with the name, is—a man who discerns an absolute truth more clearly than others, and is thus enabled to found on it a scientific, that is, systematic construction of all knowledge. To this idea is directly opposed that of a man whose aim is to establish the uncertainty of all things,—who is certain only that we can know nothing certainly. To this class of thinkers belong not merely Pyrrhonists, that is, dealers in lazy and captious frivolities of speculation, but all who maintain, however zealously and consistently, that we know nothing beyond appearances—all who teach that truth is endowed with a positive value and certainty, but only in reference to us, who are essentially fallible, as having in ourselves no measure or organ of the absolute."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE ALMS-DAY IN AN OLD ENGLISH CHURCH.

IT is the close of a bright sabbath-day,
The hymn'd amen has softly died away;
The evening sun is streaming down the aisle,
Through the west window of a holy pile,
Where a tall, gray-hair'd priest benignly stands,
To bless his people with uplifted hands.
Well do they love his solemn voice to hear,
Though low at times its aged tones appear;
No captious critics they, with hearts of steel,
To sit in judgment;—theirs are hearts to feel.
The veriest urchins sorely would be vex'd,
If they through heedlessness forgot his text;
And while the preacher tells of Jesu's grace,
They sit with glistening eye and steadfast face,
And lowly and devout attention lend,—
At sacred names the humble head they bend:
Teacher and taught, alike have but one aim—
Their living Hope, their dying Trust, the same.

Now all is hush'd—the latest prayer is o'er—
And slowly pacing up the time-worn floor,
Parochial officers, in order due,
Precede their honour'd pastor two and two:
Clerk, wardens, overseers, and sexton bent,
File off towards the marble monument
Where Dame Sybilla Braye to rest was laid,
When, by bequest, a noble gift was made
"For ever:" so the ancient trust is read,
Thys : Gyfte : ys : founded : bothe : forr
almes : and : bredd :
To : eache : poore : soule : shal : gee : thys :
dole : dybyde :
To : marke : ye : daye : quhan : Dame :
Sybylla : dyed :
Bless'd be such piety—ay, doubly bless'd
From year to year this old and quaint bequest—
This silent tomb—this unpretending scroll—
This simple wish—this charitable dole.
The Dame Sybilla's house is fall'n to dust,
Her blazon'd shield is coated o'er with rust,
Her walks, her ways, her lineage scarce are known,
Or found in dusty manuscripts alone.
She lived—she died—what boots her stately fame?
Her broad-nit lands?—her far-descended name?
Yet as in life the needy call'd her friend,
Not death itself her memory can end.

Here pure white wheaten loaves are piled on high,
Where the tall surpliced priest is standing by;
Here massive salvers, glittering with the store
Of silver coin, are ranged upon the floor.
Calm, kind, and friendly is the pastor's word
To each receiver of this ancient hoard.
Long years has he the gift divided there
With equitable and impartial care.
There was a time when he the aid had known
Of two fair sons, where now he stands alone,
A childless, widow'd man—bow'd down by grief;
His hand is trembling, like a wither'd leaf
When wintry winds sweep by the rifted stem.
His people wept with him, and wept for them:
That wife, those children—they were very dear;
He bow'd his head—he wiped away a tear.

A ministering angel sure might smile
Benignly on the long-procession'd aisle.
There, touch'd by glory from the setting sun,
Stands one whose span, like his, is well nigh done;
There pushes on to gaze a blue-eyed boy,
Whose rosy cheeks are dimpled o'er with joy;
While elder lads, reproving, shake their head,
And steal along with reverential tread;
There, with a timid look, the orphan'd maid
Is proxy for her sire, by sickness stay'd;
And clasps with rapture, in her little palms,
The generous wheaten bread, the bounteous alms;
And prays that they his vigour may restore—
Oh! bless'd the name of her who feeds the poor!
And there, half lighted by the deep'ning rays,
A figure shrinks to shun the casual gaze,
And sedulous alone to seek the gloom
Projected by yon massive altar tomb,
For shame has set its seal upon her brow—
A tale of sorrow hers—forgiven now;
And none of all beneath that holy dome
Would scorn to take that erring sister home.
Mercy they hoped themselves—and mercy given
On earth, they trusted should be found in heaven.

REINELM.

JEWISH FEMALES.

BY MISS PARDOE.

NEVER, during my residence in the East, had I looked on any costume which equalled in richness and, their head-dresses excepted, in elegance the dress of these Jewish females. It was a scène of the Arabian Nights in action; and for a few moments I was lost in admiration. The mistress of the house stood immediately in front of the sofa on which we were seated: she was a tall, stately woman, who looked not as though she belonged to a bowed and rejected race; she had the eagle eye, the prominent nose, and the high pale forehead of her nation, with a glance as fiery as it was keen.

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Such as I have described her, she was attired in a full dress of white silk, confined a little below the waist by a broad girdle of wrought gold, clasped with gems; both the girdle and the clasps being between five and six inches in width. Above this robe she wore a pelisse of dove-coloured cachemere, lined and overlaid with the most costly sables, and worth several hundred pounds: the sleeves were large and loose, and fell back, to reveal the magnificent bracelets which encircled her arms, and the jewelled rings that flashed upon her fingers. Her turban, of the usual enormous size worn by all Jewish women, was formed of the painted muslin handkerchief of the country, but so covered with gems that its pattern was undistinguishable; while, from beneath it, a deep fringe of pearls, dropped with emeralds of immense size and value, fell over her brow, down each side of her face, and ultimately upon her shoulders.

Behind her were grouped her three daughters-in-law, in dresses nearly similar, save that, not being widows, they did not wear the heavy pelisse, and that the gold and pearl embroidered sleeves and bosoms of their silken robes were consequently visible. The prettiest woman of the party was her own and only daughter, who had been summoned from the house of her husband on the previous day, to welcome the return of her younger brother from Europe, where he had passed five years. She was nearly fourteen, with an expression half pensive and half playful; a something which seemed to indicate that her nature was too sad for smiles, and yet too gay for tears; as though the young bright spirit had been chilled and withered ere it had felt its freshness, and that it still struggled to free itself from the thrall.

Her dress was gorgeous; the costly garniture of gold and jewels, which almost made her bodice appear to be one mass of light, was continued to the knee of her tunic, where it parted to form a deep hem, that entirely surrounded the skirt of the garment. The jewelled fringe of her turban was supported on either temple by a large spray of brilliants, and fell upon a border of black floss silk, that rested on her fair young brow. Her arms were as white as snow, and seemed almost as dazzling as the gems which bound them; while her slender waist was compressed by a golden girdle, similar in fashion, but richer in design, than that of her mother.

In their girlhood, the Jewish females take great pride in the adornment of their hair, but from the moment of their marriage it is scrupulously hidden; so scrupulously, indeed, that they wear a second handkerchief attached to the turban behind, which falls to the ground, in order to conceal the roots of the hair that the turban may fail to cover.

A sweet little girl of about nine years of age, the affianced wife of one of the brothers, was introduced, in order to shew me the difference of head-dress; and assuredly her *coiffure* was a most elaborate affair. She must have worn, at least, fifty braids, each secured at the end by a knot of pearls and ribbon; while her little chubby hands were literally covered with jewelled rings; and her feet, like those of the elder females, simply thrust into richly embroidered slippers.

The courtesy and hospitality of the whole family were extreme. They appeared delighted at the unusual circumstance of receiving Christians who appreciated their kindly intentions; and when I promised, in compliance with their earnest request, that I would repeat my visit, I had no intention to fail in the pledge.

THE BALL—AND MR. MANAGER FERGUSON.

A SKETCH, WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN FOUNDED ON FACT.

"DEAR mother, I should be *so* glad to be one at the splendid ball to be given next week at the ——," was the ejaculation of Rosalie Henry, as her mind's eye glanced over the brilliant array of beauty, wit, genius, folly, fashion, and stupidity, that might be expected to make up the motley, flashing pageant of an hour.

"And why would you be glad, my love?" "Because"— and she almost said, "Mr. Ferguson will be there!"

Before we proceed farther in this most veritable and instructive lesson, we may as well make known some portions of the history of the different characters whose names and actions are the subject of it.

The gay, thoughtless, petted, and almost spoiled Rosalie Henry, was the daughter of a man whose good name and comfortable fortune had accrued to him from nothing. He began life a nameless, unmentionable individual; and if he had anything to begin with, it was a high degree of physical health, joined to mental energy, perseverance, and ambition. Poor as poverty itself, he had seen others rolling past him in their costly carriage, with their proud heads exalted "even as the cedars of Lebanon,"—he had seen men who commenced life with the spade, or some other implement of that drudgery in the first year of the world entailed upon man, rise and rise, step by step, until they could at least boast a high place among those who make up the aristocracy of money!

Seeing what he saw, and being firm in the belief that

"Thrift is blessing,—if men steal it not,"

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Mr. Henry resolved at once, that under any circumstances he would be a rich man.

His resolutions and his hope were in due time fully realized. We need not in this place enter into any explanatory details as to the *how* and *wherefore* he became the possessor of a competent *retiring* fortune, of a comely spouse, and, in process of time, the father of an only, beautiful, and, as before stated, almost spoiled daughter. All men who are rich know *how* they became so; and if they never feel the stings of shuddering conscience, we know not why the curtain should be drawn from those oftentimes peculiar stratagems by which man foils his brother.

Mr. Henry was a wealthy man, lived in great style, and his wife had but two faults —she *would* call mutton, "*mutting!*"—spell pig with two g's.

Mr. Ferguson (and he was sometimes written Esquire) was one of those indescribable persons one meets even now-a-days in the more refined circles of existence. He was a gentleman from over seas, and was familiarly called a "nice man for a small party." In whatever atmosphere one chanced to move, Ferguson "the distinguished foreigner" was *the* attraction. "Ah! whose splendid turn-out is that?" "*That?* why it's Ferguson's!"

"Who is that dashing fellow in that private box, clapping those white kids so lustily?" "*That?* why it's Ferguson!" "What a splendid wreath he has just thrown at the feet of the charmer!"

"I declare! how the champagne does fly at that end of the table!"

"No wonder; for Ferguson is dining some of his especials!"

"Bless my stars! what a fashionable man that Mr. Ferguson must be! Here is his name for the sixth time this season heading the list of managers for the grand ball!"

"Look ye, Mr. Drab; did you make *that* coat Ferguson wears?"

"Yes, sir, I had the honour."

"Take MY measure, if you please!"

"Who *is* Ferguson?" asked Miss B—.

"A distinguished foreigner," replied Mrs. C.

"Indeed!" said Miss P—.

"What a nice young man!" said they all in full chorus.

We hardly know how to give a correct description of this "glass of fashion and mould of form;" he was, however, *the* lion. He had money, but no one knew how he came into its possession. Years before he commenced perpetrating the agreeable in all sorts of life, it was *whispered* that he had occupied a subaltern's situation in a large warehouse. He went abroad, and it was *whispered* that in London he had, by fortunate speculations, amassed a large fortune. He returned to this benighted land, and burst upon society at large, like the flashing meteor, causing the ignorant vulgar and the educated refined to gaze upon him and his evolutions, bewildered, belost, and bemazed!

Ferguson was the possessor of wonderful large feet and hands! Those necessary appendages of the human form divine were the greatest curses of his existence, the most acrid drop in the cup of his delight. How often and how vainly had that interesting individual sighed over the luckless propensity to elongation evinced by his clumsy digits! In making his toilette for a grand display, he had often been known to "tear to tatters, to very rags," whole packages of the finest kids! and if perchance he did coax a reasonable pair of gloves over his hands, he would sigh from the bottom of his heart! For there were the same unrelieved and unrelievable evidences of assumption to greatness! There were the testimonials that Ferguson was not, *ab initio*, one of *the* aristocracy. It would have been well enough, if the *ladies* had not noticed these things; for while they all agreed, as with one voice, that Ferguson was *the* lion, they were reluctantly compelled to avow that his *claws* were disproportionate, and bordering upon the vulgar! Then *those* feet! Boots! how many pairs of small patterns had his boot-maker laboured in vain to crowd upon his feet! However, and after all, we may say these are trifling points; and yet they do sometimes have great influence, as may yet be discovered. There was one accompaniment of genius and taste which Ferguson had never dared to venture upon—he never wore "a *little* ring upon his *little* finger!"

Among his *especials* Ferguson was known as "a gay young deceiver!" and the manner of his acquaintance with Miss Henry was somewhat unique. We shall crave indulgence, therefore, for a little further digression from "the ball," while we attempt a brief account of it.

At that unripe and unsophisticated age when girls think they know everything, and when they begin to annoy their solicitous parents, Miss Rosalie Henry had been placed under the control and tuition of Madame Crapeau, whose school for young ladies was considered in those days as the very best in the country. Here, under the fostering influence of that most excellent and exemplary lady, (she was the relict of a gallant officer under "the Empire,") Miss Henry bloomed and blossomed like the rose of Sharon. When she was fifteen years of age, the amount of valuable knowledge she had acquired was absolutely fearful! and one would not have been quite wrong in applying to her the language of the Roman governor:—"Thou art beside thyself—too much learning doth make thee mad."

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Some three months previous to the day *fixed* upon for her release from "the college," and an entrance upon the great stage of life, Ferguson (he was a sad dog!) found himself lost, one fine afternoon in the fall of the year, almost opposite the seminary of Madame Crapeau. He was palpably *lost*—for ever and anon he would stare, with an intelligence not to be misunderstood, up to the walls of corner houses, where he should have found the names of the streets. By one of those remarkable coincidences which *will* happen, Miss Henry was seated near the front window of the front room, where she could enjoy the advantage of the light, being then engaged in the representation of a most remarkable historical print. By means of silk, worsted, gold, silver, azure, and other appliances, she was *doing* the trial of Queen Katharine; and at that particular time having to *do*, with great expression and vividness, the features of the great Wolsey, the better the light of course the better the effect.

"By Venus!" (this was the might and magnitude of Ferguson's profanity,) and there he stood and *looked* at that beautiful creation! Of course Miss Rosalie did not see him for some moments; but when she did—the damask curtain dropped upon the short-lived scene, and she immediately commenced a series of wonderments at the "impudence of those men!" After the cloth was removed at dinner that day, the especials were gratified with a description of the "most beautiful and lovely creteyaw!" in existence; but none of "the boys" could ascertain where she lived. No! let Ferguson alone for that!

(To be concluded in our next.)

THEORY OF HAIL-STONES.

Mr. P. J. Martin, F.G.S., has communicated to the *Philosophical Magazine*, No. 101, an account of a remarkable fall of hail, which took place during a storm of thunder and lightning that passed over the counties of Sussex, Surrey, and Middlesex, on the evening of July 7, 1839. He describes hail-stones of extraordinary size to have fallen at the western extremity of the storm, its ravages extending only a mile and a quarter in width, but twenty miles in length—viz., from Arundel to the vicinity of Horsham. The writer, dating from Pulborough, states the fall of large stones to have been limited to the above space, and only five minutes, the smaller stones falling ten minutes. On the storm clearing off, the ground was observed to be whitened by the hail, amongst which the large stones lay like tennis-balls amongst marbles; and on measuring them, after they had lain several minutes melting on the ground, many were found to be five, six, and seven inches in circumference. These large stones were more compact in their structure than the smaller ones, and were all of the flattened spheroidal form, and likened by many of the common people in size and shape to their thick, old-fashioned watches.

Mr. Martin adds: "The congelation of large drops of rain at the moment of aggregation, and the formation of ordinary hail, and even a considerable accretion of more ice to the original globule in its passage downwards, do not seem to be very difficult of comprehension and explanation. But there is only one way in which I can suppose such masses of ice as these can be suspended long enough in the atmosphere to grow to such enormous sizes, and that it is by the assistance of a nubilar whirlwind, or water-spout, (*trombe aërienne*,) with sufficient power to keep them in its whirl, and to resist the earth's attraction, whilst the concretive action is going on, till their momentum overcomes the suspending power, or till they are thrown beyond the range of its intensity. That such operations are amongst the reciprocal electrical phenomena of the clouds, distinct from, though allied to, the water-spout, is, perhaps, well known; and I was myself once witness to an appearance of this sort, between a higher and a lower cloud, that had the strongly electric aspect before they had resolved themselves into nimbus. It was a bent narrow column of dark vapour, which I could distinctly observe to be in rapid rotatory motion, passing from one cloud to the other, continuing for some minutes, and then gradually disappearing. During this time, it emitted no sound, and had no visible connexion with the earth whatever.

"The above theory of hail-stones will be further corroborated if we consider the form of the stones in this instance—viz., a sphere flattened at its poles, as the result of a rotatory motion; especially if it be a law, as perhaps it is, that *all solids in rapid gyration acquire, per se ipsos, a rotation on their own axes.*"

THE DANGERS OF MISCONDUCT.

BY M. DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER I.

(Continued from p. 292.)

A few days before, he happened to be seated beside Mademoiselle Camille, and he remarked, pointing out the young Count, "What a pity that young fellow is not worth two or three millions; ain't it?"

"Is it a misfortune?—I do not think so," was her answer. "Ernest has a great deal of talent, and an excellent education; he is

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very much esteemed by the head of his department; he has a noble name. I don't doubt that he will be a prominent man one of these days. When he obtains power, he will find it very easy to get a fortune."

"Yes; but if he was rich now"—

Camille blushed as she replied, "If he was rich, my dear sir, all the young ladies then would be quarrelling for him," and she pointed to the quadrilles.

"And in that case," rejoined the counsellor, "Mademoiselle Camille de Grandlieu would not be the only one he would look at. That is the reason of your blushing, Camille. You like him, don't you, love? Tell me." Camille quitted him hastily.

"She loves him," thought he. And Camille could plainly see that her liking for the Comte de Restaud was approved by her legal adviser.

Thereupon, as we have remarked, the advocate began his tale, which we shall repeat after him, as closely as a dialogue can be followed in a narrative.

CHAPTER II.—THE USURER.

The Counsellor's tale began thus:

I must tell you that I am myself one of the chief personages of my story. Fancy, if you please, mademoiselle, that I am only twenty-seven years old, and that what I am about to recount took place yesterday.

I shall begin by describing a character of which you have scarcely an idea—the USURER.

Usurer—Can you fancy such a being? His features are as immovable as Talleyrand's, he speaks low, in a soft tone, and never gives way to passion. His age is a mystery. One does not know whether he has grown prematurely old, or husbands his youth to make it do better service; his apartments are as clean as an Englishman's dress, but everything is worn. There's a cold discomfort about it. Even the brands on his fire do not burn brightly, they only smoke and smoulder.

The life of such a man moves on as noiselessly as the sand in an hour-glass; his movements are as regular as clockwork; he is like a piece of machinery, which every night's sleep winds up for the next day. He seeks to economize the waste of the vital forces, and concentrates all his emotions in self. Sometimes his victims are loud in their cries, and grow furious; the next minute all is still in his room, as it is in a kitchen where they are killing a fowl.

Such is the next door neighbour whom chance has allotted me.

The house we live in is old, damp, and decaying. On a long gallery opens the doors of twenty or thirty rooms of uniform size. This shews it once formed part of a convent. So dreary is it that the gaiety of a young spendthrift is checked before he enters my neighbour's room. The house and he are like each other; it is the oyster on his rock.

His life is a mystery. I am the only human being with whom he associates. He comes to beg a little fire, to borrow a book or a newspaper; and at night, when he is alone, I am the only one whom he admits into his cell. We had been neighbours seven years before I got so far. "Has he any friends or kindred?" I cannot say. He never has a penny in the house; all his wealth is in the vaults of the bank. He is sometimes the victim of his prudence, for one day when he had some gold in his pocket, a double Napoleon fell through to the ground; one of the tenants who was close behind picked it up, and handed it to him.

"It is not mine!" he cried, in manifest alarm; "it is not mine! I never have any gold money about me; never! never!"

To this description I will only add that his name is Gobseck.

"I declare I feel very much interested in that neighbour of yours," cried the old marquis.

Pray don't interrupt me, my dear sir, or I shall get embarrassed.

One evening I went to visit this living lump of gold. He sat in his old arm chair, immovable, his eyes fixed on the tables of discounts hanging over the mantel. He glanced at me without saying a word, but my chair stood ready, near him; he was expecting me.

"Does this creature ever reflect?" thought I to myself. "Does he know that there are such things as God and heaven, sentiments, woman, happiness?" I grieved for him as you would for a lunatic; but I felt that with a million to his credit in the bank, he was one of the monarchs of the earth.

"Good day, father Gobseck," cried I; "why, you look as gloomy as you did when you heard of that bookseller's failure. Were the notes protested to-day?"

It was the first time I had ever mentioned money matters to him. He eyed me a moment, and replied in his low, soft voice:

"I am amusing myself."

"You do amuse yourself then sometimes?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and eyed me with an air of compassion, as he asked,

"You fancy, then, there are no poets except those who print books of rhymes?"

"What! poetry in that brain?" thought I.

"No existence can be more brilliant

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than mine!" he added, and his eye kindled. "Listen; by the story of to-day's business you can judge how many pleasures I have." He rose, bolted the door, and resumed his seat. "This morning," said he, "I had only two notes receivable; all the others I had paid away to borrowers, as cash, without recourse. The first of them, for a thousand francs, I bought of a fashionable young man. He came in his tilbury. The note was given by one of the most elegant women in Paris, for what, I don't know. The other note, for the same sum, was also a lady's; it was subscribed Fanny Malvaut. I had it of a linendraper. If you only knew what wild ideas passed through my head as I went out this morning to present the note. How proud and joyful I felt at the idea of the filial respect these two women would shew me if they did not happen to have the money ready! What would not the countess do for a thousand francs? Assume an affectionate air, address me in the soft tones she reserves perhaps for the endorser of my note, lavish kind expressions, entreat me, perhaps, and I"—

Here the old man glanced at me with an icy look.

"And I immovable! I stern as vengeance, as remorse! But this is mere fancy. Well, I reach the house.

"Madame la Comtesse is in bed," says a waiting-maid.

"When will she be visible?"

"At noon."

"Is she unwell?"

"No, sir; but she was out at a ball till three this morning!"

"My name is Gobseck. Tell her I called here, and will be back at noon."

Then I went in search of my other debtor. I found her in an old-fashioned house, in a mean and neglected street. The glass of the porter's door was black and greasy with age.

"Is Mademoiselle Fanny Malvaut at home?"

"She has gone out; but if you have called about a note, the money is ready."

"I will call again;" said I, for I was anxious to see the lady as soon as I found she was ready to pay me.

I loitered away the morning, looking at the windows of the print shops. At the stroke of noon I was in the countess's ante-chamber.

"Madame's bell has just rung," said the *femme-de-chambre*, "and she cannot see you yet."

"I will wait," I answered, as the blinds of the room were hardly opened, when the *femme-de-chambre* hurried back, saying, "Walk in, if you please, sir," I knew from her tone that her mistress was not ready to pay me. But what a beautiful creature she was! She had rolled a cashmere shawl hastily round her shoulders, but it could not hide the exquisite outline of her figure. Her black hair hung dishevelled, half confined by a brilliant handkerchief, such as they wear in the East. Her couch was in picturesque confusion. A painter would have paid a good deal for a glance at the scene. The coverlet was of down, and the draperies of blue silk. A large bear-skin lay across the lion's head carved at the foot, and upon it glittered two white satin shoes, flung carelessly down after the fatigue of an evening of pleasure. On a chair hung a rumpled satin dress, the sleeves trailing along the ground. Flowers, diamonds, gloves, ribbons, and a bouquet, lay scattered about. There was a vague odour of perfumes. A costly fan lay half open on the mantel. The drawers of the wardrobe were also half open. All was luxury and disorder, beauty without harmony, wealth and wretchedness. The worn-out look of the countess assimilated well with this room strewed with the wrecks of splendour. These scattered gewgaws I loathed; the night before, properly arranged, they might have dazzled me. It was the true picture of a life of dissipation, noise, and luxury; of Tantalus-like efforts to embrace unsubstantial enjoyments. The countess's fair skin was stained by one or two blotches of red; her features looked unnaturally large; but, in spite of these evidences of late hours and exhaustion, she was very beautiful. I was pleased with her. My heart had not beat so strongly for many a day. I was paid already, for I would give more than a thousand francs to bring back one of the feelings of youth.

"Sir," said she, offering me a chair, "I trust you will be good enough to wait till to-morrow noon."

"Madam," was my answer, putting the note back in my pocket. "I have no right to protest till that time."

And I said to myself "Yes, pay for thy luxury, pay for thy name, pay for thy fashion, pay for thy monopoly of the good things of this world! We have courts, judges, and scaffolds, for starving criminals; but for you who sleep on beds of down there is remorse, there is the gnashing of the teeth that must be hidden under a smile, there are the still pangs of agony that fasten on your hearts!"

"Protest! You cannot, surely, think of such a thing!" she exclaimed. "You cannot forget yourself so far as to do it!"

"If the king owed me money, madame, and did not pay it, I would sue him at once."

(To be continued.)

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NEWARK ABBEY.

NEAR the village of Ripley, in the county of Surrey, stand the ruins of a monastery, which has passed at various times under the names of Newstead, Novoloco, and Newark.

The river Wey runs very close to the Abbey site, and the winding of the river adds very much to the picturesque beauty of the scene. Woking station on the Southampton railway is sufficiently near to render the railway an agreeable and easy mode of visiting these ruins.

The most perfect part of the building which now remains is a quadrangular room or chapel, in the south transept, the gable of which is fifty-three feet in height; the western wall has three Gothic windows, with the same number on the opposite wall; two larger windows look into the nave of the building, two on the opposite one being placed in the angle of the gable. These portions are represented in the accompanying sketch. Part of this wall is rent from the top to the bottom, apparently by some violent means; a large cavity near the ground, evidently the effects of a battering ram, or some other destructive warlike machine, suggests this hypothesis. Through the centre of the building is a public pathway, on each side of which different kinds of grasses and weeds have sprung up. The best view of this part is seen at the eastern extremity of the field. From the east side of the southern transept is an arch, which opens into the nave; the north and south walls are fifty feet high; three windows are in the former, and in the latter, five. Going through an opposite arch, we come to a detached part of the building, about twelve feet square. The whole of the eastern portion of the building seems to have been pulled down to make way for the cultivation of the ground; but the fragment which still remains there shews that several buildings must have been connected with the principal one. The building cannot boast of any costly materials in its structure, being composed of rough, unshaped flints, excepting in the angles of the walls, which are built of freestone. The inside has a coating of plaster; the walls are three feet thick; and in them are several small holes, used possibly by the monks, for their stalls, or some other wood-work to the main building.

Very few ornamental remains on the walls are to be seen. It appears from the rough and broken projections, in many places, which meet the eye, that all carvings and mouldings that may have been there have been entirely destroyed; some fragments of a black granite pillar, and stained glass with pieces of carving have been found, and hence it may be concluded that the building was of an ornamental though simple structure. From the character of the arches and windows in this building, it may be inferred that five or six hundred years must have elapsed since its erection. According to the date of its charter, which was granted by Henry III. and afterwards continued by Edward I., a church and priory of black canons was founded in the reign of Richard I. by Ruald de Calva, and Beatrix de Sondes, his wife, in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Thomas of Canterbury. The churches of St. Peter, Woking; St. Mary, Send; and Ripley Chapel; belonged to Newark Abbey, as well as Martha's Hill Chapel, in the immediate neighbourhood of Guildford. Newark Abbey is the same as Aldebury, a name probably suggested by the numerous alders in the vicinity.

Mr Mackay, in his *The Thames and its Tributaries*, made this place the subject of a ballad, shewing how the monks of Newark endeavoured to cut a tunnel under the river, in order that they might visit secretly the nuns of Ockham, on the opposite side of the Wey. The ballad will be found to flow smoothly to the old tune of Derry Down:—

The monks of the Wey seldom sung any psalms,
And little they thought of religious qualms;
Ranting, rollicking, frolicksome, gay,
Jolly old boys were the monks of the Wey.
Tralalala! lara la!

To the sweet nuns of Ockham devoting their cares,
They had but short time for their beads and their prayers;
For the love of the maidens, they sighed night and day,
And neglected devotion, these monks of the Wey.
Tralalala, &c.

And happy, i' faith, might these monks have been,
If the river had not rolled between
Their abbey dark and their convent grey,
That stood on the opposite side of the Wey.
Trala, &c.

For daily they sighed and nightly they pined,
Little to anchorite rules inclined;
So smitten with beauties' charms were they,
These rollicking, frolicksome monks of the Wey.
Trala, &c,

But the scandal was great in the county near—
They dared not row across for fear;
And they could not swim, so fat were they,
These oily, amorous monks of the Wey.
Trala, &c.

Loudly they groaned for their fate so hard,
From the smiles of these beautiful maids debarred,
Till a brother hit on a plan to stay
The love of these heart-broken monks of the Wey.
Trala, &c.

"Nothing," quoth he, "should true love sunder,
Since we cannot go over, let us go under;
Boats and bridges shall yield to-day—
We'll dig a tunnel beneath the Wey.
Trala, &c.

To it they went with right good will,
With spade and shovel, pike and bill;
And from evening's close to the dawn of day
They worked like miners all under the Wey.
Trala, &c.

And every night as this work begun,
Each sang of the charms of their favourite nun;
"How surprised they will be, and how happy," said they,
"When we pop in upon them from under the Wey."
Trala, &c.

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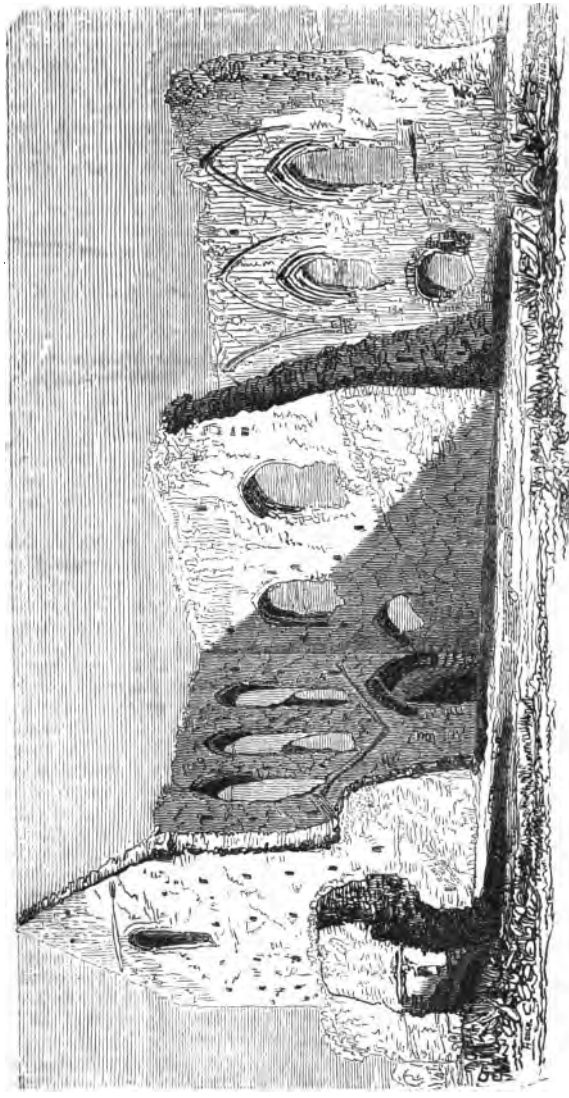
And for months they kept grubbing and making no sound,
Like other black moles, darkly under the ground;
And no one suspected such going astray,
So sly were these amorous monks of the Wey.
Trala, &c.

At last, this fine work was brought near to a close,
And early one morn from their pallets they rose,
And met in their tunnel with lights to survey,
If they'd scooped a free passage right under the Wey.
Trala, &c.

But, alas for their fate! and they smirked and they smiled,
To think how completely the world was beguiled;
The river broke in, and it grieves me to say,
It drowned all the frolicksome monks of the Wey.
Trala, &c.

O churchmen, beware of the lures of the flesh,
The net of the devil hath many a mesh;
And remember whenever you're tempted to stray,
The fate that befel the poor monks of the Wey.

C * * * E.



REMAINS OF NEWARK ABBEY.

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Public Exhibitions.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS year's Exhibition (the 73rd) was opened to the public, on Monday, the 3rd instant. The collection comprises 1216 paintings, and 227 works of sculpture; and, altogether, it forms an interesting exhibition. There are fewer first-rate pictures than in some recent years; but there is, at the same time, less mediocrity: and, taken as a whole, the collection speaks well for the advance of art. The proportion of portraits is greater than last year; but many of them are of high excellence.

En passant, scarcely ever do we visit an Exhibition of Art, more especially collections at the National Gallery, without being impressed with a lively sense of the refining influence of such displays upon the taste and feelings of all classes of spectators. It matters not whether you stroll into the eastern or western wing of the National Gallery—among those who pay their shillings for admission, or those who enter gratuitously,—there is the same delightful influence to be witnessed at work. If any one be sceptical on this matter, let him walk into the free gallery some Monday afternoon, and, mingling with the groupes of gazers, he may overhear remarks which bespeak an acuteness of observation and acquaintance with art, which will astonish those persons who have not watched the advancing love of art amongst the industrious classes. We regard this circumstance as one of the healthiest indications of the public mind, which, having of late years been gradually weaned from objects of popular excitement, has been diverted into the more refined pursuits and nicer appreciation of the productions of art. Doubtless, the gratuitous admission of the public to our national collections has brought about this beneficial change in their tastes; and, as it is scarcely possible to estimate the indirect good which the enjoyment of this privilege may effect in the people, we hope to see the principle of gratuitous admission carried out to its fullest extent. Such were our reflections on ascending the staircase to the rooms of the Academy, and by a turn of the head, looking over across the showy vestibule and halls, we perceived groupes of visitors upon the opposite staircase of the National Gallery;* and our enjoyment being in common with their own, we could not help wishing that the whole building and its precious contents were alike open to all. But as the wish may be ultra-liberal, so we will adhere for the present to our own side.

Among the more noticeable pictures of this Exhibition are—

7. *Scène in a Polish Synagogue*; S. A. Hart, R.A.; evincing a decided improvement in the artist's colouring, and composition.

9. *Castello d'Ischia, from the Mole*: C. Stanfield, R.A.: the wreck of a felucca in a heavy gale: a scene of painful interest, admirably painted.

10. *Portrait of W. H. Ainsworth, Esq.*; H. W. Pickersgill, R. A. The likeness strikes us to be much more successful than the composition of the picture.

17. *The Temptation of Andrew Marvell*; C. Landseer, A.: the well-known anecdote of Charles II. sending his lord-treasurer to Marvell, with a bribe of 1000 guineas: a popular incident, cleverly painted, with the artist's usual attention to the accessories of the scene.

21. *Group—morning*; W. Etty, R.A.; a charming cabinet picture.

29. *The Stolen Child recovered*; W. Allan, R.A. In this picture, the simple incident of a child stolen by gipsies being recovered by its parents, is strangely overcharged in the telling: its intensity is "too much."

38. *Going to the Fair*; J. J. Chalon, R.A. elect: a pleasing picture of one of the few gaieties of rural life, somewhat over-coloured, the effect being flaunting and spotty.

45. *Midsummer Night's Dream*; H. Howard, R. A. "A mermaid on a dolphin's back," &c.—one of those literal impersonations of the poet's fancy which present anything but the poetry of painting.

52. "*La Bourgeois Gentilhomme*;" C. R. Leslie, R.A. The celebrated fencing scene between M. Jourdain and Nicole; rich in *vis comica*, so that many a spectator will say, with the outwitted Jourdain, "*Diantre soit la coquine!*" The slyness of the by-stander is likewise admirable.

53. 66. Two views of *San Georgio, Venice*; J. M. W. Turner. Painted with less of the artist's extravagance than usual.

60. *H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex*: Painted for the Jews' Hospital, Mile End; S. A. Hart, R. A. An admirable likeness, but somewhat coarsely painted.

61. *Portrait of Her Majesty*, J. Partridge. This picture, and its *compagnon*, *H. R. H. Prince Albert*, by the same artist, has already been some time before the public. In likeness, the portrait of the Prince is by far

* In the *Companion to the Almanac*, 1837, it is cleverly remarked on this portion of the building, that, "on the upper floor the whole of the space is entirely lost, except in regard to effect, which promises to be striking,—the view being continued through the screens of columns from the landing of one staircase to that of the other, although the two divisions will be kept quite separate. Yet, it is matter of question with us, whether this degree of display in the approaches will not seem quite disproportioned to the galleries themselves, and cause them to appear even smaller than they really are." And such we take to be the result.

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the most successful; but in neither has the flesh the transparency of life, for it is opake and heavy. The costumes are cleverly executed, and the jewellery evinces extraordinary care and precision, especially in Her Majesty's portrait; the costly accessories are likewise elaborately painted, and have a richness of colouring which heightens the artistical defect we have pointed out.

65. *The Boy and many Friends;* T. Webster, A. This is a familiar incident of schooldom, and well would it be if such experience of "friends found in sunshine, to be lost in storm," ended with our youth. A fortunate boy has just unpacked his "parcel"—the cake and oranges have already attracted the friendship of several schoolfellows, among whom there appears to be a contest for nearest this little throne of human felicity. This is one of a class of pictures of familiar life, which, to our thinking, are occasionally overrated: possibly, however, more hearts are stirred by such productions than by historical scenes, which too often represent human nature upon stilts.

67. *The Student;* Sir D. Wilkie, R.A.: an admirable specimen of the distinguished painter's colouring.

75. *The Desolation of Jerusalem foretold by Our Saviour;* C. L. Eastlake, R.A. This impressive scene of prophecy—the Mount of Olives—is exquisitely painted: the features of the Saviour turned towards the devoted city, beam with touching benignity, and the listening disciples are admirably portrayed. In masterly colouring, this picture partakes largely of the Italian school.

(To be continued.)

New Books.

A Personal Narrative of a Journey to the Source of the River Oxus. By Lieut. John Wood.

[This work embodies a slight sketch of the author's journeyings, whilst employed under Sir Alexander Burnes on his late mission to Afghanistan. Lieut. Wood's route lay by the Indus, Kabul, and Badakhshan, over ground hitherto but little visited by Europeans: accordingly, the narrative abounds with novel and interesting details. Lieut. Wood, in October, 1835, had the proud satisfaction of unfurling our country's flag on the Indus from the first steam-boat that ever floated upon its celebrated waters; and one of the objects of the present Expedition was to ascend this river, from its mouth to Attock, to explore it as well for the purposes of commerce as of war; and especially as to the facility which the neighbouring country affords for the supply of coal and wooden fuel, with a view to navigating the river with steam-boats. From Attock, our author proceeded along a portion of the Kabul river, to the valley of Koh Daman, lying north of Kabul, and into which open three or four narrow valleys from the Hindoo Koosh, which possess great fertility and romantic beauty. From Koh Daman, Lieut. Wood was recalled to join a mission to the valley of the Oxus; but the season being too late to cross the Hindoo Kosh, some of the party perished in the fruitless attempt. At length, the survivors proceeded through Kunduz, of whose chief, Muzad Beg, gives a more favourable account than his precursors; and he appears to have sanctioned and aided our author's journey to the source of the Oxus. He next visited the famous lapis lazuli and ruby mines on the banks of this river, in Badakshan; and a five weeks' stay in the village of Jerm has enabled Lieut. Wood to present us with a truly interesting picture of the domestic life of the people. His journey onward up the valley of the Oxus, between snow-capped mountains to the plain of Pamir, to the source of the river, bound in ice, was fraught with peril: it, however, enabled the author to furnish many geographical details of great value, and pictures of the social economy of the country of the most attractive character. To this glance at the author's route we append a few specimens of the staple excellence of his narrative, which must be ranked among the most valuable as well as entertaining contributions to eastern geography and ethnographical knowledge. First, of

Sporting in Sind.]

The attachment of the Sind Amírs to field sports is well known. To gratify this passion, large tracts of land on the banks of the river are set apart for game preserves, and kept in a state of nature. For so doing the Amírs have been censured, though I am inclined to think with too great severity. Were the population of Sind double its present number, there is ample land for their support without infringing on the ruler's prerogative. The exclusive privileges enjoyed by their Highnesses is not peculiar to Sind, but one that has prevailed in most countries in a similar state of society. The history of our own land more especially offers numerous examples of oppressive forest-laws. Hume tells us, that a king of England possessed sixty-eight forests, thirteen chases, and 781 parks. Further, that transgressors in these were, in Richard I.'s reign, punished by mutilation and the loss of sight. No Sind Amír ever thus sported with the life of the subject. Around Lakkat the country is covered with jangal,* among which are

* A close wild tract of country, covered either with tall grass or trees.

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the game preserves. On reaching the village, the Amírs presented each of us with a suit of Lincoln green, after receiving which we were warned to be ready on the morrow. By sunrise next day we were on the hunting ground. The shikárgáhs are laid out in the form of triangles, and so connected that the game, on escaping from one enclosure, takes refuge in another. Entering one, we took our station in a rustic booth at its apex, and patiently waited the game's approach. The shikárgáh was a thick forest of young trees with plenty of underwood and tolerable herbage. In front of us was an open space of about ten yards square, and, for double this distance beyond, the forest was indented by narrow pathways radiating from the booth. A pack of dogs had been let in at the opposite end of the enclosure, and we had not sat long before we heard the noise of their approach. The jackal early took alarm; but seeming conscious it had only the dogs to fear, the cunning animal trotted leisurely across the cleared space into the next shikárgáh. Mír Nur Mohamed sat with a couple of guns before him, watching with a painful earnestness the jangal in front. At length, in one of the lanes, a boar, a grizzly-looking patriarch, was detected shewing his tushes. The Amír nodded and gave a gun to Captain Burnes; and had our gallant commander broken a bottle a hundred yards off, his skill as a marksman could not have been more highly complimented than for slaughtering this huge boar at arm's length. A few minutes more elapsed, when the underwood was seen to shake, and presently a deer broke cover. He came dashing down the green lanes at a gallant pace, but ere he could clear the break he was despatched by a ball from Nur Mohamed's rifle. It was an excellent shot. We beat up two preserves, but all the game they yielded was a couple of deer* and eight hogs. We next attended their Highnesses on a hawking excursion; but the banks of the Indus were not here sufficiently open for this old English pastime. The Amírs nevertheless expatiated on the pleasure this sport afforded them, and enumerated the variety of birds in their possession, all which, they added, come from Afghanistan. Food was procured for the smaller of these falcons by a kind of archery that I never saw practised elsewhere. There is nothing particular about either the bow or the arrow, but in using the weapons the archer darted the arrow so as to strike the object with its side instead of its head. The larks, which he was shooting, were picked up stunned by the shock, but alive. Partridges are shot in the same manner.

* The kotapacha, or hog-deer.

[Here is a touching anecdote of the

Affection of Otters.]

On the evening of the 22nd of February, as the crew were securing our boat to the bank, they discovered a family of otters, which by their angry cries seemed to consider us intruders. Anxious to obtain one, an attack was forthwith planned, but though no precautions were omitted, it was only partially successful. Two were made prisoners, and as many more escaped. The latter refused, however, to quit the neighbourhood, and throughout the night serenaded us with piercing shrieks, which were redoubled whenever the captives replied to their call. The two we had taken were full grown, but evidently the young of those which had escaped. The habitation of these interesting little animals had two entrances, which met before they reached their inner circular burrow, and were elevated four feet above the river, which in this month was at its lowest level. Two days after these otters had been taken I was awoke in the middle of the night by a noise proceeding from the fore-part of the vessel, and on inquiring the cause was told we were boarded by otters from the shore. When I got on deck the assailants were swimming alongside, giving utterance to a sharp, peevish whine, whilst those on board, after vainly struggling to get free of the bag that held them, grew calm, but still continued a low piteous moan. Whether the visitors were the parents of our captives, or strangers attracted to the boat by their calls, is matter of doubt. In either case the circumstance is remarkable, for since the 22nd we had moved ten miles onward, and crossed from the left to the right bank of the Indus.

[*Property on the Indus.*]

The constantly recurring changes in the course of the Indus confuse the rights of property on its banks. We are told that geometry owes its origin to the inundations of the Nile destroying the land-marks in its valley. But the Sindians prefer superstition to science, and have resort to the following primitive mode of settling their differences:—Mír Nur Mohamed Khán we shall suppose to possess the east bank of the Indus, and his brother Mír Nasir Khán the west. On the inundation subsiding a new island rises in the stream, to which both parties lay claim. A boat is ordered, and a confidential servant on the part of each Amír, stepping on board, takes with him half a dozen empty earthen jars. The boat is now placed half a mile up-stream, beyond the island, from which position in mid-channel the twelve pots are committed to the guidance of the current. On whatever side the smaller number of these mes-

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sengers pass by the island, the new-formed land is thereby decided to belong of right to the proprietors on that bank of the river.

[*Sand-gale on the Indus.*]

The Indus, throughout the whole of its navigable course, is occasionally swept by terrific blasts, which, while they last, prostrate everything before them. Fortunately, they give timely warning of their approach, and long before the gathering storm bursts, the careful tracker has moored his boat in security. At this place, on a subsequent occasion, I witnessed one of those short-lived sand-gales, which in strength and in sublimity of appearance I have never either before or since seen equalled. We were then on the Sukur side of the river. On looking across the water about four o'clock in the afternoon, gloomy clouds were seen coming along, their heavy masses evidently pregnant with the elements of a storm. Momentarily they deepened their dark hue, and as the waving masses moved and rose above the date-trees on the opposite shore, the grove almost appeared to be on fire, the boiling cauldron of clouds above representing smoke, while the lighter shades of the dense mass looked like flame. The grove was soon veiled in darkness, and an ominous silence hung over the Sukur bank, while the storm in giant strength stalked over the naked surface of the river, as yet unagitated by the smallest ripple. Presently the gust struck the bank where we stood with the blast of a hurricane, and for two minutes blew with a force which it was impossible to face. Cowering with others behind the pillars of a dilapidated house, though sheltered from the fury of the storm, we had yet ample employment to prevent suffocation from the torrents of sand it carried with it.

The Philosophy of Mystery. By Walter Cooper Dendy.

(*Concluded from page* 303.)

Prophecy of Spectres.

From Dr. Pritchard I quote this fragment:—"A maid-servant, who lived in the house of an elderly lady, some years since deceased, had risen, early on a winter's morning, and was employed in washing by candle-light the entry of the house, when she was greatly surprised at seeing her mistress, who was then in a precarious state of health, coming down stairs in her night dress. The passage being narrow, she rose up to let her mistress pass, which the latter did with a hasty step, and walked into the street, appearing, to the terrified imagination of the girl, to pass through the door without opening it. The servant related the circumstance to the son and daughter of the lady, as soon as they came down stairs, who desired her to conceal it from their mother, and anxiously waited for her appearance. The old lady entered the room, while they were talking of the incident, but appeared languid and unwell, and complained of having been disturbed by an alarming dream. She had dreamed that a dog had pursued her from her chamber *down the staircase, and along the entry, and that she was obliged to take refuge in the streets.*"

In a letter of Philip, the second Earl of Chesterfield, is told the following strange story, which, although not a prophecy, cannot be within the pale of our philosophy:—"On a morning in 1652, the earl saw a thing in white, like a standing sheet, within a yard of his bedside. He attempted to catch it, but it slid to the foot of the bed, and he saw it no more. His thoughts turned to his lady, who was then at Networth, with her father, the Earl of Northumberland. On his arrival at Networth, a footman met him on the stairs, with a packet directed to him from his wife, whom he found with Lady Essex her sister, and Mrs. Ramsay. He was asked why he returned so suddenly. He told his motive; and on perusing the letters in the packet, he found that his lady had written to him, requesting his return, for she had seen a thing in white, with a black face, by her bedside. These apparitions were seen by the earl and countess, *at the same moment*, when they were forty miles asunder."

But can these shallow stories be cited as *prophecies?* The links in the chain of causation are evident, and the veriest sceptic cannot doubt their sequence, where there was so strong a probability. It is merely by reflecting on the past and judging the future by analogy. Natural events of human actions have laws to govern them, and there is seldom foresight without the reflection *on* these laws. Lord Mansfield, when asked how the French revolution would end, replied, "It is an event without a precedent, and therefore without a prophecy."

Were a miracle once authenticated, our scepticism might cease, but we cannot be convinced of supernatural agency till something be done or known which could not be so by common means, or which through the medium of deception or contrivance *imposes* on the mind such belief; of which impression Alston the painter once told Coleridge a melancholy story. 'Twas of a youth at Cambridge, who dressed himself up in white as a ghost to frighten his companion, having first drawn the bullets from pistols which he kept at the head of his bed. As the apparition glided by his bed,

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the youth laughed, and cried out, "Vanish! I fear you not." The ghost did not obey him, and at length he reached a pistol and fired at it, when, seeing the ghost immovable, and invulnerable as he supposed, a belief in a spirit instantly came over his mind, and convulsion succeeding, his extreme terror was soon followed by his death.

[The following are striking examples of the

Return of Reason.]

Although the coming on of death is often attended by that slight delirium indicated by the babbling of green fields, and the playing with flowers, and the picking of the bedclothes, and the smiling on the fingers' ends, yet in others some oppressive or morbid *cause of insanity* may be removed by the moribund condition. In the words of Aretæus,—"the system has thrown off many of its impurities, and the soul, left naked, was free to exercise such energies as it still possessed."

I will glance in illustration at these interesting cases:—from Zimmerman, of an insane woman of Zurich, who, "a few hours before her death, became perfectly sensible and wonderfully eloquent;"—from Dr. Perceval, of a female idiot, who, as she was dying of consumption, evinced the highest powers of intellect;—from Dr. Marshall, of the maniac, who became completely rational some hours previous to his dissolution;—and from Dr. Hancock, of the Quaker, who, from the condition of a drivelling idiot, became shortly before his death so completely rational, as to call his family together, and, as his spirit was passing from him, bestow on them with pathetic solemnity his last benediction.

Thus your impressive records are clearly explained by pathology; and, perhaps unconscious of this, Mrs. Opie has a fine illustration in her "Father and Daughter:" the mind of the maniac parent being illumined before his death by a beam of reason.

But in the languid brain of an idiot excitement may even produce rationality.

Samuel Tuke tells us of a domestic servant, who lapsed into a state of complete idiocy. Some time after, she fell into typhus fever, and as this progressed, there was a real development of mental power. At that stage when delirium lighted up the minds of others, *she* was rational, because the excitement merely brought up the nervous energy to its proper point. As the fever abated, however, she sunk into her idiot apathy, and thus continued until she died. It was but the *transient gleam* of reason.

[Here follows a tale of our own times:—

The Chartley Superstition.]

The park of Chartley is a wild and romantic spot, in its primitive state, untouched by the hand of the agriculturist, and was formerly attached to the royal forest of Needwood, and the honour of Tutbury, of the whole of which the ancient family of De Ferrars were once the puissant lords. Their immense possessions, now forming part of the duchy of Lancaster, were forfeited by the attainder of Earl Ferrars, after his defeat at Burton Bridge, where he led the rebellious barons against Henry III. The Chartley estate, being settled in dower, was alone reserved, and handed down to its present possessor. In the park is preserved, in its primitive purity, the indigenous Staffordshire cow, small in stature, of a sand-white colour, with black ears, muzzle, and tips at the hoofs. In the year of the battle of Burton Bridge, a black calf was born, and the downfall of the great house of Ferrars happening at the same period, gave rise to the tradition, which to this day has been held in veneration by the common people, that the birth of a party-coloured calf from the wild breed in Chartley Park is a sure omen of death within the same year to a member of the lord's family. A calf of this description has been born whenever a death has happened in the family of late years. The decease of the last earl and his countess, of his son Lord Tamworth, of his daughter, Mrs. William Jolliffe, as well as the deaths of the son and heir of the present nobleman and his daughter, Lady Frances Shirley, have each been forewarned by the ominous birth of a spotted calf. In the spring of a late year, an animal perfectly black was calved by one of this weird tribe, in the park of Chartley, and this birth also has been followed by the death of the countess.

[Next are some exquisite illustrations of

The Poetry of Nature.]

If science discovers defects, does it not unfold new beauties, a new world of animated atoms, endowed with faculties and passions as influential as our own? Nay, science has thrown even a *poetry* around the blue mould of a cheese-crust; and in the bloom of the peach the microscope has shewn forth a treasury of flowers, and gigantic forests, in the depths of which the roving animalcule finds as secure an ambush as the lion and the tiger within the gloomy jungles of Hindostan. In a drop of liquid crystal the water-wolf chases his wounded victim, till it is changed to crimson with its blood. Ehrenberg has seen monads in fluid the 24,000th part of an inch in size; and in one drop of water 500,000,000 creatures—the population of the globe! I hope, Castaly, you will not,

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like the Brahmin, break your microscope, because it unfolds to you these wonders of the water.

Then, by the power of the telescope, we roam into other systems—

" World beyond world in infinite extent,
Profusely scattered o'er the blue expanse,"

and orbs so remote as to reduce to a mere span the distance between us and the Georgium Sidus; and revel in all the gorgeous splendour of rings, and moons, and nebulæ, the poetry of heaven.

Is there not an exquisite romance in the closing of the barometrical blossoms; of the white convolvulus, and the *anagallis* or scarlet pimpernel; of the sun-flower, and the leaves of the *Dionæa* and *mimosa*?

Is there not poetry in the delicate nautilus, with its arms dropped for oars; in the *velella* and purple *physalia* expanding their membranous sails; and the beautiful fish-lizard, the *Proteus* of transparent alabaster, found in the wondrous cavern of Maddalena, among the Styrian mountains; and even in the *Stalactytes* of Antiparos, as glittering as the gems and crystal pillars of Aladdin's palace? Are not these more beautiful because they are *true*, and better to be read than all the impersonations of mythology, or that voluptuous romance which would endow a flower with the fervour of sense and passion?

[A subtle speculation follows, on

The Nature of Spirit.]

By analogy, we cannot always palpably prove the existence of *matter*, although we *know it* to exist. The *electric fluid* may remain for an indefinite period invisible, nay, may never meet the sight,—it may even traverse a space without any evidence but that of its wonderful influence, and at length be collected in a jar. As light, existing in remote stars, has not yet reached our earth, so the electricity is now residing in myriads of bodies, which will never be elicited; and thus (if I may extend the simile) the principle of life, whatever it be, may have an independent existence during life, may leave the body and yet not perish. Is not this a fine illustration of the living of the soul without the body; for here even a grosser matter, yet invisible, is evinced by its passage from one thing to another, although it is inert when involved in the substance?

[*Material Causes of Dreams.*]

Abercrombie, the most learned analyst of the mind since Reid and Stewart, has four varieties of the dream:—

1st. From wrong association of new events.

2nd. Trains of thought from bodily association.

3rd. Revival of old associations.

4th. Casual fulfilment of a dream!

You perceive the first and third are merely memory, with right and wrong arrangements; the second, excitement of ideas from present sensations; the fourth, if it be not a mere coincidence, is the result, as I have explained, of imparted impetus, or deep thinking on *subjects presented to the mind.* The eccentricities of dreaming are not more curious than those of the reminiscent faculty when *awake*,—indeed, memory itself may seem to be sometimes dreaming, and at others even *fast asleep.* Those who survived the plague in Athens (as we read in Thucydides) lost for a time the recollection of names, their own and those of their friends, and did not regain it until their health was re-established.

Mori, during his frequent moods of excitement, quite lost his memory of music, so that, for many minutes, he could neither read a note nor play from memory.

There have been persons who have very suddenly forgotten their own names, which they were about to announce on a visit to a friend.

" Mr. Von B—, envoy to Madrid, and afterwards to Petersburg, a man of a serious turn of mind, yet by no means hypochondriacal, went out one morning to pay a number of visits. Among other houses at which he called, there was one where he suspected the servants did not know him, and where he consequently was under the necessity of giving in his name, but this very name he had at that moment entirely forgotten. Turning round immediately to a gentleman who accompanied him, he said, with much earnestness, 'For God's sake, tell me who I am.' The question excited laughter, but as Mr. Von B— insisted on being answered, adding that he had entirely forgotten his own name, he was told it; upon which he finished his visit."

The Gatherer.

Treasure Trove.—A few days since was dug up in a garden, at Pebmarrh, in Essex, at about a foot from the surface, an earthen quart jug, containing 269 pieces of silver coin,—one of Oliver Cromwell, one Philip and Mary, the remainder being those of Charles I. and II., Elizabeth, and James II. The weight of the whole is 4lb. 7oz.

The only Pun.—The Abbé Delille is said to have made only one pun. On hearing some ladies complain of hunger, after a long morning in the Champ de Mars, he advised them to apply to the *Fee des rations.* (Federation.)

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St. Bride's School.—A School and Dwelling-house, of neat design, has just been erected in Bride Lane, Fleet Street, at an expense of nearly 4000*l.* To aid the fund, a Fancy Sale will be held, at Radley's Hotel, on the 19th and 20th instant, under the patronage of Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager.

Hong Kong, the island lastly added to the British, is one of a group about thirty-five miles from Macao; and not more than six or seven miles in length, and about two in breadth.

Spirit drinking.—

	Population.	Gallons of Spirits.
England.....	13,800,000	12,300,000
Ireland	7,700,000	12,200,000
Scotland	2,300,000	6,700,000

Thus, it appears that the quantity of spirits consumed in England is seven pints and one-ninth per head on the population; in Ireland rather more than thirteen pints per head; and in Scotland twenty-three pints per head per annum.—*Evidence of Mr. J. C. Symons before Parliament.*

The Mullinses.—Few of our readers may be aware that "Mullins" is the corruption of the ancient family name of "De Moleyns," who can trace their descent from the time of Henry II.

Tea.—The Chinese always drink their tea so weak that the water is barely tinged, and the leaves of the plant form a necessary part of the nauseous mixture. As a general average, the yearly export of tea from China, for the British market, amounts to thirty-five millions. The average yearly consumption of the last three years has been about thirty-seven millions.

Doubt.—Nothing in the world is to be doubted; because it is said that nothing in the world is impossible except gunpowder ashes.—*Theodore Hook.*

Roman Remains.—The excavations in which the Historical and Archæological Society of Wisbaden has been actively engaged for the last four years, on the Heidenberg, in the neighbourhood of that town, have at length yielded an interesting result, in the discovery of an extensive Roman fortress, in excellent preservation, which had been originally flanked by twenty-eight towers, and surrounded by a triple moat. The Society is preparing drawings of these ruins, stated to be the most considerable remains of Roman architecture ever brought to light in Germany.—*Times.*

An island has been discovered between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, in which there are valuable coal-mines.

The Law Courts.—At length, a motion for a Parliamentary Committee has been unanimously voted, to consider the expediency of a building in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn for the Courts of Law and Equity which now sit in Westminster Hall. Mr. Barry, the celebrated architect, has furnished a plan for a building in Lincoln's Inn, which will afford all the requisite facilities, and the expense may be properly defrayed from the suitors' fund of the Court of Chancery, and the fee fund of the Courts of Common Law. The only argument against the proposed measure is old association—an argument not to be slighted, but yet not to be urged as a counterpoise to the great advantages of the project.

Phrenology has now, at least, 20,000 supporters in this country; and *Mesmerism* is daily gaining ground among able and scientific persons, and is undergoing investigation in very many quarters.—*Dr. Elliotson.*

Dear Luxury.—In 1593, a party at Padua, of whom Galileo was one, were enjoying, at an open window, *a current of air, which was artificially cooled by a fall of water*, when Galileo unfortunately fell asleep under its influence; and so powerful was its effect upon his robust constitution, that he contracted a severe chronic disorder, which attacked him at intervals during the rest of his life. Others of the party suffered still more severely, and perished by their own rashness.

St. Marylebone Savings' Bank.—No less than 2815 new deposits were made in the year 1840. The amount invested exceeds 256,531*l.*

Hung Beef.—At the Jewish feast of Purim, Sunday, March 7, in commemoration of the downfall of Haman and his ten sons, the tables are adorned with *hung beef*, to commemorate the *hanging* of Haman.

Museum of Economic Geology.—Arrangements have been made with Mr. Richard Phillips, the curator of the Museum, and Mr. T. B. Jordan, the keeper of the Mining Records, for instructing the pupils in analytical chemistry, mining processes, &c.

Colman's Plays produced the author as follow:—*Poor Gentleman*, and *Who wants a Guinea?* 550*l.* each; *John Bull*, (the most attractive comedy ever produced, having averaged 470*l.* per night, for forty-seven nights,) 1200*l.*

Long Pause.—Mossop, the actor, was so perfect a distiller of syllables, and made such intolerably long pauses, that in the speech of Zanga, in *The Revenge*, to Alonzo, "Know thou, 'twas I ——" the critic might, at the first word of the speech, have left the theatre, called a coach, and returned to his box, and still have been in time to have discovered that Zanga "did it."—*Peake's Colman Family.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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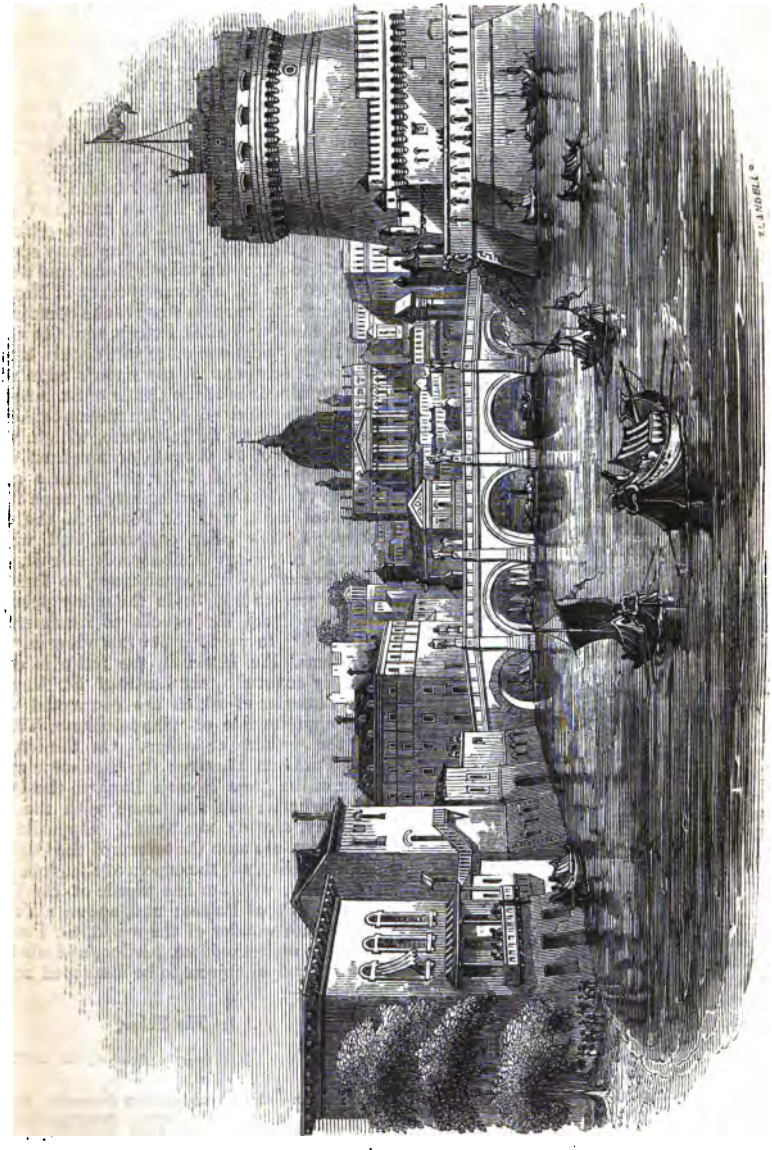

PICTORIAL MODEL OF ROME,
AT "THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS."

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COLOSSAL MODEL OF ROME.

About four years since, the indefatigable proprietor of "the Surrey Zoological Gardens" provided for his summer visitors a pictorial novelty of very striking character—viz., an *al-fresco* painting of *Mount Vesuvius*, with the town and fort of Posilipo at its base; the ornamental lake of the Gardens forming a miniature Bay of Naples, or, as a Patlander might say, a *foreground* to the whole picture. The artist was Mr. Danson, whose success, in this instance, induced him to relinquish scene painting for theatres, and henceforth to devote his talents to the execution of pictorial or scenic models for out-door exhibition. In the spring of 1839, Mr. Danson completed for the above establishment, in this branch of art, a representation of *Iceland and its Volcanoes*, with Hecla for the nucleus, and the Garden-lake for the North Atlantic Ocean; this picture taking the place of Vesuvius, upon its attraction being, technically speaking, extinct. Both these paintings have been engraved and minutely described in *The Mirror*, more especially that of Vesuvius, in Nos. 849 and 850, where the description occupies twelve columns. The Iceland picture is more briefly noticed in a succeeding No.; but, in the *Literary World*, No. 9, we availed ourselves of the opportunity of describing this picture to the same extent that we had previously detailed the Vesuvius.

The great success of these "representations" (particularly when accompanied with pyrotechnic imitations of the volcanoes) has encouraged the proprietor of the Gardens to produce a novelty of the same class, but of much greater extent, for the present season—viz., "*A Colossal Pictorial Model of Ancient and Modern Rome*," which has occupied Mr. Danson and his assistants for several months past. The whole is stated to occupy a space of five acres, and a surface of 260,000 square feet; an extent considerably larger than that of either of the preceding pictures. It is, indeed, a stupendous set scene, (such as Mr. Bunn would take a broadside to detail;) the flats are so skilfully painted as to be scarcely discernible from the principal objects, which are, in fact, erections, in the words of the artist, "calculated for the permanent buildings of a real city, rather than for the ephemeral exhibition of a season." The lake is "the miniature Tiber;" the Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo are not only painted but *built*,* and the foremost mansion, on the left, has a substantial projecting balcony, "which forms a convenient and novel sort of Private Box" for such visitors as may desire to avail themselves of the exclusiveness. The water is occupied by a busy fleet of the boats and small craft of Italy, which has a characteristic and picturesque effect. The whole is admirably painted in three coats, to withstand our aqueous atmosphere: it is generally calculated for daylight; although it may be seen to best advantage towards the close of the afternoon, when the effect is less garish than in broad day.

In place of a detailed account of "the Great Queen of Earth, Imperial Rome," we shall confine ourselves to the prefixed View in the City, and describe its principal features. If the reader is at all acquainted with Vasi's large View of Rome, taken from the Janiculan Hill, he will identify the present picture as sketched from the Tiber, between the Port of Ripetta and the Castle of St. Angelo, just past the most graceful sweep of the river. This is, familiarly speaking, the most popular view of Rome, and is thus referred to by a contemporary: Having descended from some steep banks commanding a close view of St. Peter's, again towards the river, "only one more gate occurs before the walls terminate at the water's edge with the fortifications of the Castle of St. Angelo, the Mausoleum of Adrian metamorphosed into the present fortress-tomb, which, with the Bridge of St. Angelo, ornamented with the showy statues of Bernini, form a good group of objects; particularly as seen from the east bank, with St. Peter's in the distance; a view often engraved, and which pleased me, when I afterwards saw it, like the face of an old acquaintance, so familiar had I become with it in the many prints I had seen from the pencils of innumerable artists."* In working out this view at "the Gardens," the Island in the Lake is completely covered by the Castle of St. Angelo, the Batteries of which are connected with the opposite side of "the miniature Tiber" by the picturesque bridge. On the left are the Tordiona Theatre; the handsome mansion of the great Roman Banker, the Duke of Torlonia; and the house with the real balcony, already mentioned. Opposite the spectator, are seen the turrets of the Ospitale di St. Spirito, and the cupola of the church of St. Celso; with the fine façade of the Vatican and Papal Palace; and, above all, rises the eighth wonder of the world, St. Peter's, with its majestic dome, portico, and obelisk. The principal objects to be described are as follow:—

1. *The Tiber*,

of which only a slight elbow, or turn, is

* During the progress of "the works," we were permitted to ascend to the summit of the Castle of St. Angelo, whence the prospect of the Surrey Hills, in place of Monte Mario, and the backing campagna, is very striking.

* Rome and its surrounding Scenery. Plates engraved by W. B. Cooke. Accompanied by Literary Sketches, by H. Noel Humphreys, Esq. 1840, p. 10.

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represented in the picture. Of this river Spenser sings:

"Rome now of Rome is th' only funerall,
And only Rome, of Rome hath victory;
Ne ought save Tyber hastening to his fall,
Remains of all: O World's inconstancy!
That which is firm doth flit and fall away;
And that is flitting, doth abide and stay."
Ruines of Rome.

"The Tiber," says Dr. Burton, is a stream of which classical recollections are apt to raise too favourable anticipations. When we think of the fleets of the capital of the world sailing up it, and pouring in the treasures of tributary kingdoms, we are likely to attach to it ideas of grandeur and magnificence. But, if we come to the Tiber with such expectations, our disappointment will be great." The breadth of the river at the Bridge of St. Angelo is about 315 feet; and where the stream is divided by the island, it may be 450 feet; thus, in point of width, claiming a respectable rank, though it can, by no means, be called a large river. It is, however, very subject to great floods, when the lower parts of the city are completely overflowed. The mouths are choked with mud and sand; whilst the bed has been narrowed by filth or rubbish thrown from the houses or the banks. "Could this river," says Mrs. Starke, "be turned into another channel and the present bed cleansed and deepened, what an advantage might Rome derive in point of healthfulness; and what a harvest to antiquaries might the river's bed afford. Besides sixty colossal statues which adorned ancient Rome, her streets and fora were lined with porticos, supported by columns of marble, and embellished with busts and statues innumerable; and a large portion of these precious remains of antiquity is supposed to have been thrown into the Tiber."

2, 3. *Castle and Bridge of St. Angelo.*

The Mausoleum of Adrian, (now the Castle of St. Angelo,) was a magnificent edifice erected on a square base of considerable height, (adorned with statues,) by the Emperor Adrian, nearly opposite to the Mausoleum of Augustus, and in the garden of Domitian; its form is a rotondo. It consisted of two stories; and was incrusted with Parian marble. The Bridge of Ælius (now the Bridge of St. Angelo) was built by Adrian, to serve for an access to this splendid sepulchre; and the entrance, constructed by him, fronting the bridge, together with an avenue, leading to the first story, have been discovered in the present century. After the fall of the Roman empire, this mausoleum became the citadel of Rome, and acquired the appellation of the Castle of St. Angelo, from a statue of the Archangel Michael placed there, to commemorate a vision of St. Gregory, who, being on the top of the edifice, thought he saw an angel announcing to him the cessation of the plague, which at that period ravaged Rome. Considerable remains of the ancient building may still be discovered within the walls of the modern fortress; the large hall of which merits notice, as it is painted in fresco by Raphael's scholars. From the summit of this castle on Easter Monday is discharged the Girandola, a grand display of fireworks, which may be seen well from a boat on the Tiber. The Bridge of St. Angelo was repaired by Clement IX., who, under the direction of Bernini, added the balustrades and statues.

4. *The Vatican and Papal Palace.*

The Vatican is the most stupendous of more than sixty palaces in Rome distinguished for architectural beauty: it ranks at the head of European palaces, and consists of twenty-two courts, with their colonnades, eight grand and two hundred small staircases. By some writers it is supposed to have been erected by Nero; while others are of opinion that it was built by Constantine on the site of the gardens of Nero: it seems to have received augmentations from almost every succeeding sovereign; insomuch that its present circumference is computed to be nearly 70,000 feet.* All the great architects of Rome were employed on this edifice; and Bramante, Raffael, Fontana, Maderno, and Bernini, successively enriched it with their genius. It is, indeed, a wilderness of building, and is said to contain 11,000 rooms. The grand entrance is from the portico of St. Peter's, by the Scala Regia, the most superb staircase in the world, and built by Bernini: here carriages set down company to attend the papal levees. To describe its contents would occupy many pages: to view its museum, you must walk a mile and three quarters. The museum of statues alone is computed to be a mile in extent; but to see the whole, including statues, paintings, libraries, and chapels, you must pass twice through the picture-gallery, the library, and many other apartments. One of its greatest treasures is the *Loggia di Raffaello*, decorated with beautiful arabesques and medallions by Raffael, which are now enclosed with glass for their preservation.

5. *St. Peter's.*

"Who does not hasten to the lofty portals of St. Peter's," (says a contemporary) "with anxious and highly-wrought expectation? It is almost invariably the first spot visited by the traveller on his arrival in Rome; and, whether a disciple of the Romish Church, or one of the many sects that her abuses have driven from her bosom, the attraction of that glorious shrine is the same. The vast monument of the supremacy of

* The actual dimensions exceed those of the Louvre and Tuileries united, although the Vatican covers less ground.

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the popes is even a more powerful magnet than the relics of the dominion of the Cæsars. I hastened towards the Bridge of St. Angelo, admired the general effect of the statuary of Bernini with which it is decorated; cast a hasty glance at the castle, and pushed forward towards St. Peter's."* From the Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo, a wide street conducts in a direct line to a square, which presents, at once, the court or portico, and part of the *basilica*. When the spectator approaches the entrance of this court, he views four ranges of lofty pillars, sweeping off to the right and left in a bold semicircle. In the centre of the area formed by this immense colonnade, (seventy feet in height,) an Egyptian obelisk, of one solid piece of granite, ascends to the height of 130 feet; and two vast fountains rise from porphyry basins. Raised upon three flights of marble steps, extending 400 feet in length, and 180 in height, is the majestic front of the basilica, or church itself, supported by a single row of Corinthian pillars, and pilasters, and adorned with an attic, a balustrade, and thirteen colossal statues. Far behind, and above it, rises the matchless dome, *the wonder of Rome, and of the world.* The colonnade of coupled pillars that surround and strengthen its vast base, the graceful attic that surmounts this colonnade, the bold and expansive swell of the dome itself, and the pyramid, seated on a cluster of columns, and bearing the ball and cross to the skies, all perfect in their kind, form the most magnificent exhibition that the human eye perhaps ever contemplated. Two less cupolas, one on each side, partake of the state, and add not a little to the majesty, of the principal dome. The whole church and its beautiful colonnade are built of Tiburtine stone, brought from Tivoli, which is as bright and fresh as if finished but yesterday. The colonnades were intended by the architect to have reached in two direct lines to the castle of St. Angelo.

In extent, St. Paul's, London, ranks next to St. Peter's; then the Duomo of Milan; next that of Florence; then that of St. Sophia, of Constantinople; and, lastly, that of St. Mark, at Venice. "But the largest of these, St. Paul's, falls far short of the length of St. Peter's, which is between 600 and 700 feet; and being unencumbered with pews, or other paltry divisions, the eye sweeps along its vast avenues uninterrupted except by a few human figures dotted about at intervals, which serve as a happy scale to measure the perspective, by which the most distant figures are reduced to mere pigmies. This first impression of expanse is increased when we look above, and see the enrichments of the vaulted ceiling, beautifully softened, though not rendered indistinct, by the height of 440 feet: one might imagine himself wandering in the interior of a mountain, its vast caves lined with the accumulated riches of centuries, arranged in beautiful order by some superhuman hand; like the wonders of the *mundus subterraneus* of old father Kircher."*

The original planner and designer of this stupendous work was Bramante, who, taking the hint from Bruneleschi's effort at Florence, conceived the idea of the wonderful dome. The first stone was laid in 1506, and the edifice was not completed in less than two centuries, at a cost of 12,000,000*l.*; and when we consider that the marble, bronze, and other valuable materials, are not only plentiful in, but scarcely known out of, Rome, we may presume that it would require three times as much to raise a similar edifice in any other capital. To Bramante succeeded Raffael in the great work; then came San Gallo, who was, in his turn, succeeded by Michael Angelo, during whose long life the work made greater progress than with any of his predecessors; whence St. Peter's and Michael Angelo have become almost synonymous: it fell to his lot to erect the greater part of the dome, which he enriched with his splendid designs, forming a work which must have struck all Europe with wonder. To Michael Angelo succeeded Vignola, Giacomo della Porta, and Carlo Maderno and Bernini, who planned and commenced the semicircular colonnades, which terminated under Clement X., who gave the finishing touch to the great whole that had occupied upwards of two centuries of unremitted labour and profuse expenditure.

Such are the principal features of this new Model of Rome, for which we predict a long popularity. The scene is one of the most impressive in the long catalogue of travel, and to its contemplation may be traced some of the most beautiful inspirations of contemporary literature:—"Bulwer visited the house of Cola di Rienzi, and wrote one of the most vivid and original of his romances. The magnificent ruins of the baths of Caracalla produced from the pen of Shelley the wonderful Prometheus; and the monuments of the Seven Hills drew from the pen of the wandering Harold those sublime reflections which may have occurred to many gifted minds, but at last found in his the power of stamping them into language which will outlive the monuments themselves, giving them a longer—a second immortality."†

It should be added, that the present Model ranks high as a work of pictorial art, independently of the mechanician's part in its production: the drawing is cleverly managed throughout, and the tone of colour is harmonious and characteristic.

* Rome and its surrounding Scenery, *ut ante* p. 38.

* Rome and its surrounding Scenery, p. 40.
† Ibid. p. 17.

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A DREAM.

Was it a vision sent from heav'n,
A warning from the skies,
By ministering angels giv'n,
To teach the worldly wise?
Or was it but an empty dream,
As of some doting seer,
That such strange signs and sounds did seem
To strike mine eye and ear?

Methought I on a mountain lay,
Which pierced a storm-fraught cloud,
The while the sun, at middle day,
A feeble lustre shew'd;
And gentle gales my eyelids fann'd,
Not east, or south, or north,
But as each corner of the land
Had bid its wind go forth.

Then heard I, as beneath my feet,
The Earth give voice aloud,
And, dreadful as the thunders beat,
Thus saying to the Cloud:—
"Say, Cloud, why weepest thou, and why
My hills with tears are wet?
The sun is sad, the breezes sigh;
Lo! I am merry yet."

Then spake the Cloud:—"I weep, O Earth,
Because thine end is near:
The elements which saw thy birth
Shall soon prepare thy bier."
And from the Sun an echo came,
The Wind it whisper'd too,
Each sadly spake, and each the same:—
"Adieu, old Earth, adieu!"

Loud laugh'd the Earth:—"My joyous race
Five thousand years has run—
The Whirlwind sweeping o'er my face;
Above, the burning Sun:
And ye, dark Clouds, of old assail'd
My life with Noah's flood,
Yet wind nor water e'er prevailed—
Unconquer'd still I stood!

"And what have I from Fire to dread?"—
Then with a voice of might
I oped the Book of Truth, and read
The words of life and light:—
"All as a garment shall wax old,
And hasten to its doom,
And Earth, with all its dwellings bold,
A mighty Fire consume!"

And then, methought the Earth did quake,
The Heav'ns departing seemed,
Beneath my feet the mountain brake
Asunder as I dream'd:
Strange colours came before my gaze,
My ears strange voices shook,
And I, all giddy with amaze,
Leapt to my feet, and woke!

E. M.

CURIOUS RELIC

DISCOVERED AT WESTMINSTER.

(*To the Editor.*)

The opinion given by a Member of the Camden Society in your No. 1057, regarding the origin of the figure lately discovered at Westminster, though well supported by the quotations adduced, may still be called in question. In the collection of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh there is a figure, found at Craigley, (formerly named "Devana," a Roman station,) which, from its having all the characteristics of the god Priapus, is universally regarded as a miniature image of that deity. It was also found in a vase, and both in size and colour corresponds with the description of the one found at Westminster. There is one essential point, however, in which it seems to differ,—namely, in having the characteristics of the god entire—a difference which may be yet reconciled by the discovering traces of a fracture on the Westminster relic. It may likewise be observed that, instead of pebbles, the eyes are composed of a white metallic substance—a distinction comparatively unimportant.

It is well known that the Romans had a fondness for this deity, and that, with a view to increase the fertility of the soil, they not only erected statues in his honour throughout their gardens, but were also in the habit of depositing under ground miniature representations of him, of the most grotesque forms. When we consider also that Roman villas were not infrequent on the banks of the Thames, that the Roman manners and customs were diffused over the provinces, that many of their coins have been found in the excavations at Westminster, and that there is a striking resemblance between the two figures in question, as well as a coincidence in the circumstances under which they were found, it seems highly probable that the Westminster relic is a mutilated Priapus.

The above remarks have been offered with a view to elicit further information on this interesting subject, and in the hope of obtaining such evidence in favour of the hypothesis as can only be obtained from a minute inspection of the figure.

M.A.S.E.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

I.—L'AVANT-PROPOS.

Some three or four years ago, at the time we were the joyous, nought-may-care inhabitant of a single chamber on the sixth floor of a house in the Quartier Latin, at Paris, one of the most witty and amusing of the countless tribe of periodicals that are published daily in Paris—the *Charivari*—commenced a series of ludicrous caricatures by the clever Gavarni, termed *Les Coulisses*—the name applied to that portion of the theatre which is bounded by the wings and side-walls, or back of the scenes. Their object was to exhibit, in an amusing and yet veracious light, the sentiments and opinions, the under talk and quaint antitheses, that go on amidst the actors whilst they are on the stage, and are often so utterly at variance with the characters they are assuming. For instance—the grandee, reclining on his superb ottoman, tells his young page to "pour out for him the golden wine of Spain," and the page replies in a whisper, as he obeys the order, "'Tis

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only *coco**—mind it does not get into your head." The young princess, gazing from a window, recognises "her own Ludovic" spurring his noble courser across the plain; and behind the side-scene in which the window is cut, you see Ludovic in the ungentlemanly attitude of "taking a double sight" at his fair mistress, unperceived by the audience. Then there are ballet-girls peeping through holes in the curtain at the audience before the play begins, and making their remarks upon them; and executioners quarrelling with their victims for looking at the company too often in the stage-box, whilst the said victims' heads were actually on the blocks; and many other diverting subjects, which the pencil of their able designer has realized with a spirit and *vraisemblance* not to be attained in England at present by one of our native artists.

This series of caricatures had a great run: they attracted many to the cafés to inspect them; and the amusing windows of Aubert, the publisher, in the Gallerie Vero-Dodat, were filled with superior impressions, which the people bought to laugh at and adorn their scrap-books, never reflecting that the subjects which caused them so much mirth were in reality caricatures upon themselves and the world they dwelt in.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there flourished, at the obscure village of Stratford-upon-Avon, a poet and playwriter named Shakspere, or Shakespeare, who appears at that time to have ranked tolerably high amongst the authors of his day—a period verging, it is true, upon the dark ages, but still now and then furnishing proof that the scribblers of its era had very fair notions of poetry and language. We will allow that the dramas produced by this author did not possess the thrilling interest of *Jonathan Bradford* or *Black-eyed Susan* —that many of his plays were destitute of either an incidental ballet or combat to enliven them, and, *par consequence*, are now almost extinct; yet, here and there, pieces may be picked out, and flashes of imagination observed, that would be creditable to many dramatists of the present day. This ancient writer, then, in one of his pieces, has compared the world to a stage, and man's life to a seven-act play, or rather, a farce commencing and concluding it, and a five-act drama in the middle, chequered with sad and joyous scenes, like an Adelphi burletta. To carry the analogy still further between our world and a theatre, which this almost forgotten writer has adduced, we would say, that the world has its *coulisses* as well as the stage, and that the performers who thereon "strut and fret their hour," (we borrow from our author again,) are as different before and behind the green curtain of publicity as the real Thespians are in relation to their own proscenium—in fact, that there are few occurrences in life that have not a twofold appearance.

We presume most of our readers are acquainted with *The Devil upon Two Sticks*. We do not mean the ballet in which Duvernay danced the Cachuca, in black net over pink satin, and Wieland sat upon the fire and hopped upon one crutch,—but the admirable novel of Le Sage bearing that title, wherein Don Cleophas Leandro Perez Zambullo sees what is going on in every house in Madrid, by the kindness of an attendant spirit, who removes the roofs. This excellent work will give a clearer idea of our theory of the *coulisses* than we can do by our own pen. We will merely add, to revert to the ballet, that had Wieland possessed the power to remove the veils from all the *hearts* of the Drury-Lane audience, instead of the housetops, and reveal their passing emotions to the student, Mr. Gilbert would have beheld a much stranger spectacle than ever the scholar of Alcala witnessed, with all the opportunities that his friend Asmodeus afforded him.

There is no denying the plain round truth, that every action and intention of the present day is as much involved in a covering of duplicity as the date-stone-looking abode of the chrysalis silkworm is in the web of yellow pluff which surrounds it, and that the real import of any deed is as difficult to discover as the actual commencement of the aforesaid web. This universal deception we have been gradually coming to for some time past. It must necessarily soon arrive at its climax; and then, as extremes meet, we shall probably return again to truth, when it can go no further.

The extent to which this double feeling is carried, in a moral, social, political, and any other point of view connected with the lumbering ball we inhabit, is alarming to the last degree; and there is not an event or action of our lives, however trifling, but is involved in a mesh of deceit, sometimes easily seen through, but more frequently dense and impenetrable as a new Macintosh; nay, we even occasionally endeavour to deceive ourselves. A lady sends an invitation to a person she cannot bear, but whom she is obliged to ask on account of connexion or interest. She hopes, openly, for "the pleasure of his company;" she wishes, behind the scenes, that he wont come. A doctor salutes a patient with "I hope you are well," when it would be a source of the greatest happiness to him to see the unhappy person shivering with intermittent fever, or coughing his lungs clean out of

* The exceedingly nasty beverage, at *deux liards* the glass, which the *marchandes* retail from small castles on their backs, at the foot of the Pont Neuf, during the summer months.

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his chest with asthma. The mistress of the house at a dinner-party is unconscious of the contents of a neighbouring spring tart—the name which a small rhubarb pie bears at the earlier periods of its existence, to impress you with a due notion of its premature delicacy. Behind the scenes, the cook was overdone with work, and the lady ordered the rhubarb to be sent to her in the drawing-room, where she cut it up into little oblongs with her own hands. By the way, what a dash of fiddle-faddle it is to call this same piece of confectionary "spring tart." It is as much as to say to your guests, and it means it too, "Rhubarb is very dear now, so you must think a great deal of this, and not cram it in as if it was apple pie." *Tarts are made of fruit, pies of meat*, was an axiom instilled into us by our schoolmistress at an early age, and we hear the reader chide us for not paying attention to it. We plead guilty, but still an apple pie will be an apple pie to the end of the world. There might be room for censure in speaking of a beefsteak tart; but with the other, we maintain it will never be anything else, whilst the legend that so inseparably connects the letters of the alphabet with its being, and their contest for its possession, shall be extant.

But we are rambling into etymological discussions: so we return once more to our subject. As at the large theatres eminent actors are engaged at tremendous salaries, whilst the mobs and processions are content with a shilling a night and their beer; so, in the world, some who hourly exhibit their antics on its stage are rewarded with enormous fortunes, whilst the supernumeraries and sceneshifters of life, to whom the working of the huge machine is chiefly entrusted, occasionally starve for want of its necessaries—in fact, whilst some men are born with chased soup-ladles, of the Queen's pattern, in their mouths, (figuratively, of course, because we do not believe an infant ever came into the world in that state of encumbrance,) others are obliged to put up with a bone marrow-spoon. And yet, high or low, both these classes are versed in the contradictions and simulations of the *coulisses*. The man in a paper cap and apron, who turns the winds which give motion to the "fountain of revolving diamonds" in the last scene of a fairy spectacle, and occasionally solaces himself with a draught of porter as he crouches behind its framework of nautilus-shells and dolphins, has many prototypes in the real world, who amuse the million with gaudy deceptions, whilst they are invisibly and quietly enjoying themselves, or drawing their own gain from dazzling the multitude with empty brilliancy. The pantomime trick, which, by its ingenious transformation, calls down the applause of a delighted audience, would be nothing if it were not for the assistant who pulls its concealed strings, which, once revealed to public view, would take away all its interest; and the *parvenu*, who changes in a week from humble circumstances to a splendid income, would lose much of the *eclat* that the altered state calls forth, did the world see clearly, in many instances, how the transformation had been effected. The clown, whose antics cause the house to shake with roars of laughter, retires behind the scenes to calculate where the next meal may be procured for his famishing family; the mourner at Juliet's funeral throws off his trappings, when once off the stage, and enters into the boisterous mirth of his companions; and the tinselled monarch, who presides at the gorgeous banquet, or struts in the brilliant procession, shuffles home, when the performance is over, to his garret in Drury Lane, and sups from a baked sheep's head—happy enough, too, if he can procure such a luxury. The stage was intended to "hold a mirror up to Nature;" and Nature, like most other ladies, being very fond of looking in a glass, sees therein a constant reflection of her own attributes, with a startling reality that is unattainable even with the Daguerréotype.

We propose, gentle reader, in the sketches we are about to lay before you, to give you a free admission behind the scenes of some of the minor theatres of life, where you may possibly find as much diversion and matter to amuse as you would do before the curtain. The great houses we shall leave alone; for we would not soar too high, lest in our imaginings we should tumble out of the cloud-pieces upon the stage, or perhaps through an open trap-door underneath it, and be thought no more of; or, not being sufficiently acquainted with the extensive machinery, we may be unable to grapple with its difficulties, and thus cause the failure of the piece from a similar fault in life that causes many originally good plans to miscarry—attempting too much. But we shall keep in our own sphere, and accommodate our ideas to the modest pages of our periodical, which, nevertheless, has floated gaily on, through weal and woe, storm and sunshine, whilst many vessels of heavier freightage, and carrying guns of greater metal, have gone down, and never been heard of again. If in our subsequent remarks you ponder on an idea in our graver portions, or smile at what you may be pleased to term a quaint thought in our more comic emanations, (and we shall incline to light pieces,) and admit its truth, our end will be answered. So now, in all good fellowship, we bid you adieu for the short space of seven days, during which time we wish publicly to announce, that "the house will be entirely

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re-embellished, and no expense spared to render the attraction worthy of a liberal and discerning public." ALBERT.

SONG,

WRITTEN IN 1590.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,—
Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,—
Heigh ho!

THE DANGERS OF MISCONDUCT.

BY M. DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from page 311.)

AT that moment some one knocked gently at the door.

"You cannot come in," she cried, imperiously.

"Emilie, I want to speak to you a moment."

"Not just now, my dear," she answered, in a tone less harsh than at first, but yet not sweet.

"Nonsense, you are talking to somebody now." And a man, who of course was the count, entered the room. The countess gave me a look. I understood it. It made her my slave. Ah! at one time of my life I should have been fool enough not to have protested the note.

"What does this person want?" asked the count.

I saw his lady shiver. Her skin of satin grew rough, and, as we say familiarly, turned to *goose-flesh*. As for me, I was laughing heartily, though not a muscle of my face moved.

"He is one of my tradesmen," she said.

The count turned away from me; but I pulled the note half out of my pocket. At this cruel gesture the lady came up to me, and gave me a diamond, saying, "Take that, and begone!"

I made an exchange of the note for the jewel, made my bow, and left her. The diamond was worth some twelve hundred francs. In the court of the hotel I saw the stable-boys washing two elegant carriages, and other servants were cleaning their liveries, and brushing their boots. "There it is," thought I; "This is what makes such people come to me; this makes them steal millions under decent pretexts, and betray their country. To avoid getting splashed by going on foot, they plunge themselves over head and ears in filth.

Just then the court doors were flung open, and in drove the elegant tilbury of the endorser of my note.

"Sir, here are two hundred francs, which I will thank you to return to the countess," said I; "and please say that I will keep her diamond eight days, to let her redeem it, if she sees fit."

He took the money with a scornful smile, as if to say, "Ah, she has paid it then; so much the better!"

I could read the whole of the countess's future destiny in that expression.

Next I made for the Rue Montmartre, for Mademoiselle Fanny's. I ascended a steep stair; and, on reaching the fifth story, was shewn into a snug room, as neat as wax-work. Not a grain of dirt or dust was to be seen. The young lady was Parisian—that is, her head was elegant, and her air graceful. She was hard at work; and the quantity of linen around the room shewed what was her usual occupation. When I handed her the note, she remarked that the porter would have given me the money the first time I called.

"Mademoiselle is in the habit of going out early, it seems?"

"Oh no, I seldom do it; but when I have worked late at night, it is pleasant to get a little fresh air."

I looked at her, and saw through her history at a glance. She belonged to some wealthy family, reduced to poverty by misfortune. There was an indescribable air of virtue, of modesty, of nature's nobleness around her. The air seemed impregnated with frankness and truth. I could breathe freely. I saw in a corner a plain cot, and over it a crucifix. I was really touched. I felt inclined to leave her the money, and the countess's diamond in the bargain; but I thought my present might perhaps prove a fatal one, and on reflection I kept both. "Who knows," says I, "but she may have some rascally lover who would take the diamond for a shirt-pin!"

"Just as you came in I was thinking to myself what a capital wife Fanny Malvaut would make. I am sure I shall think of her for a week to come; and contrast her pure and quiet life in my own mind with that of the guilty countess.

"Well," he resumed, after a short pause, "do you think it is nothing to penetrate thus into the most secret chambers of the heart—to see through the lives of your fellow-creatures? The scenes change like a magic-lantern. There are hideous wounds, deadly sorrows, scenes of love, scenes of wretchedness, which the waters of the Seine are at hand to finish; pleasures of

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youth, which end in the scaffold, the laugh of despair, and the festival of luxury. I have often heard Mirabeau's eloquence extolled. I have heard him, but it never moved me. But many a time a young girl in love, an old merchant on the verge of bankruptcy, a mother trying to hide her son's guilt, a man without bread, a great man without honour, have made me shudder at the power of their words. They are glorious actors; and they perform for me alone. But they cannot deceive. What am I in want of? everything is mine. People refuse nothing to him that holds the purse-strings. I can buy ministers and conquerors—that is called honour. I can buy women and their fondest caresses—that is what you call love. Everything can be bought. We are the silent, unknown monarchs of the world. Here," he went on, pointing to the old, naked walls of his room, "here the fiery lover, who kindles at a look, and draws his sword at a word, kneels to beg my aid; here the proudest merchant fawns upon me; here the vainest and fairest of the fair make court to me; here the haughty soldier, the inspired artist, the immortal poet, all meet to beg. Do you think there are no sensations, no enjoyments, to be felt under this mask of coldness?"

I went back to my room stupified. This little, withered old man had grown in my estimation. He was changed unto my eyes into a vision of fancy. I had seen the personification of wealth. I felt disgusted with life and with mankind. "Is money, then, the beginning and the end of everything?" was the question I asked myself.

I remember that it was late before I fell asleep. I saw piles of gold all around me. The beautiful countess was constantly before me; and I will confess, to my shame, that she caused me utterly to forget the image of that sweet and charming creature condemned to a life of obscurity and toil.

The next morning, however, when the fumes of sleep were driven away, I saw in my mind's eye the pure and modest Fanny in all her beauty, and I could think of nothing else.

"Will you take a glass of *eau sucrée?*" said the viscountess, interrupting the solicitor, and ringing the bell.

"With pleasure," was his answer.

"Allow me to say," she went on, "that I don't see anything in your story which concerns any of us."

"By Sardanapalus!" cried the man of law, (his favourite oath,) "I shall rouse Mademoiselle Camille presently; for I shall shew her that the success of her love depends on this very Gobseck; and as for Fanny Malvaut, you all know her—she is my wife!"

"Poor fellow!" said the Viscountess with a smile, "he is so open-hearted he would say so before twenty people, just as soon as before us."

"I would proclaim it to the whole world," cried the solicitor.

"Here is your glass, take it, and drink, my poor friend; you will never be anything higher in the world than the happiest and best of men."

"You mean to go on with your story, do you not?" asked Camille.

"Certainly."

"You were at some countess's in the Rue du Helder," said the old Marquis, with half-shut eyes. "What did you do there?"

(To be continued.)

FINE OLD CLARET.

Mr. Trollope, during his recent tour, was told at Bordeaux, by a merchant, that he had lately sold a thousand bottles of Chateau Margaux to the emperor of Russia, at 36 francs, (30*s.*) a bottle. It was forty years old, and had a bouquet which scented strongly the whole of a large room as soon as ever it was opened; *nor had its age destroyed a particle of its colour, flavour, or even strength.* In short, it had all the qualities which a good judge of Bordeaux wine thus sums up as essential to its perfection:—"Cette liqueur délicieuse, parvenue à son plus haut degré de qualité, doit être pourvue d'une belle couleur, d'un bouquet qui participe de la violette, de beaucoup de finesse, et d'une saveur infiniment agréable; elle doit avoir de la force, sans être capiteuse, ranimer l'estomac en respectant la tête, et en lassant l'haleine pure et la bouche fraiche."

Bacchus, Jun.

THE BALL—AND MR. MANAGER FERGUSON.

A SKETCH, WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN FOUNDED ON FACT.

(Concluded from p. 308.)

The next day he (Ferguson aforesaid) was *lost* precisely in the same spot, and the next day, and the day after that, and every day until Miss Henry "graduated." They had never spoken; but she had found out (curious creatures these damsels) that *the* man was Mr. Ferguson (sometimes esquire) *the* lion, and all that sort of thing. And he had learned that she was Miss Henry, heir apparent of "old Henry!" (the shameless vagabonds used to call him so in their jovial hours,) and heir expectant of a large fortune, *then* in possession of a maiden aunt. Ferguson resolved (his resolutions were firm as the rock of Gibraltar) to commence a game!

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So when Miss Henry "came out," it was no difficult matter for a gentleman of Mr. Ferguson's *pretensions* to obtain a formal presentation to her. And without disguise or prevarication, we may say, her solicitous ma was vastly gratified by the attentions of "*such* a nice young man."

The evening for *the* ball arrived. Mrs. Dashwood, who was at that time the leader of the *ton*, had been prevailed upon to act as Miss Rosalie's chaperon upon this auspicious occasion. Not wishing to be vulgar, and anxious to have it understood that she did not go to balls to dance, it was near upon twelve o'clock before Mrs. Dashwood's carriage drove up to the door. The motley assemblage of *individuals* were somewhat astonished when Ferguson entered the room, accompanied by Mrs. Dashwood hanging on his dexter, and Miss Henry upon his sinister, arm. Crowded as the assembly was, they produced *a sensation!* Several of the especials gathered themselves together, and forthwith began to discuss the young *debutante.*

"Aha! Simpkins, you recollect Fergy (that was *the* lion's familiar) said something about a girl he had seen somewhere?"

"By Jove! that is she!"

Sure enough it was she, and her *entrée* into that room was surpassingly brilliant! To use the language of Gilman in the play, she reminded one, "not of the gentle ring-dove of the grove, but of the magnificent peacock of the desert." To have seen her then and there, any one would have supposed her perfectly *au-fait* in all matters of society; albeit this was the very first ball she had ever attended. This was owing entirely to the judicious tuition of Mrs. Dashwood. She had given her a lesson; and everybody knows that *one* lesson from such a woman is worth more than all the gleanings from fashionable novels!

Ferguson and Miss Henry danced and waltzed together. In this intellectual and very healthful accomplishment he was an adept. He could whirl around near upon a thousand times without experiencing the least virtigo or weariness; and the variety as well as rapidity of his performances upon this particular occasion were sources of admiration and wonder to the votaries of Terpsichore.

As a particular favour, Ferguson presented some of the more *polished* especials to the kind regards of the belle. And *they* danced and waltzed; so that Miss Rosalie was not, during the whole night, one of those interesting appendages of a ball-room, "a wall-flower."

Everything went on swimmingly; everybody was full of life and joy; the music was exquisite, and the lemonade was *not* sour. And *such* a supper! A respectable middle-aged gentleman, who understood the doctrines of Epicurus to a nicety, and whose sole enjoyment during the night had been based upon the supper, was heard to exclaim, "Delicious!"

While Mr. Manager Ferguson was absent from the dancing-room upon business connected with his official station, Mrs. Dashwood had presented a poor, melancholy, foolish specimen of humanity, an embryo practitioner of Esculapian doctrines, to Miss Rosalie, and they had taken their places for the next quadrille. This movement had not escaped the keen observation of the especials, and forthwith "Fergy" was informed of it. In he came, and *pretending* to remember that he had the honour of Miss Henry's hand for *that* set of quadrilles, proceeded to insinuate, with some slight rudeness, that the "young Pills" *must* yield!

"Oh, how delightful!" thought the romantic and blood-thirsty beauty. "There will surely be a *duel* on my account!" So she pretended not to remember any engagement. Ferguson explained to the young gentleman that *he* remembered it perfectly, and desired him to yield. No! he would not; for, with his anatomical knowledge, he was blessed with a goodly share of the donkey, and obstinately refused to give way.

"You wont?" said Ferguson.

"I will not!" said the embryo Abernethy.

Here, then, much to the delight of Miss Rosalie, the parties were at issue; and just then as the prompter cried out, "Right and left," the young doctor planted his foot upon *that* of Ferguson! The last named gentleman turned to a knot of the especials, who had been observing the scene; his brow was—

> "Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
> Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire!"

and he made towards them with dignified strides! He spoke not—but his face was eloquent; it seemed to say, "Don't advise *me* what to do! I'll have his heart's blood!"

He could have overlooked the refusal of the young gentleman to yield his place, for in *this* point he knew he was wrong; but that assault upon his *foot!* There was the actual sting, and his resolution was again taken, more firmly, if possible, than Gibraltar itself.

The dance was finished. One of the especials sought out the favoured partner of Miss Rosalie, and, with his consent, politely escorted him into an ante-room. Ferguson was there!

"Sah!" said Ferguson, through his pale and *determined* lips; "Sah! you must apologwize!" The doctor looked dissent. "You wont?"

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"I will not!"

Here was another direct, clear issue.

"Then, sah!" said the owner of the insulted pedestal, while he looked death and destruction, "I am compelled, in this gentleman's presence, to prownounce you a contemptwible pup—" Ferguson would have made a word of it, by adding the ultimate syllable, had not the clenched hand (and it was reasonably large) of the young doctor completely filled up the cavity whence the sound proceeded. The disgraced specimen of humanity recoiled—but fell not. And although both he and the especial were well versed in the art of pugilism, they offered no violence, but gave the assaulting party to understand that "ten paces—pistols—gin-slings for two—and an exit from this mundane sphere," would, at an early day, be his ultimate fate!

Under the feelings which this dreadful announcement may be supposed to have excited in his timid bosom, the young doctor joined the dancers. "Fergy" couldn't *join*, because there was near his mouth an unsightly protuberance, or swelling, wholly out of place on the face of a man who essays to play the exquisite.

The ball ended as such affairs usually do, and the morrow's sun broke upon this various world with his usual splendour and regularity. The young doctor was not much astonished by the entrance of the special especial into his study, bearing in his hand the missive of chivalric and insulted virtue. It ran as follows:—

"SIR,—It is needless at this time to explain the reason of this intrusion upon your valuable time. My friend Pheterby will hand you this note, and is fully authorized to make the necessary arrangements, etc.

Yours, etc., J. FAIRFAX FERGUSON.

The "necessary arrangements" were made, and some other *small* arrangements were likewise made, which we will briefly advert to. The fact was, Ferguson was not over belligerent in his nature; and although he resolved to frighten his man, if possible, and make a noise in the world, one of his especials had received his cue, and the officers of the correctional police were on the alert to prevent a violation of the laws.

The dear Rosalie had heard the rumour of war, and was in ecstasies of delight! She was the cause of a real duel! But her solicitous pa, who looked upon things with a matter-of-fact eye, resolved to prevent anything of the kind, if possible. So he did Mr. Ferguson the honour of a visit. But the challenger was inexorable! The entreaties of a plain man—even the father of Rosalie Henry—could produce no visible effect. Blood *must* flow! It was noised abroad that *the* lion and a young doctor were to have a meeting—but the *when* and *where* were unknown, except to the parties, and the officer who was the particular friend of the especial. Ferguson, who with all his money was much in want of *more*, thought that by this assumption of valour and resolution he would more firmly fix himself in the good opinion of the world at large, of the ton, and of the pa's and ma's of marriageable daughters.

The meeting took place—the ground was measured, and all the ceremonies were performed which are usually attempted on like occasions. The challenged party, much to the disappointment of the challenger and his second, was not in the least *scared*, but seemed on the contrary as cool, calm, and collected as he would have been in the dissection of a subject! This was awful! The parties took their position. Ferguson thought his anxious friend, the officer, never *would* come. "Gentlemen, are you ready?" was the solemn appeal of the selected second to the two candidates for funeral honours. They nodded assent. The word "fire!" was on the tongue, when, from a copse hard by, some half-dozen stout fellows, with staves in their hands, rushed upon the field of battle! The officer and his possé were there! "Good again!" thought Ferguson and his especial, as with the quickness of thought they fled from the ground. Not so the doctor. Him the police appertained to, and walked him gently before the presiding judge, who, in reply to his question, "What have you got to say?" etc., received a delicate intimation from the culprit, that, in *his* private opinion, Mr. Ferguson and his friends had acted in a most cowardly manner: and, moreover, he believed it was through his procurement and advice that the very *pleasant* rencontre had been brought to such an unexpected close.

"Very logical reasoning—but bad law," thought he of the robes and wig, and forthwith caused heavy bonds to be entered into for the preservation of the public peace and morals.

These officers of the correctional police are sometimes the most "leaky vessels" in the world. The particular friend of the especial, who had been entrusted with the interruption of the mortal combat, imparted the "good joke in perfect confidence" to a lady friend; and she, likewise, in confidence, told somebody else, and the town was soon alive with the "*funny* duel!"

Ferguson took to the water. In a few days he was sailing on the deep blue sea for London—the nursery of fashion, folly, and crime—the school for beauty and burglars, princes and pickpockets, and all manner of good and evil doers.

Some years passed by. Steam ships came in fourteen days from England to this

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country. The knot of especials was thrown into double-refined confusion by an item of news after this fashion :—

"LONDON POLICE.

"Among the prisoners brought before the magistrates this morning, was one of the most finished specimens of villany in the habitable globe. His arrest has led to the breaking up of a community of swindlers, forgers, burglars, and rogues of every description. The most skilful instruments of the several trades were found in his possession. Branches of the business were established in France, Germany, and the United States. Among the *gullible* people of the latter country this finished knave played most beautiful pranks. Being able, with the proceeds of his villany and the elegance of his demeanour, to sport among the high ton of the new world, he was, of course, a lion! He was fully committed for trial by the presiding judge."

"Fergy" *was* tried, and, more through pity for what he *had* been than for what he *was*, he was permitted to purchase a life estate in New South Wales.

"This is a fact, and no poetic fable."

THE LITERARY WORLD.—X.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

Bentley's Miscellany is a fair, average Number. The Editor's "Guy Fawkes" proceeds —"how Guy was put to the torture," with this picturesque opening: "intimation of the arrest of Guy Fawkes having been sent to the Tower, his arrival was anxiously expected by the warden and soldiers composing the garrison, a crowd of whom posted themselves at the entrance of Traitor's Gate, to obtain a sight of him. As the bark that conveyed the prisoner shot through London Bridge, and neared the fortress, notice of its approach was given to the lieutenant, who, scarcely less impatient, had stationed himself in a small circular chamber in one of the turrets of St. Thomen's, or Traitor's Tower, overlooking (?) the river. He hastily descended, and had scarcely reached the place of disembarkation, when the boat passed beneath the gloomy archway; the immense wooden wicket closed behind it; and the officer in command springing ashore, was followed more deliberately by Fawkes, who mounted the slippery stairs with a firm footstep. As he gained the summit, the spectators pressed forward, but Sir Wm. Waad, ordering them in an authoritative tone to stand back, fixed a stern and scrutinizing glance on the prisoner." The details of the torture, in which Fawkes's fingers were so crushed and lacerated, that they refused to grasp the pen to trace his signature, throughout—are told with thrilling minuteness: and the next chapter relates "the Troubles of Viviana." "The Mump, by Hal Willis," explains that "The Mump is a slight variation of the Sponge. The difference is, that the former possesses more sincerity or impudence than the latter, and ingenuously commences the invasion with an acknowledgment of his or her intentions. 'Well, Tom, I've come to mump a dinner with you;' or, 'My dear Mrs. B., I intend to mump a dish of tea with you this afternoon. How's the little dears?' and so forth. Both Mumps and Sponges are of very ancient origin. The Latins used to call them *muscæ*, or flies, being always ready to taste of any man's dish without invitation." "Ghost Gossips," and "Plain Advice to a young Country Attorney," papers of twelve pages each, are tiresome yarns, indeed; we are heartily sick of the one-string raillery against "law and lawyers." Mr. Daniel's seventeen pages of "Merrie England," are likewise an infliction, they being over-crammed with details of Old London, old poets, the puritans, &c. Of better *materiel* is "The Stage Coachman Abroad, by Dudley Costello:" here is a smart conceit: "the cabin of a packet when its inmates have retired to bed, presents a singular aspect of confusion; portmanteaus, hats, and band-boxes strew the floor; great coats, dressing-tables, travelling-caps and handkerchiefs cover the tables and chairs; while *here and there an upright boot appears to stand the only sentinel over the scattered property.*" "Notes on some New Novels" is a very unworkmanlike affair: it being suspicious policy to extol in "the Miscellany" the republication of works which first appeared in this same periodical: in fact, it would amount to the Editor praising his own judgment, if there were not more heads than one concerned in the editorial direction. Ingoldsby's "County Legend—the Old Woman clothed in Grey," is brimful of fun and humour, e. g.

"——— the times
Described in these rhymes,
Were as fruitful in virtues, as ours are in crimes;
And if amongst the laity
Unseemly gaiety
Sometimes betrayed an occasional taint or two,
At once all the clerics
Went into hysterics,
While scarcely a convent but boasted its saint or two:
So it must have been long ere the line of the Tudors,
As since then the breed
Of saints rarely indeed,
With their dignified presence have darken'd our pew-doors.
Hence the late Mr. Froude, and the live Mr. Pusey,
We moderns consider as each worth a Jew's-eye;
Though Wiseman, and Dullman, combine against Newman,
With doctors, and proctors, and say he's no true man.
But this by the way—the convent I speak about
Had them in scores—they said mass week and week about;
And the two now on duty were each, for their piety,

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Second to none in that holy society,
And well might have borne
These words which are worn
By our *Nulli Secundus'* Club—poor dear lost muttons
Of guardsmen—on club days, inscribed on their buttons!"

Here, too, is a pleasant admixture of the grave and gay:

"Oh! sweet and beautiful is night, when the silver moon is high,
And countless stars, like clustering gems, hang sparkling in the sky,
While the balmy breath of the summer breeze comes whispering down the glen,
And one fond voice alone is heard—oh! night is lovely then!
But when that voice, in feeble moans of sickness and of pain,
But mocks the anxious ear that strives to catch its sounds in vain;
When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,
Where all we love is fading fast—how terrible is night!
More terrible yet,
If you happen to get
By an old woman's bedside, who, all her life long,
Has been what the vulgar call, 'coming it strong'
In all sorts of ways that are naughty and wrong."

The friar pestering the old woman, is capitally sly and sure:

"Now I would not by any means have you suppose,
That the good father Basil was just one of those
Who entertain views
We're so apt to abuse,
As neither fitting Turks, Christians, nor Jews,
Who haunt death-bed scenes,
By underhand means
To toady or teaze people out of a legacy,—
For few folk, indeed, had such good right to beg as he,
Since Rome in her pure apostolical beauty,
Not only permits, but enjoins, as a duty,
Her sons to take care,
That let who will be the heir,
St. Peter shall not be choused out of his share,
Before any such mangling of chattels and goods
As has just been the case with the late Jemmy Wood's;
Her conclaves, and councils, and synods, in short, main-
Tain principles adverse to statutes of *Mortmain*."

In the *Times* of the 14th instant appear the following lines, which we are induced to transfer to our columns, from the sympathy universally felt upon their sad subject:—

"THE PRESIDENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ECCLESIA.'

Speak! for thou hast a voice, perpetual sea!
Lift up thy surges—with some signal word,
Shew where the pilgrims of the waters be,
For whom a nation's thrilling heart is stirr'd.

Down to thy waves they went in joyous pride,
They trod with steadfast feet thy billowy way;
The eyes of wondering men beheld them glide
Swift in the arrowy distance—where are they?

Didst thou arise upon that mighty frame,
Mad that the strength of man with thee should strive,
And proud thy rival element to tame,
Didst swallow them in conscious depths alive?

Or, shorn and powerless hast thou bade them lie,
Their stately ship a carcass of the foam?
Where still they watch the ocean and the sky,
And fondly dream that they have yet a home!

Doth hope still soothe their souls, a gladness thrill?
In peace amid those wanderers of the foam?
Say, is the old affection yearning still
With all the blessed memories of home?

Or is it over? Life and breath and thought,
The living feature and the breathing form?
Is the strong man become a thing of nought,
And the rich blood of rank no longer warm?

Thou answerest not, thou stern and haughty sea,
There is no sound in earth, or wave, or air.
Roll on, ye tears! oh, what can comfort be
To hearts that pant for hope, but breathe despair?

Nay, mourner, there is sunlight on the deep,
A gentle rainbow on the darkling cloud;
A voice, more mighty than the floods, will sweep
The shore of tempests when the storm is loud!

What, though they woke the whirlwinds of the west,
Or rous'd the tempest from his eastern lair,
Or clave the cloud with thunder in his breast,—
Lord of the awful waters, Thou wert there!

All-merciful! The fate—the day—were Thine;
Thou didst receive them from the seething sea;
Thy love too deep, thy mercy too divine,
To quench them in an hour—unworthy Thee.

If storms were mighty, Thou wert in the gale!
If their feet fall'd them, in Thy paths they trod;
Man cannot urge the bark, or guide the sail,
Or force the quivering helm, away from God!"

In one of the piquant reviews in the *Times*, on the same day, occur the following stinging truths:—"This is the era of frivolous literature; at least, in England it is so. Among the masses of print which our national press throws off every season, how few are the productions calculated to reach a permanent position as standard works! In the process of supplying an incalculably increased demand, the article has materially deteriorated. Looking back to the reigns of Queen Anne, and the first George, you find literature instinct with a life and muscular energy which yet shew fresh and vigorous, and which extend even to the avowedly fugitive and ephemeral pieces of that day. The *Freeholders* and *Spectators* have not yet ceased to delight. Even the *Drapier's Letters* may still be read with pleasure. Now, however, every year, not to say every month, sees reams of the fairest hot-pressed post impressed with the fairest type, only to become, before the twelvemonth is run, like the leaves of the sibyl, *rapidis ludibria ventis*. It is easier, however, to mark this change than to assign its causes."

Public Exhibitions.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(*Continued from page* 315.)

We resume with a notice of one of the most poetical pictures in the collection, either as regards subject or treatment: it is,

79. *The little sick Scholar.* Fanny M'Ian.

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The subject is from one of the touching vignettes in *Master Humphrey's Clock*:

"He was a very young boy; quite a child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were bright, but their light was of heaven; not of earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprung up, stroked his face with his hands, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dear kind friend. 'I hope I always was; I meant to be so, God knows,' said the poor schoolmaster. 'Who is that?' said the boy, seeing Nell. 'I am afraid to kiss her, lest I should make her ill. Ask her to shake hands with me.' The sobbing child came closer up, and took the little languid hand in hers."

This affecting incident is exquisitely portrayed; and, probably, no finer tribute has been paid to the truth and delicacy of Mr. Dickens's writings than in the painting of this scene of sweet simplicity, by a female hand.

116. *Portrait of Sir Peter Laurie.* Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. This is a splendid picture, certainly, but its merit as a likeness is another affair; for, with every sense of the active intelligence of the original, we can scarcely believe that the applause of the City courts, the gas and glitter of the Guildhall, or the hospitalities of the Mayoralty, ever lit up the Alderman's features with such *esprit* as Sir David has invested them. The obligation of the two knights—painter and sitter—is mutual.

124. *The Sleeping Beauty.* D. Maclise, R.A.

"So the princess, having fallen into a deep sleep for a hundred years, was placed in the finest apartment in the palace, on a bed embroidered with gold and silver, &c. So the good fairy touched with her wand all that was in the palace—maids of honour, gentlemen ushers, grooms of the bedchamber, lords in waiting, waiting-women, governesses, stewards, cooks, scullions, guards, porters, pages, and footmen, &c. Even little Bichou, the Princess' favourite lap-dog, who lay on the bed by her side, all fell asleep, &c. At the expiration of a hundred years, the prince arrived. He approached the castle by a long avenue; he crossed a large court-yard paved with marble; he ascended the staircase, entered the guard-room, where the guards were snoring away most lustily; he passed through several rows of ladies and gentlemen, some sitting, some standing, but all asleep. At length, he came to an apartment gilded all over with gold, and saw on a magnificent bed, the curtains of which were open all round, a princess more beautiful than anything he had ever beheld," &c.

This is, unquestionably, one of *the pictures* of the Exhibition, in point of attractiveness, it being almost constantly surrounded by visitors. It is, throughout, a composition of luxuriant fancy, if not of poetic taste; and, before it is condemned as *bizarre*, the fairy licence of the scene should be remembered. The moment chosen is the arrival of the prince, who is gazing wonderstruck with the beauty of the sleeping princess, who, with the lap-dog and the embroidered bed, are exquisitely grouped. The somnolent expression of the numerous attendants, not forgetting "the fool," is admirably sustained; and the costumes, together with the apartments, "gilded with gold," are rich and brilliant, though not gorgeously over-coloured. The distant marble court, with its graceful vegetation, and decayed columns, bespeaking the desolation of a hundred years, together with the "long avenue," are full of clever effect, and judicious relief to the quiescent interior. Already much sportive criticism has appeared upon this picture; but, making allowance for the artist's peculiar defects, as hardness of drawing, and chalkiness of colouring, (especially in the flesh,) we are disposed to rank "the Sleeping Beauty" high as a work of genius, displaying great originality of design, and elaborate ingenuity throughout the execution. No. 33, *An Irish Girl*, by the same artist, is likewise a pleasing picture, representing a young woman seated on the ground before a turf fire, consulting cards for her fortune.

134. *Beech trees near the statue, looking towards Windsor Castle.* J. Stark. A picturesque vignette, such as painters and poets must ever delight in commemorating. 134. *Cottage from Nature.* F. R. Lee, R. A.—is another locality, purely English, and charmingly painted. 201. *Devonshire Scenery*, by the same artist, is of kindred attraction. And, 181, *A Rocky Stream*, T. Creswick, belongs to the same interesting class of pictures.

(*To be continued.*)

New Books.

Mineral Teeth, their Merit and Manufacture. By Edwin Saunders, M.R.C.S.

This little work is one of the few, from amongst the multitude of treatises connected with Dental Surgery that are almost daily issuing from the press, which appears to be written with the simple end of giving information, in a popular form, upon a subject in which all are more or less interested, without merely serving the purpose of an advertisement to the author. Mr. Saunders has been previously before the public as a writer in a little work, which had an extensive circulation, *Five Minutes' Advice on the Teeth*; and the present *brochure* detracts nothing from his reputation;—on the contrary, it abounds with practical and interesting facts. As a legitimate member of a profession which has of late fallen too much into the hands of unprincipled quacks, his labours deserve an attentive perusal, which their low price will, doubtless, ensure them.

A Natural History of British and Foreign Quadrupeds. By J. H. Fennell.

(*Concluded from page* 287.)

The account of the Lion is characteristically interesting and copious. We can

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only quote the following original anecdote: "I shall not soon forget the pitiable look of a sick lion, which I lately saw at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, a few days previous to its death, arising from a disease of the lungs and the liver. It was feeding time, and the leopards and tigers were growling over their meat as it was dealt out to them; but this noble patient was lying down exhausted, breathing hard, and quite indifferent to all that was passing around. The keeper approached, and addressing some words of compassion to the animal, flung a fine leg of mutton on the floor of the cage. The lion raised his head, and merely looked at the joint with an indifference that bespoke a loss of appetite; and then resting his head again on his paws, breathed audibly, as before, and gazed on the keeper with a composed but melancholy expression." There is something truly touching in this portrait of *a sick lion*, for he, like other sovereigns, has his divinity.

The illustrations quoted from Shakspeare are very numerous and well-timed, at a moment when so various are the readings, in consequence of the innumerable attempts at their reconciliation, that every reader is becoming his own Shakspeare. The different modes of spelling his name is becoming quite perplexing, so that we almost wish Sir Frederick Madden had left the "spere" to the dust of the British Museum, rather than have disturbed "the order of things," and set writers at variance upon a trifle. To return, Mr. Fennell is so charmed with Shakspeare's description of the Tiger, that he almost calls the poet a zoologist: his quotations are well made. By the way, Lord Byron illnaturedly compared a man in a passion, walking up and down a room, to a tiger in his cage.

The account of the Jaguar is brief, but highly satisfactory. He is, we perceive, a very epicure; he rejoices in horses, oxen, sheep, capibaras, and dogs; he catches fish by spitting on the water to entice them to the surface; he will turn up a turtle on its back, and make a meal of it; and when once he has tasted human flesh, he will hunt for it again.

The economy of the Cat is well related. The cause of this poor creature being so inhumanly treated is not guessed at: we suspect it to be the association of the cat with witchcraft; for a cat was the *sine-quâ-non* of a witch. It is somewhat unfair towards Mr. Rennie, who says that he has known a cat travel from London to her home at Chatham, in Kent, a distance of thirty miles—to add, that "most people can relate similar incidents."

The economical uses of the several animals are well described. For example: "a vast number of walruses are annually killed for the sake of their hide, tusks, and the oil obtainable from their fat. When the animal is killed, it is skinned, and the hide, which is of extraordinary thickness, is then cut into strips, two or three inches broad. These strips are imported to America, and after undergoing the usual process, form superior carriage traces and braces. The hide is also occasionally used as matting to protect the masts of vessels, and to make fire-buckets. The smaller pieces of the hide are imported into England, to supply the glue manufactories. The coat of fat, which lies under the hide, is melted into oil, of which each walrus produces, on an average, nearly two barrels. The tusks, the ivory of which is whiter, harder, and therefore more valuable than that of the elephant, weigh from ten to twelve pounds each, and are much used by dentists in making artificial teeth."

The remarks by Mr. Ogilby, quoted in the opening of the Marsupialia details, are excellent, though somewhat lengthy, but perhaps, not disproportionate to their interest—when "these anomalous creatures (*Marsupialia*) are considered with reference to New Holland—a country whose natural productions, including its plants as well as its animals, are mostly so peculiar, that more than one writer has been induced to think it was formerly a planet distinct from our own earth." The greater Kangaroo produces only a single offspring at a birth, which does not exceed one inch two lines from the nose to the end of the tail. Very justly has Mr. Ogilby declared the most singular and important of the physical phenomena, connected with the natural economy of Marsupial animals to be this premature production of the young, brought forth in a scarcely organized form, containing, as it were, the mere germ of the future animal, before its senses are perfected, or its members developed.

The Gatherer.

Popular Actors.—If it be difficult to win public favour, in ever so small a degree, it is a thousand times more difficult to retain that favour for any length of time. When once an actor is stamped as a man of talent by the critics of the pit, he becomes the servant, nay, the very slave, not merely of their amusements, but of their whims and caprices.

Mehemet Ali lives in great splendour and magnificence: his table is regularly served by French cooks, and champagne his constant favourite beverage. His son Ibrahim bought the state carriage of Charles X., when it was put up to sale in Paris; and had another built for his own use, with harness for six horses, covered with gold and trappings, which cost the large sum of 3000 guineas.

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The Cowslip, or Ragle, as it is called in some places, is now in full flower, and in most meadows is very numerous. Botanists are not agreed as to the distinctness of the species. Dr. Forster considers primroses, polyanthuses, cowslips, and oxlips to be only varieties of the same plant; and that some varieties have become more fixed and lasting than others. Shakspeare thus accurately describes this plant:

"Let Cowslips her tall pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours;
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

Milton contrasts

"The yellow cowslip with the pale primrose."

He also says, when scattering flowers on the urn of Lycidas:

"Bring cowslips that hang the pensive head."

In Comus, too, he speaks of the cowslip that bends not as the nymph Sabrina treads on it. Cowslip-wine is well made in many parts of England, and is said by Pope to induce sleep: who does not remember the cowslip-wine made by the Vicar of Wakefield's wife?

Gigantic Grass.—On the banks of the Indus, a reedy grass attains the height of twelve and eighteen feet, and is often so dense that it is difficult to force a path through it. The plant has a graceful stalk, often three-eighths of an inch in diameter, from the top of which droops a fringe resembling a feather,

Satire.—It is an error to suppose that those who indulge in cutting sarcasms are shunned: on the contrary, they are well received, and even courted. In society, they perform the office of the shepherd's dog, biting all who stray beyond the right boundary, and acting like a police for the correction of folly and vanity.—*M. Fleury.*

New Park.—Her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests are about to complete the contract for the sale of York House, and to apply the money arising therefrom, (being a part of the land revenue of the crown,) towards providing a royal park near to Bonner's Fields and Old Ford Lane, in the eastern part of the metropolis, to be called *Victoria Park.*

Cuckoo Proverbs.—

In April the cuckoo shew his bill.
In May he sing night and day.
In June he change his tune.
In July away he fly.
In August away he must.
The children wandering in the wood
To pull the flowers gay,
Startle thy curious voice to hear,
And imitate thy lay.

Spring Showers.—Dr. Forster notes, in his very entertaining and instructive *Circle of the Seasons*, under April 22: "The nights are often cold, and the clear northerly and eastern winds that so often prevail are occasionally exchanged for rapid showers of rain and hail, with western gales. The great power of this last sort of weather over vegetation is very remarkable. The highly electrified showers of spring seem to produce the most rapid germination, and it is probable that the advance of vegetable life is principally owing to electrical causes."

Meleager's Elegy on Heliodora:

Where is she? where the blooming bough
That once my life's sole lustre made?
Torn off by death, 'tis withering now—
And all its flow'rs in dust are laid.—*Moore.*

Portraits.—The Chevalier Richard devoted many years to the collection of portraits: whether a picture was well or ill executed mattered not to the chevalier; all he wanted was a transcript of the features of persons who had played distinguished parts in the world, and had rendered themselves remarkable, no matter how. The walls of his rooms were literally covered with portraits, from the ceiling to the floor. After his death, the stalls on the bridges and quays of Paris were covered with them for more than two months. They were sold by the heap, like apples or pears.

The Times Newspaper.—Assuming there to have been sold on one day 20,000 of *The Times* and Supplement, the paper used for printing the same would have covered eleven acres and three poles of land. Each column of letter-press alone, independent of the margin, measured 1 ft. 2½ in.; and taking 96 columns, the letter-press of every number amounted to 116 feet; so that, on the whole assumed number of 20,000 copies, the length of letter-press in the columns would have extended 440 miles.—*Times Corresp.*

Talleyrand.—A noble French exile, then in America, was one day passing a little shop in Philadelphia, when, observing a man with his shirt-sleeves rolled up his arms, grinding coffee, whose resemblance to the ex-bishop of Autun was very striking, the former entered the pigmy shop, where he found the veritable Simon Pure keeping a small grocer's shop, and making a living that way. "I pity, indeed, I pity you," said the Duke de R—. "I pity *you*," replied Talleyrand, "that your soul should be reduced, or not to be superior, to such a state of feeling. For my part, I have long since brought my feelings and mind into such tranquillity of thought and action, that I can turn a coffee-mill or an empire with equal composure."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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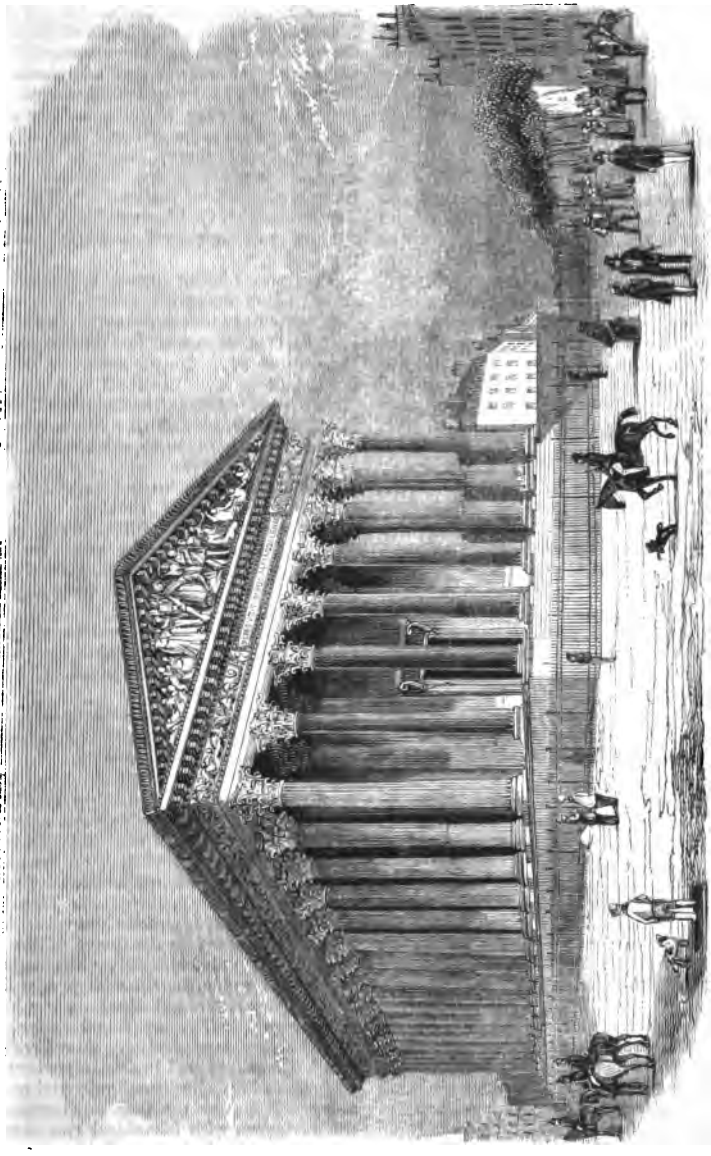

CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE, AT PARIS.

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CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE, AT PARIS.

THE origin of this superb church, "perhaps, the most imposing piece of classical architecture in magnitude, and the most chaste in character, ever produced in modern times," is worthy of recital. The structure is situated upon the Boulevard of the Madeleine, in the Ville-l'Evêque, now annexed to Paris. In the middle of the eighteenth century, the church of this village being inadequate to the population of the neighbourhood, it was determined to demolish it, and erect a new church in front of the Rue Royale, in order that it might be a magnificent object from the Place Louis XV. The first stone was laid in 1764; and between that period and the Revolution, the plan was several times changed, and the works were suspended. At length, Buonaparte chose the site for his "Temple of Glory," wherein the names of military heroes were to be inscribed on *massive tablets of gold*: the half-built church was, accordingly, taken down; and that only just completed, was begun in the year 1804. The execution of this project was interrupted for a few years by political events; till, in 1816, a royal ordinance decreed that the edifice should be finished, in order to place in it expiatory monuments to Louis XVI. and his queen, Louis XVII., and the Princess Elizabeth.

The new church of the Madeleine is a Neo-Grecian structure of surpassing beauty. Externally, it is merely the model of a Corinthian peripteral temple, upon a noble scale. The dimensions are 328 feet by 138, (those of the Parthenon being only 228 by 100,) independently of the projection of the flights of steps at each end, which make the total length of the base or substructure 418 feet; the stylobate, on which the columns are raised, is about 13 feet high; the height of the columns, 62; that of the entablature, nearly 14; and the entire height from the ground to the apex of the pediment, 116 feet. There are in all 52 columns: therefore, as the porticoes are octastyle, there are eight at each end, and twenty along each side, those at the angles being reckoned again. The door of the south or principal entrance is 32 feet high by 16 wide, and is of bronze, with ten panels sculptured in relief by Triquetti, with subjects bearing allusion to the Ten Commandments.

The interior measures 259 feet by 52, and consists of three compartments in length, covered by as many flat domes, through which the building is lighted, there being no side windows. The roof is entirely of iron and copper; and it is stated that no timber has been used in the construction of any part of the building. The architects were MM. Vignon, Harvé, &c. The building itself was completed about four years since.

The sculpture of the bronze gates, or doors, merits a more detailed notice. Thus: The large frieze above the doors, which commands the whole composition, contains two subjects, while the eight remaining ornament the doors. On the frieze Moses is presenting the tablets of the law to the people, by whom they are received in an attitude of respect and adoration. At the same time the prophet legislator, sanctioning the new law by an immediate application, appears to be giving orders to stone a blasphemer. Every bas-relief bears the commandment which is represented, except in this one, where are two—"Thou shalt have none other God but me;" and the other, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

The two folding doors represent the other commandments.

"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day" is expressed by God's resting on the seventh day. Nature seems to be adoring the Eternal.

"Honour thy father and mother." Noah, in his anger, curses his son Ham, who had laughed at the nakedness of his father, overcome by wine.

"Thou shalt do no murder," is represented by the death of Abel.

The delicate subject of the *non mœchaberis* has been treated with the most exquisite propriety. Nathan reproaches David with the death of Uriah, and his intimacy with Bathsheba.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." Daniel causes the two old men who had accused Susannah to be condemned to death.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife." Abimelech respects the innocence of Sarah, the wife of Abraham.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's field, nor his house." Ahab and Jezabel have Naboth stoned to obtain his vineyard.

The composition of the bas-reliefs lies more exposed to criticism than the execution, which offers numerous beauties of the highest order.

A critic in the *Capitole* observes:

"But to return to the doors of the Madeleine. The ancients were vastly superior to the moderns in their marble productions; but the latter, without reaching the height of Grecian ideality, are much superior to them in the art of casting. A real revolution has been effected in this important part of statuary—this has been improved to such a degree, that for the face and ornaments the goldsmith with his chisel can scarcely equal the astonishing perfection given by the caster. M. Richard has raised his re-

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putation even higher than it was. His accurate moulding renders useless the patient chasing of those artists who shone so brilliantly about the sixteenth century, especially in everything connected with decoration. One must see these beautiful castings taken out, not to suppose them the work of the most ingenious sculptor. Nothing so perfect has ever yet been presented to the admiration of connoisseurs.

"The bas-relief which is generally most approved, as well by the interest of the subject as the beauty of its execution, is, doubtless, the one representing David and Bathsheba. We regret that the parable of the pet lamb should be introduced into this composition, as it is injurious to the unity of the subject. The accusing parable is entire in the solemn manner of Nathan. Bathsheba's draperies, perhaps, are rather too Grecian.

"Naboth deprived of his vineyard by Ahab and Jezabel, and put to death by his plunderers, is another of the subjects which attracts public attention. The laying out and the execution are, perhaps, even superior to that of David and Bathsheba. It is impossible not to feel pity for the respectful son, whose fear of death cannot induce him to renounce his paternal inheritance, and not to curse his oppressors."

This able critic contends that the subjects should rather have been chosen from the Gospel than the Law of Moses; and remarks the incongruity of placing in the pediment of the church the penitent Magdalene forgiven on account of her repentance, an example of evangelic tolerance which does not harmonize with the inflexible Mosaic law. His criticism throughout is cleverly sustained, and we regret want of space to quote the whole.

The English reader will scarcely fail to associate the Church of the Madeleine with the Town-hall at Birmingham, which, in some respects, it resembles; so that it may be interesting to point out the distinction of the two structures. "The Town-hall at Birmingham may be quoted as an instance of an octastyle Corinthian peripteral, at least as far as regards the front and side, for the columns are not continued at the other end; but, it is by no means a happy application of such an arrangement, the effect of the colonnades being greatly impaired by the large and numerous windows within them. Besides this, the order is raised, not on a solid stylobate, but on a lofty rusticated basement with arched doors and windows.*

* Penny Cyclopædia, *voce* Paris: an excellent artistical account of the public buildings, with a table of dates, architects, and descriptive remarks. This plan is adopted in detailing the other capitals of Europe; and we do not remember anything of the kind so complete in the larger Cylopædias.

THE SKY.

Yon bright and azure-vaulted sky,
Broad plain alone by seraphs trod;
The shroud beyond whose foldings lie
The mansions of the sons of God.
Myriads of years, in changeful form,
Have light or shade athwart it cast,
And still in sunshine or in storm
It rushes swiftly past.

Morn from the dusk-brow'd orient steals,
Tracking the new-wrought beams of light,
Her golden chariot's noiseless wheels
Crush the deep-bedded clouds of night;
And loosening, like a fountain's birth,
The rose-light floods yon rounded space,
One deep, bright smile, that falls on earth
From Heaven's down-looking face.

Noon showers abroad his golden heat,
Crossing the soft ethereal blue;
And banded clouds in silence fleet,
Burning with every gorgeous hue:
Like seraph-armies moving by
To far-off realms, their footsteps glow
With rainbow gleams, and on the eye
Far flash their wings of snow.

The west, how richly it is dyed
In the last smile of parting day,
When silent-footed eve's descried
Under her shadows, cold and grey:
And night, the dark and stately one,
Glides by—each streak of light upfurled,
Till royally the moon rides on,
By many a beaming world.

O for a bird's wings—I would fain
Fly to yon sapphire-builded wall,
Breaking the pearled lihes of rain,—
Threading the snow-cloud's soundless fall:
Till Heaven's pure glory shone all round
Above the tempest's madd'ning might,
Heard faintly the far-crashing sound,
And dim the thunder-light.

O soon must come an awful day—
The death-day of old earth-born Time—
When yon blue heavens shall melt away
The sun and stars, and earth's green prime.
But o'er the elemental strife,
To righteous hearts shall breathe a cry
"Up to the bright, eternal life—
Come home beyond the Sky!"

I. A. Gibson.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

II.—DELIGHTFUL PEOPLE.

There are two sets of people in society—the amusers and the amused, who are both equally useful in their way, although widely different in their attributes. A *réunion*, to go off well, should contain a proper share of either class; because, notwithstanding the inability of the latter to contribute much to the festivity of the meeting, they make an excellent and patient audience, without which the powers of the amusers are cramped, and they feel they are not sufficiently appreciated. These good people also divide the attractions of their opposites; for two individuals equally desirous of shining should never come into too close contact with each other, or they put one another out with their conflicting brilliancy, and a dead failure of their entertaining attempts is the result; like the dull,

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unmeaning light that pervades the interior of Astley's, if you go early, when the beams of the sun walk in for nothing through the windows at the back of the shilling gallery, and come into collision with the stage lamps, which are awaiting, half down, the first crash of the overture to rise up, and by their flaring grandeur entice the audience into enthusiasm at their mystic appearance.

Why all people, enjoying the same level of intellect, should not be equally amusing in society, we do not pretend to decide; but we will endeavour to account for it, by falling back upon our theatrical analogies. If you study the playbills, you see, year after year, the same names amongst the companies who keep at the same humble standard; whilst others, whom you recollect as their inferiors, ultimately arrive at big letters and benefits—in fact, that chance, tact, *forte*, and opportunity, come spontaneously to the latter, whilst the former are content to remain servants and peasants. They have been known to embody guests and mobs, and have sometimes arrived at first citizens; but this is by no means a common occurrence. The same union of circumstances that divides a theatrical commonwealth into stars and supernumeraries, produces in our own circles delightful people and nobodies—for so are the listeners and admirers generally and uncourteously termed.

But there are various kinds of delightful people beyond the mere entertainers. If there is a family rather higher in life than yourselves, or moving in a sphere you think more of than your own, notwithstanding they may have formerly *snubbed* you, it is astonishing, when you get introduced to them, and at last asked to their house, what delightful people you find them. If you know two young persons who have tumbled into an engagement with one another under tolerably favourable circumstances, and visit each other's friends for the first time, you will be enchanted with the accounts of what "delightful people" they are; how *very* friendly the mother was, and how well the sisters played, and made coloured-paper dust-collectors. Persons who have large houses, give dinners, and keep carriages and private boxes—gentlemen who have been all along the coast of the Mediterranean, and tell most extraordinary anecdotes until they themselves really believe that their adventures have happened—authors who have written a book which has proved a hit by chance, to the astonishment of everybody, and no one more than the writers—acquaintances who have the happy knack of cordially agreeing with you upon every subject, and applauding everything you do, thinking quite differently all the while—worn-out "bits of quality mumbled into decay," as Miss Lucretia Mc Tab says, who honour families of questionable *caste* with their acquaintance, and join all their parties by the tenour of relating stories of bygone greatness, and random recollections of defunct high circles;—all these, and many more, had we time to enumerate them, are "delightful people." But we proceed to consider the class it is our wish to place more especially under the inspection of the reader.

We called one day upon a lady of our acquaintance, who was about to give a large evening party; and upon being ushered into the drawing-room, found the whole family in high glee at the contents of a note they had just received. Our intimacy prompted us to inquire the purport of the oblong billet that had so much delighted them.

"Oh!" said Miss Ellen, the eldest daughter, "the Lawsons have accepted—all of them are coming!"

"And who are the Lawsons?" we ventured to ask.

"My goodness, Albert!" exclaimed everybody at once, with an excitement which nearly caused us, being of a nervous temperament, to tilt backwards off the slim, ricketty apology for a chair on which we were seated. "Is it possible you don't know the Lawsons?"

We confessed with shame our ignorance of the parties in question.

"They are such *delightful people*," continued the second female olive-branch, Margaret. "We were so afraid they would not come, because they are almost always engaged; so we sent their invitation nearly a month ago."

"And you have only just received their reply," we subjoined. "It looks as if they had waited for something else that didn't come."

"Oh, no," said Ellen, almost offended. "Mrs. Lawson is always *so* charmed with everything at our house, and says our parties are always *so* pleasant, and that we manage things *so* well."

"And she told me, the last time she was here," added Margaret, "that she could not have believed the whole of the supper was made at home, if she had not been told. And I am sure she liked it, because she ate so much."

"And what does this family do, to make them so delightful?" we inquired.

"Oh, almost everything," said Ellen. "Mr. Lawson plays an admirable rubber, and Mrs. Lawson knows nearly all the great people of the day, and can tell a great deal of their private histories. Bessy is a perfect Mrs. Anderson on the piano, and Cynthia—"

"Who?" we interrupted, somewhat rudely.

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"Cynthia—isn't it a pretty name? She is such a delightful girl—sings better than any one you ever heard in private."

"Then Tom is such an oddity, and such a nice fellow," continued Margaret. "He imitates Macready and Buckstone, so that you would not know the difference, and sings the drollest songs! He can whistle just like a bird, play tunes upon a stick, and conjure with rout-cakes at supper."

"And you should hear him do the two cats, where he makes you believe that they talk real words," chimed in Ellen.

"And what is this wonder?" we asked.

"He's a lawyer," said Ellen, "but I don't think he much likes his profession."

We thought so too. No man who did the two cats, or imitated Macready and Buckstone, ever did like his profession, unless he was an actor at once.

"You will see them here on Friday," said Margaret, "and then you can form your own opinions; but I am certain you will like them. Hark! there's a double knock at the door."

"Don't peep at the window, Margaret; they will see you," said Ellen to her sister, who was endeavouring to discover who the visitors were by taking a covert observation through the bars of a birdcage.

"It's those horrid Wiltons!" exclaimed Margaret. "Do ring again, Ellen. What a singular thing it is servants are never in the way when a double knock comes at the door."

The new comers entered the room, and, at the same time, we left: not, however, before our fair young friends had told "those horrid Wiltons" how angry they were with them for not calling more frequently, and how delighted they felt now they had come at last. We were sorry to find their pretty lips could let out such little falsehoods, and with such excellent grace.

Friday evening arrived, as in the common course of things every Friday evening must do if you wait for it; and about ten o'clock, after a shilling's-worth of shake, rattle, and altercation, we alighted from a cab at our friends' house, and tripped into the library, where tea and coffee was going on, with a lightness that only dress boots and white kids can inspire. Several visitors were there, as well as one of Margaret's brothers, who said, in a low voice, as we entered—

"Let me introduce you to some delightful people. Mrs. Lawson, allow me to present to you Mr. Albert ——"

"Will you take tea or coffee, sir?" said the maid, at the same time.

We were so overcome with being thus suddenly confronted with the stars, that we think we bowed to the maid, and said we were happy to make her acquaintance; and merely exclaimed, "Coffee, if you please," as Mrs. Lawson inclined her head, the ourselves.

We went up stairs, and after having followed our name to undergo three dismutilations from as many footmen, until we did not know it ourselves, we entered the ball-room, where our friends had just received intelligence that "the Lawsons had arrived!" The first half-hour of an evening party is always the same. If you know anybody, you sidle up to them, and give your opinions upon the girls; if you do not, you take your place at the folding-doors that lead from the front to the back drawing-room, and indulge in your own reflections, until the quadrille is finished; when you are introduced to some one for the next, with whom, being an utter stranger, the conversation is delightfully animated. And yet, there are some young ladies, with whom you feel at once at home—who even start subjects of conversation themselves, and say something sensible in answer to every one of your remarks; whilst, with others, you are obliged to pump—pump—pump, to get a monosyllabic reply; and, when you have exhausted the Opera, the heat, Charles O'Malley, "have you been very gay this season?" London Assurance, and the Horticultural, you both relapse into solemn silence.

ALBERT.

(To be continued.)

THE FRIARS AND THE PRIEST.

[THE original from which the following rhyme is taken is a Latin dialogue from the pen of the learned and witty Erasmus. This illustrious scholar, the great luminary of the age in which he lived, who as far surpassed the bulk of his contemporary literati as the glorious beams of the midday sun eclipse the faint glimmerings of a taper, often took occasion to expose the absurdities and secularity so rife among the ecclesiastics of that day, with his true and characteristic humour. Of this we have a remarkable instance in his *Laus Stultitiæ*, Praise of Folly; a very clever and poignant satire, dedicated to our own countryman, Sir Thomas More, and exquisitely illustrated by the great Holbein. The Colloquies and Epistles of Erasmus likewise, present innumerable specimens of his keen, pointed wit and caustic lampoons, directed against the ignorance and bigotry of the times, more particularly as existing amongst the cloister fraternities. The following is a paraphrastic versification of a specimen:]

Two old Franciscan Friars chanc'd, one very wintry day,
Bent on some holy pilgrimage, to wend their lonely way;

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The night was cold, the way was long, the wind it blew right bleak and drear,
And Astlar weary travellers their destin'd path did seem to steer.
Through they thus proceeded, ere with joy they espied
The little hamlet rear its head, close on the mountain's side.
With quicken'd pace, they onward haste, resolv'd that night to spend
With yonder hamlet's parish priest, or some such holy friend.
Encourag'd by this good relief, their utmost speed they try,
Nor was it long before they could the parish church descry;
Right soon the hamlet's crooked streets the pious friars thread,
And seek, with anxious eagerness, the church's grounds to tread.
The parish parson's straw-thatch'd cot at length they fainting gain,
And when his wicket-gate they pass, they half forget their pain;
The sight of such a good retreat, where, wayworn and oppress'd,
Their aching, cold, and trembling limbs they might in comfort rest—
The prospect thus to end their toils new life and strength imparts,
Revives their jaded, sinking souls, and cheers their drooping hearts.
Now, of this parish parson, here it must be briefly stated,
That he was fat, loved well his glass, was also empty pated;
A secular, a tavern-going, hunting, drunken knave,
More fond of plying hares and hounds, than trying souls to save;
Content to let the flock go wild, or wander far astray,
If only he the fleece secur'd, and made the tithes his prey.
'Twas at his door the strangers knock'd, nor long there did they wait,
For he, surprised, uprose in haste, and forthwith sallied straight:
From head to foot the ragged monks his keen eye quickly scann'd,
And through their tatter'd garments read the scheme they'd boldly plann'd.
"Pax vobiscum"—thus 'twas the monks their futile tale began,
Which he cut short with accents rough, and thus his answer ran:—
"Ye lazy scoundrels, how dare ye disturb my nightly rest,
Or thus, at this unseemly hour, with rogues the church infest?
Begone! nor, at your peril, stay upon these holy grounds,
Your insolence and sacrilege hath neither end nor bounds.
Along that lane, a publican lives at the 'Dish and Dog,'
Go try your fortunes there, ye hounds, be off! ye miscreants, mog!"
Astounded quite, and horrified, they to the place he nam'd
Now trudg'd along, with many groans, for both were almost lam'd.
This publican, an honest man, and of a generous mind,
To hear their tale of misery seem'd rather more inclin'd:
He call'd them in, and lodg'd them well, and for that night, at least,
They slipp'd the memory of their toils amidst his jovial feast.

[Having conducted the travellers to the hospitable table of the landlord of the "Dish and Dog," our author then, somewhat abruptly, introduces the following conversation, as passing between the publican and the friars. The opprobrious language bestowed on the parish priest by the latter, and the open-hearted bluntness of the former, are equally characteristic of the times, and both are remarkably true to life.]

Quoth the friars to mine host, "Pray, what parson have you here?
A dumb, rapacious, surly dog, not good for much, we fear."

Publican.

"Why, whatever others find him I cannot really tell:
He's a merry, worthy fellow—loves his glass and bottle well.
As to customers, there's no man brings me better, that's quite clear;
And now I come to speak of that, I'm surprised he's not now here.
You suppose, you say, he's dumb—that charge is quite ungrounded;
At least, whilst in my tap-room here, his noise is quite unbounded:
But why should I, with arguments, my time and breath thus waste?
I warrant of his vocal powers you've had a smartish taste."

Friars.

"Why, yes; for all we ask'd him was, to lodge us but this night:
By Jove! he could not, were we wolves, have put us more affright."

Publican.

"Ha! ha! I understand now why, to night, he's passed my door;
The cunning rogue! he knew right well that you were here before."

Friars.

"Pray, does this priest his Bible know? Is he in scripture read?"

Publican.

"Yes, so I think; but as to that, it must in truth be said,
That of the mute confessional his knowledge strongly smells,
He never lets it pass his lips, nor e'er his learning tells."

Friars.

"Do you suppose that he'd allow a brother priest to preach,
And in his stead the altar take, the gospel truths to teach?"

Publican.

"I'll answer for it, only on this simple proposition,
That they avoid to harp on themes that smack of opposition;
For many of your sort have tricks right ugly, by the powers!
Of preaching AT, instead of FOR, all parsons such as ours."

H. R.

THE DANGERS OF MISCONDUCT.

BY M. DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER II.—THE SOLICITOR.

(*Continued from p.* 339.)

A FEW days after this conversation with M. Gobseck, I was examined and admitted to the bar. The old miser's confidence in me seemed to increase. He used to consult me (gratuitously, of course,) in all his most difficult operations, and he never had rea-

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son to repent it. At last, I got to be chief clerk in the office, and left my former room to live with my master. When I quitted the usurer he shewed neither friendship nor regret. He did not even invite me to come and see him. He used to call on me, however, and employ me just as freely as if he paid me for my trouble. In a couple of years or so, my master, an extravagant man, was in difficulties, and wanted to dispose of his office. Such offices were not as dear then as they are now—he offered to sell out for seventy thousand francs. An active, capable man could clear the purchase-money in two or three years.

I had not a cent in the world, and the only moneyed man I knew was old Gobseck. I saw a ray of hope there, and determined to try him. My heart beat violently as I knocked at his door. I thought at first I would solicit his aid very humbly, as all needy people did—"But no!" thought I to myself, "a man of honour must never forget his self respect. Meanness is too high a price to pay for a fortune."

Since I had moved away, father Gobseck had fixed an iron grating in his door, and he did not open it till he had reconnoitred me.

"Well, it seems your master wants to sell out," said he, in his shrill voice. "How do you know? I am the only one he has spoken with about it." He pursed up the corners of his mouth into a queer smile, and looked right through me in his calm, cold way, as he answered,

"You would not have come to see me but for that."

"One word, if you please, M. Gobseck," said I, as coolly as I could, for I was confounded by his penetration. "I know you are a man not easily moved, and I should only waste my eloquence if I was to try to describe the situation of a poor orphan, whose only hope is in you, and who has no other friend in the world. That is all very well, but business is business. My master's office brings him in thirty thousand francs a year: I believe I could bring it up to fifty thousand. He will sell it for seventy thousand, and I have got the stuff here," said I, touching my forehead, to clear the price in two years, if you can lend me the money."

"That is coming to the point at once," he remarked quietly, and took my hand as he added, "I never heard any one tell his story in fewer words. What guarantees can you give me?" he asked, eyeing me from head to foot. "I see;—none at all. How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Bring me the certificate of your birth to-morrow, and we will see what can be done."

The next morning I was punctual. He read the certificate over twice, turned it round, coughed, looked at it again, then at me, and said,

"We will see if we can't arrange the matter."

I trembled all over with joy.

"I always get fifty per cent. for my money," he added, (and I began to sink.) "But as we are old friends, I will take up with twelve and a half per cent.; will that do?"

"Yes."

"If it is too much, say so: that's what I ask, it's for you to determine whether you can pay it. I don't like to see a man always jump at the first offer. Is it too much?"

"Oh no, I shall only have to work a little harder."

"Why, your clients will have to pay it, not you."

"No, by all the saints," I cried, "I will pay it myself: I would cut off my hand sooner than fleece a client."

"Good morning to you, sir," said Gobseck.

"But then all our fees are taxed, you know."

"No, not for advice, amicable settlements, and all that. You can often get a thousand francs, ten thousand sometimes, for your trouble, your consultation, opinion, and all that humbug. You must try and get that kind of business. I will recommend you to all my friends. There's Werbrust, Palma, Gigonnet, and all the money-lenders will give you all their collecting business, and, Heaven knows, they've enough of it. So you'll have two sets of clients—those you will make for yourself, and those I will send you. In fact, I think you ought to give me fifteen per cent."

"Very well," said I.

The old man seemed pleased.

"I will pay the money myself, so as to have a direct lien on the property."

"Certainly, any security you want."

"And then you must give me seventy notes for a thousand francs each."

"Of course stating that they are for the purchase-money, otherwise I should be liable for twice the seventy thousand."

"No," said he, positively. "How can you expect me to have confidence in you, if you do not in me?"

I was silent.

"And then," he added in a conciliating way, "you will do all my little business without charge, won't you, so long as I live!"

"Agreed, except advancing money."

"That's all fair. Will you let me call on you sometimes?"

"I shall always be happy to see you."

"Yes, but then in the mornings we have our business to look to. Suppose we dine together twice a week, at five, and talk over

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our little affairs. I can be merry sometimes over a glass of champagne, I tell you! Come to-night, and we will close the purchase."

"Before I go, I should like to ask, if you have no objection, what the register of my birth had to do with this matter in your opinion?"

"How thoughtless these young men are! Let me inform you, Mr. Solicitor, that before thirty, honesty and capacity are as good as a mortgage, but after a man gets over thirty, there's no depending on him."

Within a month I was in business for myself. I had the honour of being employed by you, madame, and I was successful. My name became known, and in spite of the heavy interest, I paid off Gobseck in two years. I then married Fanny Malvaut.

Since then, my life has been one of unmixed good fortune. I shall therefore say nothing more of myself: for nothing is so monotonous as happiness.

Soon after I began practice I was invited to a bachelor dinner, which one of my friends had lost to a young man, who was then the lion of the fashionable world. The fellow's reputation was immense. No one wore a coat with such elegance, no one handled the reins so skilfully. The ladies were bewitched by him. He spent a hundred thousand francs a year, without a single foot of landed estate, nor any source of revenue. He was the very model of the knights-errant of the saloon and the boulevards, strange being, *au fait* at everything, and good for nothing; very knowing, yet profoundly ignorant; full of care rather than of remorse; ready to be lavishly generous or meanly wicked; in a word a kind of brilliant link between the fashionable world and the galleys. I had often heard of him, but always avoided the honour of his acquaintance.

I don't know that I can describe a bachelor dinner to you. In elegance it is unequalled. You are dazzled by the brilliant array of plate, crystal, and rich damask; by the spotless neatness and luxury around you. In a couple of hours the table looks like a field of battle, strewed with broken glasses, disfigured dishes, and rumpled napkins; all around you now hear shouting, singing, yelling; you see purple visages and inflamed eyes which express nothing; involuntary confidence which expresses everything. You hardly know what you eat, drink, or say; some are sad, others noisy; one keeps repeating the same thing, like a bell always tolling; another deepens the tumult by trying to drown it.

It was in such a scene of confusion that the young fashionable I have mentioned endeavoured to get into my good graces. I was almost as sober as ever, and kept on my guard. As for him, he pretended to be decently drunk, but he was cool and steady, with a keen eye to business. I don't know how it was, but he fascinated me so completely, that on the way home I promised to take him to Gobseck's in the morning. The words honour—virtue—countess—estimable lady—misfortunes, glided smoothly from his tongue. When I woke up next morning I remembered my promise but confusedly; I thought some countess was in danger of losing her character and her husband's esteem, unless she could get fifty thousand francs that morning; but what my new friend had to do with it, or Gobseck either, I could not recollect. I was hardly dressed when he entered.

"Monsieur le Vicomte," said I, "I cannot see why you should need my assistance to introduce you to M. Gobseck. He is the politest of usurers, and will lend you the money at once, if the security is satisfactory."

"Why, I told you yesterday, that I had unluckily quarrelled with old Gobseck, and as he is the only man in Paris who can find you fifty or a hundred thousand francs at ten minutes notice, I requested you to make my peace with him, which you promised to do,—but never mind."

He eyed me in a politely insulting way, and I could only answer—

"I am at your service,"

When we reached the house, I saw him look around him with an air of great anxiety. A hackney coach drove up just then, and his keen eye distinguished a lady within, and an expression of almost savage joy lighted up his face.

(To be continued.)

THE LITERARY WORLD.—XI.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

The Sporting Review is rife with seasonable intelligence and agreeable reading: there is a "springy freshness" about the Number which is very inviting even to the indwellers of brick and mortar. The practical papers—as the Preservation of Game, Fly-fishing, Tiger-shooting, Pointers and Setters, Indian Horses, Yachting, Hunting, Racing, &c.,—are pleasantly relieved by the Editor's "Hyde Marston; or, Recollections of a Sportsman's Life," shewing there to be philosophy for every phase: here are two quips:—

"Whence cometh it that thou dost suffer thy spirit to droop, and thy heart to sink even unto the pit of thy stomach? 'In nature there is nothing melancholy;' why, then, should *thy* soul be sad? Scarce is the bright vault of heaven hidden by the shadows of the night, than the east again smiles in her promise of glory and gladness; while yet the black suit of winter

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clothes hill and valley, the snowdrop and primrose are seen decorating its dreary costume. Mortal man! arise, and be of good cheer. Heaven hath its sunlight; earth hath her flowers; and thou hast philosophy—and thy breakfast."

"There is one peculiarity in the character of tailors, that I do not remember to have seen noticed by any of the writers who have turned their attention to those fractions of the human species. All men, more or less in the degree, are obnoxious to imposition, and liable to fall into the snares of the crafty and designing. Now your tailor, 'like the scorpion girt with fire,' if nobody comes forward to do for him, is driven by his instinct to volunteer the act for himself."

Next is a charming vignette from a paper by the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, M.P.:—

"On an evening, in the very earliest hours of June, when loving Nature seemed so full of tender passions, that, from the soaring kite to the tiniest insect on the wing, her soft influences were felt and individually proclaimed:—when the modest wren sat on the humble brier, and poured his shrill note of joy in the ears of his mate, as she looked from the oval window of her moss-made cot, and brooded over her delicate treasures:—when the thrush sought the topmost twig of the tree, as if to be nearer heaven, and, gazing down on his clay-bound nest, poured the full melody of his varied note upon the ambient air, and waked the nightingale to emulation:—when the cushat, and blackbird, and turtle-dove, sang soft from their leafy screens—a young man, accompanied by a beautiful girl, were seated beneath the thicket. Above them rose the dark green fir, the verdant oak, and the brighter boughs of the birch and beach; while at their feet, and around about on every side, the violet, the latest primrose and cowslip, shed a perfume on the rising dews, and steeped the senses in delicious languor. Bird and flower, bough and breath of air, were fraught with sweets and melody; and, faithful historian as I am, fain am I to own that, if Nature breathed of love and harmony, the human face divine seemed in no wise reluctant to follow her bright example."

A paragraph follows, from "The Westminster Boy. By Lord William Lennox:—

"Paddy Mahony, or Paddy, as we usually called him, sinking his *pat*ronymic, was a perfect specimen of a sharp, witty descendant of Milesius: his sayings would fill pages; I only remember a few. Upon one occasion, when Mahony was undergoing his Saturday evening's ablutions, in a *bain de pied*, a comrade, looking at his 'puir thin shanks,' exclaimed, 'Why, Paddy, you've lost your calves!' 'Arrah, no!' replied the young emeralder; 'they are only shrunk in washing.' One day, in scrambling up a tree, in Millbank, a branch made a pretty considerable rent in the tail of his coat. 'There's an illigant rent,' exclaimed another young Paddy. 'Sure, and so it is,' rejoined Mahony, 'what would your father give to have *his rents* so near his pocket.' Upon another occasion, when a hack, upon which Mahony was riding, floundered, and fell upon the road, and, in trying to recover, nearly caught his fore foot in the stirrup, Paddy extricated himself quietly, saying, in the most 'illigant' brogue, 'You big baste, we can't ride double; if you're thinking of getting on yourself, it's high time for me to get off.' His erudite conundrum, 'Why is a prize-fight called a PITCH battle?' 'Because it's bitumen (by two men),' was looked upon as a great jocosity in Dean's-yard. Poor Mahony! Never was there such 'a broth of a boy;' he fell gallantly, in the sixteenth year of his age, at the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo."

Public Exhibitions.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(*Continued from page* 334.)

AMONG the landscapes to be noticed in this Room are, 148. *Cottage from Nature*, and 201. *Devonshire Scenery*. F. R. Lee, R.A.; 153. *Repose*. W. F. Witherington, R.A.; 227. *The lane to the ruins of Kenilworth*. A. Jutsum; and 181. *A rocky Stream*. T. Creswick; the latter especially is a charming scene of leafy freshness, reminding us of

"River, River, little River,
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.
River, River, swelling River,
On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth."

The most meritorious Portraits not yet glanced at are 183. *The Bishop of Lichfield*. Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A. 167. *William Lawrence, Esq.* H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. 171. *George Byng, Esq., M.P.* Mrs. W. Carpenter: all which are very carefully painted. 222. *Mr. Ex-sheriff Wheelton*, is merely remarkable as evidence of the vanity of "brief authority." 177. *Rhubarb Merchant*, C. Steedman, is a small, nicely-finished production. We omitted to notice, opposite to the above, 49. *A. Hankey, Esq.* T. Phillips, R.A.; and, by the same artist, *Dr. Chambers*, and the *late Sir F. H. Doyle*; all which are striking portraits, finished with extreme care.

172. *Roseneu, seat of H.R.H. Prince*

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Albert of Coburg, near Coburg, Germany. J. W. M. Turner, R.A. Intended for a scene of quiet nature, yet *bizarre* enough for a fairy creation of the pencil. The drawing, as well as the colouring, partake of the impossible; for the flag is waving in the breeze from the castle-top without a staff.

206. *"To arms, to arms, ye brave!"* W. Etty, R.A. Some sturdy warriors are about to rush from the arms of their *inamoratæ* to battle; and are girding on their weapons, &c., while a war-chariot waits at the opened door. It is, however, a "sinful phantasy" of painting.

216. *The Farewell.* A. E. Chalon, R.A. A girl of exquisite beauty has fallen asleep, her head reclining upon a table, beside an opened cage, whence a canary-bird has just flown. The drawing of the right hand is very faulty, but the picture is altogether a very pleasing one, and has prompted the following pretty lines by Mrs. Maberley:—

"Lady, farewell! I little thought
The hour would ever come,
When one thou hadst so fondly sought
Would sigh to leave thy home.
Sleep calmly on, the chain is riven,
I could not live despised;
For liberty too freely given
Speaks love but lightly prized.
That open door, that slumber deep,
Thy altered feelings tell;
Enough! enough! sleep, calmly sleep,
But lady, oh, farewell!"

223. *Portico of the Temple of Dendara, in Upper Egypt.* D. Roberts, R.A. elect. This is, indeed, a magnificent picture of the most perfect of all the existing monuments of Egypt. Its innumerable decorations are striking, as well from their beauty of colour as from their multiplicity; and the picturesque costume of the figures introduced aids the richness of the scene. By aid of Mr. Roberts' paintings of Egyptian structures, we are now becoming familiar with the exquisite colours as well as forms of their embellishments, together with their true grandeur, That such edifices should have been so elaborately decorated bespeaks perfection in the vast and the minute of art, which is truly astonishing.

On entering the *Middle Room*, our attention was first attracted by 236. *Winchester Tower, Windsor Castle, from Romney Lock.* W. F. Witherington, R.A.: interesting to every respecter of the abodes of genius, as the residence of William de Wykeham, who superintended the Castle works, with a shilling per day, nearly five hundred years since; and as the dwelling of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, who restored this truly regal palace in our own time.

237. *England's Pride.* 419. *Britain's Glory.* W. Kidd: a pair of cabinet pictures of the genuine class, — *ad captandum vulgus*—a Greenwich and a Chelsea Pensioner—in design of the same grade of merit as the national claptraps in Colman's plays, that were wont to set the "twelvepenny colony" on a roar, but are now passed over with a simper. Besides, the "pride" and "glory" of a mutilated soldier or sailor are of a very equivocal description; we have no sympathy with such stalking-horse pictures as the above.

242. *Poor-law Guardians—Board-day—Application for Bread.* C. W. Cope. This picture, in its subject, approximates too closely to the class we have just condemned, to be one of our favourites. The unpopularity of the scene causes the painting to be one of the attractions of the room. A poor widow, with her children, are applying to "the board" for bread, and near the door of the room is the beadle listening to her tale of woe, and visibly impugning its veracity. Most of the guardians are seated at a large table, and one of them, whose physiognomy denotes him to be of a more melting nature than his brethren, is taking some money stealthily from his purse beneath the table; his sympathizing looks being well contrasted with the indifference of the big, burly, well-fed guardian opposite him. This stolidity, too, is supported by a listless knot of guardians about the fireplace, and especially by the worthy with his back to the fire—the very impersonation of *nonchalance*, and its no-affair-of-mine nature. The widow and her children are a touching group; the latter, especially, appear innocent of their parlous state. The guardians have come protected with Macintosh coats, umbrellas, clogs, &c., which lie on the floor, denoting the care their wearers have taken of themselves. These appurtenances, too, with the large, blazing fire, denote severe weather out of doors: why, then, has the artist painted one of the windows open? The picture is finely painted, and is, altogether, a strong appeal upon a very ticklish question.

243. *A Detachment of Cromwell's Cavalry surprised in a Mountain Pass.* T. Woodward. The horses in this picture are very meritoriously painted.

263. *Wreck of the Forfarshire Steamer in* 1838, *from Sketches and Portraits painted on the Spot.* T. M. Joy. This picture consists of Darling and his heroic daughter in their boat, laying off the rock, whereon are the wrecked sufferers. The carpenter is, by pointing, endeavouring to arouse and persuade the woman to leave her children, who are dead.

Fortunately, scenes of humour are at hand to relieve the *tristesse* of those just noticed: 268. The Frown. 271. *The Joke*, T. Webster, A., from Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, portraying the effects of the schoolmaster's good and ill humour upon a class of boys. They are oblong mantelpiece pictures, representing fear and feigned mirth to the very life.

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Alack! who, before his master, has not been a "boding trembler," and

"Learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face."

We remember even to have scanned his humour by his very clothes. There were *caning* inexpressibles, good-natured gaiters, &c.; and the venerable wearer would relax into a smile should this meet his once quick eye. On the other hand, who has not

"Laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

Mr. Redgrave, A., has three pictures of the humorous class: 205. *The Castle-builder*, a market girl, who has just kicked over a basket of eggs, and broken the majority of them. 287. *Sir Roger de Coverley's Courtship*, from the *Spectator*, 113: Sir Roger in his "last confusion and silence" at the malicious aid of the confidant, is in a very ludicrous position. 498. *The Vicar of Wakefield finding his lost Daughter at the Inn.* These pictures of familiar life are painted with considerable care and delicacy, though the colouring may be objected to.

The Vicar of Wakefield has furnished another scene: 313. *Hunt the Slipper at Neighbour Flamborough's—unexpected Visit of the Fine Ladies*; D. Maclise, R.A. The reader must recollect the passage. The Michaelmas nuts and fruit are upon the table; the vicar, his wife, and Flamborough, are looking on at the slipper-party on the floor; the eldest daughter is "all blowsed in spirits, and bawling out for fair-play;" and the two fine acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, are just in the doorway. Their strait-laced affectation, the confusion on confusion of the hunting party, are alike admirably portrayed. The picture has Mr. Maclise's usual faulty colouring, but it is altogether a pleasing work.

289. *Starting the Opposition*; R. Farrier. A party of boys have made up a mimic "locomotive," with bellows, &c., the real engine being upon a railway in the distance. This is an amusing trifle.

291. *The Bay of Naples on June 4—various groups returning from the Festa of St. Antonio*; T. Uwins, R.A. One of the most beautiful localities in nature—brilliantly painted.

314. *Peasant Girls Herding Cattle*; T. S. Cooper. A genuine scene of rustic life: the cattle admirably painted.

339. *De Montfort*; C. Landseer, A. A very dignified scene, and the artist's best picture in the present exhibition.

340. *The Library at Holland House, with Portraits*; C. R. Leslie, R.A. Interesting as the *sanctum* of genius, apart from its artistical merits, which are very considerable.

350. *Answering the Advertisement*; F. R. Stephanoff. "A respectable female" is applying to be "housekeeper to a middle-aged gentleman, of serious and domestic habits." The housekeeper who has shewn in the applicant is a clever impersonation of envious scrutiny and withering scorn.

304. *Puzzuoli, from Caligula's Bridge; the Island of Nesida in the distance, Bay of Baid.* C. Stanfield, R.A. A charming scene, beautifully painted; the atmosphere is pure Italian, and the tone of colour fine throughout.

379. *Female Bathers surprised by a Swan.* W. Etty, R.A. Exquisite drawing and colouring entitle this picture to very high rank.

380. *Windermere, as seen between Low Wood and Ambleside.* F. H. Hernshaw. A charming scene, painted with extraordinary care.

384. *A Scene taken from the Caves of Ulysses at Sorrento, the birth-place of Tasso.* W. Collins, R.A.:

"Not a cave but flings
On the clear wave some image of delight.
Here, methinks,
Truth wants no ornament, in her own shape
Filling the mind, by turns, with awe and dread."
Rogers' Italy.

A scene of rare classic interest, beautifully painted: the artist has caught the "clear wave" of the poet with exquisite skill.

395. *A Trout Stream.* J. Stark. A piece of genuine picturesque: the rocks, and overhanging oaks, with their gnarled and tortuous roots, and the busy water with the high reeds and drooping willows, make up a delightful scene for an "Angler's ramble."

399. *Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives.* D. Roberts, R. A. elect. The scene represents the Easter pilgrims coming in sight of the holy city after bathing in the river Jordan. The solitariness of Jerusalem, her gates desolate, and her beauty all departed, are beautifully characterized in this sublime picture.

404. *Portrait of Charles Kemble, Esq.* A. Morton. This will scarcely be recognised as a successful stage likeness; but it is an admirable "private portrait," the identity of which improves upon a second view.

411. *Portrait of a Lady.* S. A. Hart, R.A. A full-length of a handsome intelligent-looking young woman, painted in a simple yet effective manner. But the figure being tall, why place it in so narrow and close a frame, which increases the apparent height: when seen from a distance, through the doorway of the East Room, this peculiarity is very formal.

417. *Near Castel-à-Mare, Bay of Naples.* C. Stanfield, R.A. Vigorously painted, but deficient in colour and tone, indispensable to the successful representation of Italian scenery. Mr. Hofland has painted nearly the same locality, with better success. (See 335.)

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First, in the *West Room*, we notice a pair of large pictures by Mr. Martin: 428. *Celestial City and River of Bliss.* 570. *Pandemonium:* both from Milton. The painter, like Virgil, succeeds best in "the shades," and his "amber stream" and "amaranthine shades," are inferior to his "fabric huge"—

> "Built like a temple, where pilasters round
> Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
> With golden architrave, nor did there want
> Cornice or frieze with bossy sculptures graven."
> *Paradise Lost*, book i.

429. *Mary Queen of Scots amd her retinue returning from the Chase to the Castle of Stirling, in* 1562. W. Simson. A somewhat elaborate scene, with too many figures to enumerate; the queen, mounted on her white palfrey, occupying the centre of the picture.

435. *The Grand Duchesses Olgar and Alexandrina.* Mrs. J. Robertson. Portraits of two lovely young women, daughters of the Emperor of Russia.

466. *The Sculptor's Triumph when his Statue of Venus is about to be placed in her temple—a morning at Rhodes.* F. Danby, A. An over-ambitious composition, deficient in every characteristic of a scene of triumph: it is all *petit.*

471. *Henry Phillips, Esq.* J. P. Knight, A. A well-painted portrait of the vocalist, in angling costume: the likeness is excellent. 511. *Portrait of Sir L. V. Palk, Bart.*, by the same artist, of equal merit.

505. *Portrait of Count D'Orsay.* J. Wood. Painted in the artist's best manner; the likeness is admirable.

507. *The Stolen Interview of Charles I., when Prince of Wales, with the Infanta of Spain.* F. Stone. The Prince has just scaled the wall, in pursuit of the fair one, and her aged guardian, on his knees, is imploring the gallant to desist: the incident is cleverly told.

519. *David.* W. Etty, R. A. The Psalmist is playing his harp with right holy joy: his expression is extremely dignified.

532. *Dawn of Christianity.* (*Flight into Egypt.*) J. M. W. Turner, R. A. The event is, by no means, well related; colouring, as usual. One often hears odd criticism at Exhibitions: *par example*, a visitor, after inspecting this picture, naïvely asked: "What has this to do with Christianity?" 542. *Glaucus and Sylla*, from Ovid, by the same artist, is, to us, equally unintelligible.

539. *The Trial of Effie Deans.* R. S. Lander. An agonizing scene from *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*: the father has fallen senseless at the feet of his terrified daughter, who, with impotent passion, is struggling with the guards, between whom she is placed.

Of the *Drawings and Miniatures*, nearly 400 in number, we have space to notice but a few: the former are altogether of inferior merit to the latter, some of which are very brilliant. Mr. Chalon has water-colour portraits of *Count D'Orsay, Mrs. Thwaites, Lady E. Drummond, the Prince and Princess of Capua*, and *Sir Walter Blunt*, which severally display the exquisite taste and finish of the artist's manner. Mr. Penley's *Portrait of H.R.H. Prince Albert* will also be admired for the fidelity of the likeness. A pair of subjects from Westminster Abbey, 816, *Tomb of Sir Francis Vere*, and 868, *Tomb of Henry III.* (T. Scandrett,) are entitled to special mention, from their happy combination of pure architectural character with picturesque effect: they are very meritoriously executed.

Among the *Miniatures* are a few splendid enamels by H. P. Bone, after Vandyck, Reynolds, Lawrence, and Gerard; and a pair of Flower-groups, after Veerendael, by W. Essex. Sir W. Newton's splendid Coronation "Miniature" picture on ivory, 32 in. in height, and 22 in. in breadth, is very attractive: it contains nine figures, and represents the Duke of Sussex doing homage to the Queen; the portraits of Her Majesty, the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, Viscount Melbourne, the Bishop of London, and the Duchess of Sutherland, are, to our thinking, the most successful likenesses: it is impossible to detect the joints of the plates of ivory, and the picture has a breadth rarely seen in this species of painting. Mr. Ross has also some exquisite miniatures, as the *Portrait of H.R.H. Prince Albert*, unexceptionable in likeness; and the *Portrait of the Duchess of Somerset.*

The *Architectural* Room contains several beautiful designs, which denote considerable advancement in this important branch of art: indeed, there are fewer crudities of castle-building in the air than we ever remember to have witnessed at the Royal Academy. The new churches, schools, and other public buildings in the provinces are very numerous, and in good taste. We are here reminded, also, of two extensive designs in progress close to our own metropolis: 980. *Lonsdale Square, Islington*, R. C. Carpenter; and 1059. *The Estate building near Hackney for J. B. Nichols, Esq.* J. A. Taylor. 981. *Design for rebuilding Bridgewater House, London.* C. Bary, A., is a magnificent edifice, in the Italian style—a very palace. 1006. *Design for St. George's Hall, Liverpool.* H. L. Elmes, merits the premium of 250 guineas awarded for it: it is a beautiful composition. 994. *Ruins of Baalbec, Mount Lebanon in the distance.* D. Roberts, R. A. elect. A very impressive picture. The *Medallic Portraits* in this apartment are very interesting.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A New Musical Instrument was introduced at the Adelaide Gallery on Saturday last. It is named *the Terpodion*, and was originally invented by the late Mr. Frederick Bushmann, by whose son it has been improved and perfected. The instrument, in a small and compact form, (about the size of a cottage pianoforte,) combines the power of an organ, (with a sixteen-feet pipe,) and the qualities of a bassoon, violoncello, clarionette, and of the Æolian harp. Its tones are remarkably full and round; its piano notes are exquisitely soft, and its *sostenuto* perfect. Judging from a few specimens of the capabilities of the Terpodion, played to the delight of a large audience, we consider it an attractive addition to the Gallery.

Napoleon Diorama.—Two new Views have been added to the *Diorama of the Funeral of Napoleon*, viz. the Funeral Procession, as seen at the Triumphal Arch, in the Champs Elysées; and the Funeral Car. In the former, the details of the magnificent Arch, (*de l'Etoile*,) are admirably painted; in the latter, the Car is nearly the size of the original, and is most effectively coloured. Novelty apart, these additional Views are even of finer execution than the three scenes previously exhibited.

Trial of Lord Strafford.—A large picture of "The Trial of Thomas, Earl of Strafford, in Westminster Hall—1641," painted by Mr. W. Fisk, has been exhibited in Cornhill; previous to its being engraved in mezzotinto, as a companion-plate to "The Trial of Lord William Russell." The picture is a striking scene, comprising upwards of fifty portraits of Strafford's illustrious contemporaries; those of the Earl, his Countess, and family, and of Pym and Sir W. Balfour, being most prominent. Among the audience, side by side, are Selden and John Evelyn, who describes this memorable event as "the fatal stroke which severed from its shoulders the wisest head in England." The picture is altogether a work of sterling merit.

New Books.

A Summer in Western France. By T. A. Trollope, Esq., B.A.

[Some wag of a critic has predicted that "tourists and pleasure-seekers will be seen daily starting from the Tower Stairs, Dover, Southampton, &c., on a visit to Western France, with Mr. Trollope's work in their hand." That the book in question merits patronage we are not disposed to deny; but that it will receive it to the extent foretold by our critical contemporary we are altogether inclined to doubt, seeing that Mr. Trollope's work consists of two goodly octavo volumes, each of 400 pages, and some few pounds in weight, and far too heavy to be carried *in the hand* for even a moderate distance; the dimensions of these volumes being nine by six inches, and three inches in thickness. This critical aptitude reminds us of entitling a volume, six inches square and two inches thick, "Nugent's *Pocket* Dictionary," an absurdity as old as ourselves.

If, however, the *materiel* of Mr. Trollope's work be thus weighty, its matter and manner are truly *spirituel*: he dashes off into the *plaisant pays de France*, with which he is evidently enamoured. "For truly," he observes, "much as men have done, and are doing, to render it otherwise, Nature has intended France for a right pleasant and highly-favoured clime. From the green pastures and rich corn lands of Normandy to the vine-clad hills and olive groves of Provence, every temperate variety of atmosphere and soil conspires to produce a greater number of the thousand commodities which, to civilized man, are become necessities, than any other portion of Europe of similar extent." Mr. Trollope then rebuts the charge that the face of things has greatly changed in France, which, he asserts, is "very far less changed than England from what they both were three hundred years ago." For proofs of this assertion, you must not, however, visit the great towns, and the great houses, and the great roads only, but agricultural, rural France, in its far-away provinces, in its little market-towns, and scattered granges: into these pleasant places our tourist undertakes to guide his readers, and professes to be "neither politician, historian, philosopher, physiologist, nor philologist, but a simple admirer of Nature in all her moods, an humble gleaner in the bye-paths of history, and sometimes a desultory wanderer in the shady lanes of hoar antiquity, whose ways are, as the poet sings, 'nor rough, nor barren, but strewn with flowers.'" In this vein of delightful enthusiasm, he starts for the wide-spread provinces of central France, which extend from the Loire to the Dordogne. "The fertile Touraine, the picturesque Anjou, the storied La Vendée, Bordeaux the rich, Perigord, dear to the gourmand, the backward Limousin, the aristocratic Berri, with many an et cetera, shall all be ransacked in turn, and all yield us somewhat to admire or reflect on, somewhat to interest our curiosity or amuse our fancy. Allons!" Thus, in dancing spirits, on "one of the first really fine days of the spring of 1840," Mr. Trollope left Paris upon the tour which is detailed in these volumes, with unvarying animation, and an observant acuteness, that flags not for an instant; although the narrative may have

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received some point and polish from the author's mother, the novelist, under whose editorial auspices the present work appears. We shall not be expected to follow the entire route, but must be content with picking a few flowers by the road-side. At Versailles, our tourist is fascinated with the Princess Mary's

Statue of the Maid of Orleans.]

It stands in a long gallery filled with statues, some in marble and some in plaster, of personages of every description who figure in French history, and enjoys no distinction of any kind to mark it among the miscellaneous crowd around, except that which it derives from its own intrinsic excellence. But it is impossible that the most uneducated eye should pass it by without being arrested by the admirably combined grace and dignity of the figure. Nothing can be more happily chosen than the attitude of the person, and the expression of the slightly bent and thoughtful features. An infinity of maidenly modesty is blended with the high resolve and unflinching firmness which spring evidently from no unwomanly boldness of natural character, but from a deep undoubting faith in the reality of her mission, and a devout reliance on God for the power to carry it into execution. It is difficult not to believe that the extraordinarily-gifted princess who could thus conceive the character of the "maid of France," and thus give existence to the beau ideal of her mind, could herself have been the heroine she has portrayed, had her lot been cast in those days of mighty impulses, of unquestioning, energetic faith, and heroic deeds.

[The chapter devoted to Chartres contains a minute account of the fire in 1836, by which the cathedral was nearly destroyed: there is likewise some clever criticism upon painted glass, and the three splendidly-coloured rose windows, which "resemble the mimic illusions of some gigantic kaleidoscope." Next is a pleasant page upon

The Wines of Orleans.]

On entering the Orleanais, the corn begins to give place to the vine. The department produces nearly equal quantities of corn and wine; the principal parts of the former coming from the districts bordering on the Eure et Loire, the Seine et Oise, and the Seine et Marne. Along the banks of the Loire, wine is the staple produce. Orleans, Beaugency, and Blois, alone produce on the average annually about two hundred thousand pieces of wine. The average value of this produce is thirty francs the piece, on the spot; at Paris it is worth about fifty-five. The piece differs somewhat in different parts of the country. That of Orleans is the largest used, and contains about three hundred and twenty bottles. That of Bordeaux holds three hundred. About half this annual produce of wine is consumed as such. It is rarely bottled, but is sold from the tap in the cabarets and wine houses of Paris. The other half is made into vinegar or brandy. The most esteemed growths of the environs are those of St. Jean de Braye, St. Denis en Val, and St. Jean de la Ruelle. The best account of the vineyards of this part of France, and of the modes of culture adopted in them, may be found in a volume entitled "Le Vigneron Français," printed at Orleans in 1723. It was written by Jacques Boulay, canon of St. Pierre en Pont, and contains, among other matters, so faithful an account of the frauds and adulterations practised by the growers and sellers, that tradition says he was one fine morning found hung up in the midst of his own vineyard, as an example to all men of the consequences of telling tales out of school.

[The historical details of Orleans, Blois, Tours, Angers, Nantes, and Clisson, are replete with interesting associations, as the following of

The Touraine.]

A rapid succession of objects, each interesting for some reason or other, continues to amuse the traveller, and keep his attention awake all the way to Saumur. First, near the little village of St. Patrice, on a hill overlooking the river, is the chateau de Rochecotte, the birth-place and residence of the celebrated chief of the chouans of that name, who was condemned to be shot, and executed in 1798. It now belongs to the Duchess de Dino. Next comes, on the southern bank of the river, just opposite to a little hamlet called Trois-volets, the chateau d'Ussé, picturesquely visible on its wooded hill, among the fine plantations which surround it. This fine old house, now the property of M. le Marquis, Henri de la Rochejaquelin, was in part constructed on the plans of the celebrated Vauban. A little further on, near Chapelle Blanche, a prettily situated village on the road, is the ancient chateau de Grillemont, once in the possession of our friend, Tristan l'Ermite, and sometimes inhabited by Louis XI.

A little beyond this, near the limit of the department, there is a suspension-bridge recently built over the Loire; nearly opposite to it, on the southern bank of the river, the contiguous villages of Candes and Montsoreau; at the first of which St. Martin died and was buried in the year 400, and at the second there are extensive remains of an old castle, now inhabited by a number of poor families. It was one of the former lords of this pile of building, a comte de Montsoreau, whose name is yet unenviably celebrated in Anjou as the executor in that

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province of the massacre of the Protestants ordered by Charles IX.

[*The Vine at Saumur and Angers.*]

The plain on the side of the river Loire, in the immediate front of the castle, is peculiarly richly wooded, and has the appearance of a vast garden filled with thick shrubberies, and green sylvan labyrinths. The vine is here cultivated in the old classical mode, and trained from tree to tree, instead of the practice, almost universally adopted in France, of cutting it down within a foot or two of the ground. It is said that the latter plan is far the most beneficial to the quality of the fruit; but the former has at least immeasurably the advantage in point of beauty. And this peculiarity contributes much towards producing the garden-like effect of the plain opposite to Saumur.

As the boat threads its way among these islands continually succeeding each other, towards Chalonnes, the banks of the river are covered with the vineyards which produce the most esteemed wines of Anjou. On the southern shore, the growths of Rochefort and St. Aubin de Luigné are much esteemed, but have the reputation of being very heady. The Coulée de Serrant, on the northern bank, is a much finer, lighter, and more delicate-flavoured wine; but its fame is so high, and the vineyard which produces it so small, that it is very difficult to procure.

[*Sacred Oaks and Fountains.*]

Sacred fountains and sacred oaks are yet reverenced under the thin disguise of "Notre Dame du Chêne," or "Notre Dame de la Fontaine." At Fontevrault, and at Ardilliers, such fountains may still be seen. And the oak of St. Laurent, near Chalonnes, and that of Vion, called the Oak of La Jariage, are still believed by some of the peasantry to operate miraculous cures. Etienne Grudé wrote two poems on this oak in the sixteenth century, which are still extant. The second of them bears a superscription.

[*Château of Nantes.*]

A great variety of historical events have passed within the walls of this chateau from the time of its foundation, by Alain Barbetorte, Duke of Britanny, in the tenth century, to the confinement there of the Duchess de Berri, in 1832, previous to her removal to Blaye. She was not the first royal prisoner its gates have closed on by a good many. But by far the most important of the souvenirs attached to the castle of Nantes is the promulgation of the celebrated edict of Nantes by Henry IV. The Cardinal de Retz, so well known by his memoirs of himself, was a prisoner here in the year 1654; and the spot from which he effected the hazardous escape, so minutely related in his autobiography, is still pointed out. It took place at five o'clock in the afternoon of the eighth of August, and was, therefore, accomplished in broad daylight, which makes his final success seem little less than miraculous. It certainly could never have been achieved had not the accident, which the worthy cardinal relates so complaisantly, of the poor Jacobin friar drowning himself as he was bathing, fortunately occurred just at the moment, to draw off the attention of all passers along the quay.

[The following are startling facts, illustrating

The Condition of France.]

France is unquestionably advancing rapidly in physical and material civilization. It is impossible to travel through the country with an observant eye without being convinced of the fact. Her new roads in her more backward and hitherto neglected provinces, and improved roads throughout the kingdom; her greatly increased means of communication by the almost daily establishment of new competitors in the carrying business on the public roads, and the formation of new companies for the navigation by steam of rivers hitherto profitless to commerce; the almost daily commencement or completion of quays, bridges, and other public works, in almost every part of the country; the cultivation of much hitherto unenclosed ground in many provinces, and the general establishment throughout the country of agricultural and industrial societies, are all manifest and easily recognised proofs of the progress France is making in the various branches of material civilization. The evidences of a nation's advancement or retrogression in moral and intellectual civilization do not lie quite so much on the surface of things, and are not by their nature so manifest to observation. But, an observant traveller will not pass through the kingdom without finding many a straw, which will serve to indicate which way the wind is blowing in these respects also. And I saw, both in Paris and in the provinces, enough to convince me that the country is making as decided a progress towards moral barbarism as it is towards physical civilization.

[The work is embellished with characteristic etchings by Hervien: the vignettes are, a gourmand tasting Lafitte, and a dandy reading bills on the wall, both being subscribed "Useful Knowledge," and illustrative of Mr. Trollope's anathema of utilitarianism, to be traced through every page of his journal. We suspect, however, the popular folly to be so near its natural end, that it were merciless to "lay on" with such severity.]

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The Gatherer.

Cricket.—The Marylebone Club intend to issue positive instructions to all umpires to put the tenth law into full force; so that in no case shall any bowler be permitted to raise his hand above his shoulder; an admirable regulation, and one that will materially add to the present popularity of the legitimate game of cricket.—*Sporting Review, May.*

Epsom Races.—We saw advertised "a good assortment of Light Waterproof Capes for the race-week." This reminds one of Beard, the singer, inquiring when Vauxhall Gardens opened, that he might procure a new great coat for the occasion, as it would certainly rain.

Zoology.—A fine oran-utang, said to be the largest ever received in this country, has been added to the menagerie of "the Surrey Zoological Gardens." M. Riboulet has landed at Portsmouth five giraffes, which he himself caught in Abyssinia.

St. Bride's School.—We are happy to report that the proceeds of the Fancy Sale, on the 19th and 20th instant, are likely to amount to 500*l.*

Extravagant Adulation.—Jasper Mayne says of "Master Cartwright," the author of tolerable "Comedies and Poems," printed in 1651,—

"Yes, thou to nature hadst joined art and skill;
In thee Ben Jonson still held Shakspeare's quill."

Excellent Advice to Preachers.—Throw yourselves into the bosom of your auditory, and the *quo modo*, as to style and reasoning, will be lost in that of the sincerity of feeling, and fervour of expression. Homely truths always stick deeper and last longer than rhetorical flourishes.—*Dibdin, in his Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 159.

Evasion.—We recollect a man swearing he would not drink for a month—he soaked bread in spirits, and ate it; another, who swore he would not touch liquor while he stood "on earth," got drunk amid the branches of a tree; another, who vowed not to touch a drop "in doors or out," strode across his threhold, placing one leg inside and the other outside, and so, persuading himself he did not break his oath, drunk until he fell; another, who bound himself not to "touch liquor in the parish," brought a sod of turf from a distance, and placed his feet upon it when he resolved to drink.—*Mrs. Hall's Ireland*, 1840, p. 35.

The Wisdom of to-day and to-morrow.—It is a true saying, whereof we find common experience, "*Posterior dies est prioris magister*," (The day following is the former day's schoolmaster.) There's another aphorism, "*The wisdom of one day is foolishness to another*," and 'twill be so as long as there is a man left in the world.—*Howell's Preeminence of Parliament*, 1645, p. 22.

Willows were described by the Rev. Robert Hall as "Nature hanging out signals of distress."

Shakspeare.—The curious antique jug, known as "Shakspeare's Jug," once the property of the Bard of Avon, and which has never, until within the last three years, been out of the possession of his collateral descendants, was lately sold by auction for 21 guineas, at Forthampton Cottage, in the county of Gloucester; the purchaser being Mr. Bennett, of Tewkesbury.

Wreck of the Royal George.—Colonel Pasley has renewed his operations on the wreck of the Royal George, with Lieut. Hutchinson, as the executive engineer.

Good from Conflict.—As the system and symphony of music is not made by one or two, but by a diversity of strings and notes, so political harmony consists in the correspondence of the greatest ministers, and their unanimous resolution after some conflict of opinions; for as fire breaks out of flint by concussion, so wisdom and truth issueth out of the agitation of argument."—*Howell's Dodona's Grove*, 1645, p. 141.

A Rotary Saint.—The Town-hall of Brussels, standing in the great market-place, has a turret 364 feet high, on the top of which is a copper statue, seventeen feet in height, and which turns round with the wind.—L. F.

Astronomy.—M. Arago commenced his course of Lectures on Astronomy on Saturday week, when more than 4000 persons were unable to obtain admission. Verily, Astronomy is looking up.

Riddles.

When is a lion like a laundress?—When he is going to *mangle* you.

When is the queen not a queen?—When she's *a-bed.*

Why is Mr. Roebuck a nice man?—Because he's a *deer.*

When is a shalot like a man in a perplexity?—When it's in a *stew.*

Why did the Chartists fly from the soldiers at Newport?—Because *Frost* could not stand *fire.*

Why does the upsetting of a bottle of ink in an omnibus make the vehicle like a nightmare?—Because it's then an *inky bus.*

What mammal is that whose name comprises the fruit of the wild rose, a river, two pints, the first letter of the alphab ' and a bit of mustard?—*Hip-Po-pot-a-mus.*

When is a breeze like a pocket-handkerchief?—When it *blows* your nose.

When is winter like a face?—When you see its nose (*it snows*).

J. H. F., *Conundrumer to the Royal Family.*

*** Answers to Correspondents on page 2 of the Wrapper.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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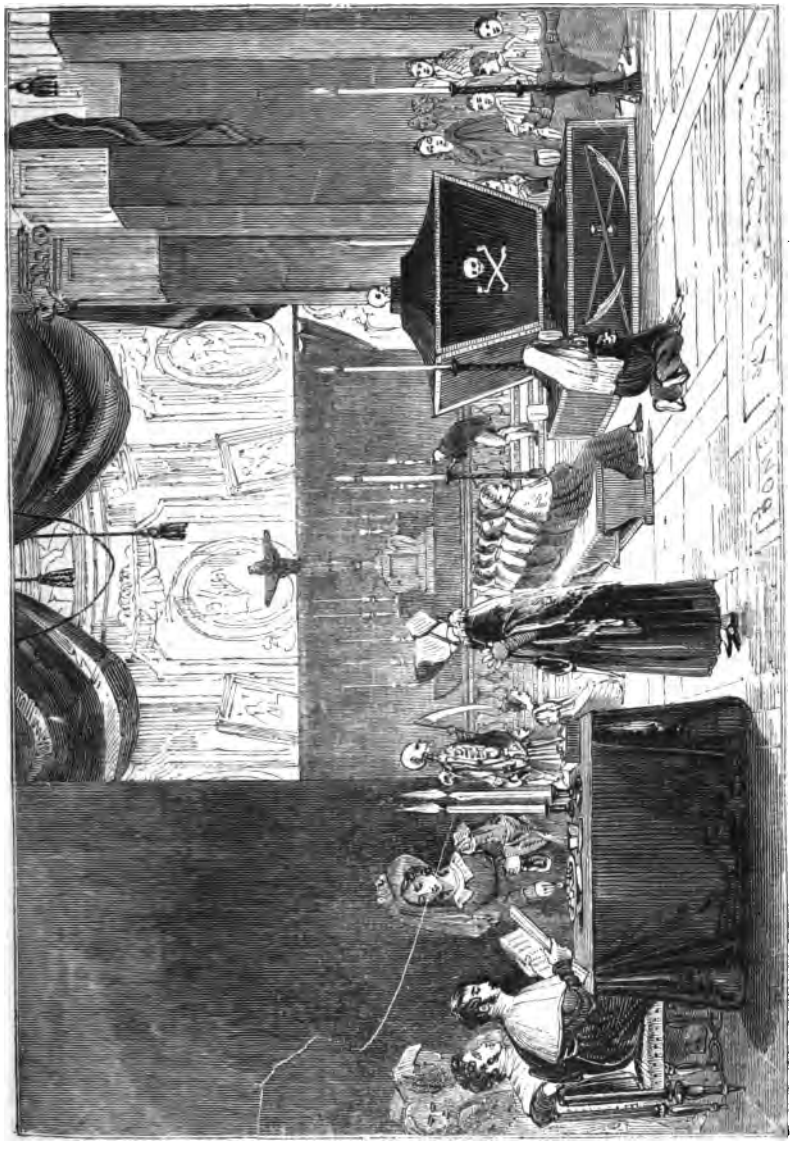

THE OCTAVE OF THE DEAD.

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THE OCTAVE OF THE DEAD.

THE prefixed Engraving, "The Octave of the Dead," (*Ottava dei Morti,*) is a modern superstition of the church of Rome, and mainly connected with the doctrine of Purgatory, as it at present exists in the Roman-catholic church. Such remarks, however, as we may have to make on the general history of this prevailing superstition, we shall preface by an explanation of the curious scene before us; the actual and practical existence of which, in this age of general enlightenment, may perhaps afford matter of surprise to some of our readers, and of serious reflection to others, who may, in accordance with the general feeling of the time, have been led to form their estimate of the Roman faith, rather from the liberal behaviour and professions of particular individuals, than from the actually existing, general character of its institutions.

The Octave of the Dead, then, is a religious festival, or celebration, set apart in the Romish church for the receipt of money for the sale of indulgences, the recital of masses, &c., destined exclusively for obtaining repose from torment, relaxation of pain, and abbreviation of the period of retention to the souls of the departed confined in purgatory. In theory, the *eighth* day after death is, in Catholic countries, considered as the day of the final sacrament of burial; as in ancient Pagan Rome the *ninth* day was appropriated to the inurning of the ashes of the dead: and it is on that day, therefore, reckoning from the day of decease, that the chief ceremony of mourning for the dead (we now speak of the richer and higher classes) is performed; the actual inhumation usually taking place under circumstances of an almost entire absence of ceremony, not to say, of indecent haste. Hence, therefore, the derivation of the name "Octave"—i. e., eighth day, for the solemn festival in question. Some particular mortuary observances are, indeed, at other times, in various instances, followed amongst the surviving relatives; but the Octave of the Dead is a periodical (annual) "act," or observance, exclusively set apart by the Romish church for the purposes we have mentioned. On the 15th of November, the festival of "All Saints," salvos of artillery from the castle of St. Angelo announce, at break of day, the commencement of the ceremony. Its duration is for seven days. The churches of every district are simultaneously hung with lugubrious ornaments: catafalques, or empty tombs, are placed in the aisle; the pillars are covered with "*memento moris*," and mortuary escutcheons; the light of day is partially excluded; dismal pictorial representations of the torments of the souls in purgatory are occasionally displayed;—in a word, nothing is neglected in order to produce the due effect upon the minds of the visitors, and to impress them with the fearful state of the "*povere anime purganti*"—"the poor purgating souls;" and, above all, with the absolute necessity for a sacrifice in the shape of money, in order to obtain, through the medium of the prayers of the church, some remission of the severity of their probationary sufferings in the nether world, or an abridgment of their term of imprisonment. To this end, the prothonotary, *sacristano*, or other ecclesiastical officer, appointed for the purpose, takes his seat in a recess, or, as we should term it, the vestry-room, communicating with the church; on the table, before him, is placed the skeleton of a child, partially arrayed in cloth of gold or silver; and in an index-book, or ledger, (for the affair is conducted with perfectly business-like precision,) he enters the names of the respective parties, the living and the dead, together with the amount of cash appropriated by the former, for the benefit of the soul of the deceased; such amount being, as we shall hereafter see, nicely graduated by a kind of tariff of the dead, so as to suit the convenience of all classes, and to adapt itself to the means and depth of pocket of the respective friends or surviving relatives of the defunct. At the same time, in the margin of the register is entered a note of the present and actual state of the "purgating soul," as its condition of suffering or duration of imprisonment is from time to time modified by these periodical offerings of the devout. By turning to the register, for instance, of the state of a departed soul, it is ascertained whether the whole body, or an arm, shoulder, or leg, &c., still remains in a state of purgationary torment; and as the period of final and complete emancipation approaches, it is found that the voluntary contributions of the faithful increase in proportion; a mother, father, &c., of the humbler class, more especially amongst the peasantry, being frequently known to set aside, during the year preceding the annual "*Ottava dei Morti*," a considerable portion of their hard earnings, in order to meet the expense of liberating the still remaining member of the body of a child, husband, or other dear relative deceased, from the pangs of purgatorial durance. According to the practice, however, established in matters purgatorial, this graduated scale, or "tariff of the dead," is only applicable to the condition of such of the souls of the departed as are not considered to be in a state of final and condign reprobation; or, in other words, to such of them whose sins and transgressions, whilst on earth, have been comparatively slight or venial, and not obnoxious

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to everlasting punishment; the theory supposing that the soul of a defunct mortal, however comparatively free from blame in its mundane career, is still necessarily subject to an intermediate process of depuration, or cleansing by fire, in order to fit it for the ethereal existence of the blessed in Paradise. From this intermediate and probationary state of durance, indeed, it would appear that not even the (minor) saints and patriarchs are exempt; as in the doctrine of "the descent into hell," (to which we shall afterwards have occasion to allude,) we find that, according to the best Catholic authorities, the descent "into Limbus" of the Saviour, was in order to liberate the souls of the saints and patriarchs theretofore detained within the precincts of that dark abode. This, however, is one of the subtle questions of the theological schools, for the discussion of which, although mainly connected with the subject of purgatory, the limits of our present article will not suffice. We shall, consequently, proceed to offer a few remarks on the more general question of purgatory, as considered in a point of view historical, doctrinal, and practical.

The doctrine of *purgatory*, or the state of temporary and determinable probation, as distinguished from the idea of eternal punishment, is, like most of the characteristic dogmas and tenets of the Romish church, replete with the peculiar abstruseness and subtleties of the schools. In order to arrive at some definite notion of the subject, it must be borne in mind that, according to a well established and generally received doctrine of the Romish creed, "Hell is under the earth, and *twofold*: first, the pit of the dead, or the grave, which is upper hell; second, the pit of the damned, which is the *nethermost hell*: and that Christ descended into the nethermost hell, where sinners are punished eternally, not to suffer any punishment, but as a conqueror, &c." This twofold division of hell is mainly insisted upon by most of the early writers, or, as they are called, the fathers of the church. Thus, St. Augustine, in the fourth and fifth century, says that "it is probable that there are *two hells*, divided by the great gulf, one where the just are at peace; the other, where the souls are tormented: that the ancient saints were in a place remote from torment, yet that they were in hell till the blood of Christ and his descent thither delivered them; and that, since that time, the souls of believers go *to hell* no more."* Epiphanius, a father of the church in the fourth century, writes, that "the soul of Christ descended into the *nethermost parts* of hell; * * * that he there broke the sting of death, &c."† On this point it were easy, if necessary, to multiply quotations from the writings of the early ecclesiastical writers; for, whatever may be the diversity of opinion among them on certain speculative points regarding the topographical arrangement of the nether regions, in one thing all the fathers agree—viz., that "hell is below the surface of the earth, (most of them suppose in its centre;) that it has a twofold division, where the souls of the dead, both good and bad, await, respectively, the *final doom*: the good, in a state of quiescence; the bad, in a state of torment. They all likewise agree, that the Saviour descended into hell; but there is great diversity of opinion among them as to the part of hell (the uppermost or nethermost) into which he descended: some of them think that the souls of the good, or rather of such of them whose earthly sins are venial, or not worthy of condign and eternal punishment, are still in a subterranean place which they call "Abraham's bosom," where they are to stay till the day of resurrection.

To this traditionary conception of the local division of hell may be added another strange conceit, which has found its way (from what source, or on what authority, is uncertain) into the creed of the church of Rome. We allude to that portion or third subdivision of the lower world, denominated "Limbus," or "*Limbo*"—a subdivision which, in the popular acceptation, is exclusively appropriated for the reception of the souls of such infants* as may have departed this life before the baptismal ceremonies of the church have been performed over them. In a comparatively modern (Catholic) devotional work, published in 1821, by Keating, 24mo, intituled, *Daily Exercises for Children*, and containing instructions for hearing mass, the prayer di-

* Vide "King, on the Creed," p. 211. † Ibid.

* This is the popular notion; but we may here remark, that the term "*Limbus*," or "*Limbo*," would appear to have been formerly applied in the modern sense of *purgatory*. Bernadinus de Bustis, a monk, in his seventeenth sermon on the Rosary, printed at Hagenaw, in 1590, affirms that "the hole wherein the cross stood went down into *Limbus*, a horrible prison, where the fathers were, near to the horrible devils under the earth: and that the blood of Christ descended thereby; which, when they felt, they rejoiced. And then appeared the soul of Christ, which illuminated the whole place: he saluted them, shook them by the hand, blessed them, and drew them out." As to the origin and derivation of the term "*Limbo*," we are not aware of any attempt having been hitherto made to explain it: in all probability, however, it may be traced to a corrupted sense of the Latin word "*Limbus*," which with Ovid, and other of the ancient writers, is used for "border, hem of a garment," &c., and by metonymy, "the circuit, confines, outer limits of any place." "*Limbo*" may therefore express the "confines or limits of hell"—a species of neutral ground closely *bordering* on that dark abode, but scarcely to be reckoned as making part of it; as in the above quotation we learn that "*Limbus*," the "horrible prison," was only "*near to* the horrible devils under the earth."

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rected to be said by the child, at one particular part of the sacred service, recites that "Christ descended into *Limbo*, and delivered thence the souls of the fathers, till then detained there;" and there is a rude wood-cut over this prayer, representing the descent, the Saviour lifting out the souls, and the confusion and terror of the devils at the unexpected disturbance of their infernal pranks.

(To be concluded in our next.)

IN YOUTH'S SUNNY MORNING.

In youth's sunny morning, when pleasure alone
Is the planet of heart and of mind,
We think every morrow will shine as that shone,
Nor e'er leave one sorrow behind.
Young Hope has a wand so enchantingly fair
It shews but the sunlight of days;
It bringeth no slumber with dreamings of care,
No moment unlit by her rays!

But as years hurry onward, how, day after day,
The mirror of Hope is o'ercast,
And we wond'ringly see ev'ry once-cloudless ray
Less cloudless and fair than the last.
Then we yield us as fruitage uncull'd from the tree,
Or as roses that fade in their bowers;
The earth's not an Eden for mankind, and we
Are its fruitage or perishing flowers.

J. A. S.

AUTOGRAPH OF SHAKSPERE.

Sir Frederick Madden, in his *Observations on the Autograph of Shakspere*, in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, states, there to be five acknowledged genuine signatures of the Poet in existence, exclusive of that which forms the subject of this communication. Of these signatures, three are attached to Shakspere's will, in the Prerogative Court, executed March 25, 1615-16: the fourth is written on a mortgage deed, dated March 11, 1612-13, of a small estate, purchased by Shakspere of Henry Walker, in Blackfriars; and the fifth signature is on the counterpart of the deed of bargain and sale of the same property, dated March 10, 1612-13. Sir Frederick Madden then asks, *What has become of this document?*—a query which has been satisfactorily answered by the sale of the long-missing relic, by Mr. Evans, the auctioneer, on the 24th ult.; its authenticity being indisputable by the fact of its having been enrolled. It is thus described in the catalogue: "Shakspere's Autograph, affixed to a deed of bargain and sale of a house purchased by him, in Blackfriars, from Henry Walker, dated March 10, 1612, with the seals attached: The Bond is described as of William Shakspere, of Stratforde upon Avon, in the countie of Warwick, Gentleman." The Premises are thus described: "All that dwelling house or tenement, with the appurtenance, situate and being within the precinct, circuit, and compasse of the late Blackfriers, London. Sometyme in the tenure of James Gardiner, Esq., and since that time in the tenure of John Fortescue, Gent., and of late being in tenure or occupacon of one William Ireland, or of his Assignee or Assignees; abutting upon a streete leading down to puddle wharffe on the East part right against the King's Majestie's Wardrobe; part of wch said tenement is erected over a great gate leading to a capital messuage wch sometyme was in the tenure of Wm. Blackwell, Esq., deceased, and since that in the tenure or occupacon of the Rt. Honble. Henry, now Earl of Northumberland. The Deed, at the commeincement, is stated to be betweene Henry Walker, Citizen and Minstrelle, of London, of the one partie; and Wm. Shakspere, of Stratforde upon Avon, in the Countie of Warwick, Gentleman; William Johnson, Citizen and Vintner, of London; John Jackson, and John Hemyng, of London, of the other partie: and that the property was absolutely sold to all four, their Heires and assignes, for ever, the Deed is regularly entered in Rolls Court. Now, the three signatures to Shakspere's Will are in Doctors' Commons, (two of them much injured by the hands of the lovers of Shakspere: that in Montaigne's *Essays* is in the British Museum;"* what has become of the Mortgage Deed is quite unknown; so that the above was the only Autograph of Shakspere ever likely to be offered for sale; and after many animated biddings, it was eventually knocked down to Mr. Elkins, for £165 15*s*. Next was sold, "the Shakspere Cup," made from the Mulberry-tree, planted by Shakspere; beautifully carved, and bearing a medallion of Shakspere, and his arms; it was nearly thirty years in the possession of the late Mr. Munden. Price £21.

* Sold by Mr. Evans, on May 15, 1838, for 100*l*.

THE AMERICAN IN PARIS.

Like most travellers from America who arrive at Havre, or any other port in France, my first introductions were to inspectors of passports, baggage, etc., and to porters, runners, hotel-keepers, and to the *salle-à-manger*, which, though last in the catalogue, is first in the estimation of a late convalescent from sea-sickness. I advise all such to dine at a *table d'hôte*; par plat would be extreme bad policy for the pocket. After a very few hours' rest at Havre, *I was on the road to ruin*. Start not, my dear reader, *Rouen as written*, ruin as pronounced,

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as near as one may come at it. It is a fine old town, as all the world has heard; famous for its cathedral, begun by William the Conqueror, and also for a certain kind of candy (to descend) called *sucre de pommes*. From the *coupé* of a diligence there is little observable upon the way to Paris, save the hedgeless, fenceless, woodless expanse of country, with here and there a few peasants in their blue frocks, sabots, and small white caps, somewhat peculiar to Normandy. Preparations were already going forward to petition our common mother for her annual blessing and reward to industry. Every foot of ground seems piously turned up (save pasture-land) and enriched with manure. The economy of the cultivator in this respect is very noticeable. Each fallen and decayed leaf is looked after, and all decayed vegetable matter, in fact, carefully gathered together, again to stimulate the earth which produced it. Trees are trimmed of their superfluous whips and branches, put in heaps, and ready pointed to prop the grape or other vines in due season. In short, nothing is lost; not a blade of grass, not a wayward herb, but is cropped by some one of those animals which bring milk to the dairy, wool to the shears, or which labour in harness. Thus are fed and clothed more than thirty-six-millions of inhabitants; and thus are principally sustained those exhibitions in the markets and in the windows of the restaurants, which, above all other spectacles, are so attractive to the *bon vivant*. Paris is the hive; the above described animals, with wooden shoes, blue frocks, and white caps, the bees; each one bringing his morceau to the grand repository. This hive, like other hives, has its king, ay, and its drones, its sweet and its bitter comb. As one nears this hive of good and bad he encounters constantly that grave, patient, little beast, called the ass, bearing panniers stowed with vegetables, eggs, butter, fruit, &c., making a mass much more formidable than the animal itself; behind which sits, upon the very last inch of his back-bone, the old woman, boy, or old man, hastening his dull pace with the whip. Then there is the great awkward market cart, unlike aught else upon wheels drawn by from one to half a dozen horses, mules, and asses, sometimes in pairs, frequently in tandem. It is evident that the peasant carries back to his home few of the ornamental manufactures or fancy goods of the metropolis; he comes and goes in his eternal blouse, smoking his pipe, touching his night and day cap to his acquaintances in passing, bearing on his cheeks the vermillion of full health.

We will now enter Paris, not through the port St. Denis, where the allied army entered, but by a narrow, dark street, without side walks, which we would neither of us care to remember. Things look very much to me as in 1837. The great house built by that naughty woman, Catherine de Medicis, now the residence of Louis Philippe; the *Tuileries*, (formerly tile-kilns,) the Palais Royal, built by Cardinal Richelieu, (now a place of elegant shops,) cafés and restaurants; the Louvre, the bridges, libraries, columns, triumphal arches, tombs, churches, &c., &c., stand where they did when *the last journalist described them by feet and inches*, and told the public what each step was immortal for. To say that Paris is rich in architecture and works of art is trite, but it has modest truth in it, which is worth a great deal in these exaggerating times. Tourists and marvelists have found many disagreeable sights of shame and poverty to talk about, and which they must have been very persevering to have sought out; not that they do not exist, but they are driven to or seek dark places—garrets, or the damp vaults of crime—which the stranger rarely troubles. This raking up the excrescences of a big town with a pen is not after my *goût*. Misery everywhere exists where men most do congregate; and Paris, rich and magnificent as it strikes the foreigner, is, as statistics every year shew, the home of many thousands whose fate fiends might commiserate.

The French have been called a *nation of cooks*. They have also been called a frivolous people, a "trifling people," and by many appellations originating with their neighbours across the channel, who see nothing off their own *nice* island *quite* as it should be. *Savoir vivre* is with the French a study well considered; but whether to know how to die is as well studied is doubtful. However, to go back to the kitchen: At any of the large hotels you may dine for from four to six francs, served with more than a dozen courses, one-third of which, some writers will tell you, are concocted from the same original flesh, fish, or vegetable. This discovers invention in the writer, I suspect, more than in the cook. I have had the honour of tasting the productions of several distinguished *artistes* at celebrated eating-houses, and, although the dishes came up with very long and complicated names, have always been able to distinguish the primitive stock from which they were wrought, and do not recollect that any plat or dish was repeated more than was reasonable. *Certes*, one may eat a pretty profound dinner and not suffer much from it; here *is* a merit; but nature, my dear reader, is still lovely even in the divine art of cookery, and even without the aid of its *professors*. Now, your oyster, your blue-point oyster, out of the shell! was ever *artiste* known who could offer a thing so tempting? That is what I call unsophisticated, charming nature. As art is upon the carpet, let us pass to another grade, at

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least, a story above the kitchen. Madame Mars holds out, an idol of the public to the last. It is said she positively finishes her theatrical career this week, making her *congé* to that public a wealthy person. This she did once before in her life, but was obliged to resume her profession in consequence of some bad speculations in the stocks. The theatre Italien, although removed, since the old theatre was burnt, to the Faubourg St. Germain, somewhat out of the way of the crowd, is still well supported, and that too by the most respectable audiences, for that part of Paris is the home of much of the old French nobility. Grisi, Tamburini, Rubini, and Lablache, still reign sovereigns of their calling. A crowded house murmured its disappointment the other evening at the substitution of the Barber of Seville for the popular opera of the Semiramide, in which Grisi was to have appeared, but, taken suddenly ill, we were obliged to worship, for that night, a lesser star in Albertazzi, whose light has not yet, I suspect, reached our shores. Tamburini, as Figaro, is famous. Last night, Moses in Egypt was performed, Lablache, Rubini, Tamburini, and Persiani appearing. The deep bass of Lablache, and Rubini's unequalled tenor, captivated in turns. Rubini is a poor actor, a very stick. Tamburini is a very handsome man, and a fine actor. Persiani has beauty, power of voice and execution, and eyes melting with feeling. She is second only to Grisi herself with the public. A benefit is to be given here on Wednesday evening next, at which all the above names are to figure. The *ballet* is sleeping. Elssler's and Taglioni's absence, leaves Paris almost destitute of Terpischorean marvels. The *petite Auguste*, I am told, is here, and quite a favourite. Some of the French journals of the week announced that Fanny Elssler had arrived, in company with the Comtesse Merlin, a distinguished literary and accomplished lady, at Cuba. I had the pleasure of seeing the comtesse to-day, at her own house in Paris, and she seemed not particularly gratified with the false intelligence. *Encore* of Fanny: Some papers here quote at length an article from the New-York Herald, in which the honours paid to the dancer are made to appear like those rendered to heroes and conquerors. The Galignani, an English journal, published here, also quotes from the same source of intelligence. *Spectacles*, masquerades, balls, &c., have, during the carnival, swallowed up all other amusements. Mardi Gras was not propitious for out-of-door exhibitions. The day was cloudy and cold; the boulevards were crowded, however, to the endangerment of human bodies, to see the masquerade in *Voiture*; but all the world looked blue, and not even the metamorphosing of men into beasts of all grotesque kinds could elicit more than a *regardez cette drôle bête*, with a forced show of teeth. The beasts with men's heads and forms were as great curiosities to me. Every day may be said to be a sort of masque carnival to the stranger in Paris. The various fashions, whimsical fancies, oddities, at all times present, is a continued source of attraction to the foreigner. One wears his beard of red, yellow, or black, to its utmost length; another encircles his mouth with a pair of savage black moustaches, and cuts his hair as short as a roundhead in Cromwell's day. Grey hair is curled and lies in luxuriant masses upon the shoulders of fifty years; white moustaches, frightful in size, grace the lips of old age. Youth grows whatever ornamental beard it may. The exquisite protrudes out his vest with interior lining of cotton until he looks as full in that region as a fat pullet. One wears a *palletet*, "*all buttoned down before*," with a double row, as large as a five-franc piece; another rejoices in a coat as loose as a lady's morning-gown, with both his hands stuck to the very bottom of his long pockets. The women, young and old, comb their hair back from their foreheads and face, however bleached or thinned by time; the silvery threads are drawn behind with a pertinacity painful to contemplate.

General Cass gave a grand ball to his countrymen upon the twenty-second of February. Present were many distinguished persons of other countries, and the *soirée* or party was lionized by M. Thiers and M. Guizot. Thiers is a little man, of eccentric appearance. Guizot is also small, of a modest, simple deportment, with a long, retreating forehead, a serious face, with an expression between that of a financier and a metaphysician. Many of the fair daughters of the United States were there to represent us, and confirm the world that our ladies are as beautiful as they have the reputation of being. One of the celebrated beauties of France was there, also Madame ——, a young wife of seventeen; but to my American eyes, a young countrywoman of ours, whose father's "wide domains" lie near the head of the Hudson, was the most *distinguée*, the most interesting belle of the evening.

J. E. F.

CONDITION OF PHILOSOPHY IN A WORLDLY NATION.

"In a practical country like ours—that is, one where almost all the energies of almost all energetic minds are employed in outward work of some kind, a man of a different temper and tendencies is not only hampered and wounded by endless discordances in his life with that of all around him, but finding no sympathy, and no pub-

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lic at once with him, he is perpetually driven into doubt of the reality and worth of the objects which alone can satisfy his deepest feelings, and suitably engage his best faculties. A philosopher in England has the discomfort of an eagle in darkness, while he is held to be an owl in daylight. Wretched, therefore, is he if his philosophy be but that of the head, and does not so strengthen and purify his heart as to sustain him against neglect, solitude, the mistrust and sorrow of his friends, and the loud revilings of all who fancy any difference of pursuits and affections from theirs to be an intentional outrage against them. In fact, in opposing ourselves to the stream of things which we cannot altogether escape from, our only justification must be a love of truth, inseparable from a knowledge of it, which brings still more of inward consolation than of outward trial." (*Blackwood's Magazine.*) These are admirable remarks, containing truths which most philosophers have had the lot to experience. If philosophers would remedy this state of things, they must quit their closets for the courts, renounce philosophy for frippery, truth for fiction; their feelings of universal love must be displaced by a large quantity of hatred, envy, and malice; and instead of being mediators, making considerate excuses for human frailty, they must become the heartless disseminators of discord and scandal. J. H. F.

FIDGETTY PEOPLE.

(From the Common-place Book of Alfred Saunter, Esq.)

THE laws of the nation protect us but insufficiently. The greater crimes are punished severely enough, but the smaller are committed with impunity. They hang murderers, but take no cognizance of bores. Our lives are attended to, but our peace of mind is neglected. In short, the title of this sketch explains my meaning: I think that fidgetty people should be considered delinquents in society, and that their unhappy victims should be able (in legal slang) to "sue and recover."

There is no greater curse to a contented sloven than one of this meddling class, whom your carelessness puts in a continual fever. He will tell you three times in a walk of a mile, that your handkerchief is hanging out of your pockets—that there is a thread upon your coat—that a black has settled on your nose, &c.; and, what is worst of all, the fool expects that you will feel obliged for being annoyed in this way: so common decency obliges you to thrust your handkerchief to the bottom of your pocket, to twitch the thread off your coat, and to rub away at your nose until your tormentor be satisfied. There is one only revenge left: cut the miserable being ever afterwards, and revel in unrestrained freedom.

It is in the softer sex, however, this feeling is generally found strongest; and woe to the poor wight who shall be tied for his sins to a lady of this description. Dearly will he repent the fatal step, and fondly will he think of his bachelor days, when order was a thing to him unknown—when he tossed his hat one way and his gloves another—when books were strewn on the hearth-rug, and Carlo slept on the sofa. He can hardly believe that such things ever were!

But if single specimens, male and female, of the fidgetty class be annoying, what think you, sympathizing reader, of a whole family? If the sting of a wandering insect be annoying, is it not a sensible thing to dash into a hornet's nest? And yet, *I* have done this sensible thing! Yes, reader, I passed a whole week with a "very particular family"—I was invited for a month; but if I had stopped half *that* time, I should have been decently interred in the village churchyard long ago.

I was totally unsuspicious of the fate that awaited me. My friend and crony, Jack Elliott, had invited me to come down to him for a month in Devonshire, where he was passing the autumn with his family. Jack was a pleasant, rattling fellow, as careless as myself; and I innocently took him for a sample of the family. Alas! I had yet to learn that Jack was the only one of the Elliotts who had not the organ of "order" decidedly large!

It was on a fine morning in September that I arrived at the mansion, situated in one of the most lovely parts of Devonshire. I was struck by the supernatural smoothness and evenness of the grass-plot leading up to the house, the perfect state of the gravel-walk, free from the suspicion of a pebble, and the snowy whiteness of the steps. Why did I not take these palpable hints, and spare myself what ensued? But no: I blindly pressed on, and pulling the large bell, my fate was decided!

I will not detail all the circumstances of my martyrdom: in the phrase of the novelists, "they may be more easily imagined than described." I was a sloven—the family was "orderly" to an inveterate degree; and, as I now discovered, consisted principally of old maids. I spilled the wine on the table-cloth—I carved fowls as fowls were never carved before—I teased the parrot, and was always treading on the cat's tail—I spoke when I ought to have held my tongue, and was silent when I ought to have spoken—I laughed at serious things, and was grave at those truly laughable—I wrote verses in Miss Celestine's

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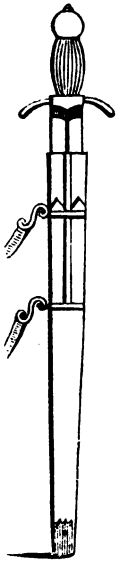
album, and not in Miss Sarah's—I never was down in time for breakfast, and wouldn't go to bed early at night!

At the expiration of a week, I managed to get a letter on pressing business from town, and took my flight instantly. I never knew what the sweets of liberty were till then!

And yet, fidgetty people must be of some use, too. They correct the example of us inveterate slovens, which else would infect the whole community. This would not do; for though incorrigible, we know we are wrong, and do not wish for companions in iniquity. The extreme is to be avoided either way; and we fear the rational part of the world thinks little better of slovens than of fidgetty people.

THE SWORD OF GODFREY OF BOUILLON.

On the return of the Crusade against the Saracens, the emir of Cesarea came forth to meet Godfrey of Bouillon, and presented to him some of the fruits of Palestine. Godfrey accepted a cedar-apple, and a short time afterwards he fell sick. He is supposed to have been poisoned. He with difficulty reached his capital, where he died July 18, 1100. His body was interred in the precints of Calvary, near the tomb of our Saviour, which he had so valiantly defended.



THE SWORD OF GODFREY OF BOUILLON.

The sword of Godfrey of Bouillon is preserved as a precious relic at Jerusalem. In the consecration of the Knights of St. John or St. Sepulchre, the superior of all the convents of the Holy Land puts on the spur of Godfrey of Bouillon, and girds on his sword; he then unsheathes it, and lays it three times upon the shoulder, saying, "I arm thee, knight," &c. After the form of oath is read, the new knight in his turn puts on the spur, and girds on the sword, which he receives from the superior. The ceremony of reception, which takes place in the neighbouring chapel of the Latin convent, is terminated by a procession and visit to the saint's tomb.

The annexed Engraving has been executed from a drawing of the original sword, at Jerusalem, made by M. Frederick Goupil. We are not so precisely informed whether this is the sword with which Godfrey, at the battle of Merseberg, October 2, 1081, sheared off the right hand of the Pretender Rodolph, who died on the following day in consequence of his wound; nor can we decide whether the above is the weapon with which the historians of the crusades record, Godfrey, during the siege of Antioch, split, by a single stroke, a Saracen from the left shoulder to the right haunch, when the entire head and a moiety of the trunk of the infidel fell upon the spot into the river Orontes, while the sitting half entered the town on horseback! This was, indeed, a *slick* achievement.

THE PLAGUE OF NIMÈGUEN.

A learned Genevese physician, Jean Manget, has left us, in a *Treatise on the Plague*, a very rare book, which he published in 1721, one year after the Plague of Marseilles, a representation of the singular dress worn by persons charged with the care of those who were infected with the plague. This curious specimen of costume forms the frontispiece of Manget's volume, whence the annexed Engraving has been copied. It consists of a morocco leather robe, which, by its odour, resists the pestilential venom. The nose, in form like a beak, filled with perfumes, and anointed inside with a balsamic preparation, is only pierced by two holes, one on each side; but that is sufficient for respiration, and the air so breathed does not become impregnated with the odour of the drugs contained in the beak. The eyes, or apertures requisite for sight, are rendered safe by means of small crystal windows. Under the robe was ordinarily worn a pair of buskins, also made of morocco leather, and joined to a pair of drawers, and an underwaistcoat, of the same material; of which, likewise, the hat and gloves were made.

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DRESS WORN AT THE PLAGUE OF NIMEGUEN.

It was not without reason that such minute precaution was taken by those upon whom devolved the relief and comfort of persons infected with the plague. To fulfil this perilous task, great courage and denial were indispensable; of which some idea may be formed from the touching recital of Isbrand de Diemerbroek, a celebrated professor of medicine, and of the kind of life which he passed at Nimèguen, during two years, (1636 and 1637,) when the plague ravaged that town.

"In the same manner, (he says,) that the people are regulated by the example of the king, so, in the time of plague, each person has his eyes upon the physician, to conform himself to his manner of living; so that, by taking the like precautions, he may protect himself from the frightful attacks of this horrible malady. Many persons were surprised how I could ensure this guarantee, and thus enter indiscriminately all the infected houses, and visit the patients; and this made them observant of my conduct, which I am about to relate, for the advantage of mankind.

"I made every effort to place myself above the influence of the passions, and to assume intrepidity: I feared neither danger, nor death, nor anything in existence; so that I regarded with equal indifference the houses which were infected, and those which were pure. I adopted the same plan with regard to the patients: I visited with equal pleasure the poor man by charity, as I did the rich man that paid me for my visits: my mind was susceptible neither of fear, nor anger, nor grief. If occasionally I found my soul becoming sad, (and it could scarcely be otherwise in a town like Nimèguen, where not a house was exempt from the plague,) then I regained my courage, and soon dispelled melancholy with three or four glasses of wine. I took care not to induce others to sleep in the daytime; nevertheless, as I was overwhelmed by the number of patients, who did not allow me any rest, and did not permit me

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to sleep during the night, I could not help sleeping an hour after dinner, the period of the day at which I was least occupied.

"For my food, I ate meats which were full of gravy, and easy of digestion, carefully avoiding those which had been peculiarly prepared, as pork, herrings, &c. I drank the common beer of Nimèguen, or light white wine; of which I took just enough to enliven me, without ever inconveniencing my head. I kept my stomach in good order, and regulated my digestive organs with all the care that I could.

"Once or twice a week, I swallowed two or three of my pills for the plague. I went out in the morning at 4 or 5 o'clock, to see my patients. But that which gave me most pain, and for which I most blamed myself, was the insurmountable repugnance which I felt to take nourishment when I had paid my visits: all food then made me heart-sick. So, for my breakfast, I said my prayers, and commended myself to the protection of God. I then chewed only a few small cardamon seeds; towards six o'clock, I took a little treacle, or Venice treacle, or candied orange-peel; but oftener, three or four little pieces of candied eringo-root. Between 7 and 8 o'clock, I breakfasted upon bread and butter or green cheese, drinking a glass of beer afterwards; towards 9 o'clock, I took daily a glass of wormwood wine; at 10, if I had time, I smoked a pipe of tobacco; after dinner, I smoked two or three pipes, another after supper, and often, during the day, as occasion presented itself, I smoked another pipe. But when I felt the least in the world inconvenienced by the smell of the patients, or the infected houses, I left my business, however important it might be, and whatever hour of the day it was, to smoke two or three pipes of tobacco; for, to speak the truth, I always considered this plant as the best preservative from the plague. It is not so much by argument, as by my own experience, that I have been convinced of this fact, and I do not think I ever found a more certain instance than the present; the goodness of the tobacco being a great point. This is why, in holding to this antidote, I have not used any other perfume; nor among all is there one that can be put into the mouth, as in this case; therefore, so long as the plague continued, I consumed a good quantity of this herb, which I have, however, afterwards left off, for fear of accustoming myself to it, and abusing it, as many people do to this day. On the occasion of going to visit a notary named Straeten, attacked with the plague, I had no sooner entered his chamber, than the dreadful stench almost suffocated me; and I felt that I had caught the contagion. I cut my visit very short, and went out of the place overcome with vertigo, nausea, and anguish, with an oppression of the heart, which left no doubt that I had been attacked with the pestilential venom. Having left all business, (it was then 10 o'clock in the morning,) I went home, and smoked six or seven pipes of excellent tobacco. The symptoms with which I had been troubled soon disappeared, so that I did not absolutely feel any more evil from it; and I was in a condition to continue visits to my patients, having swallowed, before going out of the house, a dram of good treacle. I have been similarly attacked, on three or four occasions, during the time that I have visited persons afflicted with the plague at Nimèguen; and I have been relieved by the same remedy, and that promptly, except in one instance, when, on going to visit, at about 9 o'clock in the morning, a baker and his wife, both of whom were attacked with a pestilential diarrhœa, and having delayed my ordinary remedy, I narrowly escaped great danger. Nevertheless, I smoked some pipes, after which I fell into such drowsiness, accompanied with pains of the heart, that I was compelled to be put to bed. After three hours' sleep, I was awakened by my valet, who told me that a multitude of patients waited for me; but I was unable to support myself. Nevertheless, I got up, and having reached the fire, leaning on the shoulder of the valet, I returned to my tobacco, and before I had smoked two or three pipes, the vertigo and nausea left me, and there remained only a slight pain of the heart. Then, regaining courage, I swallowed a dram and a half more treacle, drinking upon it a good draught of hot wine, into which I put a little canella and nutmeg. In this state, I went out, and got warm with walking, and continued out till 10 o'clock in the evening. I then returned home in good health, and with my heart invigorated. I supped well, and finished with some fresh pipes of tobacco, according to custom. As I have before remarked, tobacco has always afforded me great relief when I have been attacked by the pestilential venom. Although the same effect may not happen to every one, the efficacy of this plant has been well proved by many soldiers, and it has been so stated by their commanders. They relate, too, a great deal more; for it is said that at London, during the Great Plague, the houses of those who sold tobacco were not infected. Nevertheless, the same good fortune did not happen to all the tobacconists of Nimèguen; for we have seen several of them seized with the plague. It is true, that among the principal of these dealers was an Englishman, named Thomas Pierre, whose family and servants were very numerous, of whom, as well as I can recollect, only one servant was attacked, and she soon recovered."

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THE DANGERS OF MISCONDUCT.

BY M. DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER II.—THE SOLICITOR.

(*Continued from p. 344.*)

"FATHER Gobseck," said I, "I bring you here one of my most intimate friends—(whom I would not trust for anything,) I added in his ear: I beg of you, on my account, to assist him, and on reasonable terms—if you choose."

Father Gobseck kept his seat, immovable as a statue. All he said was, "I have no money except for my customers!"

"You don't like it, then, that I have been to another shop to ruin myself?" asked the young man, laughingly.

"Ruin?" asked Gobseck, ironically.

"You will say, I suppose, that it is hard to ruin a man who has got nothing to lose? But I defy you to find in all Paris a better man than I am," answered the man of fashion, putting himself in an elegant attitude. "What would become of you without such spendthrifts as I am? Come, shake hands and be friends, if you can be any one's friend."

"You come here," answered Gobseck, "because Giroud, Palma, Werbrust, and the rest, are tired of discounting your notes. How can I lend to a man who owes thirty thousand francs, and is not worth a penny? Besides, you lost ten thousand francs at M. Lafitte's last ball."

"Sir," said the young gentleman, with rare impudence, "my private affairs do not concern you. A man does not owe anything till his debts are due. My notes will all be paid."

"Really!"

"The only question now is, whether I can give you sufficient security."

"Exactly."

I heard the rattling of the hackney-coach as it drew up to the door.

"I can find something that will suit you," said the stranger, and left the room. "O my son, my dear son," cried Gobseck, as soon as he disappeared, "you have saved my life! Oh it would have killed me! Werbrust and Gigonnet have been trying to play me a trick; thanks to you, I shall have a good laugh at them." His joy had something terrible in it which I never shall forget.

"Wait a moment!" he went on; "I hear a woman's step in the gallery; you will see a lady I spoke of once."

The stranger entered, and with him a lady, of perhaps five or six and twenty. She was singularly beautiful, and I understood at once that this was the countess whom Gobseck had once described to me. She was so lovely that, in spite of her faults, I could not but pity her. Her features were convulsed. I saw that the young man before me had been her evil genius, and I wondered how father Gobseck, three years before, had been able, from a word or two, to foretel the destiny of these two beings. I will confess that if I did not shed a tear over her fate it was because I was absorbed in a feeling of anger at the destroyer of her peace—so graceful, so easy, with such a sweet smile, a fiend in the shape of an angel of light. Both were now before their judge, who eyed them as an old inquisitor would have looked upon a couple of musselmen prisoners in the cells of the Holy Office.

"Tell me, sir," said she, tremblingly, "can I get the value of these diamonds, and yet have the right to redeem them?"

"Certainly, madam; it is what we call a contract of pledge. You give up the property, but are entitled to it again on paying a certain sum within a certain time."

She seemed to breathe more freely. As for Gobseck, he devoured the jewels with his eyes. If I was to live a hundred years I should never forget how he looked. His eyes shone with a strange fire. He held the jewels close to his toothless mouth, as though he wanted to devour them. He muttered to himself as he took up bracelets, necklaces, and diamonds, one after the other, and held them up to the light to judge of their colour and purity. He took them out of the case, put them back, took them out again, more like a child than an old man, or rather, like a child and an old man at once.

"Fine diamonds! they would have brought three hundred thousand francs before the revolution. What water! Do you know what they are worth? No; no man in Paris can tell you that but old Gobseck. Under the empire they would have been worth over two hundred thousand francs, but now Asia and Brazil are flooding us with them," meanwhile he kept looking at them; "faultless! ah, that one is specked! that's a fine one!" and so on.

"Well!" cried the vicomte.

This word restored his self-possession; he became once more the usurer; in other words, a block of stone—hard, cold, and smooth.

The countess seemed stupified. I thought she felt she was on the verge of a precipice. I determined to try to save her.

"Are these diamonds yours, madam?"

She shuddered, but it was in a proud tone that she answered, "They are."

"Will you draw the instrument?" said Gobseck to me, pointing to his desk.

"Madame is married, I presume?"

She bowed.

"Then I will not draw it!"

"Why so?" asked Gobseck.

"Why?" answered I, taking him aside, "because she is married, and not her own

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mistress. The transaction would be null and void, and you cannot plead ignorance."

He only nodded, and asked, turning to the guilty pair—

"Eighty thousand francs down, and give me the diamonds?"

There was no answer.

"Just as you please," he continued, handing back the jewels.

"You had better confess all to your husband," whispered I.

The usurer guessed what I was saying, and his glance at me was perfectly devilish. As for the viscount, his face grew purple, for the countess hesitated. I heard him say to her—

"Adieu, Emilie, and for ever! As for me, to-morrow my troubles will be ended!"

"Sir I accept your offer," cried the lady.

The usurer drew a check for fifty thousand francs, which he gave her.

"And now," said he, with a smile like Voltaire's, "I will make up the sum by thirty thousand francs in notes which you must know to be good." He produced that amount in the viscount's notes, which he had bought of one of his comrades who had thought to take him in, and which had been protested the day before. The young man roared out, "You infernal old scoundrel!"

"Take care!" cried Gobseck, "I can use the pistol!"

"You must apologize to M. Gobseck," cried the countess.

"I had no intention of offending you," stammered her companion.

"I know it; your intention was only not to pay your notes."

The countess left the room, and the viscount had to attend her.

As soon as the door closed, he began to dance about the room like mad.

"I've got the diamonds! I've got the diamonds! and cheap enough too. Ha ha, did they think they could take in old Gobseck! Come, let's go and dine. We'll make a day of it.

A hasty step was heard outside, and some one knocked violently at the door. Gobseck opened it, and a man of about thirty-five, of an aristocratic air, entered the room. He seemed in a violent rage.

"Sir," said he, "has not my wife just left the room?"

"Very possibly."

"Well, sir!"

"Well?"

"Don't you understand me?"

"I have not the honour of knowing your lady," said the usurer. "Several men and women have been here to-day."

"That will not do. I mean the lady who has just left you."

"How should I know that she is your wife? I never had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"You are mistaken, M. Gobseck," said the stranger, bitterly. "I met you one morning in my wife's apartment, when you came to collect a note which she did not owe."

"It is none of my business what the consideration of the note was," said Gobseck, coolly. "I had discounted it on 'Change. Besides," he went on, pouring out his coffee, "allow me to observe that I do not understand your right to question me in this way."

"Sir, you have just bought for half their value a quantity of diamonds which are not my wife's. They are an heirloom in the family."

"Without saying ay or no to that, I must tell you that if Madame la Comtesse has taken your diamonds, you ought to have given notice to the public."

"She had no right to sell them."

"It may be so."

"Very well, sir, there is justice to be had yet."

"Exactly so."

"This gentleman here witnessed the transaction."

"Very possible."

The count was going out, when I interposed.

"Monsieur le Comte, you are perfectly in the right, and M. Gobseck is not in the wrong. You cannot bring an action against the purchaser without in some sense including your wife, and the disgrace would not fall upon her alone. I am a solicitor, and it is my duty to say that M. Gobseck did buy the diamonds in my presence. I think, however, you would do wrong in disputing the legality of the sale. The result of a suit would be doubtful. Better settle the matter amicably."

The usurer, meanwhile, was dipping his crust of bread in the milk with perfect indifference. I gave him a glance, which he understood. The matter was dubious, disgraceful. I should have told the truth, and Gobseck would have been beaten. After a discussion, in which Gobseck shewed ability enough to outwit a whole congress of diplomatists, I drew a contract of pledge, by which the count acknowledged the receipt of ninety thousand francs, less interest, and Gobseck agreed to restore the jewels on receiving that sum in one year from date.

"What wastefulness!" cried the count, as he signed it. "How can we bridge over such a gulf!"

"Sir, have you many children?" asked the usurer, gravely.

The count started, but made no answer.

"Well," cried Gobseck, who understood his melancholy silence, "I know your whole story by heart. That woman is a fiend! You love her spite of her faults.

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I don't wonder at it, she moved even me. You want to save your fortune for one or two of your children, (*with emphasis.*) Go out into the world, speculate, gamble, come to see me every now and then. People will say old Gobseck has ruined you. I don't care for that. Then get a friend, if you have one, and make a sham sale of your property. You call it a trust deed, don't you.

The count seemed lost in thought, and left us without making an answer.

"He looks silly enough to be honest," was M. Gobseck's comment. "Remember, the count is to pay you for drawing our little paper," he called out after me.

Some little time afterwards the count called upon me. He looked sad and worn out.

"Sir," said he, "I have come to consult you in a most important matter. I am going to prove to you what confidence I have in your honour. Your conduct in Madame de Grandlieu's business is above all praise."

You see, madam, I have been paid a thousand times over for the services I was able to render you.

"I have made many inquiries about your singular friend, Gobseck," he continued. "Do you think he is honest?"

"M. Gobseck is my benefactor—at fifteen per cent.!" I replied. "But his avarice does not authorize me to draw his portrait merely to amuse a stranger. However, I may state that his whole life is governed by one principle—namely, that money is worth all that a man can get for it. Apart from this, I believe him one of the most upright men in Paris. Of his past life I know nothing."

"My mind is made up," said the count. "Please draw the papers necessary to convey all my property to him. I trust to you to prepare the counter-instrument by which he is to engage to convey it all to my eldest son exclusively as soon as he is of age. I will confess to you that I am afraid to retain so valuable a document, and my son is too fond of his mother to be trusted with it. Will you take charge of it? M. Gobseck has promised to deposit my property in your hands in case of death." Here he seemed deeply moved. "Pray excuse me," he added, "my health is very much shattered. Recent sorrow has reduced me greatly, and forced me to adopt this measure, which was suggested by your old friend."

"Sir, let me remark to you, that by so doing you disinherit your other children. They bear your name, at any rate, and they have a right to some support, if only as the children of a woman whom you once loved. I declare that I will not accept the trust you propose to honour me with unless they are protected from want."

The tears came into his eyes as he answered—

"I did not know you till now. We will attend to this in the counter-instrument."

"Well, Mademoiselle Camille," continued the solicitor, "what a terrible lesson this story contains for those women who plunge into vice so thoughtlessly! Shame, remorse, misery, these are the three furies into whose hands they must sooner or later fall, and yet sometimes a piece of music or a dance will make a woman forget all this!"

"Poor Camille is very sleepy," said Madame de Grandlieu. "Go to sleep, my child; your poor eyes are half shut already. Her heart does not need these pictures of horror to keep it pure and virtuous, and the rest of your story must be told only to me, an old woman who need not care about such things."

Mademoiselle Camille understood her mother, and left the room.

"You go a little too far, my dear friend," said the viscountess.

"Why, the newspapers are a thousand times more"——

"My good friend, that is just like you! Pray, do you suppose I let my daughter read the newspapers?"

"Go on, if you please," she added, after a pause.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LITERARY WORLD.—XII.

POPE, MILTON, AND COWPER.

Fraser's Magazine, without presenting any striking novelty, is a readable Number. Scotch Non-intrusion, Puseyism, and the Theory of Reform, may be polemical and political attractions; but we incline to a paper on the "Rural Scenes of Pope and Milton," and, we may add, Cowper. From this we gather that most of Pope's house at Binfield has been pulled down, but the poet's parlour still exists, a part of the present mansion: in honour of Pope, a fragment of the great forest has been preserved near Binfield, and called "Pope's Wood." At Twickenham, the memorials of the poet have been less respected: the house is gone; and the garden which he delighted to cultivate with taste and skill—its laurel circus, its urns and vases, (the gift of a prince,) its rustic temple, wilderness, and spring of clear water, that echoed through the cavern day and night—are now a bare, exposed, shapeless mass of ruin and disorder: the celebrated grotto remains, but stripped of all that gave it picturesqueness, grace, and seclusion. "Cowper has fared rather better than Pope: his house at Olney is still standing, but in the same ruinous state so humorously described by the poet: his parlour is occupied as a girls' school. The

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summer-house in the garden—the boudoir in which the gentle bard used to sit conning his verses—also remains, its walls covered with the names of visitors. Cowper's residence in the neighbouring village of Weston has been much altered, but is still beautiful, with a profusion of roses in front." Next are some very interesting details of the Milton MSS. in Trinity College Library, Cambridge: the copies of *Comus*, *Lycidas*, the *Arcades*, and some of the sonnets, "are bound together, are written on common foolscap paper, and contain numerous corrections and interlineations. The spelling is uncouthly antique; and most of the lines begin with small letters, not capitals. It appears that some of the exquisite lyrical bursts in *Comus* were inserted, probably on proof-sheets, after the manuscript was written. Among the Cambridge MSS. are outlines of various subjects, intended by the poet for tragedies: sixty-two from Scripture, and thirty-seven from English and Scotch history, Macbeth being among the number. In the British Museum, in the same glass case with the famous autograph of Shakspeare, in Florio's *Montaigne*, (for which 100 guineas were lately paid,) is a printed copy of the Elegies on Mr. Edward King, the subject of Milton's *Lycidas*, with some corrections of the text in Milton's handwriting. One whole line omitted by the printer (Milton at the time resided at Hoxton) is supplied by the poet in the margin. Mr. Rogers, the poet, possesses the written agreement between Milton and his publisher, Simmons, for the copyright of *Paradise Lost*. It is framed and glazed, and hung up in the poet's handsome library. Milton's London residences have all, with one exception, disappeared, or ceased to be distinguishable. The remaining house is that to which the poet removed in 1651, and where he lived till he was sequestered from his office of "Secretary for Foreign Tongues," in 1659. Phillips calls it "a pretty garden-house, in petty France, in Westminster, next door to the Lord Scudamore's, opening into St. James's Park." The house forms No. 18, York-street, Westminster. The neighbourhood is no longer retired or *respectable*, but is chiefly occupied with humble shops or obscure lodgings. The lower part of Milton's house is converted into a chandler's shop; and, on making some inquiries of the woman who kept it, the writer was directed up stairs: "it was in the attic, sir, that he wrote his studies," said the poor woman. The second floor is tenanted by another family, and the attic by a third,—all apparently of the very lowest rank. The parlour up stairs is a large and handsome room, wainscoted, and with three windows looking into the Park. The attic commands a fine view; but the studies of Milton, we may be sure, were conducted in a larger room, where he could be surrounded with his books, and occasionally receive his friends and foreign visitors. The towers of Westminster Abbey form an interesting object in York-street; they strike the eye immediately on entering the street from the poet's dwelling; but darkness was fast settling on Milton, if he was not wholly blind, ere he removed to York-street. This house belonged to Jeremy Bentham, who caused a tablet to be put up on the back wall, (believed to have been the front in Milton's time,) inscribed, "SACRED TO MILTON, PRINCE OF POETS." Milton, stern Republican as he was, could not have wished to see a *Prince* in worse plight than he is here—*sacred* amidst squalid poverty and filth! Surely, the present owner (a son of Mr. Bentham) might, at no great sacrifice, rescue the house from its present pollution, and preserve it in some way more honourable to the fame of its illustrious occupant. In this house, undoubtedly, part of *Paradise Lost* was composed. The poem was begun two years before the Restoration, when the division of the secretaryship with Andrew Marvell left the poet more leisure for his private pursuits. A house honoured by the residence of Milton for *eight years*—years so memorable in our history—and especially distinguished by its connexion with the composition of the sublimest poem in the language, possesses a *national* interest and importance. Milton's house at Chalfont is likely soon to be sold: here was composed *Paradise Regained*. This is, altogether, a pleasant anecdotic paper. But the liveliest article in the Number is the "Specimens of the Table-talk of the late John Boyle, Esq., R.S. to the Cork Corporation, Editor of *the Freeholder*, &c." The majority of its points are personal, but it likewise has much humour that is real: we have picked out a few specimens:—

"What is an Irishman but a machine for converting potatoes into human nature?

The mythology of the ancient world is philosophy in the robe of fiction. In the sublime story of the Titans hurling mountains against the gods, and striving to tear down the very battlements of Olympus, is shadowed forth the daring impiety of ATHEISTS, who sought to wrest from the minds of men the dominion of the Deity; and introduce into the world an anarchy of thought, and word, and act, to which the wildest chaos were harmony itself.

What is the Latin for Quakeress?—*Quassatrix*. Who were the first people who said nay?—The *Naiads*. Who first sold bacon?—The *Hamadryades*. Where did the dentists originally come from?—*Tuscany*. Which is the most celestial part of the British empire?—The Isle of *Sky*.

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In what Greek work do we find the best account of eels?—The *Iliad.*

The very mention of metaphysics gives me a headache. I swear by the ghost of Burgersdicius, I would not have been Samuel Coleridge or Von Immanuel Ignoramus Kant, were I made lord and master of all the stars in heaven.

The owl is called the Bird of Wisdom, because he bends both his eyes on the object which he contemplates.

A good translation is a literary metempsychosis."

New Books.

The Bude Light. No. I.

[This is a waistcoat-pocket budget of pun, patter, and pasquinade, upon the incidents of the past month; or, in the quaint phraseology of the title-page, it is "a social, satirical, farcical, fashionable, personal, political, musical, poetical, attical, dramatical, tart, smart, courting, sporting, literary, skiterary, Monthly Illuminator." The name has been felicitously chosen; for as the superior brilliancy of the Bude Light is produced by introducing oxygen *into* the flame, so the Editor of this little Miscellany seeks to add to our enjoyment by turning all things to humorous account—wit being the oxygen of his intellectual atmosphere, and the follies of the day the carbon for combustion. In the present Number we have anecdotes, "light, tight, and airy," of the Queen and the Ministry, the Parliament, Epsom Races, the Drama, and "the Derby;" a page of the pathetic upon "the President;" the Sugar, Corn, and Timber duties not "lowered;" with many salient points of the talk about town: the parliamentary bye-play is especially good. We string together a few jets:]

Too Good to be Lost.

Mr. Pryme, the member for Cambridge, is not only prime but prim. He has a staid, quiet, sober, demure aspect. A joke, while he spoke, would unspoke him altogether; in fact, it would be a source of woh! to him, for it would stop his wheel. On one occasion, and towards the end of last session, as we have declared, he *was* speaking. On the table before him he had deposited a sort of relay of books of reference, as if to indicate that, however little he might be saying, he meant *volumes.* He pursued the course of his oratory, and, to say truth, the House did not much mind him. At last, while he was keeping the "even tenour of his way" with unabated earnestness and solemnity, Fox Maule (who has a reputation for practical waggery—always a good qualification in a minister) stepped stealthily behind him, and, lifting the nether end of a prime pocket-handkerchief, which dangled temptingly at his tail, drew it gently from its hiding place, amid the cheers of the house, which Mr. Pryme was glad to find his speech eliciting. It was a noble specimen of *Fox Mauling*, and made glad and hilarious interruption to the dulness of the oratory. But, presently, Mr. Pryme's nose required a *blow*, in the civil sense of the word. He dived into the heart of his subject and his pocket at the same moment: his handkerchief, which he had used but a few moments before, was gone; "his wipe had wanished:" he gazed around him, and of the dear departed there was no trace. He turned imploringly to the Speaker; and, abandoning his theme for his handkerchief (no patriot *is* called upon to sacrifice his nose to his nation), indicated that his pocket had been picked in that House, and that either some disreputable person had found admittance (he was not far wrong there), or that an unwarrantable breach of privilege had been committed. But while he poured forth this flood of denouncement, Fox Maule was not inactive; he had carefully, and unseen by the prime mover, tied the *mouchoir* sweetly round one of the volumes before the orator, while he had turned his back to make that affectionate appeal on behalf of his silk or cambric; and no sooner did he return to the thread (not of his handkerchief, but his argument), and glance at that ponderous pile of learning to which he was about to refer, than the "absent member" caught his flashing eye, and, grasping it with an air of triumph and delight, he recovered of it a snatching and a waving possession amid bursts of merriment—such as in time of jubilee we have often heard to emanate from a Peal. The handkerchief was decidedly too good to be lost.

A True Bill.

The following is a veritable copy of a "Bill" passed, a few days since, at a village in Essex, to a gentleman who had left his horse at one of the inns, with directions that it should be baited for the night, and brought home the next morning. The man who brought the animal brought also the account in question with him.

	s.	d.
To anos	4	6
To agitinonimom	0	6
	5	0

For such of our readers as are not used to decipher hieroglyphics, we give the translation:—

	s.	d.
To an horse	4	6
To a gittin' on him home	0	6
	5	0

Surely it is a fine familiar episode of equestrian literature.

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A Weekly Memory.

Certain weaknesses of memory often develop themselves in "odd, familiar forms," in domestic life. When "Talma," was the rage, an English woman of fashion, of his day, knew him as the French actor that she always recollected when her children quarrelled, and then only, from their repeated threats to each other, to "*tell ma.*"

A French lady now in London (the mother of Celeste), can only recollect Macready upon the same principle, associating him with the days of the week, thus:

"Let me see, vat is de name of your great actor? *Lundi*, ah, non! *Jeudi*, non! *Samedi*, Ma foi, non! *Mercredi!* ah, oui! Yes, it is Macredi—Macready, dat is it!"

Thus thought with what changes will Language invest!
The puppets of word-play it makes them to dance;
When "tell ma" is Talma, and Madame Celeste
Finds Macready in England is *Wednesday* in France!

[The pages are garnished with a shoal of little cuts, which aid the *bizarre* humour of "the Bude Light."

The Gatherer.

Epsom Races.—When the races on Epsom Downs were first held periodically has not been traced with accuracy; but the following passage, from Craven's History of the Turf, in the *Sporting Review* for the past month, throws some light upon the inquiry: "At Chester, the racing has existed, without interruption, since 1609. That it was pursued before the middle of the seventeenth century on Epsom Downs, is inferentially shewn by the following passage in Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*: 'Soon after the meeting which was held at Guildford, 18th May, 1648, to address the two Houses of Parliament, that the king, their only lawful sovereign, might be restored to his due honours, and come to his parliament for a personal treaty, &c., a meeting of the Royalists was held at Banstead (Epsom) Downs, *under the pretence of a horse-race.*'" Again: "It is said that races were established on Epsom Downs by James I., for his amusement during his retirement at the palace of Nonsuch, at Ewell; but this is less certain: we cannot discover any positive traces of them antecedent to 1730, since which period they have been regularly continued."

How to disperse a Mob.—In the year 1792, the women of Toulon declared themselves in a state of insurrection, and, assembling in crowds, threatened to hang the magistrates. The procurator Syndic at first laughed at their threats; but the multitude refusing to disperse, he assembled the council-general of the commune, and ordered the fire-engines, with a plentiful supply of water mixed with soot, to be drawn out in battle array: by a vigorous discharge of this sooty artillery, the insurgents in petticoats were completely routed.

Shoes.—About three hundred years ago, the largeness of the shoe was proportioned to the rank of the wearer, and the toes of a great man's slipper were buckled up to his knee. Perhaps the phrase, "being on a good footing with the world," originated in this absurd custom.

Foolish Critics and Wise Authors.—Any fool, much more any score of fools, can kill the wisest of men; yet history teaches us that the final estimation which decides all conflicts is by weight, not tale.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

American Manners.—At one of President Jackson's dinners, a member from Maine, who loved to talk during his meals, found, two or three times in succession, that the plate on which he was helped was taken away before he had scarcely tasted what was on it, when he cried out lustily to one of the servants, "I say, you Nigger, if you snatch away my plate, and after eating all the meat out, and licking it clean as washed, placing it 'fore me as if I had done it, I swear I'll extinguish you."

Bathos.—In several churchyards of France may be read on the tombstones, "Un de profundis, *s'il vous plait.*" Would it be possible for any other than a Frenchman to accomplish so splendid a specimen of bathos!—*Trollope's Western France.*

Temperance.—From the Report of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, it appears that whilst the circuit of the metropolitan police force has been increased by a population of 267,266, the number of drunken cases taken into custody for the past year was 4764 less than in the preceding one, and of disorderlies, 3700 less than in 1839. The consumption of malt in 1840 was 776,785 bushels less than in the preceding year.

Modern Education.—The striving of modern fashionable education is to make the character impressive; while the result of good education, though not the aim, would be to make it expressive. * * * There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time to cut the fingers at the wrist."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Why is keeping a tavern a proof of consistency?—*Because* it's *inn-keeping.*

Why is a splendid lion like a flower?—*Because* he's a *dandy lion.*

When is a thief like a redbreast?—When he's a *robbing.*

When is an acquaintance like a razor?—When he *cuts* you. J. H. F.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1063.] SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1841. [PRICE 2*d.*

ROME, AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

ILLUMINATION OF ST. PETER'S, AND FIREWORKS OF ST. ANGELO.

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"ROME, AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS:"

ILLUMINATION OF ST. PETER'S, AND FIREWORKS OF ST. ANGELO.

In our description of the Colossal Model of "Rome, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens," in the *Mirror*, No. 1060, is incidentally mentioned the *Girandola*, a grand display of Fireworks from the Tower of St. Angelo, an exhibition of "the Holy Week," —viz., on Easter Monday; which, with the illumination of St. Peter's, presents the most superb spectacle in modern times. Of its grandeur, tourists concur in stating, that but a very imperfect idea can be formed by the untravelled Englishman: our fireworks are mostly of the common, squib-like kind; and the public buildings of London, when spotted with crowns and stars, and initials, of coloured lamps, are seen to great disadvantage; still, this is the nearest approach that we can make to the spectacle at Rome. Nevertheless, the above scene presents a very considerable advance in imitative skill, while it aids the completeness of the Model, the pictorial and mechanical merit of which we have lately commended to the reader. On stated evenings, the stupendous church is instantaneously illuminated, and the Tower of St. Angelo becomes the scene of a superb display of fireworks; and the result is, we have been assured by persons who have witnessed the original spectacle, at Rome, an excellent approximation to its magnificence. It is, beyond comparison, the best entertainment of its class yet produced in this country: it has none of the flaunting, *ad captandum* vulgarity, by which our out-door exhibitions are too often made attractive for the mental gratification of the public; and it has, therefore, claims upon our attention beyond that of an ordinary metropolitan sight. It is, *per se*, an intellectual amusement; and with the attractions of the Establishment, zoological and botanical, conjoins to render the whole scene a treat of a very superior order, which has already been very extensively appreciated. On the evening of our visit, the spectatory could not have numbered less than seven thousand persons, all "in holiday suit," and many of them in "evening dress;" and we are informed that on the 31st ult. the grounds were visited, "from morn till dewy eve," by 90,000 persons.

As an accompaniment or hand-book to this popular novelty, we shall furnish the reader with a succinct account of the original spectacle at Rome, as best described by recent tourists.* The Illumination of St. Peter's, and the Girandola, or fireworks, from the Castle of St. Angelo, then, are referred to in *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, as one of the most brilliant spectacles in the world. In general, they were given only at the anniversary of the Festival of St. Peter, which falls in the middle of summer, when Rome is deserted by every stranger, and by all the inhabitants who can escape; but in 1818, the old custom of exhibiting them on Easter Sunday was revived; and subsequently, they have been displayed on Easter Monday. In the work just named, we find: "at Ave Maria we drove to the Piazza of St. Peter's. The lighting of the lanternoni, or large paper lanterns, each of which looks like a globe of ethereal fire, was nearly completed. As we passed the Ponte San Angelo, the appearance of this magnificent church, glowing in its own brightness—the millions of lights reflected in the calm waters of the Tiber, and mingling with the last glow of evening, so as to make whole buildings seem covered with burnished gold, had a most striking and magical effect." * * * * Having arrived at the Piazza of St. Peter's, "the gathering shades of night rendered the illumination every moment more brilliant. The whole of this immense church—its columns, capitals, cornices, and pediments—the beautiful swell of the lofty dome, towering into heaven, the ribs converging into one point at top, surmounted by the lantern of the church, and crowned by the cross; all were designed in lines of fire; and the vast sweep of the circling colonnades, in every rib, line, mould, cornice, and column, were resplendent in the same beautiful light. Suddenly, a bell chimed: on the cross of fire, at the top, waved a brilliant light, as if wielded by some celestial hand, and instantly 10,000 globes and stars of vivid fire seemed to roll spontaneously along the building, as if by magic, and self-kindled, it blazed in a moment into one dazzling flood of glory. Fancy, herself, in her most sportive mood, could scarcely have conceived so wonderful a spectacle as the instantaneous illumination of this magnificent fabric. The agents by whom it was effected were unseen, and it seemed the work of enchantment.

"In the first instance, the illuminations had appeared to be complete, and one could not dream that thousands, and tens of thousands of lamps were still to be illumined. Their vivid blaze harmonized beautifully with the softer milder light of the lanternoni. The brilliant glow of the whole illumination shed a rosy light upon the fountains, whose silver fall, and ever-playing showers, accorded well with the magic of the scene.

"Viewed from the Trinità de' Monti, its

* John Evelyn, in his celebrated *Diary*, describes the spectacle, as he witnessed it in 1647: the details are quaintly, but very intelligibly, related; and it would be better were the tourists of our time to imitate Evelyn's *particularity*.

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effect was unspeakably beautiful: it seemed to be an enchanted palace hung in air, and called up by the wand of some invisible spirit. We did not, however, drive to the Trinità de' Monti, till after the exhibition of the girandola, or great fireworks from the Castle of St. Angelo, which commenced by a tremendous explosion, that represented the raging eruption of a volcano. Red sheets of fire seemed to blaze upwards into the glowing heavens, and then to pour down their liquid streams upon the earth. This was followed by an incessant and complicated display of every varied device that imagination could figure—one changing into another, and the beauty of the first effaced by that of the last. Hundreds of immense wheels turned round with a velocity that almost seemed as if demons were whirling them, letting fall thousands of hissing dragons and scorpions and fiery snakes, whose long convolutions, darting forward as far as the eye could reach in every direction, at length vanished into air. Fountains and jets of fire threw up their blazing cascades into the skies. The whole vault of heaven shone with the vivid fires, and seemed to receive into itself innumerable stars and suns, which shooting up into it in brightness almost insufferable,—vanished—like earth-born hopes.

"The reflection in the depth of the calm clear waters of the Tiber was scarcely less beautiful than the spectacle itself; and the whole ended in a tremendous burst of fire, that, while it lasted, almost seemed to threaten conflagration to the world.

"The expense of the illumination of St. Peter's and of the girandola when repeated two successive evenings, as they invariably are at the festival of St. Peter, is 1000 crowns; when only exhibited one night, they cost 700. Eighty men were employed in the instantaneous illuminations of the lamps, which to us seemed the work of enchantment. They were so posted as to be unseen."*

Lady Morgan speaks of this fairy-like scene as "the most beautiful, the most splendid, the most indescribable, of all the spectacles exhibited by Rome to wondering nations. The volley of many thousand rockets, launched into the air at the same moment, may readily be conceived by those who have ever seen one rocket wing its solitary flight, and other occasions exhibit a profusion of temples, and mines, and Roman candles, and Catherine wheels, equally brilliant, costly, and evanescent; but the effect of the enormous pile of St. Peter's illuminated by myriads of lamps, the details of its architecture made out by corresponding portions of the lights during the first period of its illumination, the almost instantaneous transformation it undergoes on the lighting the second portion of lamps, belong rather to the imaginary splendour of Arabian tales than to the flat realities of life; and the whole, when seen as we saw it, (at the distance of two miles,) from the Pincian hill, has something so aerial, so fairy-like and delicate, as to produce, perhaps, the finest optical appearance that the ingenuity of man has invented."*

Mrs. Starke appropriates a column of her useful *Manual* to this superb *festa*: "About half an hour after sunset, commences the first illumination of the outside of St. Peter's; which is effected by means of 4400 lanterns, lighted by men suspended on the outside of the edifice by ropes, and drawn up and down by persons stationed within; but the service is so dangerous, that these lamplighters receive the sacrament before they begin their labour. The lamps which compose this first illumination cast a light somewhat resembling that of the moon; but at seven o'clock, literally in one moment, the whole scene changes, and presents the most brilliant spectacle imaginable, as every part of the church, to the very summit of the cross on the cupola, appears one blaze of fire. The materials which compose this second illumination are pitch, wood-shavings, and 784 flambeaux, so wonderfully managed that the effect is perfection. About eight o'clock, commence the fireworks at the Castle of St. Angelo. This magnificent sight begins with an explosion, called the *girandola*, produced by 4500 rockets, so arranged as to represent an eruption of Vesuvius. A variety of beautiful changes then take place, and the whole closes with a second *girandola*, appearing to convert the very Tiber into flames; and throwing reflected light upon the majestic dome of St. Peter's, which shines brilliantly amidst the seeming conflagration. These fireworks and the illumination of the church are repeated on St. Peter's day."†

In a work of still more recent date, we find this scene described by the hand of an artistical critic, who characterizes the illumination of St. Peter's as a spectacle "which is, perhaps, worth a journey to Rome to behold. The interior illumination, imagined by Michael Angelo, which was effected by a single, but vast illuminated cross suspended from the centre of the dome, is discontinued," but the illumination "of the exterior and the piazza is still one of the attractions of the *settimana santa*; and as the sun sunk behind the Vatican, and the short southern twilight began to deepen, I quitted my apartment, and, to avoid the

* Rome in the 19th Century, vol. iii. pp. 171, 172, 173.

* Italy, vol. iii. pp. 120, 121.

† Information and directions for Travellers on the Continent, chap. vii. p. 242.

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scuffling line of carriages in the Via Condotti, crossed the Tiber at Ripetta, at the hour of *Ave Maria*, and passing under the fortifications of St. Angelo, approached the scene by way of the Porta Angelica, at the back of the great palace. As the dusk of evening increased, the lamps, which traced out every line of the architecture of St. Peter's, began to twinkle upon the vast dome, now growing dim and blue in the midst of evening; and as they assumed as nearly as possible the same tint as the last streaks of day that yet lingered behind, they produced a singularly beautiful effect, each lamp seeming a perforation, through which the sunset gleams were seen, giving the mass a lace-like lightness, which, under other circumstances, it could not have assumed. The colonnade round the piazza was also lighted, but merely by simple rows of lamps along each prominent moulding, and round each base and capital of its forest of Tuscan columns." Some judicious remarks follow upon the superiority of this simple *architectural illumination* over the plan usually adopted in illuminating the public buildings of London;* after which the second lighting is described: "A brilliant light issued, as it were, from the great ball, and describing a dazzling circle, settled upon the highest point of the enormous cross. This was the signal! In a moment lights flashed from every part, playing like meteors round the vast cupola, and setting, as by magic, each in its proper place. It was but a breath, and the illumination was complete; one which was the finest *coup d'effet* I ever witnessed; the first burst was truly astounding. I lingered upon the spot where the unvarying plash of the great fountains, in whose spray the lights were reflected in showers of fiery spangles, formed a fine and hushing accompaniment to the busy sounds of the diverting crowd. As it grew late, I strolled to the Ponte Sisto, to get the *ensemble* more complete, and was not disappointed in the effect. From Ripetta I had it again, but more distant; and my last glimpse was from the elevated point of the Trinitá de' Monti, whence, though rather subdued, it had a fine effect; rising, like some castle of enchantment, beyond the now dark outlines of the quiet palaces of Rome."†

The *girandola* is then described; to view which there is more smashing of carriages, alarm of pedestrians, and elbowing of ribs, than at a London illumination. A good view is to be had at the backs of some of the houses next the river, most of which are secured at high prices the day before. The back of the *teatro Apollo*, belonging to the rich banker, Torlonia, also commands a fine view.* Our author witnessed the *festa* from a small boat in front of the Castle: "The cannon announced the first grand bouquet of rockets; up it sprung, one vast trunk of light, spreading at length, at an immense height, into innumerable branches, and falling in golden showers, forming, as it were, a vast palm of fire; or, as it shot from the dark summit of the castle, you might fancy it the sudden eruption of a volcano; and, straining a point in favour of the picturesque, make the Tiber the Bay of Naples, and the dusky form of the castle the neighbouring Vesuvius."

It remains but to add, that the majority of these brilliant effects are represented at "The Surrey Zoological Gardens," with some additions. Here, as at Rome, the striking of a clock is the signal for the illumination; the lights flash in, and, after a time, change from the ordinary tint to a rich roseate hue. The *girandola* commences from the roof of the Castle of St. Angelo, with maroons in rapid succession; followed by Roman candles, with balls of remarkable brilliancy and variety of colour; a superb standard piece of circular design, elaborately beautiful; some effective tourbillions; and several water-wheels upon the surface of the lake, with which the spectators were especially delighted; a superb *cascade of fire*, formed by jerbs flowing over the battlemented parapet of the Tower; and, lastly, a volley of rockets, simultaneously fired into the air, so as to realize the very striking effect represented in the Engraving. At intervals, the whole scene was lit up with blue and red fires, which threw out portions of the Model in bold relief, and admirably aided its *vraisemblance*.

The artist of this clever display was Mr. Southby, whose skill in pyrotechny contributed some of the best spectacles at Vauxhall Gardens.

THE LEATHER BOTTLE.

(To the Editor.)

SINCE I sent you the sketch of the Leather Bottle, at page 297, I have been fortunate enough to lay my hands upon a copy of the ancient ballad to which I alluded, as descriptive of its advantages, and the uses to which it might be applied. It was originally printed, I find, in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, and may be said or sung as follows. ALBERT.

* In the recent illuminations in London, the Travellers' Club formed an almost solitary exception to these remarks. A few years since, it was proposed to illuminate the dome of St. Paul's externally; but the dread of fire, the outer shell being of wood and lead, caused the proposition to be rejected.

† Rome and its Surrounding Scenery. Plates by W. B. Cooke. Accompanied by Literary Sketches, by H. Noel Humphreys, Esq., 1840, pp. 211, 212, 213.

* The mansion, with the real Balcony, in the Model, see p. 922 of the present volume.

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THE LEATHER BOTTLE.

Now God above, that made all things,
Heaven and earth, and all therein,
The ships upon the seas to swim,
To keep foes out, they come not in;
Now every one doth what he can,
All for the use and praise of man;
I wish in heaven that soul may dwell
Who first devised the Leathern Bottle.

Now, what do you say to the canns of wood?
Faith, they are nought; they cannot be good:
When a man for beer he doth therein send,
To have them filled as he doth intend;
The bearer stumbleth by the way,
And on the ground his liquor doth lay;
Then straight the man begins to ban,
And swears it was long of the wooden can;
But had it been in a leathern bottle,
Although he stumbled, all had been well;
So safe therein it would remain,
Until the man got up again.
And I wish in heaven, &c.

Now for the pots with handles three,
Faith, they shall have no praise of mine.
When a man and his wife do fall at strife,
(As many, I fear, have done in their life,)
They lay their hands upon the pot both,
And break the same, although they were loth;
Which they will answer another day,
For casting the liquor so vainly away;
But had it been in a bottle filled,
The one might have tugged, the other have held;
They both might have tugged till their hearts did ake,
And yet no harm the bottle would take.
And I wish in heaven, &c.

Now what of flagons of silver fine?
Faith, they shall have no praise of mine;
When a nobleman he doth them send,
To have them filled as he doth intend,
The man with his flagon runs quite away,
And never is seen again after that day.
Oh, then his lord begins to ban,
And swears he hath lost both flagon and man;
But it ne'er was known that page or groom
But with a leathern bottle again would come.
And I wish in heaven, &c.

Now what do you say to these glasses fine?
Faith, they shall have no praise of mine;
When friends are at a table set,
And by them several sorts of meat;
The one loves flesh, the other fish,
Among them all, remove a dish;
Touch but a glass upon the brim,
The glass is broke, no wine left in;
Then be your table-cloth ne'er so fine,
There lies your beer, your ale, your wine;
And, doubtless, for so small abuse,
A young man may his service lose.
And I wish in heaven, &c.

Now when this bottle is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold,
Out of the side you may cut a clout,
To mend your shoe when it's worn out;
Or hang the other side on a pin,
'Twill serve to put many odd trifles in,
As nails, awls, and candle-ends;
For young beginners need such things.
And I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first invented the Leathern Bottle.

THE OCTAVE OF THE DEAD.

(*Continued from page* 356.)

In the small hand-book, or manual of instructions for the proper receiving of the holy sacrament,* in common use with the Roman-catholic church, the "*Memento,*" or form of remembrance-prayer for the dead—is thus worded: "*Recordatevi ancora, mio Dio delle anime dei Fedeli, che sono morti nella pace della chiesa, et porticolarmente N. N. Accordate ad essi in virtù di questo sacrifizio la liberazione delle loro pene.*" (Bear also in remembrance, O Lord, the souls of the faithful, who have died in the peace of the church, and more particularly N. N. Grant them, in virtue of this sacrifice, liberation from their pains.) And again, (addressing Christ,) "*Vi raccommando in fine tutte quelle povere anime del purgatorio vostre care spose, che bramano godervi in Paradiso; e massime vi raccommando l'anima di N. N.*" (We recommend to thee, in fine, *all those poor souls in purgatory, thy dear brides, who long to enjoy thee in Paradise;* and more especially (or above all) we recommend to thee the soul of N. N.) At the end of the book are inserted the daily exercises prescribed by the church for the relief of *souls in purgatory,* assigned to every day in the week. (*Esercizio quotidiano in sollievo dell' anime del purgatorio, distribuito in ciascun giorno della settimana.*) To each of these daily prayers is annexed its respective "motivo," or reason. Commencing with Sunday, the devout are admonished "to pray to God for the souls in purgatory generally, and more especially for such of them as they may know to be, among all the rest, the most destitute of particular or individual suffrage or commiseration, ("*e particolarmente per quella ch' egli sa essere tra tutte la più abbandonata di particolar suffragio;*") and, moreover, should they on that day partake of the holy communion, they are to apply it to their solace"—i. e., of the souls in purgatory. Apart from the absurdity of the main question, we cannot but admire the good feeling here manifested, as likewise in the "motivo," or reason, annexed to this prayer: "In proportion as they stand in need of solace, being abandoned of all, by so much will their gratefulness towards you be increased." The Sunday prayer or supplication is "in the name of the most precious blood of Christ, shed in the garden;" and it beseeches for "the liberation of the purgating souls," (*l'anime purganti,*) "and particularly, amongst all others, of the most destitute and forsaken of them all"—ending, like the rest, with the "*Pater, Ave, de profundis,*" &c.

And here we may remark, that in the arrangement of these "quotidian prayers for the souls in purgatory," a curious gradation or scale of comparative merit, or of

* "Modo d'ascoltare fruttuosamente La S. Messa: e altre orazioni. Roma, 1823. Presso Perego Salvioni. *Con facoltà.*"

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culpability, in the object is preserved. Thus, for Monday, the prayer is directed to be made "specifically for such of the souls as are nearest their departure or 'uprising' from purgatory," (*per l'anima più vicina ad uscire dal purgatorio,*) and the invocation is "in the name of the precious blood of Christ, shed during his dire flagellation:" for Tuesday, the prayer is for "the souls which, according to present justice, ought to be the last to rise from purgatory," the invocation being "by the precious blood of Jesus, shed at his sharp crowning with thorns:" for Wednesday, "on behalf of the souls richest in merit," and "by the precious blood of Christ, shed in the streets of Jerusalem, whilst bearing on his sacred shoulders the burthen of his cross:" for Thursday, "for such of the souls in purgatory who have been most devoted to the holy sacrament," the invocation being "by the precious body and blood of Jesus, which he himself, on the eve of his passion, gave in food and drink to his beloved apostles:" for Friday, "on behalf of the souls for which the party praying may feel most bound to intercede;" and the basis of the supplication is "the precious blood of Christ, shed on that day on the tree of the cross, more especially on his sacred hands and feet:" finally, for the Saturday, the prayer, specially assigned for that day, is "for some soul in purgatory that has been the most devoted to the Holy Virgin," and the supplication is "in the name of the precious blood that flowed from the side of Jesus, in the sight, and to the extreme sorrow, of his most blessed mother;" it concludes with a request to "liberate the souls from purgatory, more especially, amongst all others, that one of them who has been the most devoted to that *great Lady*," (*la più divota di questa gran Signora,*) "to the end that it may speedily come to thy glory, to praise thee in her, and her in thee, through all ages. *Così sia Pater, Ave de profundis,*" &c.

It is scarcely, perhaps, necessary here to remark, that the palm of merit is, by the gradation to which we have alluded, pointedly accorded to the votary of the "*Gran Signora,*" or the "Virgin," who, indeed, is usually made to enact a conspicuous part in the purgatorial drama. In nearly all of the dismal pictorial representations of the sufferings in purgatory, profusely exhibited for the edification of the people, the Virgin is depicted as the great mediatrix and assuager of torment; hovering, as a ministering angel, over the dark and fearful abode of despair and anguish, and pouring from her hands, or sometimes from her breasts, a rippling stream of water on the parched lips of the souls agonizing with flames and devouring thirst; an attitude and occupation which have been adopted in the works of most of the great Italian painters who have treated the subject of purgatory; and this, by the way, reminds us of an engraving we once met with in a treatise on the Chinese mythology, by one of the Jesuit fathers, wherein their "*Shing-Mou,*" or "Mother of the Gods," is represented in precisely a similar attitude, pouring forth from a species of water-lily she holds in her hand, a stream of water on the souls of the dead, tormented in the flames of the Chinese Tartarus, or hell. The engraving purported to have been made from one of the large paintings, or scenic representations, which at certain stated periods are exhibited in China to the people in one of the sacred festivals of their religion.

The precise period at which the doctrine of purgatory, in its modern sense,—viz., of the intermediate purification by fire of souls not absolutely in a state of final perdition, with its concomitant abuses,—was engrafted on the superstitions of the Romish church, is somewhat uncertain. With its usual and characteristic acuteness, however, in all matters of temporal aggrandizement, the church was not backward in turning to early and good account an invention so admirably calculated to replenish its treasury, by its joint influence on the pockets and consciences of the devout. The main point once established, of the efficacy of the prayers of the church in obtaining a present relaxation of the sufferings of the departed soul, during this supposed state of intermediate probation by fire, the transition was simple and easy, to the exaction of money for the interposition of its good offices. Accordingly, a "Tariff of the Dead," or graduated scale of prices, adapted to the pecuniary means, and modified by the relative rank and station, of the parties, was soon instituted for the sale of masses, and purgatorial "indulgence" for the dead; amongst whom, also, a corresponding scale or gradation of merit and punishment was at the same time introduced. The surviving relatives, firmly persuaded that the depuratory state of torment to which a deceased parent &c. were subjected, might be abridged in duration, or modified in nature or amount, by virtue of a pecuniary sacrifice, were easily induced to part with a modicum of cash, for the attainment of an object so pious and benevolent; and to the present day, the celebration of masses for the repose and benefit of the souls of the dead in purgatory continues, as we have before seen, to yield a rich harvest of gold to the church of Rome.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

A Coincidence.—The sense and the *census* of the country will, probably, both be taken during the present month.

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THE VISION OF PRINCE AMRU.

I TOOK the bowl—for I might not live,
Yet had I all that wealth could give;
For my father is monarch of Tombuktu,
And I am his firstborn, the Prince Amru.
Gems and gold, he has greater store
Than the pebbles upon the ribb'd sea-shore;
Slaves that await his dread commands,
More than the dark-plumed ostrich-bands:
All these were his—all these were mine,
Yet must I quit the fair sunshine!

I took the bowl—for I loath'd his gold,
Gems I scorn'd in my hand to hold;
Crouching slaves all but bliss could give;
But they served not for love—why should I live?
For the life of man is love, and dead—
Dead is the soul when love is fled!

I took the bowl—and it held not wine,
Yet the poison'd juice did merrily shine;
And, when I thought of the 'numbing draught,
And how soon I had done with life—I laugh'd—
With a laugh I raised the goblet high—
'Twas the first that had ever lit mine eye!

Deep, deep, I quaffed, for I felt each drop
Soothingly wooing the blood to stop;
And a murmuring stream of obvious sleep
Came round—and I sank—and my sleep was deep.

Deep, deep,—yet sense did some remain,
For marvellous images fill'd my brain;
The marble walls whirl'd round and round—
Quiver'd beneath my feet the ground;
A thick air prest on my aching brow,
And I felt a new being upon me now.
I heard a voice of melody,
And I forced my eyelids up to see.
There stood a maiden fairer far,
Than ever the earthly maidens are;
Lovely and kind, and O, how bright!
Yet, half obscure to my dazzled sight—
And well to mortal might seem obscure,
Vision so matchlessly fair, and pure.
Her voice—how sweetly I may not say,
Warbled a half-remember'd lay.
But ere I might recal the strain,
(It was one I had heard full oft from men—
One that I thought not to hear again,)
A chorus, so loud, so shrill, so sweet—
(Heav'n! how my 'wildering breast did beat!)
A chorus of melting music rung,
By a hundred as heav'nly voices sung,
And a hundred maidens, each as fair,
Throng'd around in the murm'ring air.

Awhile I gazed in a thrilling trance,
Watching the whirl of their mazy dance;
Till the song had ceased, and the dance was o'er—
While the air still murmur'd as before;
Then was I 'ware of a silken string,
Bound at the end to a crystal ring:
The maidens had let down the string to me,
And I clasp'd the ring in ecstasy.
Then I felt my brain whirl round and round,
My eyes grew dim, my ears seem'd bound,
And fled from beneath my feet, the ground.

There, as in infinite space I hung;
But the maidens above, again they sung,
And I felt, as I saw the earth recede,
Death like this was sweet indeed!

The maidens above me, still they sung,
And what reck'd I how long I hung?
I turn'd mine eyes once more above,
For another glimpse of that vision of love—
But, O horror! the maiden choir was gone!
I look'd—I was hanging all alone—
Hanging alone in boundless space,
Far from human or heav'nly race;
And the song had ceased, and the dance was o'er,
But the air still murmur'd as before,—
The silken string—whence hung it now?
I turn'd up mine eye with an aching brow;
Far, far it pierced the darkling air,
It seem'd nor end nor change was there—
And yet how high it were vain to say;
I saw a glimpse of unearthly day,
A halo-ring of marvellous light—
Never was sun so strangely bright.
Wreathed, like the glory that Christians paint
Round the head of a martyr'd saint;
So was wreath'd this halo-ring,
Far above, round the silken string;
And in the circle I could trace
Every maiden Peri's face—
Yet so far above, so very far,
Each seem'd small as a tiny star.
How shall I reach them?—I left the rope,
Springing aloft with frantic hope;
Madman! my every chance was o'er,
How might I hope so high to soar!
Falling, falling, I may not tell
How many rapid leagues I fell;
Falling, falling, down as far
As the short-lived meteor star,
Further, and further, and further away,
Nothing was there my course to stay;
Till strange new echoes came around,
Not like the Peris' harmonious sound,
But sounds I seem'd to have known of yore,
And voices that I had heard before.

Madly I made my eyelids ope,
Staring with wonder, fear, and hope—
There were more earthly forms, yet sure,
Forms that were scarce less bright and pure,
Silently lingering round my bed—
For, horror of horrors! I was not dead!

No, for, not mingled with leech-like skill,
The poison could madden, but could not kill;
And can I bear with life again?
Can I yet longer abide with men?
When I have drunken such deep delight,
Sounds so sweet and visions so bright;
Travell'd midway 'twixt earth and heav'n—
(Alas! to go further, not yet is given!)
Shall I not mix me a deadlier drink,
And slumber again, and soar, and sink?

Ah me! it is a world of toil,
Yet, will I bear with it awhile;
For the first fair form beside my bed,
On which mine eyelids opened,
Was, methought, the same in form and face,
The same in pureness, the same in grace,
With a maid that I saw in upper air,
At least less fleeting—perchance as fair:
And if there be such forms on earth
Among the maidens of human birth,
Ye gods! I will live and love with men,
And wait my time ere I die again!

E. M.

TIME AND TIME-PIECES.

Tempis fugit—Time flies. But Time doesn't always fly. Time has many movements. He can walk; he can run; he can creep. Ask a musician, and he will tell in Italian of the *piano*, and *forte*, and *andante*, and *vivace*, and *crescendo*, and *diminuendo*, and a thousand other paces of Time. Not Pegasus himself is half so various and capricious in his movements. If he travel with a merry companion, not an arrow so swift; if with a sad one, not a snail so slow; if with a wise one, he jogs along soberly; if with a fool, he dances a jig. Now and then Time comes to a full stop; but that is only when

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THE CLOCK WONT GO.

We should learn to regulate the movements of Time; that is, we should be *wise*, and he will keep to a sober pace. It is a simple plan: as easy as regulating your clock. Time and your clock go together. Your clock is the nag of Time. A curious beast is your clock—a sort of a lion rampant. Your old-fashioned clock, that is, with an hour-hand only, which serves him for nose and eyebrows. The holes for the keys are his eyes; and the maker's name his mouth.

Much excellent morality is to be drawn from time-pieces, as well as from Time himself; but, as we have no leisure at present to be diffuse upon this subject, we shall merely subjoin some stanzas, which were written a few years since at Oxenford, in the county of Oxenford, where, at that time at least, the public clocks had each but one hand:—

"SOME OBSERVATIONS ON CLOCKS AND WATCHES; WITH AN EXCELLENT MORAL ATTACHED, AND A PROPOSITION FOR LENGTHENING LIFE THIRTY-SIX HUNDRED TIMES.

How Oxford folk may measure time is hard to understand,
Since of their public clocks each one hath only got one hand:
But clocks have generally two, like any dame or dandy;
And, faith, to me the latter plan seems vastly much more handy.

How strange and complicate a frame a watch's or a clock's is;
Made up of little crooked wheels and crooked paradoxes!
"Time-keepers" truly! they have "catch'd a Tartar," neck and crop;
They *keep* time whilst they *go* with him, but cannot when they *stop*.

Some clocks and watches have *three* hands by which the time is reckon'd:
But strange! the *third* in such a case is always call'd the *second*;
Oh can the bard explain a watch, nor can you understand one,
Which even when 'tis wholly new, is still a second-hand one!

Now in these little indices is much to make us ponder;
For what we mete with so much care, it were not wise to squander:
A minute, though a time minute, to waste was never so meant,
Nor think that even a moment is a matter of no moment.

The best of ways, the song declares, to lengthen out our days,
Is stealing hours from night; but *that* is *not* the best of ways:
I have a plan to lengthen life of more peculiar powers—
To seize the minutes as they pass, and make the moments hours.

Then take your time-meter with you wherever you may travel;
The hour for meat, or drink, or rest, or toil, it will unravel:
'Tis meeter I can say from old experience; and 'tis sweeter,
For did the muse not mete her verse, her verse would not be metre."

S.

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THE LITERARY WORLD.—XIII.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

THE *Magazines* for the present month are somewhat deficient in that "light summer reading" which is meet for gay and gladsome June. They have few fresh blossoms or young flowers; whilst some of their "continuations" are strangely running to seed, and should be forthwith cut down and cleared away, to make room for novelties. In this fell swoop we would not include *Blackwood's* float—"Ten Thousand a-Year, Part xix."—with its home thrust at the Vulture Insurance Company and joint-stock speculation, and the evaporation of "the Artificial Rain Company," from the articles in "the Morning Growl" having made the town too hot to hold the knaves, whilst the "blow-up" throws Lord Dreddlington into apoplexy, which frightens to death Lady Cecilia Titmouse. "In passing down Park Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey and Kate saw a hatchment suspended from the house of Mr. Titmouse; and, some short time afterwards, they saw that gentleman himself in the park, driving a beautiful dark blue cab, his tiger and he both in mourning. Black greatly changes most people's appearance; but it effected a peculiar change in Mr. Titmouse; the fact being that, desirous of exhibiting extra marks of respect for the memory of the deceased Lady Cecilia, he had put his sandy mustachios and imperial into mourning, by carefully dressing them with Indian ink, which gave a very touching and pensive character to his features:" and thus ends the chapter. Dr. Granville's *Spas of England* furnishes a short semi-review—seasonable, but not half so lively as might be expected. "The Kirghiz-Kazacks" is a clever contribution to ethnography. "Hints to Authors"—the Biographical, contains a demonstration against "the miserable milksops who cheat the revenue, and reduce themselves to the level of beasts." It is proposed to divide an association into those who take the Total Drunkenness Pledge, and those who take the Occasionally Sober Pledge. "But as the expense of the latter class will probably be smaller than that of the T. D. Pledgemen, the entrance-money to the O. S. Pledge shall be 4*d.* instead of 2*d.* In the Total Drunkenness Pledge, the person binds himself, at some one hour or other of each lawful day—and twice every Sunday—to produce in himself, by means of one or more of the following liquors—viz., Beer, Ale, Flip, Egghot, Purl, (early or otherwise,) Gin, Brandy, Whisky, Rum, Wine, Shrub, Hollands, Swizzle, Toddy, Punch, Stingo—alone or mixed—such a degree of philosophical equanimity as not to be aware of whether he stands on his head or his heels—not to be able to speak so as to be understood by his nearest friend—nor to be able to maintain what philosophers have absurdly called the centre of gravity, which Mr. Gubbins considers the height of absurdity; and, in short, to be in that truly elevated condition, when the 'floor begins to be rebellious, and the room swings round in imitation of a windmill.' The Occasionally Sober Pledge does not mean that any one day is to be wholly spent without contributing one's share to the increase of the revenue; but simply, that occasionally it shall be lawful to stop short of the extreme point to which the others are bound to proceed; and, indeed, to leave off at that happy stage when a man feels it his bounden duty, as a Christian and a man of honour, to thrash a policeman, or wrench off a knocker, or frighten an unprotected woman, in the manner practised already by some amateur members of the highest rank. The Occasionally Sober Pledge does not in the least preclude a man from being as totally drunk as he pleases; while, on the other hand, the T. D. P. binds a person to abjure the O. S. P. as insufficient and unsatisfactory. The effects of this stupendous plan will be extraordinary. The increased impulse given to the revenue will keep the ministry in power for ever, or at least till *you know who* are to take their places. One additional glass of gin drunk by each adult in Great Britain alone, per diem, will supply the whole present deficiency; two will terrify empires with our wealth; and a bottle will pay off the national debt in a very few years!" The prime mover in this scheme is Mr. Gubbins, whose efforts receive the ecstatic gratitude of the administration. Public (house) dinners were given to him by the brewers of London, by the gin-spinners, by the licensed victuallers. But, alas poor Gubbins! the prosperity of his Drinking Association brought on *delirium tremens;* yet he kept his pledge: his friends told him he was killing himself by inches—he cared not if he died by the square yard in so patriotic a cause: he died of too anxious an interest in his country's welfare. Gubbins died on April 15: he was "considerably below the middle height, being little more than 5 feet high; but, as if to compensate for the deficiency, he was considerably beyond the average width, being a great deal broader than he was long. His hair was of a deep red hue, his countenance full of dignity and sweetness, with a very short and flat nose; while his face was saved from too feminine an expression by a remarkable projection of his two front teeth, and extremely protuberant lips. His legs were what is usually called bandy, and he had splay feet of peculiar size. With these advantages, his success in life is not matter of much surprise." All this is sly, smart, and fair play upon the delusions of

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the day; and leaving the Whigs, the New Poor Law, and the foreign politics of the Number, to their deserts, we "bite our thumb," and pass on.

The Colonial Magazine contains a one-sided paper on "the Sugar Duties;" and evinces peculiar interest in "the China Company," which promises the consumption of British manufactures to the extent of one shilling yearly per head by 400,000,000 of people, thus increasing our export trade 20 millions sterling, and having "an effect on England equal to the discovery of a new world." There is an interesting account of the Discovery of La Perouse; but we have yet to learn where is Ticopia. The subject, too, has circumnavigated the world of letters, and "the discovery" we take to be "no news."

The Metropolitan flaunts in with Mrs. Trollope's "Blue Belles of England," and a tale, "The Idiot Sailor-boy," by Mr. Howard. "Spencer Middleton; or, the Squire of River Hill," (some fifteen miles on the high North Road,) is commenced: the second chapter—the hero's first night at Oxford, and the third—"the College and its Inhabitants," are amusing pictures; and "the Invalid's Chamber" is a chapter of pathetic. "Memoirs of Gibraltar" contains some pleasant gossip of "the Rock." From the Poetry we quote a gem:—

"*Epitaph, by Thomas Campbell, on the death of Mrs. and Miss Shute, by drowning, when on a party of pleasure.*

"In deep submission to the Will above,
Yet with no common cause for human tears;
This stone, for the lost partner of his love,
And for his children lost—a mourner rears.

One fatal moment, one o'erwhelming doom,
Tore threefold from his heart the ties of earth,
His Mary, Margaret, in their early bloom,
And her who gave them life, and taught them worth.

Farewell, ye broken pillars of my fate,
My life's companion, and my two firstborn!
Yet, with this silent stone I consecrate
To conjugal paternal love forlorn.

Oh! may each passer-by the lesson learn,
Which can alone the bleeding heart sustain
When Friendship weeps at Virtue's funeral urn—
That, to the pure in heart, to die is gain."

George Cruikshank's Omnibus is, decidedly, an advance upon No. 1 in every respect. The "Nobody" illustrations of "the New Police Act" are two plates of drollery nicely dished up. The Peep-show account of the Preface-plate is smart; and the embellishment of "Frank Heartwell" is on a par with the story, which never rises to the high-water mark of interest. "The Ass on the Ladder," ("up goes the Donkey,") should have been the best paper in the Number: the cuts are clever; but the literary illustration reminds us of some one else "on the ladder" than the Ass, or the Boy. "Love has Legs" is a pleasing lyric trifle. In the "Omnibus Chat," the talkers seem hardly at home: the Sonnets to Macready are as dull as the rumble over the Poultry wood pavement, and as demure as tragedy itself: it matters little what may be the Editor's opinion on Homœopathy, but we hope that he will keep the system, as regards humour, out of the *Omnibus*. In all works aiming to be "comic," there must be variety, to band the ball to and fro; for unexpected association is one of the best incentives to laughter. *Verbum sap.*

The Bude Light, No. 1, noticed in our last, is a trifle *light* as air: here are a few more of its drolleries:—

"*Disclosures.*

At last we are nearing the winning-post in our first race with the monthly periodicals. The illumination is all but complete; a few more jets of gas, and the "Bude Light" will be in its glory. What we are now scribbling is, in a manner, our *envoy*; and we shall give it a literary start with a verse or two in honour of the new month:—

JUNE.

A varied tune
O month of June,
Thou singest to the crowd;
Now thy sweet breath,
Soft whispereth,
Now riseth warm and loud!

Two battles grand,
By sea and land,
To memory shout thy name;
Where rose Lord Howe,
With laureled brow,
To crown our ocean fame!

Where Glory's son,
Our Wellington,
Beneath thy skies of blue,
On land, as wave,
Bore Victory's glave,
And won at Waterloo!

But while around
The triumph sound
Of glory plays its part,
Thou sweepest by
Thy melody,
To calm the human heart.

O June! along,
Thy murmur'd song,
Doth like a river glide,
To tune thy breeze,
And fill thy trees,
And serenade thy bride.

The glad young Earth,
That now gives birth
Unto her summer child;
Whose sunny eyes,
From flowers and skies,
Shine ever warm and mild.

There! we think we have just said enough about the month to shew that the "Bude Light" is not at all jealous of the sunshine; and now we make a few random attacks upon other business.

There being, then, an acknowledged advantage in this publicity of authorship, we will not hesitate to satisfy the world's curi-

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osity, and proclaim at once who the people are who mainly contribute to the effulgence of the "Bude Light."

In *literature*, we rely principally upon Southey, Lockhart, John Wilson Croker, Thomas Ingoldsby, and Sidney Smith. The latter's last joke to the effect that "Ministers *cant help dissolving if the hot weather continues*," crept accidentally into the "Morning Post;" not so his reply a day or two ago to Mr. Moon, the print-seller, when he went to the private view of Salter's spirited and effective painting of the "Waterloo Banquet at Apsley House."

"Is it not bright? is it not animating?" said Mr. Moon, in his own peculiar strain of *suavitor in modo;* did you, in fact, ever see a fresher picture in your life?"

"No, sir," said the wit, "I never saw a *fresher;* and I came here under the impression that *this* was a *Salter*."

But to return to our contributors:

Ainsworth and Dickens will take it by turns
To write for the "Bude Light" as long as it burns;
Peake, Mrs. Norton, North, Maxwell, Maginn,
Will turn us a great many articles in!
Mrs. Gore, Lady Morgan, Gleig, Ritchie, and Prout,
Will turn us a great many articles out!
While Blanchard, and Jerrold, Knowles, Talfourd, and Thackery,
Henceforth, week after week, will all go it like "whackery!"
Or, if that pretty word in the reader's throat sticks,
Why, then, they shall only all go it "like bricks!"

But, to tell the truth, we have all the "heads of the people" in our pay; and we feel pretty comfortable about the squeezable nature of their brains."

The *New Monthly Magazine* has its *modicum* of sly, quiet humour: we cannot, however, transplant from the Editor's "Fathers and Sons," nor Mrs. Trollope's "Charles Chesterfield." A sketch of Beethoven, by Mr. Hogarth, comes somewhat late after Moscheles' Life of the great musician. "A Word to the Schoolmaster," playful as it is, ends with a sound piece of advice in favour of Normal Schools: "Truth to tell, he has much to learn. And if grown persons are taught to dance, there can be no harm in teaching them to think, before they are permitted to set up for the teachers of others. The poor are in great need of education, but the rich are not less so; let the schoolmaster, therefore, begin with them —that is, with himself." "Recreations in Natural History: Singing Birds—Visitors," appears to be composed from Mr. Yarrell's sound work upon Birds, and, joke apart, need not, therefore, be taken *cum grano salis*, but as orthodox: we are glad to see Mr. Blyth and other accurate observers of the habits of birds admitted in evidence. Mr. Jerrold treats us with sixteen pages of "Ephraim Rue, the Victim of Society;" not a bitter draught, to be sure, but so full of home truths as to make many a man *rue* the day when he started in the Great little World: Ephraim dubs himself a desolate wretch, though it was his conviction, his amiable bigotry—that he was made for society: "nevertheless, like an unlit taper, he had never yet shone in it. What a world of social virtues, in the belief of Ephraim, was in *him* unknown to the world! He could make punch, ay, even better than the vicar—yet he was never called upon to squeeze a lemon. He could, he was convinced of it, carve a capon with the graceful dexterity of the parish-surgeon,—yet was his table practice confined to solitary chops. He could sing a song, whether hunting, bacchanal, or amatory, with the vigour and melody of the whole church-choir, nevertheless, hapless Ephraim! he never had other audience than his own spiders and his own mice; which, however numerous, were, it must be conceded, not too discriminating. Certes, many of his hearers had a finer taste for a ripe cheese than for a rich falsetto. And then, for a game at whist, Ephraim would have been the delight of dowagers. Unfortunate Rue! his only chance at cards was a solitary game—his only excitement, to cheat himself at cribbage! 'I see nobody,' cried Rue; 'nobody sees me!' The poor wretch is shut out from the luxuries of "Haunch Lodge;" though, up to the latest moment, he had the liveliest hopes of an invitation. In Chapter ii., however, he dances with the squire's lady; and, as "success colours all things in life," in a brief hour, Rue was firmly established in his own opinion! he *was* born for society. "Why had he lost so many years? The women looked meltingly at him, the men with eyes of wonder. He felt, as he trod the floor, that all the world hung upon his dancing; that at supper every word he spoke was treasured as a miracle of wit; that even in the smallest graces of the table he was thought a very paragon." He captivates Miss Matilda Withermay, and marries her, and makes a good husband; till, one night, he makes one false step, his reputation withers, he gets into bad company, and is shot! "What a miserable course, what an ignominious end had been saved (not served) to Ephraim, could he have been content to 'love his own company.'" We can only notice a very graphic description of Amsterdam; and "An Hour or Two with Berryer," a racy whole-length of the eloquent French legist and statesman: hear his characteristics—"He walks about the room, speaks to all, looks most smilingly on the young men, cheers up the old ones, laughs with the republicans, looks grave with the Napoleonists, and hears the panegyrics of all, without being spoiled, and believes the com-

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pliments of all without being vain. Berryer belongs to posterity:" happy Berryer, say we. But we must spare room for

"Autumnal Roses. From the Italian of Filicaja.

"WHAT are ye like, sweet flowers, that gaily bloom
'Neath autumn's blast; so softly bending
Your clustered buds; so sweetly lending
The rude yet mournful gale your rich perfume?
What are ye like, amid decay and gloom,
A brighter tint of joy and summer blending?
Oh! ye are like young spirits yet ascending
The glade of life, unmindful of the doom
That sighs around them! When the hand of death
Shall reach the loved companions of their way,
And bid each dearest, cherish'd friend depart,
Like you, sweet flowers! they'll bow beneath the breath
That dims all loveliness; the young, the gay,
Will change and fade—the desolate of heart!"

The *Monthly Magazine* deals too largely in crotchety views to please the multitude. Clever, we dare say, are the twenty pages of Ontological Science, "preparatory to a Critique of Pure Being;" and unique may be the particle of light, engraved as a vignette upon the wrapper: but they do not suit the masses—and "we cannot help it." Two score of pages on "the Reign of Terror," and "Swedenborg," are succeeded by a long paper "On Comedy," in which we see little that is either strong or sweet, or presenting new position.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine is sturdy in politics, as usual. It has some capital book analyses—Kennedy's *Texas*, Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, and *Slavery in the United States*. "Quackleborough Election" is a fierce piece of satire; but half a dozen pages of "Rambles in the Footsteps of Shakspeare," we suspect, will ensure the greatest number of followers.

The Polytechnic Journal opens with Mr. Forbes Winslow's paper "On Longevity," statistical and anecdotic: it is, however, not so cheering a subject as is generally imagined: extreme old age makes some persons melancholy: we remember to have been thus affected on meeting a centenarian at an evening party. A paper on "the Polytechnic Schools in Germany and France" will be read with much interest, and is very germane to this Magazine. A practical article on Wood Pavement, with *wood*-cuts, may, perhaps, lead to perfection in this new way: at present, the town presents a sadly patchwork, piecemeal aspect, and some streets are a very *experimentum crucis*. The Exhibition of the Royal Academy is criticised at length in this Journal, but not in any other magazine of the month, except the *Art-Union*.

The Pictorial Shakspeare—Troilus and Cressida—is principally illustrated by Mr. Harvey, and from the late Mr. Hope's elaborate work on the *Costume of the Ancients*. The "Scenes" are by the former; in which, however, it is feared that justice has not been done by the engraver to the designs of the purely classic artist: in subjects of this class, such disparity is particularly to be regretted: still, some of the fragmentary illustrations are nicely executed. The editorial notices evince great acumen: there is a note to scene iii. act 3, that would have made Steevens wince; in which, for mutilating Shakspeare's spirited dialogue into halting verse, he is said to have had "no more idea of rhythm than a savage would have of a half-tint in painting."

(To be continued.)

A VISIT TO ETON MONTEM.

WE are not going to cry down the celebration of this triennial festival; on the contrary, we enter into its innocent follies with keen delight. On the score of antiquity alone it is to be venerated, for we adore all these fast-fading relics of the customs of our ancestors; and we look upon their quaint ordinances with the same feelings of mingled respect and amusement that would be inspired by gazing on an old piece of china, which, fashioned in the present day, would be pronounced both ludicrous and absurd, but, as a memorial of bygone times, is endowed with value and interest. We love the pageantry of the Montem dearly, and we trust the period is far off when refinement and the schoolmaster shall have done their worst, and the holiday shall only be mentioned among the *fasti* of other days.

Many circumstances combined to render the late Montem far more attractive than it had been for several years. The presence of H. R. H. Prince Albert for the first time at its celebration was one principal source of interest,—at the same time he had rendered himself extremely popular with the Eton scholars. There was also a chance of fine weather, tolerably well assured, as far as corns and quicksilver guarantee a change in our variable climate; and last, though not least, the trains of the Great Western Railway offered facilities to the Londoners to enter into the amusements of the day which they had never before enjoyed. Whispers also arose, from the glittering magazines of the masquerade warehouses, that the fancy dresses would be numerous and costly, and perhaps the anticipation of seeing Greeks and Circassians walking about the public roads in broad daylight was as important as any of the other inducements.

It was in one of those bright moods of joyousness and hilarity which a fine summer morning in the country excites, that we walked through Windsor Park on the forenoon of Tuesday the 5th instant. We were in perfect good humour with our-

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selves and everybody around us, and we hoped the feeling was reciprocal. We say we hoped, for their hearts must be indeed crushed and withered upon whom sunlight and a clear blue sky, the blithe hum of insects and the scent of wild flowers, have no influence, and are unable to make them feel, at least for the time being, both happier and better creatures. Our road lay apart from the beaten track, amidst coverts of fern and fair pastures, encompassed by ancient and picturesque trees. Indeed, it needed little imagination to reverse the flight of Time, and fancy ourselves once more living in the feudal ages; with the keep of the noble castle rising above the surrounding foliage, and the herds of deer grazing below in quietude, until the clanging horn of the merry greencoated hunters should scare them from their repose. We thought of the many changes some of the old trees had seen,—how they had calmly budded and flourished when the kingdom was torn with inward contention, and inundated with its best blood,—how they would still push forth their verdure when the very recollection of those who now loitered in their shade would have passed away. We traced in our own mind, heedless of all antiquarian directions and disputes, the spot where the sack-loving Sir John Falstaff suffered from his fair tormentors; and in another direction we pictured William de Wykeham surveying, with honest pride, the first elevations of the structure which was hereafter to become so favoured.

Our arrival at Windsor soon broke this train of thought, and turned it upon another set of rails, — to adopt the steam-loving language of the day,—for here all was activity and movement. Long lines of carriages near the principal inns shewed that we were not the first who had arrived to "don observance" to the Montem; and others were every instant pouring in from the different roads, together with crowds of foot-passengers, who, being principally from the neighbouring villages, would have formed, by their clean homely dress, and healthy, open countenances, a strong contrast to a like assembly in London.

We passed down Thames-street, and at Windsor-bridge encountered the first real indication of the Montem, in the shape of a *salt-bearer*, attired as an Albanian, who, attended by a runner, proffered us a handsome pink satin bag to receive our contribution. We gave a trifle consistent with our means, and received from the attendant in return a small green-paper ticket, inscribed as follows; the possession of which, we understood, was to free us from any further demands being levied upon our purse. We accordingly stuck it in our hat, such appearing to be the fashion upon the present occasion.

MOS PRO LEGE.

1841.

Vivat Regina.

The narrow High-street of Eton tended to condense the influx of company, who were arriving from all parts, in no small degree, acting like the extremely contracted inlet at the pay-place of the pit-door of a theatre; and opposite the College, at the union of the separate roads from London, Windsor, and Dorney, the carriages and foot-passengers were wedged into one dense mass; amongst which, however, the salt-bearers were assiduously plying their vocation, creeping before the horses, and behind, and in some cases under, the carriages, whenever the absence of a ticket betokened the presence of a defaulter, who had not yet tendered his offering.

At this stage of "the order of the day," the Quadrangle of the College was the chief point of attraction; where the review, if we may so term it, of the entire school was to take place under the inspection of her Majesty. Here admission was only to be obtained by tickets, and we had neglected to procure one previously from the proper quarter. It is, however, an axiom with us, at all public sights, to see as much as we can; and in any case of exclusiveness, provided we are not furnished with the regular passports, we invariably "try it on" without. We argue that we may succeed, and that if we do not, we can but be turned back. In the present instance, we followed closely upon an elderly gentleman of corpulent proportions, and whilst he was searching in the profundity of his waistcoat pockets for his card of admission, we contrived to slip in by mistake, like the Irishman's bad guinea amongst the halfpence. We have some faint recollection of a policeman seizing us forcibly by the shoulder; but at this critical period a crowd of *polemen*, with their blue jackets and wands, came driving through the arch, and we were borne on before them, until we found ourselves in the Quadrangle, at the foot of the statue, whose stolen sceptre caused so much noise a short period since.

The large area was filled with a crowd of elegant company, mixed with the boys of the school, who were flitting about from one acquaintance to another, or running to execute imaginary orders of ideal importance, in all the pride of their red coats, cocked hats, swords, and fancy dresses. A cluster of beautiful women had assembled upon the

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stone steps leading up to the chapel, from whence one of the best *coups-d'œil* was obtained; and they formed a strange contrast, by their delicate and breathing forms, to the rough old carved work and tracery of the parapet, to whose outlines they were clinging.

The roofs of the Long Chamber and Upper School, which form the northern and eastern boundaries of the Quadrangle, were equally tenanted by groups of fair spectators; as were the various windows looking into the square, with the exception of the larger one in the Clock Tower, which was reserved for the Queen and Prince Albert, and towards which many anxious glances were cast. At this period (half-past ten, A.M.) the spectacle was exceedingly animated and striking; the scene owing its chief brilliancy, of course, to the fancy dresses of the boys; and some of these were remarkably elegant. There were several parties of hunters in "Lincoln Green," with bows and arrows; various Grecian and Turkish costumes; more belonging to no country at all, but a happy confusion of the attributes of each; several Hungarians in fur edging and red tights; and a formidable army of field-marshals, lieutenants, and other military officers, who, in addition to their swords,—"real sharp swords" as we heard a little girl designate them,—each carried a taper black cane. A Charles the Second, a Captain Macheath, and a Greek, with long black ringlets, and somewhat taller than his compatriots, struck us as being the most striking costumes: the most elegant we opine to have been two *moyen age* dresses of light pink satin and silver, worn by two youths, (brothers, we expect,) about fourteen years old. They were gracefully designed, but, if anything, too delicate for the occasion—the slightest shower would have been instant annihilation to their beauty.

The band struck up the national anthem at eleven o'clock, which was the signal of her Majesty's arrival at the College. The boys immediately fell into their places for the procession, and when, a few minutes afterwards, the Queen made her appearance at the window in the tower, such a shout arose from their lungs as did one's heart good to hear; and there was such a waving of plumes and streamers, and such a renewing and repetition of cordial welcome, that we can well account for the slight flush that passed over the Queen's fair face, when she looked at the delighted assembly of some hundreds of young hearts, many of them beating with the noblest blood in England, amidst whom her presence shed such joyous enthusiasm. It was not the formal greeting of an adult assembly. They were all boys, and they cheered her with the overflowing fervour of a boy's devotion. ALBERT.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Public Exhibitions.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Concluded from p. 348.)

136. *The Repentant Prodigal's Return to his Father.* W. Etty, R.A. This is, unquestionably, one of the finest paintings in the collection: it has all the requisites of a good picture—admirable composition, drawing, and colouring. The subject—one of the most touching parables of scriptural illustration—presented an excellent study for the painter, who has here treated it most poetically, and with fitting dignity. In the foreground is the compassionate father, with the repentant son sinking in his arms beneath a load of guilt and shame, and actually seeming to utter the emphatic confession: "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son:" his expression is that of extreme anguish; nay, the scalding tears of contrition appear streaming down his face; whilst his fine form, wasted with "riotous living," famine, and want, in its destitution, is painfully contrasted with the richly-clothed father, whose venerable features beam with tender affection. To the left of this group is the elder son, "angry," and repining at the reception of his prodigal brother; and in the left-hand corner is cleverly grouped a servant with "the fatted calf." In the distance is a lovely group of female figures dancing, as is the custom in the East at entertainments and occasions of rejoicing to this day. Of the impressive treatment of this subject we cannot speak too highly; and its rich tone entitles the artist to rank as the first colourist of his day. Even with the recollection of Salvator Rosa's illustration of this very interesting parable, we regard Mr. Etty's picture as an ennobling accomplishment of pictorial art.

140. *Viscountess Powerscourt and son, and the Lady Barham.* F. Grant: portraits approaching the best style of Gainsborough, and, therefore, entitling their artist to foremost rank in the English school, if such an honourable distinction exist. Mr. Grant's portrait of *The Lady Katherine Jermyn*, (301,) and *Miss de Rothschild*, (1171,) are entitled to equal commendation: indeed, the latter, a cabinet picture in the Octagon Room, is the most fascinating portrait in the Exhibition. 492, by the same artist, is also admirably painted—*Party at Ranton Abbey*, the shooting *lodge of the Earl of Lichfield*; containing portraits of the Earls of Sefton, Uxbridge, and Lichfield, and Viscounts Melbourne and Anson; and Lord Lichfield's keepers. The likeness of the noble Premier is peculiarly happy.

The *Octagon Room* contains several pic-

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tures which merited a far better location than this closet. Such are 1159. *A Veteran of the Old Guard describing one of Napoleon's battles—interior of a Farrier's Shop.* F. Goodall; and 1162. *The Emperor Charles V. picking up the Pencil of Titian.* W. Fisk. Both are cleverly painted scenes, in which the anecdote is well narrated, which is a great point in pictures of this class.

1165. *A Forest-scene.* H. Jutsum. A piece of sylvan enchantment, such as the imagination may readily invest with the fays and fairy population of poetry and romance.

1170. *A Scene at Newhaven, near Edinburgh.* A. Fraser. An admirable picture, vigorously painted.

1171. *Miss de Rothschild.* The queen of Mr. Grant's portraits, and, as before intimated, the best picture of its class in the Exhibition.

1175. *Cardinal Wolsey leaving London after his Disgrace.* S. West. If this picture be, as stated, "the first historical work of a young artist," it is the most promising work in the collection. It represents the lord cardinal embarking for Esher, with his train of gentlemen and yeomen, at York-place, near the present Whitehall Stairs; "a vast crowd, assembled on the occasion, in the hope of seeing him (Wolsey) conveyed to the Tower, lining the banks of the river, which is shewn as it then appeared." The disgraced churchman, still clinging to vainglory, is clad *in pontificalibus*, and is about to step into his state barge, assisted by his faithful secretary, Thomas, afterwards Lord, Cromwell; he is followed by two handsome pages, and several ecclesiastics; and the curious spectators in boats and on the stairs, occupy the rear of the picture. There is an episodal figure, which is cleverly painted: a ruffian shaking his brawny arm at the fallen statesman, but who is restrained by some women of his own class, while some of the Cardinal's suite scowl upon the varlet. The river is covered with boats, from Whitehall Stairs to St. Stephen's Chapel, both of which are represented in the condition of the period. The composition of this picture is fine throughout, and the colouring brilliant and in good keeping. Either as regards interest of subject, or talent in execution, this painting is one of the finest historical works in the Exhibition.

The other pictures in this "cribb'd, cabin'd" apartment, which merit especial attention, are 1176. *Sunday Morning.* A. Johnston. 1177. *Imogen, supposed dead, brought out of the Cave by Arviragus.* J. King. 1210. *A Pastoral.* T. Creswick. 1213. *The Birth of Venus.* J. Wood. 1216. *Andrea del Sarto's first Interview with Lucrezia di Baccio del Fede, whom he afterwards married.* J. Hollins.

Foremost in the *Sculpture* is Mr. Bailey's *Bust in marble of H.R.H. Prince Albert*, (unfinished,) but, in its present stage, an admirable work. Chantrey has two remarkably fine Statues, *Dr. Bathurst, late Bishop of Norwich*, and *Dr. Ryder, late Bishop of Lichfield.* Their devotional and dignified expression cannot fail to rivet the visitor. Gibson has an exquisite basso-relievo in marble—*Hero and Leander*, embodying these breathing lines:

"In that dear embrace
Soul has rush'd forth to soul, and time and space,
Once dreary, are forgot. But hush! be still!
Silence alone could that blest moment fill."—
Mrs. Landbach's Poems.

Among the finest busts are the following: *Mrs. Thompson.* J. G. Lough. *Capt. Sir W. Symonds.* S. J. B. Haydon. *The late Mr. Praed, M.P.* C. Smith. *Mr. J. P. Neale.* E. W. Wyon. *Moore, the Poet.* G. Moore. *Mr. Byng, M.P.* R. Westmacott. *Mr. Carpue; the Duke of Beaufort.* W. Behnes. Mr. Nixon's *Marble Statue of Spring*, to be erected on the Grand Staircase of the Hall of the Goldsmith's Company, will, in every respect, grace that distinguished position.

The Gatherer.

Chinese Expedition.—On May 24, (the actual birthday of the Queen,) the Chinese flag (for which Lieut. Jerningham substituted the British ensign on the fort of Chusan) was hoisted on Queen Mary's Tower, in the park of Cosney, Norfolk, below the Union Jack, which always floats there at times of rejoicing. It is a small rectangular triangle, of figured silk damask, cut in vandykes at the edges, and of a dull red colour. In the centre is displayed the tortuous dragon so often depicted on China wares, curiously wrought in gold, but apparently without inscription. A few months ago, this little piece of silk was waving on the shores of the China seas, and bidding defiance to the navies of Great Britain; now it is flapping lazily in the summer wind, over a grove of those trees that furnish her wooden walls, and exciting the admiration of the English rustic, instead of the pride of the mandarin of the celestial empire.—*Norwich Mercury.*

Fine Nonsense.—A provincial newspaper terms hay-making an "important portion of the farmer's duty," and observes that "the fragrance imparted from the beautifully-scented flower of clover to the passing traveller is truly delightful." Bless us!

Life and Death.—"How do you manage to live here?" said a traveller to a group of animated spectres in the Pontine Marshes. "We die!" was the pathetic reply.

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General Election.—A small Surrey farmer being asked for whom he intended to vote at the ensuing Election, naïvely replied, "Can't tell: ha'nt heard from Measter yet." —*Fact.*

Battle of Waterloo.—The rich Polish Countess Potocka has purchased the celebrated painting by Stubens of the Battle of Waterloo, for 4000 gold thalers, and intends the same for presentation to the National Gallery, at Posen.

Competition.—An advertisement states that "*While Boulogne is sinking*, the beautiful little town of Dieppe is becoming the centre of attraction," &c. Poor Boulogne! the last news was the Bonapartean attempt to *raise* this ill-fated town.

Clichy, the Queen's Bench of Paris, must be a pleasant place. "In the garden there is an admirable promenade, besides games at siam, bowls, and nine pins; in the winter walking-place there are also games at quoits, chess, backgammon, and the *jeu des dames*, as well as books and newspapers to read; in the chambers, the prisoners play, laugh, dine, have music; and, by special permission, Count Léon once made the walls of Clichy resound with the same hunting-horn that M. Le Prefect has driven out of Paris; luckily, on one side of his room, he had for his neighbour one both deaf and dumb. Foils are proscribed in the new establishment, on account of a certain master of arms having written above his cell at St. Pélagie the following words:—'Crevécœur, first master of the grand army; here people are taught in fifteen lessons how to kill their creditors cleverly!'"—*Times.*

Prudery.—Often has it been said, far oftener indistinctly felt, that nothing is more really inconsistent with the spirit of true morality than the affected parade of buckram severity. Thus, the corrupt exaggeration of prudes fastens as a stain on the soul the tint which might otherwise have been but a play of shadow. But in this country, the extremes of wanton self-indulgence are far less in fashion now, and therefore less need to be denounced, than the acrid and noxious pretences of those who overcharge their mimicry of conscience because they know nothing of the thing itself.—*Ibid.*

The Church of Iffley has always struck me as being among the most compact, perfect, and interesting specimens of what is vulgarly called *Saxon*, (but correctly *Norman*,) architecture in the kingdom. Its western entrance, and the zigzag ornamented arches within, upon which the stunted tower is built, are full of attractions, which the thoroughly initiated only know how sufficiently to appreciate. The style of its architecture is, in almost all respects, similar to that of St. Peter's in the East, at Oxford; of which some notion may be formed by looking at the plates, and especially that of "the doorway under the porch," in one of the numbers of Dr. Ingram's popular work, entitled, *Memorials of Oxford.*—*Dr. Dibdin's Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 83. (The west end of Iffley Church will be found engraved in *The Mirror*, vol. xxiii. p. 25. On a visit to this admirable specimen of Anglo-Norman architecture, in the spring of last year, we remember a singular illustration of its celebrity. A lout of a boy, in round frock and hob-nailed shoes, lay stretched upon one of the old altar-tombs in the churchyard, eyeing the venerable church with more than rustic curiosity, when we were induced to ask him if many persons came to see Iffley. "A great many," was the reply. "Why?" —"'Cause there's so much *zigzag* about it." Could an artist have uttered a less circumlocutory or more just piece of criticism?—*Ed. M.*)

Brougham and Erskine.—I may not, perhaps, be singular in the opinion that, in many respects, and on particular forensic occasions, I have thought the voice of Lord Brougham to be not much unlike that of Lord Erskine. In *forensic eloquence* a comparison may be more correctly instituted. Both possessed POWER, the main engine of persuasion; both had a rapid, unhesitating utterance, and a fervid and beautiful fancy; but the latter was more terrible and unsparing. The first won, the second commanded, the verdict. The former was the "Jupiter Placens" (but still *Jupiter*), the latter the "Jupiter Tonans." This, *within* the courts of law; *out* of them, all comparison ceases. As *senatorial* debaters and orators, the voice of all parties by acclamation would unite in favour of the living ex-chancellor.—*Dr. Dibdin's Reminiscences.*

Consolation.—A newspaper describing the fire at a pastrycook's, at Windsor, on the morning of the Montem, says, "The loss of property was considerable; but, fortunately, *all the confectionary and jellies* for the Castle and College were preserved!!"—*Fact.*

A young lady at Almack's once asked a barrister what was the meaning of "granting a rule *nisi?*" which she constantly saw in law reports. He answered, smartly enough; "If any gentleman 'proposes,' you need not say 'yes' *unless* you like it."

Advertising for a Wife.—"*Une demoiselle bien née et aimable, ayant* 120,000 *francs de biens, desire épouser un homme âgé et riche,*" runs a Paris advertisement. Perhaps, "*âgé*" means no more than our word *aged* as applied to a horse.

French Beds.—It is rare in France to find bad or dirty beds.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1064.] SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1841. [PRICE 2*d.*

THE NIGER EXPEDITION:
THE IRON STEAMERS, "ALBERT," "WILBERFORCE," AND "SOUDAN."

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THE NIGER EXPEDITION.

EVERY reader of the "folio of four (or eight) pages," must recollect that in the last session of Parliament "The Society for the Extinction of the Slave Trade, and for the Civilization of Africa," (numbering the most active opponents of slavery,) prevailed upon her Majesty's government to undertake an Expedition to the river Niger, and to obtain for the expense of the same a grant of 65,000*l*. The object of this Expedition is to collect information, and to extinguish the slave-trade, which, notwithstanding the united efforts of the more civilized states of Europe for its suppression, continues to be carried on with greater vigour than it was thirty years ago, and is stated at this moment to involve the misery of, at least, half a million of human beings per annum. This startling fact naturally created in the minds of those persons who have so long benevolently interested themselves on the subject, a doubt as to the fitness of the steps hitherto taken for the suppression of this iniquitous traffic; and after long inquiry, they arrived at this conviction,—that a better means of exterminating the evil would be to establish a regulated commercial intercourse with the nations inhabiting the banks of the Niger, and thus to introduce among them the moral habits of European nations, and raise them above the temptation of making a prey of each other. Of the policy of this measure there appeared, at first, scarcely a single doubt; but the scheme was soon assailed as an unfair interference of government with the enterprise of the British merchant; and an angry controversy ensued upon the subject, into the merits of which we have not space to enter, but shall merely observe that what the government begins may hereafter be advantageously taken up by individuals, should the experiment prove successful; for in this case, independently of the direct philanthropic object of the Expedition, will be the opening of a new market for British manufactures; and to set a limit to commercial enterprise is not so easy a task as alarmists would have us believe. Meanwhile, the plan of the Expedition admits "missionary" objects, although its purpose is not sought to be carried out so ostensibly by this means as in previous attempts at the civilization of interior Africa.

The details of the Expedition partake largely of a scientific character. The durability of iron vessels, their little liability to accident, and the ease with which damage done to them may be repaired, appearing to be clearly proved from experience, there have been constructed for the Expedition, by Mr. John Laird, at Liverpool, three iron steamers, named, 1. *The Albert*, 2. *The Wilberforce*, 3. *The Soudan*. The principal dimensions of these vessels are as follow:—

	Albert and Wilberforce.	*Soudan.*
	Ft. In.	Ft. In.
Length between perpendiculars	134 9½	110 7½
Length on deck	139 4½	113 4
Breadth within paddles	27 2	22 2
Depth of hold	11 0	8 8
Builder's tonnage	459 tons.	250 tons.
Number of separate watertight compartments each vessel is divided into, to render them perfectly safe in case of accident	6	4
Engines.		
Power of engine	70 horses.	35 horses.
Diameter of cylinder	2 engines, each 34 in.	1 engine, 34 in.
Length of stroke	3 ft. 6 in.	3 ft. 6 in.
Diameter of paddle wheels	15 ft.	12 ft. 6 in.
Draught of water, loaded	5 ft.	4 ft.
Ditto light	3 ft. 3 in.	2 ft. 9 in.

Although these steamers are termed "iron vessels," the hulls only are of plate-iron; the deck and other parts being, as usual, of wood. The advantage of the water-tight compartments is, that in case of any breach below water it could only fill the compartment so damaged, the rest being left for the safety of the persons on board. There is still another precaution in each vessel—namely, a chamber, or space, at the head, calculated to receive any blow from timber projecting from the bed of a river, such obstructions being common in river navigation. Next this chamber is the forecastle, for the common sailors, as usual; then, the midshipmen's compartment; next, that for machinery and coal, occupying a third of the extent of the vessel; then, the cabins of the inferior officers; and nearest the stern is the captain's cabin. The apartments of each vessel are sufficiently large: thus, the common room in the officers' section is a roomy parlour; and the four adjoining bed-rooms would not, if in a house, be deemed small. The forecastle has a small collection of books for the use of the men; in other respects, it is provided with the accommodations of a kitchen.

Each vessel is furnished with four months' provision, including preserved fresh meat; of medicines there is an ample supply, not only for the ship's company, but for the medical officers to dispense among the natives, such practice being eminently calculated to conciliate their goodwill. There is also a store of Arabic bibles for distribution; each vessel has its chaplain, and prayers are read to the crew three times a day. *The Albert* and *the Wilberforce* have each four 12-pound brass guns upon the quarter-deck, several mounted brass swivels, musquetoons, muskets with percussion locks, the old and new bayonets, boarding pikes, light cutlasses, &c.; and there is stated to be nearly three tons of powder in each vessel. Great pains have been taken to adjust the compass according to Professor

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Airy's system. Formidable as is the above stock of arms, we trust that, if employed at all, it will only be in self-defence; and that the objects of the Expedition will be effected by mild measures. It should here be stated that the smaller vessel, *The Soudan*, (corrupted from *Habid-es-Sudan*, or *Friend of the Blacks*,) is fitted for detached service when required, up smaller rivers than the Niger, as well as for conveying intelligence or invalids, and especially for sounding ahead of the other vessels in difficult or unknown navigation.

To protect the persons on board each vessel from the malaria, or noxious gas, which rests several feet thick on the surface of the Niger, a free circulation of fresh air between decks has been ensured by the construction of a peculiar apparatus, upon the plan of D. D. B. Reid, well known for his successful ventilation of the House of Commons. This apparatus consists, first, of a canvas bag, or tube, about a hundred feet in length, which is raised beside the principal mast, with its upper mouth open towards the wind; the air at this height above the surface of the river being pure and healthy. The lower end of the tube is fitted to a case of sheet iron, about two feet and a half in breadth, and eight inches in thickness, extending all round the sides of the vessel, and fitted internally with shelves and sieves, containing chemical preparations for disinfecting the air, and therefore called the *medicator*; and from this case or chamber, another tube descends into a case, with a pair of fans, in the engine room; when, the fans being set in motion by a crank from the steam-engine, fresh air is drawn through the canvas tube, through the medicator, (for the greater certainty of its purity,) and thence propelled by means of smaller channels (of zinc perforated with minute holes) throughout the vessel. Not only is a constant supply of pure and healthy air thus ensured, but the temperature may be regulated by the same means; and lest the bad air should be charged with animalcules, there is an apparatus of steam-tubes, through which the air passes before it enters the medicator, and is there heated to the boiling point of Fahrenheit, which destroys such animal life; the air being afterwards cooled in the medicator.* The cabins may likewise be further ventilated by the same apparatus, by drawing out all the air, and reversing the fanners and valves, upon the *vacuum* or exhaustion principle.

The following additional details are abridged from "*The Friend of Africa*, No. 1: *The Albert*.—Captain, H. Dundas Trotter. *The Wilberforce*.—Commander, William Allen. *The Soudan*.—Commander, W. Bird. The Expedition is expected to enter the Niger in August.

"The crews of the three vessels consist, besides, of twenty-two marines, and eighty-eight seamen and stokers; of these, many of the latter are Africans by birth. On their arrival at Sierra Leone, the ships will take on board about 120 Kroomen, to do all the work that requires exposure, as wooding, watering, &c. The commanders of the ships, and Captain Cook, (well known for his skill and humanity in rescuing the crew of the Kent East Indiaman when on fire in the Bay of Biscay) are to be her Majesty's four commissioners for making treaties with the native chiefs for the abolition of the slave-trade. The committee of the African Civilization Society, desirous of investigating the resources and capabilities of this part of Africa, have, as a botanist, secured the services of Dr. Vogel, acting director of the Botanic Garden at Bonn, and highly recommended by Baron Alexander von Humboldt. As a mineralogist, they have engaged Mr. Roscher, a practical miner, educated at the Academy of Mines at Freiburg, who is to furnish a report upon the geological structure as well as on the minerals and metals of that portion of Africa. As naturalist, they have Mr. Fraser, Curator to the Zoological Society of London, who will investigate this department of natural history in a country where no naturalist has preceded him. The committee has also engaged the services of a practical gardener and seedsman, who, under the superintendence of Dr. Lindley, has made a selection of the most useful seeds and plants to introduce into Africa, and will explain their uses to the natives, and shew them how to cultivate them. And, lastly, they have engaged a draughtsman, whose aid will be required in all those departments of natural history where the objects are too large or too delicate to be preserved; and who will otherwise furnish sketches of tropical scenery, and the peculiar characteristic features of the various African tribes which may be met with. This completes the *personnel* of the Expedition. Another very essential object has been the preparation of vocabularies, as far as could be done in this country, of the chief lan-

* Mr. J. F. Daniell, in a paper read to the Royal Institution on the 4th instant, has shewn the deleterious effect of the waters on the western coast of Africa to result from their spontaneous evolution of sulphuretted hydrogen, which, experiment proves, may be effectually destroyed by plentiful fumigations of chlorine gas, which is easily made with cheap materials. Accordingly, the government have abundantly supplied the African Expedition with materials for the most perfect chlorine fumigations; and Mr. Daniell has "the pleasure of believing that his report, founded on the analysis of the waters submitted to him, and the precautions taken, have imparted confidence, not only to the gallant men who compose that Expedition, but also to those who are interested in its welfare, and who have been actuated by the most Christian spirit."

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guages of Western Central Africa. At first, the task seemed hopeless; but by perseverance and diligent research, a very tolerable vocabulary has been formed of the six languages with which the Expedition will come into immediate contact, and a shorter list of some others. These are printed in the most convenient form for reference; together with a series of the most useful questions. Valuable assistance has been given by M. d'Avezac, at Paris; the Ashanti princes now in this country, Mr. De Graft, a native Fanti, and Dr. M'William, who has drawn up a series of the most useful medical inquiries, which have been sent to Sierra Leone and Cape Coast for translation." The Expedition is to call "at St. Vincent, one of the Cape De Verde Islands, for coal, at Sierra Leone for Kroomen and Interpreters; at Cape Coast Castle, the vessels were to fill up their coals from a store-ship already sent out for that purpose; and having placed their heavy stores &c. in canoes, and otherwise lightened the vessels for river navigation, they would proceed up the Quorra either by the Formosa or Nún branch, whichever may be reported of most favourably; and steaming rapidly through the Delta, make their first halt at the town of Ibú, on the left or western shore of the Nún, about 120 miles from the entrance. Here they will commence their operations with making treaties with the African chiefs to put down entirely the traffic in slaves, and to substitute instead of it a friendly commercial intercourse with this country. After as short a delay as possible at Ibú, the Expedition will proceed up the river; and forty miles beyond, reach the first hills at the apex of the Delta, about 160 miles from the sea; a distance easily accomplished with even moderate steamers in from three to four days. Here the monotony of an alluvial soil and all the malaria of the Delta are left behind, and the traveller looks cheerfully forward to the remarkably formed range of the Kong Mountains, which soon shew themselves in the distant northern horizon. At Attah, sixty miles beyond, probably the next advantageous point which may present itself for forming treaties, the *Adansonia digitata*, and the other peculiar vegetation of this luxuriant clime, become very striking. The Bokweh market comes next, a place of great resort for the produce from all parts of the interior, to be exchanged for European merchandise, of very inferior quality, which is brought from the coast. The neutrality of these meetings, whatever wars may be in the land, is said (but questionably) to be held sacred. At eight miles beyond, we reach Beaufort Island; and twenty miles farther, at a distance of 270 miles from the sea, the magnificent Chadda pours in its tributary stream from the eastward, offering a high road to an unknown, but certainly populous, interior. Here will, probably, be the head-quarters of the Expedition for some time, and the Commissioners will use their utmost endeavours to form treaties for lawful traffic, and for the extinction of slave-trade, with the native chiefs. Here an opportunity, it is hoped, will be afforded for shewing the Africans the best mode of cultivating the ground, and of distributing plants and seeds suited to the climate and soil. Should an opportunity be afforded, the vessels will, probably, explore the upper part of the Quorra (Kawára) towards Busah, where the lamented Mungo Park lost his life, and also the Chadda, as far as water-communication will admit of it. And here a favourable opportunity will be afforded of gaining more knowledge of the interior: some parties might even reach Lake Chad, about 500 miles to the east; or Tumbúktu, not much farther to the north-west, and thus connect the exploratory journeys of Denham, Clapperton, and Laing, with points to be correctly laid down by this Expedition, which is furnished with twelve of the best chronometers, and with every instrument that can be necessary for a complete geographical survey of the rivers and of the countries passed through."

The prefixed Engraving has been copied, (by kind permission,) from a large print, published by Mr. Warlters, of Liverpool; and Messrs. Ackermann, of London.

VILLANELLE,

IN PRAISE OF INCONSTANCY.

I am not false; but if I were,
All nature is as false as I;
Each object in earth, sea, or air,
Exists but in inconstancy.

The gentle moon, that lovers hail,
To whom they mourn, and plead, and sigh,
Changes her features fair and frail,
A by-word of inconstancy.

The breeze that through the garden roves,
And woos each flow'r that blushes nigh,
Whisp'ring so fondly that he loves,
Is freighted with inconstancy.

The wave that glitters to the shore,
Kissing the leaves, and murm'ring by,
Returns to those fair meads no more,
But wanders in inconstancy.

'Tis true, in many star-like eyes,
I've studied passion's alchemy;
But found, too soon, such love supplies
But lessons of inconstancy.

Sweet lady, then, reproach me not;
Is she not false, canst thou deny,
Who makes all others love forget,
And teaches man inconstancy?

From the Queen's Poisoner, by Miss Costello.

LONGEVITY OF MEN OF LETTERS.

M. de Chateauneuf has made the following calculations on the average duration

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of life of the members of the ancient Academies, and of the present Institute of France from its foundation. He has collected the names of 900 *savans* or literary men, who have been named from 1635 up to the end of 1838, in the four academies, embracing an interval of 200 years. Out of this number, 138 have been received academicians, while between the ages of 20 and 30; 240 from 30 to 40; 262 from 40 to 50; 142 from 50 to 60; 90 from 60 to 70; 26 from 70 to 80; and 2 from 80 to 85.—147 academicians were born in the southern departments; 156 in the eastern and northern; 122 in those of the centre; 231 in Paris, and 29 in the colonies or in foreign countries. Out of the 900 members of whom M. de Châteauneuf has been able to collect complete data, to serve for the basis of his calculations, 567 belong to the old academies, and 333 to the Institute; 744 out of the 900 are dead, and 156 were living on the 31st December last. At the time of election, their united ages formed a total of 39,756 years, making an average of 44 years each. In this respect, there is noticed some difference, according to the academies; that is to say, this average is 46 years for the members of the *Académie Française*, 45 for that of *Inscriptions*, and only 41 for that of *Sciences*. These differences apply equally to the new classes of the Institute. The average age of the 744, who are no longer living, was 67 years and 10 months; and the average time of their performing their academic functions 26½ years. Amongst the 156 academicians who were alive on the 31st December last, 51 were from 60 to 70 years of age; 17 from 70 to 80; and 8 from 80 to 90.—*Galignani.*

STRAWBERRY HILL.

We read, "with rainy eyes," that this *bijou* of a villa, with its magnificent, costly, and classical contents, (after more than one escape,) is to be dispersed during next month, by the irresistible, "knock-down argument" of a celebrated auctioneer. The advertisement is, to borrow one of the author's phrases, "a paragon of the art;" and proclaims the sale to be "a gem, a nonpareil, infinitely surpassing anything and everything that has antecedently taken precedence." But how can we make room (here, at least) for the 30 ebony chairs and the Gobelin tapestry; the "clocks in fruitful numbers," including Anna Boleyn's, the present from Henry VIII., whose fondness for clocks was inconsistent with his cleverness in *killing time*; the Peruvian, Roman, and Etruscan vases; the Raphael china and Limoges enamel; the very rare old stained glass; and the Sevres, Dresden, Chantilly, and Chelsea—the latter now getting out of the collector's reach. Then the armour, including the splendid suits of Francis I., and the shields by Polidori. Next, Lady Betty Germaine's five silver vases, the gold and silver candelabra, fire dogs, and *bras de cheminée*; the Apostle spoons; the far-famed, though seldom heard, silver bell of Benvenuto Cellini, executed for the Pope at Rome. Then, the dessert plates, engraved with the life of the Prodigal Son, by Pass; though the parable and the material, however fine, have, we fear, been thrown away—else why the dispersion of these gems of *vertu*? The coins, intaglios, and cameos, we leave to Mr. Till. The marbles, bronzes, and carvings in ivory, include busts, vases, and altars, especially the celebrated eagle, of the finest Greek work; and the mosaic shrine from the church of St. Mary Maggiore, at Rome; whilst among the bronzes are some fine cinque-cento specimens. Even Fiamingo's *ivory* Hon. Mrs. Damer and Lady Diana Beauclerc will not be spared; and seeing that Elgin marbles have been used for macadamizing roads, in this age of utility, these fair forms may, perchance, be cut up into sets of teeth at 50 guineas each! The pictures may share a better fate, seeing that canvas, oil-paint, wood, and gold-leaf, are but of little value *per se*: here are Poussin's *Jupiter*, which, by Jove, it were impiety to remove; Hogarth's *Beggar's Opera*, which it were petty larceny to disturb; the family pictures of the four King Henries,—V., VI., VII., and VIII: alack, hero of Agincourt, where is thy splendour now! Why, this breaking-up beats the pawning of thy jewels for £20,000, in times when any shirt was a luxury, and guineas were only in the pockets of nobles. This sale is indeed taking the lustre out of "the mirror of all martial men;" it is enough to call up the spirit of old Tudor from his filigree resting-place at Westminster, and resuscitate his sordid and selfish distrust: such treatment of his head and front is almost enough to wake "bluff Harry" in the vault at Windsor. Think, reader, of the literary wealth here amassed, and now to be scattered to the winds: the privately-printed books, the splendid presentation copies, and the precious autographs,—the latter only equalled in value by "De Rothschild;" again, those gems, the missal painted by Raphael for the queen of Francis I.; and that by Don Julio Clovio, formerly in the collection of the Duchess of Portland; then the drawings and prints, and the collection of English portraits, matchless in number and worth, which we hope to see purchased for the British Museum. All the "plate, linen, and china," as the bill says, may go, and to replace them will be a matter of moonshine; the wines and liqueurs, "more remarkable for the quality than the quantity," we make

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light of; as we do also of "the five elegant town-built carriages, that do not claim any affinity with the above property, since they do not claim to be admired for their antiquity." But, we repeat, to disperse Strawberry Hill will be indeed "a sorry breaking-up," which will move even the stony hearts of the utilitarians. How the auctioneer will get through his mournful duties we know not: the catalogue will be a "book of lamentations;" and all the *cognoscenti* will repair to Twickenham Ait, and there, hanging their harps upon the willows, weep for thee, oh, Strawberry!

THE DANGERS OF MISCONDUCT.

BY M. DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER IV.—THE HUSBAND'S DEATH.

(Continued from page 344.)

THE solicitor continued:

Three months after, the count had made over his property to Gobseck—

"You may call him the Count de Restaud, if you choose," said Madame de Grandlieu, "as my daughter is not here."

Very well. Three months had passed and I had not received the counter-declaration from Gobseck.

I was dining with him one day, and I asked him how it happened that we did not hear from the Count de Restaud.

"For a very excellent reason," said he; "he is dying. He is a tender-hearted man. Those that will not overcome sorrow, sorrow always overcomes. Life is a trade, a business, which must be learned like any other. When a man has once served his apprenticeship and paid his footing, as we all must, he ought to be equal to any thing."

I let Gobseck moralize away, and left him at once for the count's. I was introduced into the parlour, where sat the countess with two of her children. Care had plucked the roses from her cheeks; nothing was left of her beauty but its exquisite outlines.

"It is very important that I should see the count," I observed.

"You will be more fortunate than I am if you succeed," replied she. "He will not see any of his family; no one, in fact, but his physician. Sick people have strange fancies sometimes; they are like children, they do not know what they want."

"Perhaps, like children, they know very well what they want, but—"

The countess blushed. I was sorry for my remark, so much in Gobseck's style.

"Can it be possible that he is entirely alone!"

"His eldest son is with him, the only one of his children he allows to wait upon him."

The countess did not blush again; she seemed determined not to allow me to detect her secrets.

"It is very important to his interests that I should see him."

I bit my lips, for I saw that I had made a blunder. The countess availed herself of it at once.

"My husband's interests and mine are the same, and you can state the object of your visit to me, if you please."

"It is a matter which concerns only the count."

"I will let him know that you are here."

Her polite tone did not deceive me. I knew she would never let me see her husband. I thought, as I looked at her, that she had sunk deeper and deeper in ruin. She could dissemble with perfect art. I deemed her capable of everything.

The end of this sad story is at hand. Some of the details I am going to add I learned some time afterwards; many were revealed to me by Gobseck. What passed between the husband and wife from the time when the eyes of the former were opened to her misconduct I cannot say. When he fell sick, he displayed the greatest aversion for the countess and her two younger children. He forbad them entering his room, and if they attempted to come in, their presence threw the patient into such fury, that his medical adviser enjoined upon them never to repeat the experiment.

Madame de Restaud, seeing the houses and lands of the family, and finally the very hotel they occupied, pass one by one into Gobseck's hands, guessed in part her husband's intentions. Her accomplice in guilt could not divine, however, all the precautions I had suggested. Both he and the countess supposed that the count had really sold all his property to Gobseck, and converted it into cash, which he had placed either in the bank or in my hands. They believed that the count had executed a will in favour of his eldest son alone, by which he could take possession of the money at his death. Under this impression she caused his sick room to be closely watched. The whole house was subjected to that *espionnage* of which a woman is capable, that one word will express it. She spent her days and nights in the room where I had seen her, which was next to her husband's apartment. People said, "What devotion!" The physician was devoted to her interests. She knew how to conceal his abhorrence for her, and acted the part of a mourning wife with consummate skill. She acquired a kind of celebrity by it. Some prudes went so far as to say that it redeemed all her faults. But she never for a moment lost sight of the poverty to which she might be exposed on the count's death, if she lost sight of him for a moment. The will, which must be in his possession, must not be suffered to reach

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me; it must be destroyed as soon as he died; so that *all* the children and herself should come in equally. Thus, though the husband drove her from his side, she traced a magic circle around him. She sat apart, loathed by him, yet all-powerful; a devoted wife in appearance, but watching for his death and the booty it was to bring, as the antbear, at the bottom of his hole, waits in patience for the prey which, sooner or later, falls into it. The severest judge could not deny that she was a fond mother. Her children were brought up in the best manner, and never saw or heard anything to lead them to suspect her guilty. I really believed she was reformed and repentant, for which charitable opinion Gobseck rallied me without mercy. At any rate, we may say in her excuse, that horrible as were the means she employed to get the control of her husband's fortune, it was love for her children that inspired her. She questioned her eldest son Ernest very closely, whenever he came out of the sick room, as to everything his father had done and said; and the boy, with all the innocence of youth, ascribing his mother's anxiety to the strength of her affection, never hesitated to reply. As for me, the countess suspected there was some secret object. She fancied I had been the instrument of her husband's vengeance, and she made up her mind that I should not see him.

I confess I was very anxious to have an interview with the count. I was uneasy as to what had become of the paper Gobseck was to give him. If the countess got hold of it, and should try to enforce it, there was sure to be a difficulty with Gobseck, for I knew perfectly well he never would return the estate to the countess; in short, I wanted to get the paper, so I paid her a second visit.

I don't know how it is, but there are some strange phenomena happening every day, that nobody seems to notice. I have always, for instance, been surprised to see how completely, when two people are at variance, each one divines the other's ideas and secret purposes. Thus, when the countess and myself were together, I saw through into her mind and observed her mortal hatred of me, and the reason of it, even when her manner was so kind and gracious. On her part, she perceived plainly that I was her husband's adviser, and that he had not yet put his property in my hands. Our conversation, which I will not bore you by repeating, I have always remembered as one of the most dangerous contests I ever embarked in. She had a great deal of talent, and nature had given her every quality that can persuade. She wound her nets round and round me; she was by turns adroit, proud, frank, and tender; she went so far as to try to arouse my curiosity, to attempt to gain my affections. She failed —but it was a severe struggle for me! When I took my leave I read in her eyes an expression of rage and hate which made me tremble. She would have seen me torn in pieces by wild horses with delight, while for her I felt only pity. This feeling was evident from my manner; and I believe I frightened her heartily, for I declared that she would certainly be ruined, in spite of all her efforts.

"If I could see the count, your children would be saved from want."

"Yes, but I should be at your mercy," she replied, with a gesture of disgust.

War being thus openly declared between us, I determined to save this family from misery in spite of itself. I determined even to do anything illegally legal, if necessary. I began by bringing a suit against the count for a pretended debt due to Gobseck. Of course no defence was made, and I obtained judgment. I was entitled to issue execution, and on the count's death to cause the seal of the court to be put on all his effects. I bought over one of the servants, who promised that he would come and let me know whenever the count was dying, whether by day or night. I made up my mind to interpose at once, to levy on the property under the execution, and thus prevent the countess from obtaining the paper she coveted. I afterwards learned that she sat studying the code while within hearing of the groans of her dying husband! What hideous, disgusting selfishness hovers round the bed of death!

For two months past, as I have said, the Count de Restaud had been confined to his room. A mortal sickness was slowly consuming mind as well as body, Alone and neglected, he was the prey of deep melancholy. By one of the strange caprices so common in sickness, he would not even allow his room to be swept or his bed to be made. The same indifference was to be seen in everything; the furniture was not set in order, the dust and the spiders covered everything. Once so fastidious in his tastes, he now seemed to take a strange pleasure in this desolation. I will not pursue these disgusting details. Everything spoke of mortality; death seemed to have seized upon those things before attacking their owner. The windows were constantly closed. The count had grown very thin. His eyes were still bright, as though life had taken refuge in them. He would not suffer his hair to be cut, and it hung down his cheeks in long elf-locks, like an Indian faquir. Yet he was only thirty-seven; and a short time before, how young, handsome, envied, and happy!

One winter's morning, his son, sitting by his bed-side, asked him—

"Are you in pain?"

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"Oh, no," said he, with a fearful smile, "it's all *here* and in the heart."

He pointed to his head, and pressed his meagre fingers on his sunken chest so sadly that Ernest burst into tears.

"Why has not Mr. — (naming me) been to see me?" he asked his valet, as he entered the room. This fellow, whom he thought faithful, was devoted to the countess.

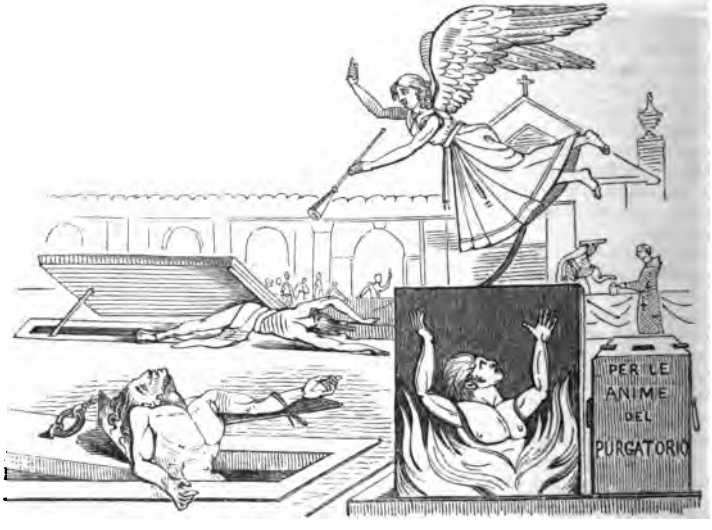
"What, Joseph!" said the patient, rising hastily in bed, "I have sent you to my solicitor seven or eight times in a fortnight, and you say he has not been here? Do you suppose you can deceive me so easily? Go for him at once, and bring him here with you; if you do not, I will get up and go myself."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE OCTAVE OF THE DEAD.

(Concluded from p. 374.)

We have before alluded to the pictorial representations exhibited to the people during the celebration of the "Octave of the Dead." It is, however, on the last day of this sacred festival that the great and crowning scenic display of the purgatorial mysteries takes place, with every circumstance of pomp and imposing magnificence. For this purpose, the Cemetery of "Santo-Spirito," a suburb, or "borgo," in the district of *Transtevere*, or "beyond the Tiber," is annually fitted up as a kind of amphitheatre; and thither, on the last day of the "Ottava dei Morti," flock the inhabitants of Rome, and of the surrounding country, to witness the religious spectacles, or representation of scenes from the sacred writings, intermixed with episodes of the sufferings in purgatory, which have been prepared for their entertainment. The ceremony is opened by a procession carrying the statue of the "Madonna of the Rosary." On a temporary theatre, hung with decorations analogous to the subject, and in which the dramatis personæ are figures of wax, &c., in appropriate costume, are given scenes from the martyrdom of the saints, male and female: nor is the streaming blood forgotten; whilst the sabres and hatchets of the executioners, tipped with red, in order to sustain the illusion, contribute their quota of reality to the scene of horror. Occasionally is represented, in the court of the cemetery, a "Scene of the Last Judgment," of which we subjoin an Engraving.



In the centre is a large painting, with a tormented soul in the midst of the flames: this is surmounted by a waxen angel, holding in her hand the trumpet which is to awaken the dead: a large money-chest, or poor-box, destined to receive the contributions of the faithful, stands close by the picture. Around it are freshly-opened graves, on the margin of which are placed figures, likewise in wax,* to represent the resur-

* In 1813, to heighten the illusion and horror of the spectacle, the bodies of persons that had actually died on the preceding evening, in the hospital of "San Spirito," were placed in the requisite attitudes, as though they had been rising from the grave: at present, however, mere wax-work figures are used in these dismal representations.

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rection of the dead at the last and dreadful day of reckoning and final doom.

As regards the derivation of the word "purgatory,"—the *purgatorium* of the early ecclesiastical writers,—we may here remark, that the word occurs only in the spurious Latinity of the first ages of the church; and that, unlike the majority of the Roman-catholic superstitions, which are clearly traceable to some corresponding superstitions of the pagan world, the idea of purgatory, in the usual and popular sense of the term, at least, was altogether unknown to the ancients. Some faint traces, indeed, of an after state of purgation or purification of departed souls by fire might be discoverable in the mythological systems of the Hindùs and Chinese; and, consequently, in the fabulous speculations of their great copyists of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome. But of the state of purgatory, or intermediate purification, in the ecclesiastical sense of the word, they would appear to have been entirely ignorant. The honour of its original conception must therefore, of right, be conceded to the church of Rome; as must also that of the great adjunct to purgatory—the doctrine of the efficacy of masses, and prayers for the dead. For this practice, devoid, as it confessedly is, of any warranty in scripture, the Roman catholics mainly rely on a passage in what, by our own church at least, is deemed an apocryphal production —namely, the 2nd Book of Maccabees. Bearing, as the passage in question does, materially on the doctrine of purgatory, the reader, perhaps, will perceive no impropriety in our here introducing it. We quote from a black-letter translation of *the Apocrypha; imprinted at London, by Bonham, Norton, and John Bill, Printers to the King's Most Excellent Majestie*, 1626. *Cum Privil.*; and annexed to *The Booke of Common Prayer, of that translation which is appointed to be used in Churches.* Judas Maccabeus, the great Jewish warrior, goes forth against Gorgias, the governor of Idumea; when "it happened that a few of the Jewes were slaine." Ver. 29. And upon the day following, as the use had beene, Judas and his company came to take up the bodies of them that were slaine, and to bury them with their kinsmen, in their fathers' graves.

* * * * * * *

40. Now underneathe the coats of every one that was slaine, they found things consecrated to the Idoles of the Jamnites, which is forbidden the Jewes by the Lawe.

41. All men therefore praising the Lord, the righteous Judge, who had opened the things that were hid,

42. *Betooke themselves unto prayer, and besought him that the sinne committed might wholly be put out of remembrance.* Besides, that noble Judas exhorted the people to keepe themselves from sinne, forasmuch as they saw before their eyes the things that came to passe, for the sinne of those that were slaine.

43. *And when he had made a gathering throughout the company to the summe of two thousand drachmes of silver*, he sent it to Jerusalem to offer a sinne offering, doing therein very well and honestly, in that he was mindful of the resurrection.

44. (For if hee had not hoped that they that were slaine should have risen againe, it had been superfluous and vaine TO PRAY FOR THE DEAD.)

45. And also in that he perceived that there was great favour layd up for those that died godly. (*It was an holy and good thought,*) whereupon *hee made a reconciliation for the dead, that they might be delivered from sinne.*—2nd *Maccabees, Apocrypha*, c. xii.

As it is by no means our intention to engage in a polemical discussion, we shall refrain from all comment on the above passage, which, however, might well require all the astuteness and sophistry of the Romish theologians to twist into anything like an authority in support of their favourite doctrine. Returning, therefore, to our "purgatory," we shall conclude by remarking, that, according to the recognised superstition touching this matter, the domain of *purgatory* is the privileged and exclusive field for the exercise of the spiritual power of the successor of St. Peter—his "manor and lordship," *par excellence*, inasmuch as his dominion is proverbially restricted to that subdivision of the lower world of darkness, and does not extend to the "nethermost region," or, in other words, to hell itself. In illustration of this well-understood arrangement, a curious anecdote is on historical record. Michael Angelo, in his celebrated picture of the "Last Judgment," which he was commissioned to paint for Pope Leo X., profited by the opportunity thus afforded him of venting his spleen against one of the cardinals of the papal court, against whom he had conceived a violent dislike, consequent on some real or imaginary affront received; and his style of revenge was truly that of a painter. In the lower portion of his great work he has depicted hell and purgatory, with a terrific representation of the torments of the souls therein confined. In a group of the eternally damned, and with circumstances of appalling horror, to which it is not necessary here more particularly to allude, he has introduced the portrait of the unlucky cardinal. The portrait was so striking a resemblance of his adversary that it was instantly recognised: the story of the cardinal "*in infernis*" was speedily bruited throughout Rome, and failed not to reach the ears of the prelate himself, who lost no time in waiting on his holiness, to whom he

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made an indignant complaint; at the same time appealing for redress against the presumptuous artist, and insisting on an immediate order from his holiness to have the objectionable portrait expunged. The pope listened with great composure to the recital of the worthy cardinal's grievance, and assured him of his entire willingness to assist him in redressing it. "But," he added gravely, "let us fully understand the matter. Is it in *hell* or in *purgatory* that he has placed you?" "In hell—yes, Sante Padre, actually in hell!" responded the indignant cardinal. "In that case," continued the pope, "I fear I can be of no service whatever to you in this affair: for *you know* that my jurisdiction does not extend beyond the limits of *purgatory:* had he, indeed, placed you *there*, I could perhaps have done something for you; but as it is, I am afraid I cannot interfere in the matter." With this reply the poor cardinal was fain to rest contented; and there, to this day, his portrait remains.

In England, the first legislative enactment levelled against the doctrine of purgatory emanated from the house of Convocation under Henry VIII., wherein, under the management of the ecclesiastical viceregent, Cromwell, and after a stormy discussion between the two opponent parties, the Reformers being headed by Archbishop Cranmer, and the Papists by Lee, Archbishop of York, the famous "*ten articles of faith*" were ultimately agreed to; the royal publication following shortly after their adoption. By the tenth and last of these articles it is declared, "That it is good to pray for the dead; but it is necessary to correct the abuses advanced under the pretence of *purgatory*, the pope's pardon, masses said in certain places, or before certain images; and that souls departed should be recommended to God's mercy in general terms only." G. M.

A VISIT TO ETON MONTEM.

(*Concluded from page* 382.)

As soon as order was somewhat restored, the procession round the Quadrangle commenced, headed by a military band, the space for the *cortège* being preserved by some of the Rifles, who were on duty at the Castle. The fortunate captain, the hero of the day, Mr. Thring, took his place immediately behind the band, dressed in full military costume. The polemen were stationed two and two, at various distances, amongst the wearers of the fancy dresses, to whose brilliancy their blue jackets and white trowsers formed an agreeable contrast. We noticed amongst them one very little boy—so small, that he appeared the *beau ideal* of that class of miniature personages who come out of oyster-barrels and flower-pots in pantomimes. At the conclusion of the march we saw him no more. We fear, that when the band laid down their instruments, he tumbled into one of the bugles, and there lay, until the next player blew him out.

After parading twice or three times round the Quadrangle, the ceremony of waving the College flag took place, under the window at which the Queen and her royal consort were seated. The ensign of the school, bearing a large crimson banner, now commenced a series of very extraordinary performances indeed with it, to which the flourishing of Miss Woolford's flags, when that lady rode very fast round the Astley's arena upon the nankeen coloured horse, was as nothing. We marvelled much at his untiring energy, and the wonderful power of his wrist, which would have raised even Cartwright's jealousy. The only thing the whirling and twirling of the flag reminded us of was, the tomahawk performance of a black wild Indian we witnessed some years back at a perambulating penny show in Tottenham Court Road; and in which we enjoyed a ride for nothing as far as Broad Street, St. Giles's, from the circumstance of our being one of the audience at the time the caravan was orderod off by the police of the F division. Seriously, however, the ensign displayed considerable dexterity. First, he whisked it about in one hand as if it had been a broadsword; then he cut, in succession, all the problems of Euclid in the air, as well as figures of eight, and strange diagrams only found in Skater's pocket companions; next, he swung it round, passing it quickly from one hand to the other, and keeping the silk floating horizontally about him; and he concluded his feats of dexterity by inclining the flag reverentially towards her Majesty, who was, no doubt, thinking, in common with every one else, how very hot and fatigued the poor young man must be, and what an immensity of practice and wrist-spraining was to be gone through before the present pitch of perfection could be arrived at.

As soon as the applause which accompanied the least flutter of the banner had died away, a general rush took place towards the Playing-fields. We elbowed our way with the rest into the cloisters of the inner Quadrangle, and thence along a curiously inconvenient passage, where the squeeze was terrific, until we came out once more into the open air, through a small postern-gate. The majority of the boys immediately scampered off, in a sort of running steeplechase, towards Salt-hill, in order to arrive there before the Queen. Part of the visitors also left the College to seek their carriages —no very easy task; others followed the

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line marked out by the boys; and a few waited still in the Playing-fields, to see the royal *cortège* pass from the College, in which number of loiterers we were included. It was during this short delay that the Montem laureate introduced himself to us, with a request that we would purchase his "Ode." He was evidently "a fellow of infinite humour," and was tastefully attired in a fancy costume of glazed calico and window-curtains, which had an imposing effect. We invested sixpence in the purchase of his ode, and had no reason to grumble at our expenditure, for we derived much amusement from it. It is too long to introduce here, and being entirely local, would not be of sufficient interest. Some of the ideas, however, are not bad, and the rhyme throughout is very well kept up. Here are four lines, introducing a couplet that put us in mind of some of the versifying conceits of the inimitable Thomas Ingoldsby:—

"Grave *Hallam* tries to act the sergeant,
And *Neville*, practising a frown,
Almost as dreadful as a large ant,
With martial terrors awes us down."

As soon as the Queen and her suite had passed, we left the Playing-fields, and made the best of our way to the Windmill-inn. Countless vehicles were crowding along the road, and thinking we might as well ride as walk, without waiting for the chance of any of our acquaintances overtaking us, we took advantage of a slight check at the Slough Road Gate, and established ourselves very comfortably on the footboard behind a handsome chariot that was going in the direction we wished. Here we maintained our seat, in spite of the malicious cries of "Whip behind," which every little boy indulged in who perceived or envied us; and thus, in great state, riding like a traitor, with our back to the horses,—after being seen, of course, by everybody of our connexion whose notice we were most anxious to elude,—did we arrive at Salt-hill.

If the throng of carriages, horsemen, and foot-passengers, had been great in the neighbourhood of the College, it was "confusion worse confounded" at Salt-hill; indeed, it was with much difficulty, when the royal party arrived, that room could be cleared for their progress. In a short time, the boys again fell into their respective places in the procession, and the indefatigable ensign again prepared to exhibit his powers of flourishing the flag upon the summit of the mount, on which station every one was enabled to catch a much better sight of his dexterity than when he was on a level with themselves in the crowded Quadrangle of the College. We believe the origin of this ceremony is not known: it merely appears to have been coeval with the foundation of the College, as long back as the year 1440, when Henry VI. purchased the perpetual advowson of the parish of Eton for that purpose. The mound in question is supposed to be a Saxon barrow, and the contributions of "salt," (which, as the reader is, doubtless, aware, signifies the money collected for the captain of the school previous to his leaving for the University,) are presumed to have derived the somewhat dubious title from a monkish procession which, in the olden time, took place annually to this mount, and on which occasion consecrated salt was sold to the spectators. This may or may not be the case: we do not answer for the truth of the tradition, but merely give the reason as we have heard it.*

At the conclusion of this part of the day's observances, the royal carriages departed, the Queen and Prince Albert receiving the same hearty cheers which greeted their arrival, and which they acknowledged with extreme courtesy. It was long before the other carriages could be extricated; they were locked together in so intricate a manner, that it was necessary to wait until the outer ones of the dense mass had cleared off, before the least attempt to move could be made. A course of whipping, plunging, and clashing then commenced, which can only be imagined by picturing the Haymarket after a crowded opera-night, if all the carriages had been allowed to come up just as their drivers chose, without paying the least attention to the regulations for the direction of their horses' heads and tails.

A fresh rush to dinner now took place amongst the boys, and although we heard many imprecations launched against those who had abolished the "champagne tent," yet, by the alacrity with which they hurried to the Windmill, we perceived that the meal had still great attractions. We ourselves could have joined them with much pleasure; but we were not of Eton and its school, and anything like quiet refreshment at the inn was out of the question. Fortunately, we lighted upon some friends, at

* Since the above was written, we have been favoured with the following information:—It is the opinion of Mr. Lysons, that the Eton Montem originated in the ceremonial of the Bairn, or Boy-Bishop. He states that it originally took place on the 6th of December, the festival of St. Nicholas, the patron of children, being the day on which it was customary to elect the Boy-Bishop from among the children belonging to the cathedral or college. This mock dignity lasted till Innocents' day, and during the intermediate time the boy performed various episcopal functions. If it happened that he died before the allotted period of this singular assumption had expired, he was buried with all the ceremonials which are used at the funerals of prelates. In the collection of antiquities bequeathed by Mr. Cole to the British Museum, there is a note which mentions that Geoffry Blythe, Bishop of Lichfield, who died in 1530, bequeathed several ornaments to Eton College, "for the dress of the Bairn-Bishop."—

ALBERT.

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whose carriage we procured the usual race-course sort of luncheon, of dusty sandwiches and warm sherry, which was, nevertheless, very acceptable. A vast portion of company still remained, and these were admitted to Botham's Garden, upon each presenting a ticket, which was to be purchased for a shilling, at the bar of the Windmill.

How the dinner went off, we cannot tell; the chronicles of this part of the ceremony remain a sealed book to the vulgar. It was, doubtless, of first-rate excellence, and the *carte* indisputably perfect; for the Eton boys are "queer customers" if they think they are not treated in a manner befitting their importance; and glass, moreover, is of a fragile and perishable nature. We doubt not that they were well entertained, for their countenances were of most hilarious expression, when they sallied forth into the gardens at the conclusion of the banquet. And now began the scene of spoliation, for which the company had been waiting the last hour in patient expectation. The swords, which up to the present time had rested idly in their scabbards, now flashed wildly in the air, and a general attack was made upon everything in the gardens endowed with vegetable existence. The first onset took place against a hollow square of cabbages, which they charged as furiously as did the Cuirassiers against our own human parallelograms at Waterloo; and in two minutes, nothing but stumps remained. Potatoes, lettuces, and asparagi followed, without appeasing their fury: on the contrary, the taste of sap seemed to have given fresh edges to their swords; and when not even a currant or gooseberry bush was left, half a dozen of the most stalwart warriors directed their attacks upon a large apple-tree, which, after being much hacked about, tumbled to the ground amidst the cheers of the bystanders. In another quarter of an hour, the blooming Eden was converted into a blank desert; not a plant being left to sigh out the story of the destruction of its companions to the next zephyr which came that way on its road from London to Bath. The last object on which they attempted to wreak their remaining vengeance was the garden-roller; but its cast-iron cylinder resisted their most strenuous efforts; and having broken two or three of their swords sharp off at the hilt, they abandoned the attempt in despair.

Boyish and trifling as was this part of the day's festivities, there was much in it to afford food for the reflection of a philosopher, even in the midst of the turmoil of the Windmill Gardens. Many who were now turning their bloodless weapons against a shrub or currant-tree, might hereafter occupy a well-earned and honourable position in the list of our country's defenders. The cabinet, the bar, and the church would, perhaps, each draw its most brilliant members from the frolic crowd of thoughtless youths who were now revelling joyously in the ruin they were creating; and the pastime of the present day—the trifling occurrence of a passing moment—might, years hence, recal thoughts of the Montem and its harmless follies, amidst meditations of a deeper and sterner cast, when those who now entered into its observances with the careless enthusiasm of boyhood, had themselves become the parents of the next generation.

It was generally understood, in consequence of the departure of the Queen for London, after the second display of the flag, that the usual promenade upon the terrace of Windsor Castle would be transferred to the Playing-fields of Eton College; and the change was greatly for the better. As soon as the diversions in the gardens had terminated, there was a temporary cessation of proceedings, until the call of "absence" in the precincts of the College, at six o'clock—the term *absence* being applied, somewhat contradictorily, to the reading over the roll of boys' names who are supposed to be *present*. We took advantage of this *entr'acte* to inspect the school-rooms and dormitories of the College, which are certainly contrived with a praiseworthy disregard of splendour or decoration, nothing more costly than plain unpainted board being anywhere to be found. We afterwards paid a visit to the Library, which is well worth seeing. Amongst several remarkable objects of interest, we were shewn a curious map of Pekin, the production of a Chinese artist; a small box of slips of papyrus, on which is written a manuscript in an Oriental character; and some early illuminated missals, including a French Bible, and an elaborate Roman history. The quiet of these rooms, which look into the cloisters of the inner Quadrangle, formed a singular contrast to the noise and revelry that reigned without. In the apartment appropriated to the provost there is a portrait, painted on panel, of Jane Shore: we were informed that a former provost of Eton College officiated as her confessor, and that it was under his orders that the present portrait was taken. The hair is of the true Saxon auburn, and the forehead high and intellectual; but we could not discover in the features those traces of beauty which led to this fair creature's ultimate infamy and death.

By half-past six o'clock, the Playing-fields presented a most animated spectacle, as most of the morning's company were *reunis* on this fine tract of pasture, as well as the whole of the boys; and two military bands played continually during the evening, which was pre-eminently fine. The indefatigable salt-bearers were still working

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hard at their calling, and they singled out with scrutinizing gaze any individual who had no green ticket displayed to frank him from further demands. A handsome collection had been the result of their labours, the captain receiving exactly £1233 13*s.* 10*d.*; out of which sum, however, he had various expenses to defray, which amounted to nearly half. Most of the boys were promenading with their friends, and it was gratifying to see the guileless pride with which the younger branches of the different families clustered round their brothers—with what ecstatic admiration the little girls regarded the scarlet and gold heroes, who, for that day, at least, would not have changed places with any one in England. Some of the boys were sleeping on the grass, under the fine trees: we heard that several had scarcely closed their eyes throughout the preceding night, and all were moving between four and five in the morning. Indeed, the salt-bearers and their oppidans had worked like horses; and certain of them had no trifling distance to travel over in the performance of their duties, as, independently of their demands upon the visitors, it is their custom to call at the houses of the families in the neighbourhood for salt, and some of these are situated five or six miles from Eton.

By nine o'clock, all was again quiet: the company had departed, and with them the glories of the Montem for three more years. For that period the flag will sleep in tranquil inactivity, and the cloisters will resume their wonted gravity. Many who participated in its boyish parade will, ere its next celebration, have been scattered over the earth, and, perhaps, found distant homes in strange lands. Others will be gradually following the path to fame in the course of life that destiny has allotted to them, and some——but we will stop all gloomy anticipations. Let us hope that all who, this year, witnessed the Montem and its mimic glories, may be enabled to enter into the spirit of the succeeding ceremonial, without one bitter thought or retrospection of aught that has occurred since they last gazed upon its harmless pageantry.

ALBERT.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

ASTLEY'S Amphitheatre, destroyed by fire on the 8th inst., was built 1803-4, and opened on Easter-Monday in the latter year. It was the largest of the metropolitan minor theatres, is stated to have held 3000 persons, and was the only theatre for equestrian performances in London. The depth of the theatre, from the front in the Westminster-road to the back party-wall, was 300 feet; and the whole establishment, with the extensive stabling, is described as covering more ground than is occupied by either of the national theatres. The proscenium was one of the most spacious and convenient in London; the stage was 50 feet deep, 70 feet wide, and 40 feet high: the platforms were sufficiently strong for horsemen to gallop over them, and even for a carriage; and beneath the stage was a deep *mezzanine* floor, (called "magazine" in the accounts of the late fire,) for traps and other machinery; by aid of which, the *tableaux* of bipeds and quadrupeds, set scenery, and gorgeous properties, were more effective here than on any other stage in London. The auditory was profusely lit with gas, which, with coloured fires, was very extensively employed behind the scenes. The house was of irregular construction: the roof (internally very effective) was of poles and spars, unarchitecturally put together; and wood and plaster were almost exclusively employed in the substructure; notwithstanding which, the theatre was very substantial: it was most elaborately decorated, somewhat in the gorgeous French style.

The late Amphitheatre was one of the *nineteen theatres* built by Peter Astley, after whom it was named. It was the third theatre erected by Astley upon this site: the *first* he built in 1780, and opened as *the Amphitheatre Riding-House*, to which he added a stage and scenery, to compete with the Royal Circus: this theatre was subsequently enlarged, and called *the Royal Grove*, and then *the Amphitheatre of Arts*: it was burnt on August 16, 1794. The *second* house was opened on Easter-Monday, 1795, as the Royal Amphitheatre, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York patronizing the establishment: it was totally destroyed by fire on September 2, 1803; and the *third* theatre was built and opened as above stated.

The site of these theatres was originally a timber-yard, first enclosed by Astley with boarding, within which he erected seats for his spectators, with a pent-house roof, to shelter them from the rain; while he exhibited in a rope-ring, by day-light, in the open air. He subsequently lent his landlord, the timber-merchant, 200*l.*; the yard and the timber in it being mortaged to Astley as security. The borrower left England, and was never more heard of; Astley became legally possessed of the property, sold the timber, and with the proceeds, added to 60*l.*, the produce of an unowned diamond ring, which he found at the foot of Westminster Bridge, he built the first theatre.

Astley built an amphitheatre in Paris; another in Peter Street, Dublin, for which he obtained a patent from the Irish parliament. The last theatre he built was the

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Olympic Pavilion (now Theatre), upon the site of Drury House, in Wych Street, Strand. He died in Paris, October 14, 1814, and was buried in *Père la Chaise*; and October 19, 1821, his son died in the same house, chamber, and bed, where his father breathed his last; and with whom he was also buried.

New Books.

A Hand Book for Hampton Court.

[This is, beyond comparison, the best Guide to "the Architecture, Tapestries, Paintings, Gardens, and Grounds" of Hampton Court, that has yet appeared; and its cheapness is on a par with its completeness: 160 pages and 14 illustrations, in a handsome cloth binding, (the Tudor lettering is in good keeping) for half-a-crown! A royal palace well described, and that for a *half-a-crown*, and all which the reader may see "for nothing," must satisfy the whole free-admission society. Nothing but a rapid sale of thousands of copies can repay the parties concerned in the production of this little volume; and when we recollect that on fine Sundays 1000 persons pass through Hampton Court palace *per hour*, there is every prospect of soon reaching this sale. Everything is changed at this charming place of resort: formerly, to regale yourself at *the Toy*, an unsightly brick hostel by the river side, was no trifle; and the few who mustered courage to enter this inn, paid handsomely for the many whom prudence *charged* to keep away. At length, this red-hot nuisance has been removed, and very nearly the whole of the palace has been "thrown open," so that visitors are no longer charged right royally for the indulgence of "the gratuitous admission." Formerly, few who had not a golden fleece would venture here, and then they were sure to be sheared for their pleasure; now, railway, omnibus, or steam-boat, transport you thither from the metropolis within an hour; and the trip is, certainly, one of the most delightful that can be enjoyed within a twenty mile radius of the great Babel. We perceive, however, that our present Guide recommends as "the right royal road to Hampton Court, 'the silent highway' of the Thames," by steam to Richmond, and there]

Descending the hill, if you care not for a few shillings, you will engage, at the foot of Richmond bridge, a couple of stout watermen—for it is hard work tugging against the stream—to row you up to Hampton bridge, and in your going or returning refresh yourself with an eel-pie of singularly artistic merit, on the ait off Twickenham. The pedestrian has a choice of pleasant roads through Richmond Park, or by the banks of the river, to Kingston, and thence through Ditton, when he will obtain the first view of Hampton Court, already spoken of.

Neither the residents on the banks of the Thames above Hampton Court need to be reminded what a delightful means the river offers to reach Hampton—rowing or punting down the river, and being towed back, —nor those near the Southampton railway, even as far as Southampton, how they may arrive at Hampton Court in almost less time than by a turnpike-road from the metropolis.

[That our Guide starts in the true vein of enjoyment, this brief extract from his opening page will shew:]

How many and various are these ennobling and exhilarating delights! Nature's works and man's bravest achievements go hand in hand together here. Space bounded by art, which crowds can never rob of solitude!—Trees never leafless; verdure and brightness omnipresent! In all the whole world where are there such flower-forests of chestnuts? The gayest blossoms of every season gladdening the eye, and filling the air with fragrance. Beauty of scene near at hand, and stretching as far distant as the sight can reach. The lulling music of waters; the magnificent in architecture; the matchless in painting; and, best of all, the throngs of happy faces, (the statist tells you they exceed thirty thousand a month in the summer,) abandoned to mirth, and oblivious of dull cares and toil left behind them! Miserable indeed the wretch whose sympathies are not touched with some of these.

"Let any wight, (if such a wight there be,)
To whom thy lofty towers unknown remain,
Direct his steps, fair Hampton Court, to thee,
And view thy splendid halls: then turn again
To visit each proud dome by science praised,—
'For kings the rest,' (he'd say,) 'but thou for gods wert raised.'"*

[Having reached the Palace, he sets about describing it architecturally, and with a genuine relish for the picturesque. We shall take his account of]

The Hall called Wolsey's,

though it was most likely completed, if not built, by the intruder Harry the Eighth. Free access to this hall was first granted to the public at the close of 1840. You enter under the minstrel gallery, common to all the halls of the middle ages; for our ancestors knew full well the influence of music, both at the altar, the field of battle, and festive board. The intrinsic beauties of this hall, its grand proportions, its arched roof, and general blaze of light, make you exclaim as you enter, "this is really fine!" but when the eye wanders from one object to another, the want of harmony in the colouring, the violent admix-

* J. P. Andrews, after Grotius.

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ture of the grand and the tawdry, and the fresh pantomimic air of the place, begin to work their effects, and long before you have ceased examining, and with the best disposition to be grateful and well pleased, you get thoroughly out of patience with the modern decorator. The size and form of the building, the glorious tapestries, and the carved roof, carry your associations into the past; but the glare of the gold and the ultra-marine, the painted calico banners, and the lath and plaster effect of the white-washed walls—walls too, of stone—make you think only of the geniuses who astonish the town with mock pageants at theatres. The horns may possibly be in their right places. The figures in bright armour, perched on high at both ends of the hall, look no better than tinsel, and where's the authority, we cannot help asking, that the strong men of the sixteenth century placed armour out of reach for mere *show?*—Then the *painting* of the fine old *oak ceiling*, with imitation *oak*, set off with such a blue ground!—The eye descends for comfort to the grand tapestries below,—true realities profaned by the company of the false gew-gaw banners, borrowed from Astley's amphitheatre or Sadler's Wells.—Let us endeavour to forget all these modern impertinences, recover our good humour, and prepare ourselves, if our visit is beyond a day, for some hours study of the wonders of these tapestries of the Hall.

[This is critical, but good-tempered, withal. The tapestries are then described by a tabular form of each subject, and recollecting how many simple-looking souls we have seen wondering at the import of these beautiful relics of art, these pages of the book will be welcome accompaniments for every inquiring visitor. We are glad to see that the glory of ramrods in the Hall is not spared: their absurd introduction in a structure built when ramrods were almost unknown, merited castigation. Neither is our author illiberal to his contemporaries; for he refers the visitor who is anxious to decypher the mythological throng on the palace ceilings, to consult "the lengthened examination of Mr. Jesse, or the Sixpenny Guide-Book." We are then shewn *how*, as well as *what* to observe of the 850 pictures; to allow a minute for each would occupy more than fourteen hours. The tapestries merit a day; the cartoons are worth one journey, for they are not "adapted to the meanest capacities:" "crowds loll listlessly through the cartoon gallery, which happens to be towards the end of the collection, and we make no doubt the indifference is owing somewhat to a start begun wrong." The plan of the catalogue is excellent: those paintings which are best worth seeing are marked thus (*); the historical portraits are classified; and of the painters some brief notices are given: occasionally, too, are smart criticisms upon overrated pictures, which must prove beneficial; of the cartoons there is a neat notice, shewing them to be ill-placed in the gallery built purposely for them. The several courts, gates, gardens, and grounds, are equally well described, and aptly with *amazement* end the wonders of Hampton Court.

Nor must we forget that the embellishments are engraved by fair hands—the Misses Thompson, Clarke, Bond, Williams, Clint, Dudley, Waterhouse, and Cowper, with the sweet-sounding prefixes of Isabel, Harriet, Augusta, Eliza, Juliet, Elizabeth, Fanny, &c.; and, gallantry apart, the ladye engravers have made their way, as ladies universally do, in matters of taste and embellishment.]

The Gatherer.

Chaffinches.—The annual show of chaffinches, at Hazebrouk, in the Nord, took place on the 23rd ult. Four birds each were brought into competition by ten different societies: those of Cassel gained the first prize; those of Hondschoote gained the medal, and also the prize for the best songster, the latter being won by the performance of 900 perfect chants within an hour.—*Galignani.*

Aged Cod-fish.—In a preserve at Logan, in Galloway, a cod-fish has lived twelve years in confinement, and attained a large size.

Gainsborough's teacher was Nature, and the woods of Suffolk his academy.

Canzonet.—

I dreamt, my fair, that thou and I
Were dead, and doom'd to lasting pain;
I for my love, that soar'd so high,
Thou punish'd for thy cold disdain.

But when thou met'st me all in woe,
It changed to joy thy hapless lot;
And when that lovely face I saw,
The pains of hell were all forgot.

Valloni; Roscoe.

The Rhône has again broken through its bank near St. Denis into the plain of Beaucaire, being the *fifth* time since the autumn that such a disaster has taken place.

Antiquities.—Several objects of antiquity have been recently discovered at Vienne, in the Isère, including marble capitals, a fragment of a female figure, believed to be Latona, a bas-relief with fragments of horses, and part of a mosaic pavement.

The late Lord Camden's fine collection of Pictures are about to be dispersed by sale.

The Trafalgar Man-of-war, of 130 guns, will be launched from Woolwich Dockyard on June 21.

Oxford Memorial.—The foundation-stone was laid on the 19th ult.

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Sir David Wilkie, R.A.—We record, with deep regret, the death of this distinguished painter, which took place on the 1st inst., on board the *Oriental*, in the Bay of Gibraltar, on his return from the Levant. Of the life and works of this admirable artist and excellent man, we intend presenting our readers with an ample memoir, in the first number of our next volume.

Lord Brougham has taken possession of the question of the day in the House of Lords. Never the indiscriminate eulogists, we have sometimes been the sharp censors of Lord Brougham; but truth and justice compel praise from lips unused to flatter. Brougham is the only man of his own high class of intellect now in public life. He has in his time done service to the cause of rational government which no one but himself could have done, as he has at times perilled a high reputation with a wantonness in which no less robust a genius could have indulged without utter and irrecoverable destruction. He stands now in the maturity of his powers—ripened, mellowed by experience and time, with all his energies unimpaired. He stands forth emancipated from party trammels. By reliance on his own genius and persevering industry, he has taught an assembly which cannot be expected to sympathize with him, to listen with deference and fear. He is regarded with a kindly feeling, even by the most excited portion of the democracy. He can plead the great cause which is now depending, with more knowledge, greater variety of argument and illustration, and more impressive power, than any other living orator: he can plead it more acceptably to the House of Lords than any other man: he can count upon a more willing attention from the Chartists than will be given to any other. By becoming the exponent of principles, heedless as to whether men applaud and follow him or not, he can make himself the champion of the rights of industry, the central point in which discordant wills may meet in harmony. He can do for Free Trade all and more than he formerly did against the Orders in Council; thereby rendering a service to his country as much transcending his former services as the matured powers of Lord Brougham exceed the wayward energies of young Henry Brougham. At times "spots have come over his mortal star;" but an opportunity is now afforded him to efface their recollection for ever, and to cast a light on what may be the closing scene of his life, stronger and steadier than has shone on any portion of his previous career.—*Spectator.*

Keeping it up.—Baron Solomon de Rothschild lately gave a party, at which the guests partook of a collation, dinner, and supper!

Vauxhall Gardens and *Strawberry Hill* are forthwith to be "broken up," to mend the ways of their *quondam* owners.

What material is expected to be most fashionable during the ensuing summer?—*Canvas.* Who is the most active hero of the day?—*General Election.*

Ascot Races.—"The Queen's Cup," or rather piece of plate, is a group, representing Alexander the Great about to mount the untamed Bucephalus. The Macedonian hero is stated to be beautifully modelled: and the horse to be fine, full of fire, and exhibiting the blood of the barb, with the bone and muscle of the war-horse. The figure of Alexander is the work of M. Freret, and the horse is by Mr. Macarthy; and Mr. Baily, R.A., has improved the design, which has been executed by Mortimer and Hunt. The new royal stabling, &c., at Ascot, consists of two ranges for 60 horses, and a coach-house for 24 carriages.

The Spanish Stage.—Translations from the French are at present the rage in Spain, the land of Calderon and de Vega.

British Museum.—The number of visitors on Whit-Monday was 9031, being 3177 less than on Whit-Monday last year. On Tuesday there were 1986 visitors, and on Wednesday, 2636. The Museum is now open until 7 o'clock in the evening.

A magnificent High Altar is now erecting in the church of the Jesuits, at Rome: it is of exquisite marble, and the cost is estimated at upwards of £6000, raised by subscription.

Coal-working.—A French engineer has invented a method of raising coal from the bottom of shafts by means of a line formed of small iron plates joined together, so as to form a flat band, in place of the hempen band in common use.

Goodwin Sands.—A plan is in progress for the formation of a caisson of 15,000 tons weight, composed of iron and concrete, to be sunk on some part of the Goodwin Sands, near to Trinity Bay; on which is to be raised a lighthouse, with compartments, sixty feet high, in the shape of a bottle. This, it appears, is the result of Captain Bullock's survey last year. The permanence of the recently erected beacon, so well tested during last winter, has, no doubt, encouraged the government to venture on this further experiment.

Haydon's picture of Xenophon and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand was presented by the late Duke of Bedford to the Russell Institution, and has been placed in the library.

Errata.—At page 370, col. 1, for "90,000 persons," read "19,000 *persons.*"—At page 379, col. 1, for "suavitor," read "*suaviter.*"

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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BOULEVARDS OF ST. DENIS AND ST. MARTIN, AT PARIS.

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BOULEVARDS OF ST. DENIS AND ST. MARTIN, AT PARIS.

THE Boulevards of Paris form a remarkable characteristic of that capital. In our own metropolis, we have no feature that can be compared with them. They may be described as so many rides and walks around the city, which have been formed upon the site of its old bulwarks, (*boulevards,*) when those means of defence were no longer deemed requisite for the security of the inhabitants. Little more than a century and a half has elapsed since Paris ceased to be a fortified city, and the conversion of its bulwarks into places for the recreation of the people was commenced; whereas, the outworks with which the Romans left our metropolis encircled have, for many centuries, been swept away, without advantage being taken of the change, as in the French capital; when, by a decree of Louis XIV., the walls and towers were pulled down, and the ditches filled up, and the king formed a resolution of opening a wide road round Paris, and planting it with trees.

Of the execution of this design, the Boulevards St. Denis and St. Martin present the oldest specimens, and are subdivisions of the Grand or Northern Boulevard. They formerly boasted of several fine elm-trees; most of which were cut down to form barricades in the Revolution of 1830. The Gate St. Denis, prominent in the Engraving, is a simple and well-proportioned mass, crowned by a handsome entablature, and on the fascia, inscribed "LVDOVICO MAGNO." It is embellished with bas-reliefs of the conquests of Louis XIV.; and the arch is flanked with allegorical groupes, trophied pyramids, &c. This gate is one of the finest of the Parisian arches.

The Northern Boulevards are distinguished by the magnificence of their buildings, the shops, *restaurants*, *cafés*, and places of public amusement, which adorn them, and the gay multitude with which they are thronged. "Here, in fine weather, loungers of both sexes throw themselves carelessly on chairs, and thus pass a great part of the day. Nothing can exceed the gaiety of this spot till midnight. The chairs are hired for two sous each. The Italian Boulevard is the most fashionable part; but the common people prefer the Temple Boulevard, where puppet-shows, pantomimes, rope-dancing, mountebanks, &c., are always ready to amuse them. On Sunday evenings, this spot resembles a fair. All the diversified amusements that can be devised assail the senses: musicians, flower-girls, and tumblers alternately succeed each other, and appear grateful for the few sous bestowed upon their indefatigable and sometimes wonderful exertions to amuse. The scenes of nearly all the Northern Boulevards are not less amusing in the evening. They are well lighted, and the thousands of persons going to or from the theatres, coming from dinners, or lounging about for diversion, keep up the bustle and animation, till all-subduing sleep bids the busy world retire."

BEHIND THE SCENES.

II.—DELIGHTFUL PEOPLE.

(*Concluded from p.* 341.)

IT was not until the evening was somewhat advanced, and they had made sure that everybody was arrived, that the powers of the Lawsons came into full play,—at least, as regarded the young people; for the governor had been at whist ever since he first arrived, and Mrs. Lawson's feathers were ubiquitously perceptible, waving and bending apparently in every part of the room at once; talking to all the old ladies in turn, fishing for compliments for her own daughters by admiring theirs, and smiling, with angelic benignity, upon every young man concerning whose expectations she had been agreeably informed. The junior exhibition commenced by Bessy delighting the company with a rondo by Hertz, in the most approved skyrocket style of that great master; being a Parisian composition, introducing variations upon the popular airs, "*Rien, mes bons enfans, allez toujours,*" "*La Pierre de Newgate,*" and "*Joli Nez,*" from the opera of *Jacque Sheppard*. As it was not above twenty pages in length, every one was quite charmed,—indeed, they could almost have heard it again; and the manner in which Miss Lawson sprung at the keys, and darted up and down the flats and sharps, and twitched her shoulders, and jerked about upon the music-stool, was really astonishing, and thunderstruck everybody; except the young lady and gentleman who were flirting at the end of the room after a waltz, and actually appeared more engaged with their own conversation than they did with the fair Bessy's performance, which at last concluded amidst universal applause.

There was another quadrille, and then we were informed that Miss Cynthia Lawson was going to sing. The young lady was dressed in plain white robes, with her hair smoothed very flat round her head à la Grisi, whom she thought she resembled both in style of singing and features, and consequently, studied all her attitudes from the clever Italian's impersonation of Norma. Of course, there was the usual delay attendant upon such displays. The musi-

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cians had to be cleared away from the piano, in which process their wine-bottle was knocked over; then the music was in a portfolio, in the room down stairs, which nobody could find; when found, it was all placed on the music-rest topsy-turvy; and many other annoyances. At last, the lady began a bravura, upon such a high note, and so powerful, that the very lustres in the chandelier quivered with the vibration; and some impudent fellows in the square, who were passing at the time, sang out, "Vari-e-ty!" in reply. Presently, a young gentleman, who was standing at her side, chanced to turn over too soon, whereupon she gave him *such* a look, that, if he had entertained any thoughts of proposing, would effectually have stopped any such rash proceeding; but her equanimity was soon restored again, and she went through the aria in most dashing style, until she came to the last note, whose appearance she heralded with a roulade of wonderful execution.

"Now, don't get up," said the lady of the house, in a most persuasive and winning manner, to Miss Cynthia, when she had really concluded. "*Do* favour us with one more, if you are not too fatigued. Or, perhaps you would like a glass of wine first—a very, very little glass."

The young lady declined any refreshment, and immediately commenced a duet with her brother, whose voice, however, she entirely drowned; nevertheless, the audience were equally delighted, and as soon as she had regularly concluded, and the murmur of approbation had ceased, six young men rushed up to Ellen, with the request that they might be introduced to Miss Lawson for the next waltz. But, unfortunately, Miss Lawson did not waltz, or rather she did not choose to do so. She was aware of her liability to be called upon to sing after every dance, and she had no notion of sitting down to the instrument with a red face and flustered *ensemble*.

"Delightful people, those Lawsons!" wheezed out a fat old gentleman in pumps and a white neckcloth, (very unbecoming things are the white neckcloths, and very like linendrapers' shopmen,) who was leaning against the wall, and looking as if he wanted a glass of ale.

"Do you know them, sir?" we asked.

"Never had the pleasure of meeting them before, but they are a charming family. Mother, a delightful person, sir—woman of the world—appears to have been thrown early into good society, and profited by it. Clever fellow that young Lawson—ha! ha! —look at him," and the old gentleman chuckled until he was almost choked.

We turned to gaze at the cause of his mirth, and saw Tom doing Pastorale in a most ballet-like style, jumping up and coming down upon one toe, turning round without touching the ground, and making everybody afraid of coming within a yard of him.

There are many worse periods in our existence than the twenty minutes consumed at supper at an evening party. The reserve which prevailed at the commencement of the evening begins to wear off, under the influence of iced champagne and cold punch: you gain courage to make engagements for the first quadrille after supper, and think what a pity it is that the flight of Time cannot be delayed by pleasure, with permission to make up his lost moments by hurrying doubly quick over periods of sorrow or *ennui*. Alas! the hoary old mower takes it into his head to act generally in precisely an opposite manner.

We went down to supper with a pretty specimen of feminine mortality in white poplin on our arm, and assisted her to a cubic inch of blancmange, and an homœopathic quantity of Moselle, which she affirmed was quite sufficient; as well as took the precaution to push the tongue to the other side of the table, opposite a man who had taken off his gloves to eat, and who was immediately "troubled for a slice" fifteen times in rapid succession. By the way, talking of taking off your gloves—what is the reason that, whenever you go out, and wish your hands to look more than ordinarily white, they generally resemble raw beefsteaks?

Our *devoirs* being for the time accomplished, we looked round the room, and the first object that caught our eye between the lines of wax-candles and trifle-dishes was Mrs. Lawson's turban, with herself attached to it, bobbing about at the head of the table, in most graceful affability to everybody. Miss Lawson was flirting with a slim young man in incipient mustachios at the sideboard, where she preferred to sup, on the pretence of not being able to find a seat; and Miss Cynthia, no doubt much fatigued by her vocal exertions, was concluding the second patty, and thinking what she should send her *cavalier servente* for next. Tom was in the centre of the table, in high glee, chirping at a sugar-plum bird in a barley-sugar cage, jerking bonbons into his mouth by slapping his hand, making little men out of raisins and preserved ginger, and sending them to different young ladies, with his compliments; playing the cornet-à-piston upon a wafer-cake, "and many other performances too numerous to mention," as they say outside shows.

"My dear Mrs. Howard," said Mrs. Lawson to the hostess, "how delicious everything is! You always do have such very fine lobsters—where *do* you contrive to get them?"

"I am very happy you admire them,"

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returned the lady, "but I really don't know;" which affirmation was the more singular, as she had ordered them herself from a shop in Wigmore-street.

"Lady Mary Abbeville and yourself are the only two of my friends who contrive to get large lobsters," continued Mrs. Lawson. "Lady Mary is a charming creature—do you know her?"

"I have not that pleasure," replied our friend; "and yet I have heard the name somewhere."

"Between Boulogne and Paris," cried Tom, as he exploded a cracker bonbon; "the diligence dines there."

"Now, my dear Tom, do not be so foolish," said Mrs. Lawson, in a tone of admiring reproach. "How can a diligence dine?"

"Well, I've seen it *break-fast*, however, when it has been going down a hill overloaded," replied the "talented" son. "A glass of wine, sir?" he continued, pitching upon some one opposite by chance, to make his wit appear off-hand.

The challenged individual was an overgrown young gentleman, in his first tail-coat, with a very high shirt-collar. He stammered out "with much pleasure;" and then filling up his half glass of sherry from the nearest decanter at hand, which contained port, he made a nervous bow, and swallowed the wine as if it had been physic.

"Here's you and I, sir, and two more; but we wont tell their names," exclaimed Tom, winking to the young gentleman, whose blushes increased to a fearful pitch of intensity.

The ladies had been gradually leaving the room for the last ten minutes, and when they had all departed, we sat down to our own supper. Tom never once flagged in his drolleries. He laughed, took wine with all the old gentlemen, did the two cats, imitated Macready and Buckstone—in fact, opened all his stores of facetiousness. He accompanied us upstairs, and after the ladies had finished the long quadrille they were having with themselves, he sang a song about "Wanted" a something, but we do not exactly recollect what; being ourselves engaged in talking delightful absurdities to the belle in the white poplin, and endeavouring to reason down the antediluvian idea she had formed, that it was improper to waltz with any one else but her brother; in which argument we finally succeeded. However, the song was eminently successful, and threw everybody who witnessed the odd grimaces with which Tom accompanied it into delirious convulsions of laughter.

The "delightful people" left about half-past two; Mrs. Lawson declaring her girls went out so much, that their health began to suffer from late hours. Tom saw them into their carriage, and then came back, pressing every other young man in the room to come and have some broiled kidneys with him, at some tavern where there was a capital comic singer; but finding no one so inclined, he also took his leave. We waited until we saw the man who played the piano hammering away with his eyes shut, and gradually going to sleep over the keys, when we thought it time to depart ourselves; and in all the happiness of a latch-key in our pocket, and the same good hat we left in the hall upon our head, we bent our steps homeward.

Two or three weeks passed away, when, one morning, we received an application from a young medical friend, to use our interest in obtaining for him some votes for the situation of surgeon to a dispensary in the neighbourhood, accompanied by a list of the governors. We obtained two or three promises, and at last determined to solicit Mr. Lawson, whose name we saw in the list: at the same time, we must confess that we were not a little anxious to see the "delightful people" at home—to track these lions to their own lair, and watch their natural instincts. We accordingly sallied forth, one fine day, in all the pride of unexceptionable boots and faultless gloves, and arriving at the family mansion, knocked at the door. A footman in his shirtsleeves ran out into the area, and having looked at us, ran back again; appearing the next minute at the door, with one arm still forcing its way down the sleeve of his coat. We found the Lawsons were at home, and were shewn into the drawing-room, with the assurance from the servant, that his mistress would be there directly. After looking over the card-basket, to see who they knew, (which is one of our favourite employments when we are left to ourselves in a strange house,) we turned over the leaves of some picture-books that were lying on the table, in which occupation we were interrupted by the sound of voices in angry dialogue below. This was suddenly cut short by the slamming of a door, and immediately afterwards Mrs. Lawson entered the room, looking a little red and excited, but all smiles and condescension; begging we would be seated, and telling us how very happy she was that we had called upon her.

After a few common-place observations and inquiries about the weather, the health of the family, the party we had met at, and such like exciting topics of conversation, Mrs. Lawson informed us her family was at luncheon, and begged we would join them. A strong smell of roast mutton greeted us as we descended to the dining-room, and tempted us to think that it was an early dinner. We expected to have been kept in a state of unceasing laughter

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throughout the whole meal, but were very much mistaken. We had not anticipated any immense fun from the papa Lawson, who was quietly enough discussing some bread and cheese; but, as the facetious Tom was there, and his gifted sisters, we calculated upon a repetition, in a certain degree, of their previous amusing powers. There was, however, nothing of the kind: the whole party were as flat as the jug of beer that has been left out for supper, covered with a cheese-plate, on returning from the play. Bessy had evidently been quarrelling with her sister; Cynthia contradicted her mother on every point or affirmation that Mrs. Lawson uttered; Tom sat back in his chair, with his hands in his pocket, and his legs stretched out straight under the table; and the good lady herself kept up such an alternation of smiles to us and black looks to the young people, that her command of countenance was perfectly marvellous. At first, we thought it probable that they were all recovering from influenza; but they looked so very healthy, that we soon relinquished that opinion. They were, however, so very quiet, that when they retired, and we had mentioned the object of our visit to Mr. Lawson, who was a sensible man, (if the others had let him alone,) we summoned up courage to ask him if anything was the matter, as we feared we had intruded during some family discussion.

"My dear sir," he replied, "we never have anything else but family discussions here. I dare say you are surprised to see them so different to what they are in company; but the more they *shew off* when they are out, the crosser they always are at home the next day."

In these few words was contained the whole history of "delightful people"—the melancholy truth, that those who in society carry all before them by their spirits and acquirements are, at home, the most uncomfortable beings upon the face of the earth, because they cannot there find the very excitement which is almost necessary to their existence.

We have met the Lawsons several times since, and we have begun to find that their attractions sadly want variety. Mrs. Lawson tells the same anecdotes, Bessy plays the same fantasias, Cynthia warbles the identical *arias* we last heard, and Tom has a certain routine of tricks and absurdities, which he plays off in regular order during the evening. We begin to weary of these lions; although, at every *réunion* where it is our lot to meet them, there are the same number of guests charmed at their talents, who never hesitate to pronounce them most "delightful people."

ALBERT.

THE LOVE-TREE.

IN one of the apartments at Hampton-Court Palace is a full-length portrait of Queen Elizabeth, by Zucchero, the painting of which is related to have been commenced during Elizabeth's dalliance with the accomplished courtier, Simier, whilst listening to his tales of enchantment, and dreaming herself in Arcadia. Such was the commencement of the portrait, which, however, was completed under less happy influence—the Queen's chagrin at the departure of another favoured lover, the Duke of Anjou, from her dominions. She is clad in a sort of Armenian dress—a loose, figured, sleeveless robe, trimmed with fur; a high cap, and Eastern slippers: she is represented in a wood, with a stag near her; and on a tree are cut, one below the other, after the fashion of the old romances, the following sentences: INJUSTI JUSTA QUERULA.—MEA, SIC MIHI.—DOLOR EST MEDICINA DOLORI.

Miss Costello, in her charming romance —*the Queen's Poisoner*, devotes a chapter to the incidents of this portrait; and, after relating its origin, remarks: "The picture which Zucchero had begun under such favourable auspices for her content was finished, but a change had come over it: the pensive expression of the countenance was much deepened, a gloom was given to the background of wood, the azure of the sky was clouded, some swallows, birds of fleeting sojourn, were added to the others and, graved on the bark of the tree, beneath which the fair Persian stood, were seen mysterious sentences, expressive of her disappointed hope.

"It was said that her own hands traced the lines in gold, which appear on that singular picture, which had long been concealed in the ruinous gallery at Kensington, and may now be recognised by the curious at Hampton-Court. There can be read the Latin sentences with which the love-sick pedant covered the canvas; and on a shield, in the foreground, are conspicuous the following quaint and melancholy lines, in which too much clearness is evidently purposely avoided:—

"THE restlesse swallow fits my restlesse minde,
In still revivinge, still renewinge wronge;
Her just complaintes of cruelty unkinde
Are all the musique that my life prolonges.

With pensive thoughts my weeping stag I crown,
Whose melancholie teares my cares expresse,—
His teares in silence and my sighs unknowne
Are all the physick that my harmes redresse.

My onely hope was in this goodly tree,
Which I did plant in love, bring up in care,
But all in vaine, for now too late I see,
The shales be mine, the kernels others' are.

My musique may be plaintes, my physick teares,
If this be all the fruit my love-tree bears!"

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THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I POSSESS (says Dr. Dibdin, in his *Reminiscences*) something, which the reader may think with me to be of importance—the catalogue of *the first "Exhibition of the Royal Academy,"* in 1769, 4to.; motto—"Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo." *Virgil.* —Printed by William Bunce, printer to the Royal Academy. The "*Avant-propos,*" or "Advertisement," is worth quoting:—"As the present Exhibition is a part of the Institution of an Academy supported by royal munificence, the public may naturally expect the liberty of being admitted without any expense. The Academicians, therefore, think it necessary to declare, that this was very much their desire; but they have not been able to suggest any other means than that of receiving money for admittance, to prevent the room from being filled with *improper persons,* to the entire exclusion of those for whom the exhibition is apparently intended." This must have been a primitive epoch, when the payment of one shilling (as I presume it to have been) was presumed to be able to prevent the intrusion of "improper persons!" Of the number of pictures or articles sent, there was only *one hundred and thirty-six.* In these days, we may add a *thousand.* Of the NAMES, how few have survived remembrance—how many have passed into oblivion!

> . . . . "illacrymabiles
> Urgentur, ignotique longâ
> Nocte."

Not because they "wanted a poet" to make their works "live in description, and look green in song," but because their *works* defied the art of poetry to *do* so.

In this first year's exhibition, the president, Sir Joshua Reynolds, had portraits of a "lady and her son, whole-lengths, in the character of Diana disarming Love; a lady in the character of Juno receiving the cestus from Venus; two ladies, half-lengths, 'et in Arcadio ego;' and Hope nursing Love." West here first exhibited his immortal picture (for the burin of Valentine Green has given it a more ready and general passport to that distinction) of the Departure of Regulus from Rome, and Venus lamenting the death of Adonis. Wilson had two landscapes. Dance, two whole-lengths of the King and Queen, with three other portraits; and Gainsborough, two whole-length portraits, a boy's head, and a large landscape. Here were also two grave, historical subjects of Samuel Wale, also an R.A., and the artist who made the charming designs for Sir John Hawkins's edition of Walton's Angler, in 1760. In this, and in similar undertakings, he greatly exceeded his immediate predecessor, Hayman.

In this first exhibition, the celebrated Sir W. Chalmers, "Comptroller-general of the Works to the King, Architect to the Queen and to H.R.H. the Princess Dowager of Wales, and Treasurer of the Royal Academy, Berners-street"—for *here* the first meetings took place—did not disdain to exhibit the "ceiling of her grace the Duchess of Buccleugh's dressing-room in Grosvenor-square," and the "ceiling of the Right Hon. the Countess of Gower's dressing-room at Whitehall." In this first exhibition, too, Edward Penny, R.A., the rival of West in the subject of the "Death of General Wolfe" (Penny's wretched original may be seen in the picture-gallery at Oxford), came forth with a picture, which, by the help of a good mezzotint, may possibly transmit his name to posterity. The subject is chosen from Shakspeare's King John, beginning "I saw a smith stand with his iron thus." The pictures are all placed under the names, alphabetically, and asterisks are subjoined to such as bespeak a purchaser. Of the one hundred and thirty-six pictures exhibited, only *three* have such a distinction.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that a "Society of Artists of Great Britain," which held their meetings and exhibited their pictures "at the Great Room in Spring-gardens, Charing-cross," was the basis or germ of the establishment of the ROYAL ACADEMY. I possess the catalogue of the second exhibition there, in 1761, which is graced, at head and tail, with an engraving by Grignion, from the pencil of Hogarth, each subject being allegorical and of common-place merit. In this second exhibition, Reynolds, not then knighted, produced his famous head of Sterne, with four other portraits, of which one was a "General on horseback." Here, too, Hogarth first exhibited his celebrated "Sigismunda mourning over the heart of Guiscardo, her murthered husband;" which elicited the well-known terrible tirade of unsparing criticism from Horace Walpole, who compares, but most saucily and unjustly compares, the expression of the face and figure of Sigismunda to that of a maudlin prostitute. With this picture there appeared his Gate of Calais; Picquet, or Virtue in danger; An Election Entertainment; and three Portraits.

FRENCH ANECDOTES.

LOUIS XIV., in a gay party at Versailles, commenced relating a facetious story, but concluded the tale abruptly and insipidly. On one of the company leaving the room, the king said, "I am sure you must have observed how very uninteresting my anecdote was. I did not recollect till I began,

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that the turn of the narrative reflected very severely on the immediate ancestor of the Prince of Armagnac, who has just quitted us; and on this, as on every other occasion, I think it far better to spoil a good story than distress a worthy man."

Shortly after the decease of Louis XIV., M. de Villars, who was selected by the regent to fill the office of war minister, on entering on his duties with a numerous suite of secretaries and clerks, finding a deficiency of accommodation, sought to take possession of a house in the occupancy of an advocate named Thierri. Having sent to inspect it, the doors were found carefully closed, and admission was refused. Enraged at this contumacy, the marshal had recourse to measures to compel the occupant to quit. The advocate finding himself, as it were, besieged, despatched the following petition to the regent:—"Anthony Joseph Thierri, advocate, respectfully represents to his royal highness that De Villars, having no longer enemies to oppose or treaties to negotiate, is at this moment occupied with laying siege to the office of a miserable advocate. The great general is persuaded that the place will surrender on the first summons; but the petitioner, who commands therein, is resolved to hold out until the heavy artillery shall open on him, meaning thereby the commands of your royal highness. Nevertheless, he confidently trusts that they will not arrive, and so prays your royal highness," &c. The duke laughed heartily on reading the petition, and replied on the margin: "Hold out still—I march to your relief.—(Signed,) Philippe d'Orleans." This he effectually did, by ordering that the advocate should remain undisturbed.

Steven Pasquier, who flourished in the reign of Louis XIII., was a lawyer, no less celebrated for his honesty than for the singularity of his religious opinions. A print of him was published, representing him without hands; the meaning of which is explained by the following epigram:—"How! Pasquier without hands?" "Yes, ye griping lawyers, to indicate how strictly I abstained, as the law enjoins, from fleecing my clients. Would to God ye could be shamed out of your rapacity."

It is related of the eminent surgeon, Boudon, that he was one day sent for by the Cardinal Dubois, prime minister of France, to have a very serious operation performed by him. The cardinal, on seeing him enter the room, said to him, "You must not expect, sir, to treat me in the same rough manner as you treat those poor miserable wretches at your hospital, the Hôtel Dieu." "My lord," replied Boudon, with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your highness is pleased to call them, is a prime minister in my eyes."

Henry IV., during his residence at Fontainebleau, was one day, in the ardour of the chase, left at some distance from his courtiers and attendants. A countryman, who was sitting at the foot of a tree, with his chin resting on his stick, perceiving the king passing near him, asked him if there was any chance of the king passing that way; adding, that he had walked twenty miles to see him. "Why, there is some chance," said Henry; "but if you could go to Fontainebleau, you would be certain of seeing him there." "Ah!" replied the old man, "but I am so weary." "Well, then," said his majesty, "get on my horse behind me, I will take you towards it." The countryman, accordingly, mounted, and, after riding some way, asked how he should know his majesty from his courtiers. "Easily enough," replied the king; "his majesty will wear his hat, his courtiers will be bare-headed." They had not proceeded much farther before they met the attendants, who immediately taking off their hats, his majesty jumped off his horse, and turned round to the astonished countryman, who exclaimed: "Sir, either you or I must be the king!"

On going, one day, (says M. de Sully,) into a very large chamber, I found a man walking about it very fast, and so absorbed in thought, that he neither saluted, nor, as I imagine, perceived me. Observing him more attentively, everything in his person, his manner, his countenance, and his dress appeared to me to be very uncommon. His body was long and slender, his face thin and withered, his beard white and forked; he had on a large hat, which covered his face, a cloak buttoned close at the collar, boots of an enormous size, a sword trailing on the ground, and in his hand he held a large double bag, like those that are tied to saddle-bows. I asked him, in a raised tone of voice, if he lodged in that room, and why he seemed in such a profound contemplation. Affronted at the question, without saluting me, or even deigning to look at me, he answered me rudely, that he was in his own apartment, and that he was thinking of his affairs, as I might do of mine. Although I was a little surprised at his behaviour, I nevertheless requested him very civilly to permit me to dine in the room; a proposal which he received with grumbling, and which was followed by a refusal still less polite. That moment, three of my gentleman pages and some footmen entering the chamber, my brutal companion thought proper to soften his looks and words, pulled off his hat, and offered me everything in his power. Then, suddenly eyeing me with a fixed look, he asked me, with a wild air, where I was

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going. I told him, to meet the king. "What, sir," he replied, "has the king sent for you? Pray tell me on what day and hour you received his letters, and also at what hour you set out." It was not difficult to discover an astrologer by these questions, which he asked me with invincible gravity. I was farther obliged to tell him my age, and to allow him to examine my hands. After all these ceremonies were over, "Sir," said he, with an air of surprise and respect, "I will resign my chamber to you very willingly; and, before long, many others will leave their places less cheerfully than I do mine."

W. G. C.

FILIAL PIETY ILLUSTRATED.

THE dutifulness and affection of Joseph to his father Jacob has been chosen by Paley as the subject of one of his posthumous "Sermons on Several Subjects," which the reverend author left, not to be published for sale, but to be printed at the expense of his executors, and distributed in his neighbourhood in the manner following: first, to those who frequented church; secondly, to farmer's families in the country; and, lastly, to those who had a person in their family who could read, and was likely to read them. This philanthropic wish was complied with in the year 1806; but the extensive distribution destroyed the intention of the testator, that he "would not have the said sermons published for sale," and several large editions have since been called for by the public.

The Sermon here illustrated is the Ninth. —"*On Filial Piety.* 'And Joseph nourished his father and his brethren, and all his father's household, with bread, according to their families.' Gen. xlvii. 12." With reference to Joseph's "dutifulness and affection to his father," Paley observes:

"Never was this virtue more strongly displayed. It runs, like a thread, through the whole narrative: and whether we regard it as a quality to be admired, or, which would be a great deal better, as a quality to be imitated by us, so far as a great disparity of circumstances will allow of imitation, (which in principle it always will do), it deserves to be considered with a separate and distinct attention.

"When a surprising course of events had given to Joseph, after a long series of years, a most unexpected opportunity of seeing his brethren in Egypt, the first question which he asked them was, 'Is your father yet alive?' This appears from the account which Reuben gave to Jacob of the conference which they had held with the great man of the country, whilst neither of them as yet suspected who he was. Joseph, you remember, had concealed himself, during their first journey, from the knowledge of his brethren, and it was not consistent with his disguise to be more full and particular than he was in his inquiries.

"On account of the continuance of the famine in the land, it became necessary for the brethren of Joseph to go a second time into Egypt to seek corn, and a second time to produce themselves before the lord of the country. What had been Joseph's first question on the former visit, was his first question in this, 'Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? is *he* yet alive? And they answered, Thy servant, our father, is in good health, he is yet alive: and they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance.'

"Hitherto, you observe, all had passed in disguise. The brethren of Joseph knew nothing who they were speaking to; and Joseph was careful to preserve the secret. You will now take notice how this affected disguise was broken, and how Joseph found himself forced, as it were, from the resolution he had taken of keeping his brethren in ignorance of his person. He had proposed, you read, to detain Benjamin: the rest being perplexed beyond measure, and distressed by this proposal, Judah, approaching Joseph, presents a most earnest supplication for the deliverance of the child; offers *him self* to remain Joseph's prisoner, or slave, in his brother's place; and, in the conclusion, touches, unknowingly, upon a string which vibrates with all the affections of the person whom he was addressing. 'How shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father.' The mention of this circumstance, and this person, subdued immediately the heart of Joseph; and produced a sudden, and, as it should seem, an undesigned premature discovery of himself to his astonished family. Then—that is, upon this circumstance being mentioned—Joseph could not refrain himself; and, after a little preparation, Joseph said unto his brethren, 'I am Joseph.'

"The great secret being now disclosed, what was the conversation which immediately followed? The next word from Joseph's mouth was, 'Doth my father yet live?' and his brethren could not answer him; surprise had overcome their faculty of utterance. After comforting, however, and encouraging his brethren, who seemed to sink under the intelligence, Joseph proceeds: 'Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not, and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, and there will I nourish thee, (for yet there are five years of famine,) lest thou, and thy household, and

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all that thou hast, come to poverty. And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste, and bring down my father hither.'

"It is well known that Jacob yielded to this invitation, and passed over with his family into Egypt.

"The next thing to be attended to, is the reception which he there met with from his recovered son. 'And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father, to Goshen; and presented himself unto him, and he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while. And Israel said unto Joseph, Now let me die, since I have seen thy face; because thou art yet alive.' Not content with these strong expressions of personal duty and respect, Joseph now availed himself of his power and station to fix his father's family in the enjoyment of those comforts and advantages, which the land of Egypt afforded in the universal dearth which then oppressed that region of the world. For this purpose, as well as to give another public token to his family, and to the country, of the deep reverence with which he regarded his parent, he introduced the aged patriarch to Pharaoh himself. 'And Joseph brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh: and Jacob blessed Pharaoh.' The sovereign of Egypt received a benediction from this venerable stranger. 'And Joseph (the account proceeds) nourished his father, and his brethren, and all his father's household, with bread, according to their families.'"

Of all the *points* in Joseph's character, this illustration is, perhaps, the most to be admired; although, as Paley beautifully remarks, his whole history "is a strong and plain example of the circuitous providence of God—that is to say, of his bringing about the ends and purposes of his providence by seemingly casual and unsuspected means. That is a high doctrine, both of natural and revealed religion; and is clearly exemplified in this history. It is an useful example, at the same time, of the protection and final reward of virtue, though for a season oppressed and calumniated, or carried through a long series of distresses and misfortunes."

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THE DANGERS OF MISCONDUCT.

BY M. DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER IV.—THE HUSBAND'S DEATH.

(*Concluded from p.* 392.)

"MADAME overheard what monsieur said?" asked the valet, when he left the room. "What am I to do?"

"You must pretend to go after this solicitor, and come back and tell your master that he has gone out of town on business; and you may say he will be back the last of the week. Sick people always deceive themselves as to their situation, and he will suppose the matter can wait till he returns."

The physician had told her the day before that the count could hardly be expected to live through the day.

In a couple of hours the valet came in again, bringing his unwelcome message. The count seemed greatly agitated.

"My God, my God, my only hope is in thee!" he repeated again and again.

He eyed his son in silence for some time, and at last said feebly:

"Ernest, my child, you are very young, but you have a good heart, and you know how sacred is a promise made to a dying man, to a dying father. Do you feel that you can keep a secret, can bury it in your breast, so that even your mother herself shall not suspect it? You are the only soul in this house in whom I can trust. You will not deceive me?"

"No, father."

"Well, then, I will presently give you a sealed packet. It belongs to Mr. ——, my solicitor, and it is directed to him. Put it away where nobody can find it, then slip out and drop it in the penny-post at the corner."

"Yes, father."

"Can I depend upon you?"

"Yes, father."

"Come and kiss me, then. You make death less bitter to me, my dear child. Ten or twelve years later you will know the importance of this secret, and be well repaid for your obedience and secrecy, and you will know how much I loved you. Leave me alone for a few minutes, and do not let anybody come in."

Ernest left the room, and found his mother standing in the parlour.

"Come here, Ernest," said she. She took a seat by the fire, took her son between her knees, and embraced him ardently.

"Ernest, your father has been talking to you."

"Yes, mamma."

"What did he say?"

"I cannot tell you, mamma."

"Oh, my dear son," cried the countess, as if delighted, "how much your prudence pleases me. Never to tell a falsehood, and never to break one's word, are two principles you must never lose sight of."

"Oh, how beautiful you are, mamma! *You* never told a falsehood, I'm sure!"

"Yes, my dear Ernest, I have, and broken my word too, but there are circumstances in which we are forced to. Listen to me, my dear; you are old enough, you have sense enough, to see that your father dislikes me, that he will not let me wait on him; and you know how I love him. It is not natural."

"No, mamma."

"Ah, my dear son," said the countess, in tears, "it is owing to the slanders of my enemies. Some wicked people have been trying to separate me from your father to gratify their love of money. They want to take our property away from us, and keep it themselves. If your father was well, there could be no difference between us, for he would be reasonable; he is so kind and good-hearted that he would see I was not to blame; but his mind is not so strong as it was, and his dislike of me is becoming a fixed idea, a kind of madness. This comes from his being sick. His being so fond of you proves that his faculties are impaired; for before he was sick he never made any difference between Pauline and George and you. He is all whim and caprice. Now, as he has taken such a fancy to you, he may perhaps want to get you to do something for him; he may give you some secret orders. If you do not want to ruin the family, my darling, if you do not want to see your poor mother begging her bread in the streets, you must—"

"Ha!" cried the count, who had dragged himself to the door, and stood on the threshold, wrapped in a sheet, and as withered and fleshless as a skeleton.

The count's sudden appearance produced a terrible effect on his wife. She stood speechless and immovable.

"You have filled my life with sorrow—do you want to embitter even my death?" he asked in a hollow voice.

The countess threw herself at his feet in tears, exclaiming, "Oh, pardon, pardon!"

"Did *you* ever have pity on me?" he asked sternly.

"Nor do I ask it for myself," she added; "but then my children! Send me to a convent, I will go, I will do anything to atone for my guilt, but do not make our children miserable! Oh, my dear, dear children!"

"I have but one child!" answered the count, coldly.

"Oh, pardon—pity—repentance!" sobbed the countess incoherently at her husband's feet.

"What were you saying to Ernest just now? Is this your repentance?" asked

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the dying man, spurning her with his foot. "Go, the very sight of you turns my blood to ice!"

The countess fainted away. As for the count, he staggered back to bed, and expired a few hours after. This terrible scene had exhausted his energies. Precisely at midnight I arrived at the hotel, along with Gobseck.

Profiting by the general confusion we penetrated to the count's bedchamber. In the next room were the three children in tears. Ernest came up to us, and told us that his mother was in the bed-room, and wished not to be disturbed.

"Do not go in, if you please," he told us with exquisite grace, "she is praying!"

Gobseck laughed in his cynical way, and made straight for the door. What a sight we saw! The count had not been dead ten minutes, but his widow had already broken open all the drawers and his writing-desk. Everything was in confusion. The countess was there, dishevelled, with gleaming eyes, surrounded by clothes and papers. The carpet was strewed with fragments. Everything bore the marks of her audacious researches. It would seem that she had not found the document she was looking for at once, but I suspected from her eyes that she had gold hold of it. Looking towards the bed, I guessed the truth. Her husband's corpse was flung carelessly across the bed, his pillow lay on the floor, and the print of her foot was upon it. The precious paper had been hidden there, and her jealous rage had discovered it. She eyed us with the fierceness of a tiger, but said nothing. At her feet I saw an envelop, which had been secured by numerous seals. I picked it up, and found an endorsement upon it, requesting that it should be handed to me. The fire on the hearth was slowly consuming the other papers. The countess, I presume, had seized upon the parcel just before we surprised her, and reading only the first few lines, had supposed it was a will disinheriting her younger children, and had therefore destroyed it.

"Ah, madam," said I, snatching a fragment from the fire, "you have made your children beggars! This paper was their only evidence!"

Her lips moved, but she could not speak a word; she eyed me with a dull, inapprehensive glance. Gobseck was the first to speak.

"Do you want to make the countess believe that I am not the legal owner of the late count's estates? Why, this very house has been mine for the last hour."

I was thunderstruck.

"Have you a conveyance from the count?" I asked.

"Perhaps I have."

"And do you mean to take advantage of this rash act of Madame's?"

"Exactly so."

I hurried out of the room. Gobseck followed me, and as I turned away, came up and said, with his keen, penetrating glance,

"Do you presume to judge your benefactor?"

Since then I have seen but little of him. He lives in the count's hotel, spends the summer on his estates, builds, plants, and manages the property. He has given up usury, and is now a member of the chamber of deputies. He wants the title of baron, and the cross of the legion of honour. He never goes out on foot any more.

One day I met him at the Tuileries.

"The countess is become a perfect heroine," said I; "she devotes all her time to her children's education; she is bringing them up very well. The eldest son, Ernest, is a remarkably fine fellow."

"Ah, ha, so she is getting along, is she? I'm glad of it, for by heaven she is beautiful!"

"But don't you mean to assist them?"

"Assist Ernest? Oh no, he must be tried and purified by adversity. Misfortune is the best of teachers. A man who has never known want can never enjoy abundance."

I left him in despair. A few weeks since I went to see him again, and told him that Ernest was in love with your daughter Camille. I begged him to put him in possession of his father's fortune, as he is now of age. He told me he would give me an answer in a fortnight, and yesterday he said that he liked the match, and would on the wedding-day create an estate-tail in Ernest's favour of a hundred thousand a-year. I have learned to know Gobseck better. He has been doing good for his own amusement, with the same keen tact and shrewdness that he used to practise in usury. He despises mankind because he understands them; he reads their hearts as you would a book, and he amuses himself by doing good or evil to them at his pleasure. He is both a fiend and an angel.

"How did you ever come to take such an interest in young Ernest and in me?" I asked him yesterday.

"Because his father and yourself are the only two persons that ever trusted me," said he.

"Well, well," said Madame de Grandlieu, "we will make Gobseck a baron, and then we'll see about it."

A little girl happening to hear her mother speak of going into *half mourning*, said: "Why are you going into half mourning?—are any of our relations *half dead*?"

J. H. F.

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THE LITERARY WORLD.—XIV.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

(*Concluded from page* 380.)

The Magazine of Domestic Economy has completed its sixth volume; and during its progress, a vast fund of useful information must have been amassed in its pages. In the present Number, we perceive the conclusion of a Treatise on Organic Chemistry, with notices of Dr. Liebig's recent discoveries. The correspondence is more miscellaneous: Abigail M., (whose husband is an excellent amateur mechanic,) in the same letter, gives a receipt for making Everton Taffey, (treacle, sugar, and butter;) then brings the Editor to book for stating that a watch is injured by having the hands put back; and next asks the best method of keeping rosewood furniture: the latter the Editor safely recommends to be covered when in common use, a sure way of preserving anything. Another Correspondent sends a mode of destroying cockroaches. The next, after desiring to see her children "Christians in truth as well as in name," begs to know how to remedy the annoyance of losing feathers out of beds which have been washed; "though the ticks are good, the feathers will come out." Another requests the Editor to extend his kindness by telling "how to clean white satin shoes." Again, the Editor talks of "the cementary subject." He must be a good-natured creature—a sort of Lady Bountiful in print; and, having done so much for domestic enjoyment, a whole plate, not a piece, should be presented to him. Few of our critical thunderers in the Reviews are aware of the multifarious duties of the Editor of this Magazine; now investigating the latest researches in culinary chemistry, and then deciding upon the merits of lollipops and dough-nuts.

SPECIMENS OF THE TABLE-TALK OF THE LATE JOHN BOYLE, ESQ.

(*Concluded from p.* 367.)

I HAVE had intimate intercourse with sundry Englishmen, both here and in England, and have invariably found them as ignorant of this "gem of the sea," as if it was planted in the Pacific Ocean. Some of them think we ought to be all Paddies; and others, that we never open our mouths but out pops a bull. Read Fielding. The conversation of his Fitzpatricks is tesselated with blunder from beginning to end; illuminated occasionally by such bright exclamations as "Oh! upon my shoul," &c. &c. The only thing in which Englishmen have done us tardy justice is in acknowledging our well-earned glory in the sports of Bacchus, and our trophies in the bowers of Venus. Smart, in one of his poems, pays us a pretty compliment. The *veni-vidi-vici* style of courtship is indeed peculiar to us true Milesians:—

"She said, a youth approached, of manly grace,
A son of Mars, and of th' Hibernian race;
In flowery rhetoric he no time employ'd,
He came—he woo'd—he wedded—he enjoy'd."

I have seen the gravity of parsons in the pulpit, lawyers in court, judges on the bench, Quakers at conventicle, demagogues at a meeting of the rabble, the Chancellor in the Lords, the Speaker in the Commons, soldiers at drill, doctors near a patient, clients at a law-suit, auctioneers puffing a worthless daub, antiquarians over a brass farthing, and Thomas Frog Dibdin over a Wynkin de Worde, old gentlemen at funerals, and young gentlemen at tailors' bills, bailiffs at an execution, and the hangman at the gallows; I have seen the gravity of an author when his play was damned, and of a coxcomb taking his place at twelve paces; of an attorney drawing out his bill of costs, and of an alderman adjusting his napkin at a city feast; I have seen Mr. Rogers and Belzoni's mummy; but the gravity of each and of all taken together does not equal the gravity of a cow chewing the cud.

The only shops in Paris which an Englishman should carefully shun are those in which a notification is written up for visitors, "*English spoken here.*" Not only is English spoken there, but great cheating practised; and indeed it is only just that your spooney Englishman who goes to Paris without a knowledge of the language should pay something additional for the kindness of the shopkeepers in providing him an *interpreter*.

Military men never blush; it is not in the articles of war.

We look with pleasure even on our shadows.

Punning is a pleasing vice. Your dull-witted fools, who find it as impossible for them to make a decent pun as to square the circle, affect to sneer at it, and call it the lowest species of wit. Be it so. But while it amuses, I am content to take it with all its faults. I can bear the worst pun with complacency. Everybody knows the humorous derivation given for the name of Dr. Meade—*a medendo*. Colman the Younger, as the old fool loved to call himself, being asked if he knew Theodore Hook, replied, "Oh, yes! Hook and I (eye) have been long acquainted." Talking of Hook reminds me of an admirable pun which he once made in my hearing. A foreigner asking whether he was not Mr. H. the improvisatore, the *John Bull* replied, "Yes, monsieur, like the man in Terence—

"'Plenus *rimarum* sum, hâcat que illâc perfluo."
—*Eunuchus.*

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Aristotle is reported to have died with a pun in his mouth. Not being able to discover why the Euripus ebbs and flows seven times every day, he threw himself into its waters, with these words, "Quia ego non capio te, tu capias me." For the credit of the Stagyrite, however, it must be added, that Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Inquiry into Vulgar Errors*, book vii. cap. 14, doubts much the authenticity of this story. Rabelais also died punning. A few moments before he expired he called for a domino, and wrapping it round him, said, "Beati qui in *domino* moriuntur." Curran is said to have punned the last morning of his life. I was a mere boy when Flood, the orator, asked me in the House of Commons whether I had ever been in college? "Yes," said I, "*Collegisse* Juvat." The last time that Dr. Maginn dined with me he made some gems of puns. We had some ham and chicken for dinner. The Doctor said, "You know, Boyle, what old Ovid, in his *Art of Love* (book iii.), says—I give you the same wish:—

"'Semper tibi pendeat *hamus*.'

May you always have a *ham* hanging up in your kitchen." We talked of tea. The Doctor insisted that it was well known to the Romans; "For," says he, "even in the time of Plautus it was a favourite beverage with the ladies—

"'Amant *te* omnes mulieres.'"—
Miles Glor., act i., sc. i., v. 58.

Sam Rogers was once persuaded to set up for a borough. He wrote to some of the burgesses thus—

"*Vota* precor *votis* addite vestra meis."—
Ov. Ep. ix., v. 72.

At another time he landed at Boulogne. The customhouse sharks, of course, overhauled his baggage, when Sam, with great good humour, said—

"Cernite sinceros omnes ex ordine *truncos*."—
Nux Ovidii, 35.

Weak-minded men are obstinate: those of a robust intellect are firm.

Swift declared he was too proud to be vain. The distinction was very nice. On the same principle, a wise man is too prudent to be cunning.

It is now considered vulgar to fall asleep at church; none but shopkeepers and Goths are guilty of it. The aristocracy very properly ceased to patronise it, when it became *low*. The same remarks apply to cock-fighting.

The proper way to make a tumbler of punch is, to put in the sugar and water first; and when the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, to add whisky *quantum suff.* Many put in the whisky first, and the sugar afterwards; but this spoils the flavour.

I never had any real respect for a man who could not drink thirteen tumblers of punch.

When you are invited to a drinking-party, you do not treat your host well if you do not eat at least six salt herrings before you sit down to his table. I have never known this to fail in ensuring a pleasant evening.

Always *finish* with champagne. If you begin with champagne, and then follow it up with other wines, the morning's dawn will find you cursing your headache and your want of thought.

The best drinking-song ever written is by Rabelais—

"Fill, fill your glass, which empty stands,
Empty it, and let it pass;
For I hate to see in people's hands
A full or empty glass."

Rabelais was indeed a jolly old soul, well worth five hundred of your modern French *petit maitres*. Guizot and Chateaubriand, and De Lamartine and Thiers, and all that set, are but one degree removed from donkeys. The only thing satisfactory is, that they know it, and confess it to be true.

We should never be deceived by the flattery of others, did we not flatter ourselves. Man is his own worst and greatest sycophant.

FIELDING.—I say it is a disgrace to England that there is no monument in Westminster Abbey to this truly great man. He was the Shakspeare of romance. Unequalled by all preceding, contemporary, or succeeding novelists, he stands alone and pre-eminent—the standard of a perfection to be admired, but not to be attained. His knowledge of human nature was wonderful. He had mixed with high and low, and has drawn the vices of both classes with a pencil unequalled for fidelity and vividness. His personages, without the caricature of Smollett, or the maudlin sensibility of Richardson, actually live and move before you: every nice stroke, every beautiful delineation of character, persuades you that

"Nature herself this magic portrait drew."

His wit is easy and elegant, and, when he chooses, full of the gracefulness of Addison; and his humour infinitely surpasses that of Smollett,—of whom, indeed, I have always entertained a poor opinion. His burlesque imitations of Homer are not only original, but charm at every new perusal: "*Decies repetita placebunt.*" His learning was extensive, and had been drawn from the purest wells of literature. His volume was the heart, and he had fully mastered its every emotion. His delineation of Irish characters is perfectly inimitable. Gibbon, with an enthusiasm that does him high honour, calls him our "immortal Fielding,"

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and states that he was of the younger branch of the family of Denbigh, who are earls, or something of that kind. I wish they would condescend to think of the very brightest jewel in their coronet, which is, their relationship to Henry Fielding, and no longer delay to do justice to his memory.

He who asks a lady to drink wine with him before the first course is removed deserves to be buried alive.

I never knew a thick-lipped man who was not a blockhead, or so insufferably sulky that to talk to him was dangerous.

A Hint to the Ladies.—Blue-eyed men are generally the best tempered. This is not egotism, for my blinkers are not cerulean.

He is a philosopher who can bear the company of either of the Bulwers, or tight boots, without shrinking.

I can forgive a man anything but rudeness to a woman.

No sportsman should come to Ireland without an introduction to Archbishop Whateley. A hunter, with all the skill and daring of Squire Western; an angler, with all the patience and enthusiasm of Izaak Walton; and a boon companion, with the art and vocal powers of the famous Captain Morris. Not to know his grace is not to enjoy true Irish sporting.—

Fraser's Magazine.

New Books.

A Personal Narrative of a Journey to the Source of the River Oxus. By Lieut. John Wood.

(*Concluded from p.* 317.)

[The following are interesting traits of the people resident upon the Indus:—

Weavers at Bhawulpúr.]

These men are comfortably housed in clean, well-aired apartments, and to judge of their condition by the appearance of their workshops, I should say that the Bhawulpúr weaver is, comparatively, in possession of superior comforts to this class of hand operatives in Great Britain. They work in large sheds, open in front, with chunamed sides and flooring. The rooms are ranged in line, close to the back wall, in which is a large square aperture to give a free circulation. The open area in front is usually ornamented with one or more shade-yielding trees.

"A Cure for the Heart-ache."

While at Kohat, a handsome youth one day entered the Bechoba, and threw his turban at my feet. He was in love, he said, but his passion was not requited. Hearing of a firingí passing through the country, he had come many miles to solicit a charm by which the heart of his lady-love might be softened. He was greatly disappointed when I declared to him that I had no such treasures to dispose of; and although I took some pains to explain the absurdity and worthlessness of the tasseems or charms by which the fakír dupes the simple, he left the tent melancholy and incredulous.

[*Uzbek Customs.*]

All ranks in Kunduz eat twice a day—at "Chasht," or about nine o'clock in the forenoon, and at "Nimaz Akhúr," or twilight; pillaw and soup, with good leavened wheaten bread, constitute the repast; mutton is the flesh in general use. That of the horse, though eaten, is not often exposed in their markets; it is too expensive for the generality of the people. On the banks of the Oxus the pheasant is very plentiful, and is a delicacy greatly esteemed by the inhabitants. A meal is never concluded without tea; it is also drunk at all hours of the day; but this beverage, says the Uzbek, "goes for nothing." Yet tea in this country is not the meagre, unsubstantial fare it is with us; it is termed "*Keimuk chah,*" or cream tea; and the cream is so rich and clotty as to give one the idea of its having been mixed with oil. Fat is sometimes added, and salt is the uniform substitute for sugar. The tea is made in a large iron pot, from which it is baled out with a wooden ladle, and handed round to the company by the host in small china bowls. After a few trials Keimuk chah has rather an agreeable flavour.

[*Curious Legend.*]

Quitting the plain of Kara-bolak, we crossed a rough waste, four miles wide, and entered the narrow and pretty vale of Meshid, through which meandered the largest stream we had yet forded in Badakhshan. This valley is reported to have been extremely populous in former times, and the Badakhshies assert that of hardware artificers alone it once contained 10,000 workmen. The kings of Badakhshan passed the winter season at Meshid, and the summer at Fyzabad; and there is a legend current here, that in former days the valley was sadly infested by scorpions: to avoid them a certain king, named Suliman, had a residence built on the summit of the mountain which now bears his name. His meals were prepared in the valley, and transported to the Takht, or throne, by a line of men, placed side by side, who passed them on rapidly from one to another. His timid majesty, however, at length met his death from the insect he had been at such pains to avoid, and which, concealed amongst a bunch of grapes, found access to his person, in spite of all his precautions. These

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traditions are at least evidence of the populousness of these countries in olden times. The valley does not now contain a hundred families.

[During Lieut. Wood's five weeks' sojourn, he collected these amusing details of

Domestic Economy at Jerm.]

The domestic arrangements of the people of Badakshan are as simple as with other mountaineers. Whilst we were at Jerm a neighbour of Hassain's was married. This gave us an opportunity of learning at what outlay the peasantry of this secluded region can commence housekeeping. I will state the articles separately. The first and largest item is—

	Tangas.	*Rupees.*
The purchase of a wife	0	25
Bedding	0	6
Antimony for the lady's eyes	3	
An iron boiler	0	2
A wooden bowl and spoons	3	
Flour-sieve	2	
Drinking bowl	1	
Table-cloth	2	
Dresser	2	
Knife for cutting beans	3	
Wooden ladle	1	
Frying pan	6	
A wooden pitcher	2	
Stone lamp	4	
Iron girdle for baking	2	
Culinary and other utensils	31	or 1¼
Lutta, or head covering	10	
Kurta, or shirt	40	
Pajamah, or trousers	20	
Kufsh, or shoes	20	
Wife's wardrobe	90	or 4½
Lallah, or turban	6	
Takun	2	
Chukmun, or cloak	40	
Chamboor, or shoes	10	
Jurab, or stockings	6	
Kummer for the waist	40	
Pajamah	10	
Karid, or long sword	40	
Tufungh, or matchlock	200	
Matchlock furniture	22	
Husband's wardrobe and equipment	376	or 18¾
		57¾, or
		[£5 14*s.* sterling.

[Towards the close of the narrative are some important details of the Yak, which is to the inhabitants of Tibet and Pamir what the reindeer is to the Laplander in northern Europe. But, we have run out our tether, and reluctantly take leave of Lieut. Wood's entertaining and instructive volume.]

Hands to Humphrey's Clock. By Jacob Parallel. *Part II.*

THIS attractive work has, we believe, met with success akin to that of the very popular fiction which it is designed to illustrate. The Number before us is entitled to equal favour, by its spirited execution. The incidents illustrated are "the Destitution of Nell and the Old Man;" "Nell and the Old Man at the Schoolmaster's;" "the Robbery—Miss Sally practising the law;" "Quilp's amiability displayed;" "the Death Struggle;" and "the Pursuit." The plates correspond in size with the work illustrated, to which they form a meritorious accompaniment.

Masterman Ready; or, the Wreck of the Pacific. By Captain Marryat.

(*Concluded from p.* 301.)

[THE following reflection of Ready, on seeing the children playing in the wrecked ship, is beautiful nature:—]

"It is nearly noon now," observed Ready, reading off his quadrant, "the sun rises very slowly. What a happy thing a child is! Look, sir, at those little creatures playing about, and as merry now, and as unaware of danger, as if they were at home in their parlour. Although nothing pains me more when it does take place, I often think, sir, it is a great blessing for a child to be called away early; and that it is selfish in parents to repine."

[The sketches of the island are admirable: here is

A Beautiful Scene.]

Perhaps a more lovely scene could scarcely be imagined. The cocoa-nut grove terminated about a quarter of a mile from the beach very abruptly, for there was a rapid descent for about thirty feet from where they stood to the land below, on which was a mixture of little grass knolls and brushwood, to about fifty yards from the water's edge, where it was met with dazzling white sand, occasionally divided by narrow ridges of rock which ran inland. The water was of a deep blue, except where it was broken into white foam on the reefs, which extended for miles from the beach, and the rocks of which now and then shewed themselves above water. On the rocks were perched crowds of gannets and men-of-war birds, while others wheeled in the air, every now and then darting down into the blue sea, and bringing up in their bills a fish out of the shoals, which rippled the water, or bounded clear of it in their gambols. The form of the coast was that of a horse-shoe bay—two points of land covered with shrubs extending far out on each side. The line of the horizon, far out at sea, was clear and unbroken.

[The "natural history" in the narrative is pleasingly told: thus we have stories of sharks, with a very droll *cut* of a shark with a pig in his mouth; next are the

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turtle-catching, and a very neat explanation of "coral islands," by "little insects not bigger than a pin's head;" and Ready's talk on

The Cocoa-Nut Tree.]

"There's no tree so valuable as the cocoa-nut tree; and the wood is so light that we can easily move it about."—"Why, what are the great merits of the cocoa-nut tree?" said Mrs. Seagrave.—"I'll tell you, madam: in the first place, you have the wood to build the house with; then you have the bark, with which you can make ropes and lines, and fishing nets if you please; then you have the leaves for thatching your house, and also for thatching your head if you please, for you may make good hats out of it, and baskets also; then you have the fruit, which, as a nut, is good to eat, and very useful in cooking; and in the young nut is the milk, which is also very wholesome; then you have the oil to burn, and the shell to make cups of, if you hav'nt any, and then you can draw toddy from the tree, which is very pleasant to drink when fresh, but will make you tipsy if it is kept too long; and then, after that, you may turn the toddy into arrack, which is a very strong spirit. Now there is no tree which yields so many useful things to man, for it supplies him with almost every thing."

[The work is liberally illustrated with engravings on wood, the majority of which are instructive as well as pictorial: thus, there are, a "ship before the wind," "vessel with clothes in the rigging," "fair wind—studding sails set," "scudding under sail," and other vignettes of

"the dangers of the seas."]

The Gatherer.

Wine.—The total quantity of foreign wines imported during 1840 amounted to 9,311,247 gallons; the quantities exported, to 2,437,078 gallons; the quantities retained for home consumption, after deducting the amount exported subsequently to the payment of duty, were 6,553,922 gallons; the quantities remaining in warehouse under bond at the port of London, on Jan. 5, 1841, amounted to 6,920,398 gallons; and at the other ports of the United Kingdom, to 4,470,069 gallons.—*Times.*

Old Acquaintance.—Poussin lived and conversed with the ancient statues so long, that he may be said to have been better acquainted with them than with the people who were about him.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

A bronze statue of Mozart, intended for the monument at Salzburg, has been cast at Munich.

Spenser.—Mr. F. F. Spenser, of Halifax, in making some researches into the ancient residence of his own family, has been fortunate in identifying it with that of the author of *the Faëry Queen*, and, we are informed, is about to submit the particulars to the public. The little rural village of Hurstwood, near Burnley, in Lancashire, is the honoured locality; and in its romantic mountain scenery it is probable that Spenser took refuge, when he was driven by academical disappointments "to his relations in the north of England." The family of the great poet appear to have resided at Hurstwood about 400 years—that is, from the early part of the reign of Edward II. to the year 1690.—*Abridged from a Leeds newspaper.*

Botanic Society.—The gardens, in the Regent's Park, from the designs of Mr. Decimus Burton and Mr. Marnock, are progressing rapidly; and the promenades are sufficiently advanced for company.

Regent's Park.—The Ornamental Water, opposite Hanover Gate, is, we hear, to be crossed by two small suspension-bridges, upon Mr. Dredge's principles: 1. with diminished suspension-chains from the abutments to the centre of the pendent curve; 2. oblique rods to support the roadway. By these bridges, the interior of the Park will be accessible on all sides.

Royal Authoress.—The ex-queen of Spain occupies her leisure hours at her residence in the Palais Royal, at Paris, in writing her history, which will be published under the title of *A Reign of Eleven Years.*

Railways.—The receipts of 29 railways in England and Scotland, during one week in May last, were £60,961; of which the London and Birmingham took £17,396.

Suicide in France is on the increase. In 1839, no fewer than 2747 persons destroyed themselves, being 161 more than in 1838. Suffocation by charcoal is much *patronized* in Paris, where 189 persons thus killed themselves in the above year.

Amiconi painted women so feebly, that Walpole says they are "mere chalk, as if he had only painted from ladies who paint themselves."

Haddock.—The old superstition, assigning the mark in the haddock to the impression left by St. Peter with his finger and thumb, when he took the tribute-money out of a fish of this species, is exploded by the fact, that the haddock does not exist in the sea of the country where the miracle was performed.

Simplicity.—A servant-girl having chained a lady's lap-dog to a kennel, was asked why she had done so, and her reply was, "I thought it would *be a change* to Flora, for she is never tied up, and Boxer always is."

J. H. F.

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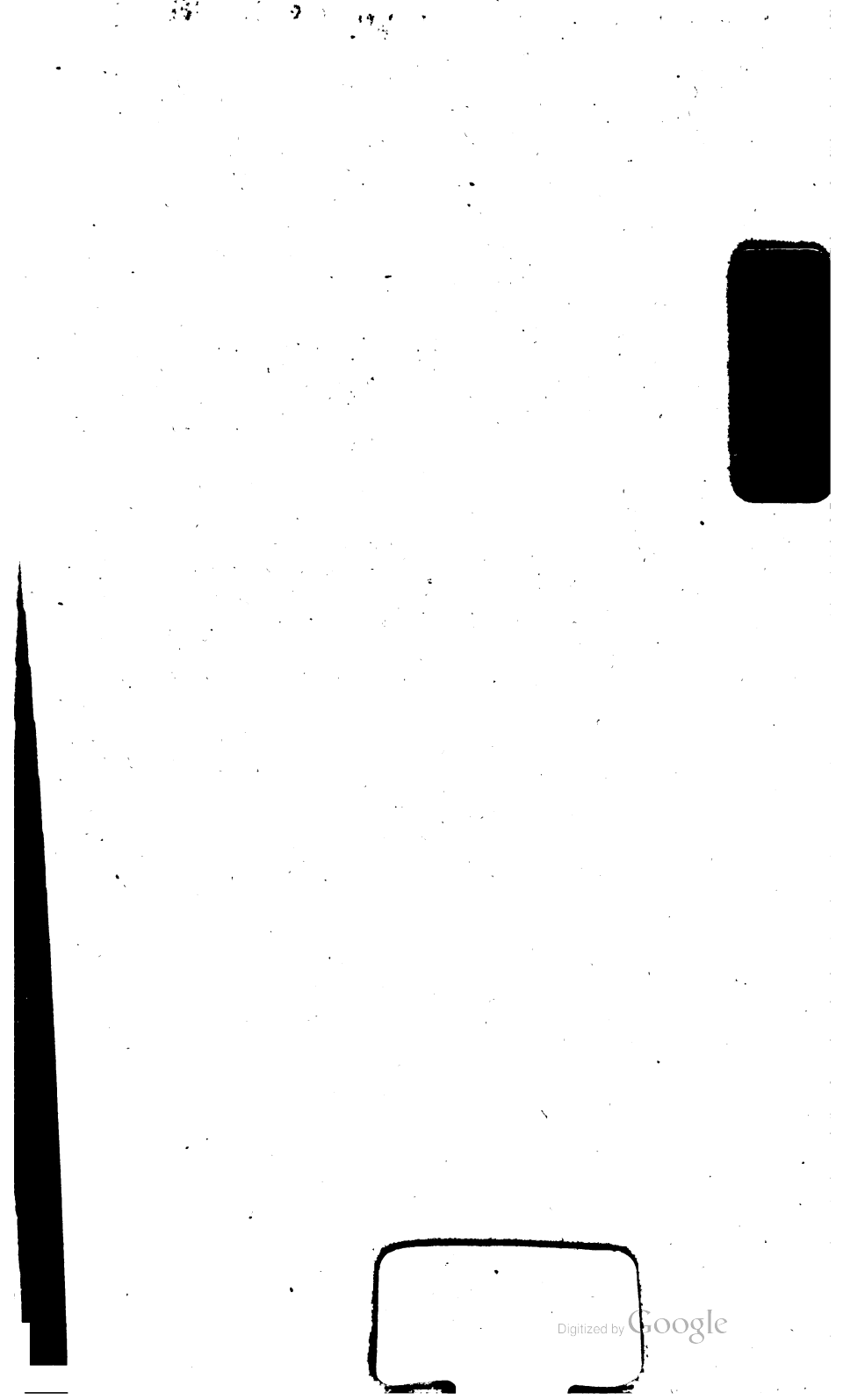
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